Digitized by Google

1495
.701
V.4

Library of

Princeton University.

Presented by

Alexander Benson '94

THE

PATRICIAN.

EDITED BY

JOHN BURKE, ESQ.

Author of "The Peerage."

VOLUME IV.

LONDON:
E. CHURTON, 26, HOLLES STREET.
MDCCCXLVII.

Digitized by Google

LONDON:
CLAYTON AND CO., 16, HART STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

Digitized by Google

TO THE

RIGHT HON. LORD FARNHAM,

A NOBLEMAN DISTINGUISHED BY HIS HISTORIC TASTE AND GENEALOGICAL LEARNING,

THIS VOLUME OF

The Patrician,

IN TESTIMONY OF THE EDITOR'S SINCERE ESTEEM,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

INDEX TO VOL. IV.

PAGE

A

Adelphi Theatre 168, 577
Alfred Club 522
Alliances, Great 367
Amy Robsart, a Drama, Review of, . 383
Ancestry of Lord George Bentinck . 159
Andersen's Story of my Life, Review of, ... 178
Ankerwycke in Wyrardisbury, Bucks 354
Annotated Obituary . . 89, 189, 289 392, 494, 589.
Annotated Roll of Battle Abbey 226 567.
Anstey, Thomas C., Esq., M.P. . . 260
Appleton-upon-Wiske, co. York . . 409
Archbishops of York since the Restoration 535
Aristocracy, Trials connected with the, . 17, 109, 231, 299, 452 524.
Army and Navy Club 518
Arthur's Club 517
Arts, The Fine 169, 385
Athenæum Club 520
Autographs, Royal 50

B

Ballads, Swedish 153
Ballad, A Romaunch 78
Battle of Waterloo, (Gleig's) Review of, ... 172
Barnard, William, and the Duke of Marlborough, Case of, ... 109
Baronies, Irish, by Writ . . . 128
Battle Abbey Roll, Annotated, 226 567.
Bayard, The Chevalier, ... 538
Beef-Steak Club 460

PAGE

Bentinck, Lord George, Ancestry of, 159
Berkeley, The Earldom of, ... 367
——— ——— ——— Correction 484
Births 85, 184, 284, 386
Birth-place and Birth-day of the Duke of Wellington 534
Blackstone, William Seymour, Esq., M.P., ... 260
Bolton Abbey 556
Boodle's Club 469
Book of the Months 585
Brackley, Viscount, M.P., ... 258
Brandon Park, co. Suffolk 142
British Institution 169
Brooke's Club 461
Bulkeley MSS., Extract from the Unpublished, ... 448
Bullen, The Ladies, ... 532
Burford's Panorama 375
Buxton, Sir E. North, Bart., M.P., . 260

C

Caher House, co. Tipperary . . . 248
Calveley of Lea, co. Chester . . . 248
Campbell, Mungo, Trial of, for Shooting Lord Eglinton . . . 452
Captive Robber, Song of the . . . 57
Carlton Club 514
Castles and Mansions of Great Britain and Ireland . 51, 124, 241 401, 506.
Castle Connell, co. Limerick . . . 427
Castle Cooke, co. Cork, Ireland . . 418
Castle Coole, co. Fermanagh . . . 51
Castle Widenham 415
Cavendish, The Famous Lady . . 65
Chess Problem poetically Solved . 324
Chevalier Bayard 538
Chevalier, the Young 533
Cleveland, History of, Review of the 275

1495
701
v.4.

Digitized by Google

PAGE
Clubs of London . . 269, 340, 456 512.
Commons, House of. 560
Comparison between the Electra of Sophocles and the Hamlet of Shakespeare 503
Coningsburgh, co. Cork 241
Conservative Club 515
Contrast, A, a Poem 512
Controversy, The Scrope and Grosvenor, ... 144, 197
Correspondence, Original 565
Cooke, Robert, Esq., called "Linen Cooke" 64
Cowper, Spencer, Trial of, for the the Murder of a Quaker Lady . 299
Crimes and Vicissitudes of William Parsons, son of a Baronet . . . 231
Curious Tradition, A, ... 68
Curious Trials Connected with the Aristocracy . 17, 109, 231, 299 452, 524.

D

Dante, Genealogy of 251
Daughter, The Goldsmith's, . . 483
Deaths of the Sovereigns of England 95, 215, 319
Devotion, A Tale 331
Digby, Edward, sixth Lord, . . . 161
Directions for Plain Knitting, Review of, ... 183
Doneraile Park, co. Cork 247
Drama of Modern France . . . 58
Drummond Castle, co. Perth . . . 245
Duke of Wellington, Birth-place and Birth-day of, ... 534
Dyer the Poet, Notes of the Life and Family of, ... 7, 264, 420

E

Earl Ferrers' Trial for Murder . . 17
Earldom of Perth, The 262
——— Berkeley, The 367
——— Correction 484
Edenhale, co. Cumberland . . . 356
Edward, Sixth Lord Digby . . . 161
Electra of Sophocles and the Hamlet of Shakespeare, Comparison between the 503
Emigrant, The 157
England, The Lands of, and their Proprietors, since the Conquest 354
Epitaph by Bishop Lowth 262
Epitaph on Dr. Tomlinson . . . 263
Erectheum Club 521
Euston, co. Suffolk 141
Exhibitions 169, 375

PAGE
Extract from the Unpublished Bulkeley MSS. 448

F

Fact in Heraldry 451
Family History, Fragments of, . 64 159, 258, 367, 532.
Family of Rudyerd 65
Ferrers, Earl, Trial of, for Murder . 17
Fine Arts 385
Forglen House, Banff 410
Fox, W. J., Esq., M.P. 259
Fragments of Family History . 64 159, 258, 367, 532.
France, Modern, The Drama of 58
Free-trade Club 516
French Theatre 81, 166

G

Galtee Castle, co. Tipperary . . . 547
Garrick Club 523
Genealogy, Neglected, I. . . . 565
Genealogy of the Poet Dante . 251
Gleig's Battle of Waterloo, Review of, ... 172
Goldsmith's (the) Daughter . . 483
Great Alliances 367
Grouchy, Marshal 13
Guard's Club 519

H

Haymarket Theatre 485, 577
Heraldry, A Fact in, ... 451
Heroes, Romantic, of History . 538
High Road, The 71
Historic Ruins 325, 427
History, Fragments of Family . 64 159, 258, 367 532.
History of Cleveland, Review of . . 275
History, Romantic Heroes of . 538
Holwood, Kent 405
House of Commons 560
House of O'Conor 160
Houses, Royal, of Europe . . . 470
Howth Castle 124

I and J

Institution, British, Exhibition at 169
Irish Baronies, by Writ. . . . 128
Italian Opera, The, ... 80, 164
Italian Romance, Modern, The Spirit of, ... 435
Italy, Royal Houses of, ... 470
Jersey Illustrated, Review of, . . 385

Digitized by Google

PAGE
Jesse's London, Review of, ... 279
John Savile, of Haysted, Review of, 573
JULLIEN'S CONCERTS. 485

K

Kemys Tynte, Col. Charles John, M.P. 260
Kennet, co. Clackmanan. 246
Kilkenny Castle 53
KILLARNEY, A RECOLLECTION OF, . 43
Knebworth, Herts. 401
KNIGHT, (the) OF TOGGENBURG . . 365

L

Ladies Bullen, the, ... 532
LANDS OF ENGLAND, AND THEIR PROPRIETORS SINCE THE CONQUEST 134, 354
Lady Cavendish, The famous . . . 65
Land we live in, (the) Review of, . 487
Lathom House 552
Law Club, (the) 523
Life of Shelley, by Medwin, Review of 578
Lisnegar 413
Literary Clubs 520
LITERATURE. 82, 172, 275, 379, 487, 5 8
Little Courier of the Hotel de Grand Monarque. 182
London Recluse, the, ... 67
LONDON, THE CLUBS OF, 269, 340, 456, 512
London, Jesse's, Review of, . . . 279
Love's Signal 482
Lushington, Charles, Esq., M.P. . . 261

M

Man, The oldest, since the deluge . 261
Marlborough, Duke of, and William Barnard, Case of 109
MARRIAGES 86, 186, 286, 388
MARSHAL GROUCHY 13
Marylebone Theatre . . .374, 486, 577
Mary Queen of Scots' Veil 162
Mayor's Official Prefix 63
Medwin's Life of Shelley, Review of. 578
Members, Some, of the New Parliament 258
Member of Parliament of the olden time. 261
Military Clubs 517
MODERN SPANISH ROMANCE . . . 102
——— ITALIAN ROMANCE . . . 435
Months, Book of the 585
Moore Park, co. Cork 549
Mungo Campbell, Trial of, for shooting Lord Eglinton 452
Mysterious Case of William Barnard and the Duke of Marlborough . . 109

PAGE
N

Naval Clubs 519
NEGLECTED GENEALOGY, I. . . . 565
NOTES ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF DYER, THE POET . . 7, 264, 420

O

OBITUARY, ANNOTATED, 82, 189, 289, 392, 494, 589
O'Brien, Stafford, Esq., M.P. . . 259
O'Connor, Feargus, Esq., M.P. . 259
O'Conor, House of, ... 160
Official Prefix of Mayors. 63
Oldest Man since the Deluge . . 261
OPERA, (THE) ITALIAN . . . 80, 164
Oriental Club 523
Original Correspondence 565
Osborne, Ralph, Esq., M.P. . . . 258
Otterburn, co. Northumberland . 362
OUDINOT, DUKE OF REGGIO. . . 476
Oxford and Cambridge Club . . 521

P

Parliament, the new, A few Members of 258
Parliament, A Member of, in the olden time 261
Parsons, William, son of a Baronet, The Crimes and Vicissitudes of . 231
Parthenon Club. 522
PASTORAL D' ZAMPAGNARI. . . . 69
Peculiar Privileges 370
Perth, The Earldom of, ... 262
POETRY, 57, 69, 78, 153, 157, 331, 353, 433, 451, 482, 511, 537
Princess's Theatre. . . .168, 485, 573
Privileges, Peculiar 370
Problem in Chess poetically solved . 324
Promise fulfilled 65

R

Rachel, Mademoiselle 166
Rail-road, the. 74
Recluse, The London. 6
RECOLLECTION OF KILLARNEY, A, . 43
Reform Club. 512
REGGIO, OUDINOT, DUKE OF, . . . 476
Remains, Historical and Literary, of Lancashire and Cheshire, by Hulton, Review of, ... 379
Renny, co. Cork 126
Return, The Wanderer's. 353
REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS, &c. 82, 172, 275, 379, 487, 578
River Dove, and Angling, Review of 381
Road, The High, ... 71
—— The Rail, ... 74

Digitized by Google

PAGE

Rokeby, co. York 134
Roll of Battle Abbey, Annotated 226, 567
Romance, Modern Italian, The Spirit of, ... 435
Romance, Modern Spanish . . . 102
Romaunch Ballad, A, ... 78
Romantic Heroes of History . . 538
Royal Autographs 50
Royal Houses of Europe. . . . 470
Rudyerd, Family of 65

S

Sadler's Wells Theatre . 372, 485, 573
Savile, John, (New Play) Review of 573
Scotland, The White Rose of, . 481
Scots, Mary, Queen of, The Veil of . 162
Scrope, and Grosvenor, Controversy 144, 197
Seaham, Lord, M.P. 258
Searle's Book of the Month . . . 585
Shafto, Robert Duncombe, Esq., M.P. 258
Shelley's Life, by Medwin, Review of 578
Signal, Love's 482
Sir Eppelin 433
Sketches (Wayfaring), among the Greeks and Turks, Review of . . 176
Smyth, John George, Esq., M.P. . 259
Song of the Captive Robber. . . . 57
Sonnet 537
Sophocles and Shakespeare, Comparison between 503
Sovereigns of England, Deaths of, ... 95, 215, 319
Spanish Romance, Modern . . . 102
Spencer Cowper, brother of Lord Chancellor Cowper, Trial of, for Murder. 299
Spencer's House, at Kilcolman . .
Spirit of Modern Italian Romance 435
Story of the Battle of Waterloo, by Gleig, Review of 172
St. Pierre, co. Monmouth 361
Sundon, Viscountess, Memoirs of the, Review of, ... 82
Swedish Ballads 153

PAGE

T

Theatres, The, . . 80, 372, 485, 573
Theatre, Her Majesty's 80, 164
——— The French 81, 166
——— Haymarket. . 168, 485, 577
——— Sadler's Wells. 372, 485, 573
——— Marylebone. . . . 374, 486
——— Adelphi 168, 577
——— Princess's . . . 168, 485, 577
Toggenburg, The Knight of, . . 365
Tradition, A Curious. 68
Traveller's Club 523
Travelling, Past and Present . 71
Trials, Connected with the Aristocracy, 17, 109 231, 299, 452, 524
True Story of my Life, by C. Andersen, Review of, ... 178
Tynte, Kemys, Col. Charles John, M.P. 260

U and V

Union Club 522
United Service Club 517
——— Junior 518
University Club 521
Urquhart, David, Esq., M.P. . . . 260
Veil, (The) of Mary Queen of Scots. 162

W and Y

Wanderer's (the) Return. 353
Wayfaring Sketches among the Greeks and Turks, &c., Review of 176
Wellington, Birth-place and Birth-day of the Duke of. 534
West, Francis Richard, M.P. . . . 260
White Rose of Scotland. . . . 481
White's Play, "John Savile," Review of. 573
White's Club 468
Wilson, Matthew, Esq., M.P. . . . 259
Writtle, co. Essex 138
Wyndam Club 522
Wyvill, Marmaduke, Esq. M.P. . . 259
York, Archbishops of, since the Restoration 535
Young Chevalier, the 533

Digitized by Google

THE PATRICIAN.

NEGLECTED GENEALOGY.

Calveley of Lea, co. Chester.

The reign of Edward III. forms the most martial and chivalrous period of English history. On the roll of the military "worthies" it produced—and the brilliant category includes Edward the Black Prince, Audley, Chandos, and Manny—few names stand more prominently forward than that of Sir Hugh Calveley of Lea. Froissart's romantic pen commemorates with graphic force the achievements of the Cheshire knight, and it is indeed observable that the old chronicler rarely touches on Sir Hugh without placing him in the very foreground of his living pictures. The family from which this renowned warrior sprang, was a branch of the ancient House of Calvelegh of Calvelegh, in the Hundred of Edisbury, which is traced to Hugh de Calvelegh, who became Lord of Calvelegh in the reign of King John by grant from Richard de Vernon. The first Calveley of Lea was

David de Calvelegh, (2nd son of Kenric de Calvelegh of Calvelegh,) who obtained a grant, *temp.* Edward III., of the lordship of Lea, in the Hundred of Broxton, Cheshire, previously a part of the extensive possessions of the Montalts and the Montacutes. He married twice: by his first wife Johanna he appears to have had four sons; the eldest of whom,

Sir Hugh Calveley, succeeded to Lea, and was the celebrated soldier, whose achievements have rendered the name so familiar to the historic reader. He first appears in the public events of his time as one of the thirty combatants who, in 1351, engaged, in mortal strife, an equal number of Bretons, for the purpose of deciding some differences which had arisen out of the disorders committed by the English after the death of Sir Thomas Daggeworth. The Bretons gained the victory by one of their party breaking on horseback the ranks of the English, the greater number of whom fell in the engagement. Knolles, Calveley and Croquart were captured and carried to the castle of Josselin. The Lord of Tinteniac, on the enemy's side, and the gallant Croquart, on the English, obtained the prizes of valour. Such was the issue of the famous "Combat of Thirty." A cross, still existing, marks the battle field, known to this day as "Le champ des Anglois." In a few years after, Sir Hugh commanded a divi-

Digitized by Google

sion of the English forces at the battle of Auray, to which Froissart refers in the following interesting narrative.

"Sir John Chandos formed three battalions and a rear guard. He placed over the first Sir Robert Knolles, Sir Walter Huet, and Sir Richard Burley. The second battalion was under the command of Sir Oliver de Clisson, Sir Eustace D'Ambreticourt and Sir Matthew Gournay. The Earl of Montfort had the third, which was to remain near his person. There were in each battalion five hundred men-at-arms and four hundred archers. When he came to the rear-guard, he called Sir Hugh Calveley to him, and said, 'Sir Hugh, you will take the command of the rear-guard of five-hundred men, and keep on our wing, without moving one step, whatever may happen, unless you shall see an absolute necessity for it; such as our battalions giving way, or by accident broken; in that case, you will hasten to succour those who are giving way, or who may be in disorder; and assure yourself, you cannot this day do a more meritorious service.' When Sir Hugh heard Sir John Chandos give him these orders, he was much hurt and angry with him, and said, 'Sir John, Sir John, give the command of this rear-guard to some other; for I do not wish to be troubled with it;' and, then, added, 'Sir knight, for what manner of reason have you thus provided for me? and why am I not as fit and proper to take my post in the front rank as others?' Sir John discreetly answered, 'Sir Hugh, I did not place you with the rear-guard because you were not as good a knight as any of us; for, in truth, I know that you are equally valiant with the best; but I order you to that post, because I know you are both bold and prudent, and that it is absolutely necessary for you or me to take that command. I therefore most earnestly entreat it of you; for, if you will do so, we shall all be the better for it; and you, yourself, will acquire great honour; in addition, I promise to comply with the first request you may make me.' Notwithstanding this handsome speech of Sir John Chandos, Sir Hugh refused to comply, considering it as a great affront offered him, and entreated, through the love of God, with uplifted hands, that he would send some other to that command; for, in fact, he was anxious to enter the battle with the first. This conduct nearly brought ears to the eyes of Sir John. He again addressed him, gently saying; tSr Hugh, it is absolutely necessary that either you or I take this command; now, consider which can be most spared.' Sir Hugh, having considered this last speech, was much confused, and replied; 'Certainly, Sir, I know full well that you would ask nothing from me, which could turn out to my dishonour; and, since it is so, I will very cheerfully undertake it.' Sir Hugh Calveley then took the command called the rear-guard, entered the field on the wing of the others, and formed his line. It was on Saturday the 8th of October, 1364, that these battalions were drawn up facing each other, in a handsome plain, near to Auray in Brittany. I must say, it was a fine thing to see and reflect on; for there were banners and pennons flying with the richest armour on each side; the French were so handsomely and grandly drawn up, it was great pleasure to look at them." Froissart proceeds to narrate the vain efforts made by the Lord de Beaumonor to bring about a treaty of peace, and then eloquently describes the result. "Sir John Chandos returned to the Earl of Montfort, who asked, 'How goes on the treaty? What does our adversary say?' 'What does he say!' replied Chandos; 'why he sends word by the Lord de Beaumanoir, who has this instant left me, that he will fight with you at all events, and remain Duke of Brittany, or die in the field.' This

Digitized by Google

answer was made by Sir John in order to excite the courage of the Earl of Montfort; and, he continued saying, 'Now, consider what you will determine to do, whether to engage or not.' 'By St. George,' answered Montfort, 'engage will I, and God assist the right cause. Order our banners to advance immediately.'" We need not relate the details, romantic though they be, as detailed in the glowing language of the Chronicler; suffice it to add that the post assigned to the knight of Lea proved not inglorious, that, in more than one emergency, the failing forces of the English were sustained by his reserve, and that among the leaders who contributed in the most eminent degree to the famous victory of Auray, no small share of the glory may, with justice, be given to Sir Hugh Calveley.

We next find our hero, not very reputably engaged, as a Captain of the Free Companies, composed partly of disbanded soldiers and partly of banditti, who had enlisted in the service of Henry of Trastamare against Pedro the Cruel. Shortly after, however, the Black Prince having joined the army of the King of Castile, Sir Hugh placed himself under the command of his old General, the illustrious Chandos, and distinguished himself by many feats of valour at the bloody battle of Navarette.

In 1377, Holinshed relates, "Sir Hugh Calvelie was sent over to Calis, to remain upon safe keeping of that town as deputie there; and in the same year comming one morning to Bullongne, he burnt certeine ships, which laie there in the haven, to the number of six and twentie, besides two proper barks, and having spoiled and burnt the most part of the base towne, returned to Calis, with a rich bootie of goods and cattell." The same historian further informs us that this doughty knight recovered the castle of Marke, which had been betrayed by "certeine Picards stipendiarie soldiers in the said Castell," and goes on to state that "Sir Hugh slept not at his business. Shortly after Christmas, A.D. 1378, he spoiled the town of Estaples, the same daie the fair was kept there," and in the next spring, as Admiral of England, conveyed the Duke of Britany to a haven near St. Maloes, and repelled, with the most dauntless bravery, a sudden attack made by the French vessels. In 1380, he encountered the tremendous storm which destroyed a large portion of the expedition to Brittany, and was one of eight who took to the masts and cables, and were dashed on shore by the violence of the storm.

The crusade of the Bishop of Norwich against the Clementists brings Sir Hugh Calveley once more forward, "an opponent of his leader's measures in the cabinet, but a vigorous supporter in the field,"* until after a series of successes, his troops were surprised in Bergues by the French king, with superior numbers, and Sir Hugh, abandoning the contest as hopeless, returned to Calais. The following is Froissart's interesting description of the event:—

"Sir Hugh Calveley, on his arrival at Bergues quartered himself and his men in the different hotels and houses of the town; they were in the whole, including archers, more than four thousand men. Sir Hugh said, 'I am determined to keep this town; it is of good strength and we are enough to defend it. I expect we shall have, in five or six days, reinforcements from England; for they will learn our situation and also the force of our enemies.' All replied, 'God assist us.'

Upon this he made very prudent regulations; on dividing his men under pennons and into companies, to mount the walls and guard the gates, he found he had numbers sufficient. He ordered all the ladies, women,

* Ormerod.

Digitized by Google

children, and lower classes of inhabitants to retire into a church, from whence they were not to stir.

The King of France was at the abbey of Ranombergues, and learnt that the English had retreated to Bergues. A council was held on the occasion, when it was ordered that the van, with the constables and marshals, should advance beyond the town and encamp on one of its sides. And the king of France, with the Dukes of Berry, Burgundy and Bourbon, would follow with the main army; that the Count de Blois and the Count d'Eu, with the rear division, should lodge themselves on the other side of the town, and thus surround the English.

This plan was executed: and the King set out from Ronombergues, attended by his whole army. It was a beautiful sight to behold these banners, pennons and helmets, glittering in the sun, and such numbers of men at arms that the eye could not compass them. They seemed like a moving forest, so upright did they hold their lances. Thus they marched in four divisions towards Bergues, to enclose the English in that town.

About eight o'clock in the morning, an English herald entered the town, who, by the courtesy of the lords of France, had passed through their army: he waited on Sir Hugh Calveley in his hotel, and spoke so loud that every one heard him. 'Herald, whence dost thou come?' 'My Lord,' replied the herald, 'I come from the French army, where I have seen the finest men at arms, and in such vast numbers that there is not at this day another King who can shew the like.'

'And these fine men at arms which thou art speaking of,' saith Sir Hugh, 'what number are they?' 'By my faith, my Lord, they are full twenty-six thousand men at arms: handsomer nor better armed were never seen.'

'Ha, ha,' replied Sir Hugh, who was much provoked at the latter part of this speech, 'thou art a fine fellow to come and mock us with this pompous tale. I know well thou hast lied; for many a time have I seen the armies of France, but they never amounted to twenty-six thousand; no, not even to six thousand men at arms.'

As he said this, the watch of the town who was at his post, sounded his trumpet, for the van of the enemy was about passing near the walls—Sir Hugh then, addressing the knights and squires present, said; 'Come, come, let us go and see these twenty-six thousand men at arms march by, for our watch blows his horn!' They went on the walls of the place and leaning on them, observed the march of the van, which might have consisted of about fifteen hundred lances, with the constable, the marshals, the master of the cross-bows and the Lord de Courcy. Next came the Duke of Brittany, the Earl of Flanders and the Count de St. Pol, who had under his command about fifteen hundred lances more. Sir Hugh Calveley, who thought he had seen the whole army, said 'Now see if I did not say truth: where are these twenty-six thousand men? Why if they be three thousand menat arms, they are ten thousand. Let us go to dinner, for I do not yet see such a force as should oblige us to surrender the town. This herald would frighten us well, if we were to believe him.'

The herald was much ashamed, but he said, 'My Lord, you have as yet only seen the van guard. The King and his uncles are behind with the main army, and there is besides a rear division, which consists of more than two thousand lances. You will see the whole in four hours, if you remain here.'

Sir Hugh paid not any attention to him but returned to his house, saying

Digitized by Google

he had seen every thing, and seated himself at table. He had scarcely done so, than the watch again blew his horn, and so loud as if he would burst it; Sir Hugh rose from table, saying he would see what was the cause of this, and mounted the battlements. At this moment the King of France marched by, attended by his uncles, the Duke Frederick, the Duke of Lorraine, the Count of Savoy, the Dauphine of Auvergne, the Count de la Marche, and their troops. In this battalion were full sixteen thousand lances. Sir Hugh felt himself much disappointed, and said to the herald who was by his side, 'I have been in the wrong to blame you, come, come, let us mount our horses and save ourselves, for it will do us no good to remain here; I no longer know the state of France, I have never seen such numbers collected together by three fourths as I now see and have seen in the van—besides the rear division is still to come. Upon this Sir Hugh Calveley left the walls and returned to his house. All the horses being ready saddled and loaded, they mounted, and having ordered the gates to be opened which lead to Bourbourg, they set off without any noise, carrying with them all their pillage.

Had the French suspected this, they could easily have stopped them, but they were ignorant of it for a long time, so that they were nearly arrived at Bourbourg before they heard of it.

Sir Hugh Calveley halted in the plain to wait for his rear and baggage. He was very melancholy and said to Sir Thomas Trivet and others who had come to meet him; 'By my faith, gentlemen, we have this time made a most shameful expedition: never was so pitiful or wretched a one made from England. You would have your wills, and placed your confidence in the Bishop of Norwich, who wanted to fly before he had wings; now see the honourable end you have brought it to. There is Bourbourg! If you choose it, retire thither; but for my part I shall march to Gravelines and Calais, because I find we are not of sufficient strength to cope with the King of France.'

The English knights, conscious they had been to blame in several things, replied:—'God help us! we shall return to Bourbourg and wait the event, such as God may please to ordain.' Sir Hugh on this left them, and they threw themselves into Bourbourg."

None of the blame attending this misadventure fell on Sir Hugh, and he retained to the time of his decease the government of Guernsey, and the care of the royal castle and the park of Shotwick. Having acquired from his estates in Cheshire, his various official appointments, and the fruits of his predatory warfare, enormous wealth, he devoted a portion to the establishment of an hospital at Rome, and sanctified the end of his days by an act of similar piety in his own country—the foundation of the college of Bunbury in Cheshire—which appears to have been completed before the decease of its founder, which event occurred on the feast of St. George in 1394. An armed effigy, reposing on one of the most sumptuous altar tombs of which the county of Chester can boast, still remains in the chancel of the college of Bunbury, marking the spot where were interred the mortal remains of the warrior knight, the gallant Sir Hugh Calveley of Lea. Tradition assigned to him for bride no less a personage than the Queen of Aragon, but recent researches have altogether refuted this popular error. In all probability, he never married, and to a certainty, he left no issue. His next heir was his grandnephew,

David de Calveley, eldest son of Sir Hugh Calveley, the younger, and grandson of David, the second son of the first David Calvelegh of Lea.

Digitized by Google

He held the property for some years, but died without issue, *temp.* Henry IV., and was succeeded by his brother,

HUGH DE CALVELEY, Esq. of Lea, whose post mortem inquisition bears date 11 Hen. VI. By Maud, his wife, dau. and heir of Sir Henry Hubeck Knt., of Leicestershire, he left a son and heir,

SIR HUGH CALVELEY, Knt. of Lea, who married Margaret, dau. of Sir John Done, Knt. of Utkinton, and left at his decease *(Inq. p. m.* 10 HEN. VII.) a dau. Eliz. wife of John Eyton of Rhuabon, co. Denbigh, and a son and heir, SIR HUGH CALVELEY, Knt. of Lea, whose wife was Christiana, dau. and heir of Thomas Cottingham, and whose children, by her, were four daus., Alice *m.* to Richard Clyve of Huxley, Jane *m.* to Sir John Legh of Bagulegh, Dorothy *m.* to Robert Massey of Coddington, and Eleanor, who *d.* unm., and one son,

SIR GEORGE CALVELEY of Lea, Knt. He *m.* Elizabeth, dau. of Sir Piers Dutton of Hatton, Knt., and had besides a son and heir, SIR HUGH, four other sons and six daus., viz. Peter and George, both *d.s.p.*, John, valet of Queen Mary, Anthony *d.* without lawful issue, Catharine wife of John Beeston, Esq. of Beeston, Elizabeth wife of Richard Gerard of Crewood, Eleanor, wife of John Davenport of Calveley, Christina wife of Richard Hough of Leighton, Joan wife 1st of John Edwards of Chirk, co. Denbigh, and 2nd of Sir Ralph Leycester, Knt., and Dorothy wife 1st of Robert Boswek, and 2ndly of Edward Almer. The eldest son and heir,

SIR HUGH CALVELEY of Lea, knighted at Leith 1544, *m.* Eleanor dau. and heiress of Ralph Tattershall of Bulkeley, and by her had, besides a dau. Eleanor wife of John Dutton Esq. of Dutton, three sons I. Sir George Calveley, Knt. of Lea, eldest son and heir, *m.* 1st, Margaret dau. of John Moreton of Moreton, and 2ndly, Agnes dau. and heiress of Anthony Browne of Wodhull, relict of Richard Chetwode, Esq. and by the latter only had issue two sons, George and Hugh, both *d.* infants. He *d.* 5th August, 1585. II. Hugh *d. s. p.*; and III. HUGH. The youngest son and eventual heir to his brother,

HUGH CALVELEY, Esq. of Lea, *m.* Mary dau. of Sir Ralph Leycester of Toft, Knt. and had, besides three daus., Elizabeth, *m.* Edward Dutton, Esq. of Dutton. Eleanor *m.* Henry, son of Sir Richard Lee of Lea, Knt., and Dorothy *m.* George Bostock of Holt,—a son,

SIR GEORGE CALVELEY of Lea, Knt. Sheriff of Cheshire, 1612, who *m.* 1st Mary dau. of Sir Hugh Cholmondeley, Knt. of Cholmondeley, and 2nd a dau of Sir W. Jones—which lady *m.* 2ndly Judge Littleton. By his first only, Sir George Calveley had issue, viz. Hugh, (Sir) his heir, Richard and George both *d. s. p.*, Mary and Dorothy both *d.* young, Elizabeth *m.* Thomas Cotton, Esq. of Combermere, and Lettice *m.* Thomas Legh, D.D. third son of Peter Legh of Lyme, Esq. Sir George *d.* 19th January, 1619, and was succeeded by his eldest son and heir,

SIR HUGH CALVELEY of Lea, knighted when sheriff of Cheshire in 1642. He *m.* 1st, Lady Elizabeth dau. of Henry Earl of Huntingdon, and 2ndly, Mary dau. of Sir Gilbert Hoghton, Knt. of Hoghton Tower, co. Lancaster, and by the former only, had issue, a son and heir George Calveley, born in 1635, *d.* young. Sir Hugh *d.* without surviving issue, 4 April, 1648, and thus the male line of this ancient family ended. The estates were divided between the families of his sisters, Elizabeth, wife of Thomas Cotton, and Lettice wife of Thomas Legh, D.D. In the division of the estates, the manor of Lea, with the lands north of the brook, passed to the Cottons, those south of the brook to the Leghs of Lyme. The first of these shares was sold by the late Sir Robert Salusbury Cotton, Bart., to Mr. Joseph White of London, and the others vested in Thomas Legh, Esq. of Lyme, M.P.

Digitized by Google

Notes respecting the Life and Family of John Dyer, the Poet.

By William Hilton Longstaffe, of Darlington.

The biographies of the amiable and retiring author of Grongar Hill, have hitherto been so imperfect, such mere sketches, that the writer deems it but a justice to his ancestor, and a matter of some interest to the reading public, those who feel that facts throwing a light on the lives of great men, be they ever so small, should be placed on record, to give to the world all the materials in his power which may prove of service to future writers. And in the first place will be given a few notes relating to the poet's ancestors. His contemporary relatives, his and their descendants, will appear at length at the conclusion of these articles :—

With regard to the origin of the Dyers from whom our author descended, there seems to be conflicting opinions, not among the printed lives of him, but among the family papers themselves From the papers in the hands of the Rev. Thomas Dyer, of Abbess-Roding, in the handwriting of the poet's father, Robert Dyer, Esq. of Aberglasney, it is clear that the last-named individual claimed descent from the Dyers of Somerset and Devon, and has drawn their arms beside his name, viz. or, a chief indented gules. Yet he is not uniform or steady in this statement, for in another paper, similar in other respects to the others, he states them to be of South Wales. These papers are numerous, agreeing tolerably, and systematically arranged thus :—

"Non nobis nascimur.

Or, a chief indented gules quarterly with sable 3 goats passant argent (the allusion to arms is in some copies omitted,) by the name of Dyer, as in Guillim's Heraldry, are borne by Robert Dyer of Aberglasney, in the county of Carmarthen, Gent. descended from the ancient family of that name

in { Somersetshire, the counties of Somersett and Devon, South Wales. } His grandmother was the { great granddaughter daughter of the daughter and only child.* } of

Robert Ferrars, the bishop of S. David, who was burnt at Carmarthen in the reign of Queen Mary, and his mother was descended

from { Sir William Thomas, formerly of Aberglasney† the family of Sir Wm. Thomas, formerly of Aberglasney Lhewellin Voythys, formerly of Aberglasney, Esq. the family of Lhewellin Voythys, of Aberglasney. } He married

Catherine, daughter and coheir of John Cocks, Esq., of Comins, in the county of Worcester, by Elizabeth, daughter and sole heir of Edmond Bennet, of Mapleton, in the county of Hereford, Gent."

Cocks beareth "sable, a chevron between 3 attires of a stag fix't to the scalp argent."

He states also that he got seals engraved for himself, wife, and son Robert, with the arms of Dyer; but as I have never seen or heard of these seals being in existence I know not what arms he meant.

* A generation is evidently missed out here. W. H. L.

† "This is a copy y^t I left with Mr. Thomas.

"It is remarkable that the Dyers became again possessed of the estate of Aberglasney purchased by Robert Dyer (married to Miss Cocks as aforesaid) of Sir Rice Rudd^t Bart.—Fran. Dyer, his grandson."

Digitized by Google

Dyer indeed himself evidently leans to this origin, for in the Fleece is the following remarkable passage. (Book 3.)

——— One day arose
When ALVA's tyranny the weaving arts
Drove from the fertile vallies of the Scheld.
With speedy wing, and scatter'd course, they fled,
Like a community of bees, disturb'd
By some relentless swain's rapacious hand;
While good ELIZA, to the fugitives
Gave gracious welcome; as wise Ægypt erst
To troubled Nilus, whose nutritious flood
With annual gratitude enrich'd her meads.
Then, from fair Antwerp, an industrious train
Cross'd the smooth channel of our smiling seas;
And in the vales of Cantium, &c.

Narrating the different places of their settlement, he then goes on to specify amongst the others,

——— that soft tract
Of Cambria, deep embay'd, Dimetian land,
By green hills fenc'd, by oceans murmur lull'd;
Nurse of the rustic bard, who now resounds
The fortunes of the fleece; whose ancestors
Were fugitives from superstition's rage,
And erst, from Devon, thither brought the loom;
Where ivi'd walls of old KIDWELLY's tow'rs,
Nodding, still on their gloomy brows project
Lancastria's arms, emboss'd in mould'ring stone.

Which in the first rough notes of the poem, in my possession, is represented thus:—

Driven by ye D. of Alva,
——— nor brought ye Fleece alone
But various artizans allur'd they came
With all their instruments of art, their wheels
And looms and drugs of many a beauteous stain
{ A pretious } Freight.
{ Inestimable }

See Cary, p. 70.

From the letter in the sequel it would appear that this descent from the Dyers of Somerset and Devon was derived from one Francis Dyer; but as I think nothing of this descent, for both the Dyers of Wales and Somersetshire date in England anterior to the Duke of Alva, and no proved descent from the latter race is given, I pass on to the poet's descent from the Dyers of Wales, which I think there can be no doubt is the true one.

The Dyers of Cardiganshire and Pembrokeshire rank among the most ancient lines of Wales, but the pedigrees given of them, show their extinction in the main branch in heiresses, and give not the descendants of the cadets of the house. Their arms were "Gules, an eagle displayed argent, beaked and crined or. And it must primarily be understood that the poet uniformly used the coat "Gu. 3 eagles displayed argent," and his brother Thomas's descendants bear the same. Upon the whole, this stock seems the most likely to derive our poet from, but leaving conjectures, we will now proceed to show his immediate ancestors.

Digitized by Google

The following extracts from the pleadings of the Duchy of Lancaster *(anterior to Elizabeth's time)* doubtless belong to our family, though they cast little lustre on it.

23 Hen. 8. Margery, late wife of William Davy, v. David Dyer, Mayor of Kydwelly.—Charge of aiding and abetting escape of murderer.—Kydwelly Lordship, Gower Lordship.—Wales.

24 Hen. 8. John Turner & ux. v. Charles Herbert, Howell Dyer, and others.—Forcible entry and tortious possession of messuage, lands and appurtenances, and false imprisonment.—Osbaston, Monmouth Lordship.—Wales.

3 Edw. 6. James William & ux. v. Morres Dyer and others.—Tortious possession of messuages, lands, and pasture, and detention of title deeds.—Kydwelly.—Caermarthenshire.

Then will come conveniently the following letter from Rowland Hickes, a relation of the family, which gives a fair account of the Dyers:—

Honoured Cousen, S^ber^, 1716.

According to y^r^ request I have made what enquiry I could, and I send it to y^u^ if any thinge of this natur will bee searviable to y^u^ I shall be redy to searvice, y^u^ will finde inclosed the names of the Ald^n^ and principle Burgesses recorded in the charter granted by King James the first, 1618, by which it can not bee considered that y^u^ are any wayes descended from Francis Dyer y^u^ mentioned to bee in the reigne of Queen Elizabeth, for since y^r^ grandfather was borne is above 122, who might be 22 or 23 when the charter was had, his father *was* then bee before her reigne, and abo^t^ the family it can not bee denied but that they were very ancient in this towne and responsible, when five of them *was* named in 24, especioly att that time when the town was both populous and rich, but nothing to what it had bine in former times, it is a common tradition that *they*, the Fishers, Collins, Rows, Edwards, and others, were hever since the Conquest, but I rather thinke that they came with Thomas and Morris de Londres, who got and built this castle, as nowe it is (with stone), Morris Dyer was the great granfather of Wm. Dyer. *Henry Fisher* was y^r^ great grandfather, and John Fisher was his brother, who was the fifth mayor by this charter. *Hugh Dyer* was y^r^ g^t^ grandfather, D^d^ Dyer was John Dyer, my son in law's grandfather. I supose all these Dyers died soon after, for there is noe mention of them since, nor could bee except they had bine maiors, for wee have noe records but the names of the mairs until Richard Payne was the ninth maior, since wee have records that gives account of most materiall things that was acted, this far of the Ald^n^

John Dyer, who is named amongst the principle Burgesses, was John Dyer's grandfather by his mother, and David Dyer was Hugh Dyer y^r^ great granf's Brother, named by David Roger Dyer and was the 13th maior there was a commission sent to Sr Gerard Bromley and Thomas Lowley, Esq. to enquire to the state of the towne in the fifth year of King James, wherein there ^r^ severall of the Dyers in that Jury of 24 men. I doubt this is rather a trouble to y^u^ than any satisfaction, and forbear any further (y^r^ grandfather was the 21st maior) with due respects to y^u^ and all y^rs^, I rest y^r^ ever affectionat vnkle whilst

ROWLAND HICKES.

Ffor Mr. Robert Dyer att Aberglasney these to be left at the Nag's head in Carmarthen.

Digitized by Google

(Inclosure)

by the charter of Kidwelly granted by King James ye 1st, anno dno 1618.

First Mayor
Thomas Babington, Esq.

First Ald'men
John Howell, *Morris Dyer*, Henry Fisher, Master of Arts, *Hugh Dyer*, *David Dyer*, John Aylward, William Gardener, Griffith Bowen, John Fisher, David William, Griffith Row, and David King.

First Bayliffs
William Gardener and Owen Bowen, Gent.

First principal Burgesses
Owen Bowen, *John Dyer*, *David Dyer*, John Phillipps, Morris Fisher, David Mansell, Walter Rice, William Collinn, Henry Jones, Thomas Walter, David Morton, and Morrice Rees.

First Chamberlain
Robert Joliffs. First Recorder, Henry Fleetwood.

To the above letter is appended the following note in Robert Dyer's writing—

Roger Dyer of Kidwelly.
Hugh Dyer, made alderman of Kidwelly by charter of James I.
Robert Dyer, 21 Maior of ye towne.
Robert Dyer.
Robert Dyer of Aberg^y.
Robt. Dyer, 1st (son, I suppose, understood)

Bp. Ferrar.
..... dau. married W^ms, Wm's daughter married Hen. Fisher, ma'r of Arts, Vicar of Kidwelly.
1st, Robert married Eleanor, that Fisher's daughter.
2nd, Robert married Mary, dau. to David W^ms, of Brinkarod.
3rd, Robert ma. Catherine, daughter to John Cocks, &c.

and the following endorsement.

"Letter Mr. Hicks about ye family of ye Dyers in Kidwelly, in a brē of ye 14 of ye same month he gives an acco't y't they came there with Will'm de Londres ab't ye year 1093, and conquered these p'ts and built ye Castle there with stone, and brought ye Welsh to subjection."

I have already (in the statements of Robert Dyer) introduced the poet's ancestors by the marriages of his fathers. The most distinguished one is undoubtedly the martyr, Bishop Ferrars, or Farrer, about whom I shall not here make any remarks. He has been praised and vindicated by abler hands,* and his exact relations seem hid in mystery. It admits of no doubt

* See Woods's Athen. Oxon. I. 580. Also Thoresby and Whittaker's histories of Leeds, sub tit. Halifax and Wortley.

Some of the articles which he was put to answer in the reign of Edward VI. were to the last degree frivolous, &c.; viz. riding a Scottish pad with a bridle with white studs and snaffle, white Scottish stirrups and white spurs; wearing a hat instead of a cap; whistling to his child; laying the blame of the scarcity of herrings to the covetousness of the fishers, who in time of plenty took so many that they destroyed the breeders; and lastly, wishing that at the alteration of the coin, whatever metal it was made of, the penny should be in weight worth a penny of the same metal. Granger's Biog. Hist. i. 198.

Digitized by Google

that he was intimately connected with the Farrers of Ewood, in the West Riding, but their pedigree begins a generation too late for our purpose. The Dyers have quartered the arms, argent, six Horseshoes, three, two, and one, sable, in right of their having the representation of the Bishop; the Farrers bear Or, on a bend engrailed sable, three horseshoes argent; but every antiquary will recollect the extreme variations in the Ferrars coats.

With regard to the Bennetts I have their quarterings drawn in the poet's own hand, with certain remarks upon them, I here give them entire.

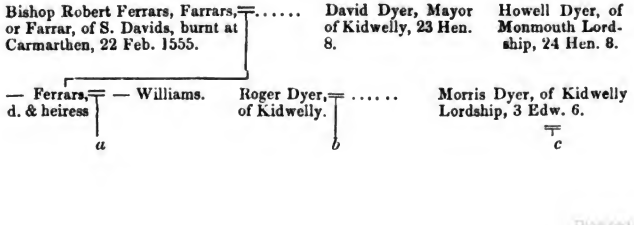
1. Gules, a bezant between 3 demi-lions rampant, argent. "Bennets—Bennet of Mapleton, Herefordshire, of ye Arlington family. B^p^ Benn^t^ was of ye same family."
2. Argent, on a bend sinister sable, 3 pears or. "Perrys—Pierry of Nicholson, near Leominster, Herefordsh.—By the Pierrys some of my old aunts were used to say we were descended from ye Mortimers by a female, and y^t^ of right a share of Wymerley(?)..... sh^d^ have come to them.
3. Gules, a fess between 3 owls, or. "Webbs, of Gillingham in Kent.... Webbs, ye daugh. of Charles Webbs, ye son of John Webbs, who was burnt in Q. Mary's days. She was an Heiress, and married Dr John Bennet, who was..... to prince Henry—he lost the pelf in ye search of ye Philosopher's stone."
4. Or, a fess between 3 lozenges azure.
5. 6 ermines, 3, 2, and 1.
6. Argent, a chevron gules between 3 estoiles sable.

Crest, on a wreath a demi-lion holding between his paws a mound.

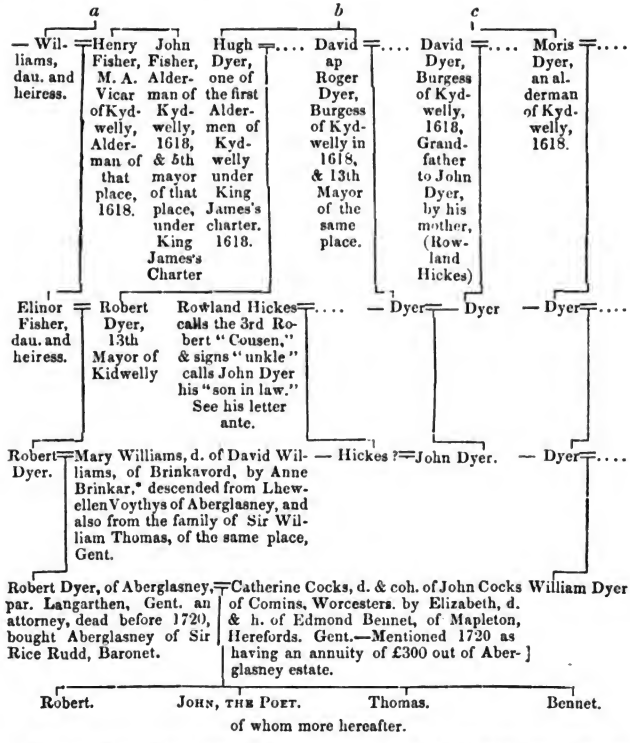
In another shield he quarters the same arms, in conjunction with Cocks, Ferrars, Thomas, and Ensor. As to the latter, the Ensor quartering came only through his wife, so the coat must have been constructed for his son to bear. The Thomas arms are very roughly drawn, but seem to have been a plain cross, a sword in pale, point upwards, in the first quarter. It is very evident, however, that Williams and Fisher should have been quartered also; and in a rough shield drawn by Robert Dyer, the poet's father, the names Fisher and Williams are inserted in the two first quarters, but not the bearings.

The above details are mere notes, but they may be explanatory of circumstances in the sequel, and the writer will feel obliged by communications throwing light on the families mentioned above.

With regard to the Dyers themselves, the pedigree would appear to stand thus:—



Digitized by Google



Richard Dyer, Esq. was living on an estate called Abersannar, Carmarthenshire. cotemporaneously with the poet, and I have a sketch of an ancient cross on that estate drawn by the latter. It is probable, therefore, he was of the same family. Vide Archæological Journal, iii. 357.

In my next article I shall speak of Dyer himself.

* This is on the authority of another note in the handwriting of Robert Dyer, which agrees in other respects with what has been given before, save that he makes Robert the first, the son of John Edward Dyer, the son of Edward Dyer, an improbable statement; indeed David Roger's name shows that the true homo prepositus of the family was a Roger Dyer. There was an Edward Dyer among the cadets of the Somersetshire house, which circumstance perhaps induced the adoption of this unproved pedigree, but Hicks in his letter (and he must have been well acquainted with all the Kidwelly families) is very explicit as to the Welsh origin.

Digitized by Google

MARSHAL GROUCHY.

Grouchy, one of the fast-expiring remnants of the Empire, whose death was lately announced, though by no means among the first of French generals, played too important a part in the latter days of the great revolutionary war, to be excluded from a passing notice; his mysterious conduct contributed more perhaps than any other cause to Napoleon's fall.

The late marshal, the offspring of a noble family, was born at Paris, on the 23rd of October, 1766, and his birth qualifying him for rapid advancement under the ancient *regime*, he in his fifteenth year entered the artillery, and ere his nineteenth was a captain in the household brigade of the king. When the Revolution broke out, however, he embraced its principles with zeal, and quickly attained the command of a regiment of dragoons, with which he took part in the campaign of 1792. For his services on this occasion he, towards the end of that year, received the command of the cavalry of the army of the Alps, and contributed to the conquest of Savoy. Thence he was transferred to La Vendee on the outbreak of its celebrated insurrection, and experienced better fortune than most of the French officers who there encountered the rustic insurgents. Charette, their leader, was mainly prevented by his exertions from taking Nantes, and in almost every encounter with the rebels Grouchy came off with equal success. At Sorrinceres in 1793, he especially distinguished himself, leaping from his horse on the verge of a morass and passing through with his men when his opponents deemed their position unassailable, and routing them with disastrous loss. In the following year, however, the decree of the Convention excluding noble officers from the army, deprived him of his command, and he deemed it expedient to avoid the danger which then menaced all members of the aristocracy, by throwing himself as a private into the National Guards. But eight months saw him restored, and with the rank of a general of division, he returned to La Vendee.

The expedition to Quiberon Bay, first introduced him to the notice of the English. By a rapid march across the insurgent territory, he unexpectedly placed himself at Hoche's disposal, and then essentially contributed to the issue of that sanguinary struggle. When the great republican general was appointed to the command of what was termed the Army of the Ocean, destined, it was supposed, for the invasion of England, Grouchy in consequence received the appointment of one of its lieutenants; but events occurred to alter the original intention of the directory, and Grouchy returned to the scene of his former career in La Vendee, while Hoche repaired to Ireland. He was, however, quickly summoned back, and hastily embarking, despatched to Bantry Bay. But Hoche had been prevented by a storm from reaching it, and the expedition consequently failed. Grouchy landed in Ireland, but his hesitation, as at Waterloo, averted our danger: he quickly re-embarked, and returning to Brest, was effectually employed in putting down Charette and Stofflet. Impatient of this service, he solicited a command in Napoleon's projected expedition to Egypt; and Desaix being considered to have superior claims, the refusal which followed is supposed to have disinclined him to the Emperor's cause. While Bonaparte was absent in Egypt, Grouchy

Digitized by Google

repaired to Italy, and having been entrusted with a secret mission by the directory, so effectually performed his part, that when Joubert came to assail the impregnable Sardinian forces, they surrendered without a blow. Grouchy, on the abdication of the king, received the command of the country in reward, and he left the reputation of having governed it with equity. When Moreau was subsequently appointed to restrain the career of Suwarrow, Grouchy was appointed one of his lieutenants, and took part in the memorable campaign of Piedmont, where twenty-five thousand French troops were so ably manœuvred, that for six weeks they baffled all the efforts of eighty thousand Austro-Russians. When by an unexpected movement part of them at last passed the enemy's flank, the battle of Novi followed; but the French, it is well known, were defeated, on that occasion: Grouchy, severely wounded, fell into the hands of the Russians. The Grand-Duke Constantine received him with distinction; placed his purse, surgeon, and domestics at the prisoner's disposal, and after a year's captivity, succeeded in obtaining his exchange for that of the English general Dow. A division in the army of reserve was immediately assigned him; but he had already established intimate relations with Moreau, and being entrusted with the command of eighteen thousand men, took a distinguished share in the memorable campaign of Hohenlinden. Ney, however, with Richepanse and Decaen, after Moreau, monopolized the glories of that day, and Grouchy was despatched to keep in check the Archduke John, which he so effectually managed that when the other columns of the French subsequently united, the Austrians were overwhelmed, and fifteen thousand prisoners, with one hundred guns, fell into the hands of the enemy.

Peace followed, and Grouchy was placed on the reduced establishment, but the turbulent ambition of Napoleon again summoned him and every other Frenchman to arms. A grudge, however, seems to have existed between him and the emperor; but still, though unpromoted to what he deemed his due rank, Grouchy took a brilliant part in the campaign of Jena, and fell so unexpectedly on the Prince of Hohenloe, that sixteen thousand men, with sixty-four pieces of artillery, were compelled to lay down their arms. At the battle of Lubeck which followed, his troops were again successful; the cavalry under his command defeating Blucher, and the town being shortly afterwards surrendered. In the terrible action of Friedland his division suffered dreadfully, only twelve hundred out of four thousand horse being left unwounded on the plain. His bravery on this occasion, when with cavalry alone he opposed the enemy till the infantry came up, contributed with the accidental absence of Murat to secure him the command of that force at the battle of Eylau, and his services were warmly acknowledged by Napoleon, though he still remained attached to Moreau.

The peace of Tilsit having terminated this campaign, Grouchy was despatched to Spain, and was governor of Madrid when the sanguinary insurrection broke out. His conduct on this occasion has been severely arraigned, but his friends allege that he only executed the orders of Murat. He even disapproved, it is added, of the Peninsular invasion, and was in consequence recalled and despatched to Italy, whither Macdonald had previously been sent for similar sentiments. Grouchy was thus enabled to distinguish himself in the passage of the Izonso: but on the recurrence of hostilities with Austria he soon passed into Germany, and bore a conspicuous share in the decisive conflict of Wagram.

Digitized by Google

Macdonald, who accompanied him, still more essentially contributed to that victory. His terrible advance on that day is one of the most memorable deeds in military annals, and both consequently were re-installed in the imperial favour. But Grouchy, on the plea that civic honours were inconsistent with a soldier's duties, refused to become a member of Napoleon's senate.

On the projected expedition to Russia, he received the command of one of the three corps into which the French cavalry was divided, and was the first Frenchman who crossed the Boristhenes. Napoleon was still twenty leagues distant, and Grouchy was thus enabled to come first into contact with the Russians at Krasnoe. He routed, and compelled them to fall back upon Smolensk, where Napoleon next day defeated them decisively. The terrific battle of Moscow followed, and the cavalry under Grouchy, by turning a Russian redoubt, ultimately put an end to the slaughter of the day. With his son, Grouchy was severely wounded; and he was still suffering at Moscow when Napoleon commenced his memorable retreat. But necessity compelled him to take the field, and when a fearful frost struck down almost all the horses of the army in a night, he received the command of the "sacred squadron" formed to secure the personal safety of the emperor. By the exertions of this devoted band, still more than of its leader, Napoleon was enabled to escape the fate of Charles XII. after the battle of Pultawa; and the terrible passage of the Berezino at last interposed shelter between him and his fierce pursuers. In the campaign of 1813, Grouchy took no part. Having been refused a division of infantry, he retired discontented to Calvados; but after the battle of Leipsic he complied with the imperial commands and again placed himself at the head of the horse. He was too feeble to restrain the enemy. The splendid cavalry of France was no more, and all the efforts of Grouchy consequently failed to avert the passage of the Rhine. Yet they were so great, that Napoleon at last bestowed on him the long-coveted marshal's baton. But the emperor's power and his honours now alike were passing; and 1815 saw Grouchy in the service of the Bourbons. The injudicious conduct of the restored government, however, detached him and many others from its cause; and having been superseded in the command of the favourite chasseurs by the Duke de Berri, he again joined Napoleon on returning from Elba. He was entrusted with the duty of counteracting the Duke D'Angouleme, and in a few days so succeeded as to compel him to capitulate; but the terms displeased Napoleon, who designed to make the duke prisoner and exchange him for Maria Louisa, then detained by her father in Italy. Grouchy's conduct was considered so sinister that Corbinau, a devoted adherent of the emperor, was detached as aid-de-camp to watch him. But Napoleon could not then stand on trifles nor afford to lose the services of so important an arm. Grouchy accordingly was continued in command; and now the ambiguous part of his conduct commences. The campaign of 1815 opened with unexpected success on the part of Napoleon. The battle of Fleurus, though indecisive, was brilliant; and the attitude assumed by the French was exceedingly menacing. On the 17th June, Grouchy was despatched with thirty-four thousand men and a hundred guns to pursue or hold in check the Prussians; and during the whole of the 18th remained at Wavres. The murderous conflict of Waterloo was waging in the interval; and Grouchy, though but four leagues distant, rested inactive. He distinctly heard the guns; but the positive orders of the emperor, it is alleged on

Digitized by Google

the one hand, fixed him to the spot, while, on the other, it is asserted that he was acting in collusion with the enemy; £20,000 have been mentioned as the bribe; but the friends of the marshal reply that till three o'clock in the afternoon the victory on the part of the French was secure. At that hour, however, two Prussian corps under Bulow, which Grouchy had permitted to escape, suddenly cleared the defile of St. Lambert, and unexpectedly assailing the French, turned the fortune of the day.

The issue is known: but Grouchy in his "Observations on the campaign of 1815," published at Philadelphia, states that he was ignorant of Napoleon's disastrous overthrow till next day, and the course he then adopted contributes, with his subsequent banishment, to render his conduct more inexplicable. Rallying the remains of the imperial army at Laon, he proclaimed Napoleon II Emperor, and proposed to unite with Soult in a vigorous effort for the preservation of French independence. From Soult, however, he received information that ill-health and Napoleon's abdication prevented him from longer acting either as the emperor's major-general or commander of Paris; and the Provisional Government, immediately on Soult's resignation, appointed Grouchy to the command of all the corps of the grand army remaining. On receiving this intelligence, Grouchy set out for Paris, resolving to approach by the left bank of the Oise; but the allies occupied the right bank and the intercommuning bridges in such force that he was unable to proceed farther than the forest of Compiegne. Finding the enemy ranged strongly in possession of the town, he resolved to draw up his force behind the wood, to cover if possible the route to the capital. A fresh order from the Provisional Government, however, to repair by forced marches to Paris, induced him to abandon this design; and on his arrival there he found Davoust invested with the chief command. The latter, according to Grouchy, informed him that it was all over with the imperial cause, and that nothing remained but to mount the white cockade of the Bourbons.

If Grouchy is to be credited, he vehemently opposed this design, and repaired to Fouchè to remonstrate; but all he obtained from the unscrupulous minister of police was a recommendation to go and offer terms to the allies. From this, the marshal says, he indignantly revolted. He proceeded, instead, to the council then sitting at Villette, and advised them either to assail the English or the Prussians; offering his services as a private soldier, if he was not permitted to command. But he was either viewed with distrust, or the advice was overruled. His colleagues pronounced it impracticable; and in the ordinance of the 24th July, which followed, Grouchy's name was amongst the list of those who were exiled from France.

From this period, he lived in retirement; at first in the United States of America, whither he withdrew on his banishment, and latterly at St. Etienne, where he died. In 1831 he was placed on the list of Marshals by King Louis Philippe. In a memoir of him published a few years ago when his conduct was vehemently impeached, he is represented to have been during twenty-three years intrusted with important commands, to have been present in twelve great battles and sixty minor actions, to have received nineteen wounds, and after thirty-five years of active service to have found himself of poorer fortune than he received at his birth. Such considerations are affecting; but there is a doubt overhanging his memory and outweighing all.

Digitized by Google

CURIOUS TRIALS CONNECTED WITH THE ARISTOCRACY.

No. XI.—The Trial of Earl Ferrers for Murder.

In the whole annals of our criminal jurisprudence no trial perhaps has excited more lasting interest, and is more generally known, than that of the unfortunate Lawrence Shirley, fourth Earl Ferrers. We say unfortunate, because there seems little doubt, at the present day, that the noble offender committed the deed whilst in a state of insanity. Indeed, the very crime itself, and the mode of its accomplishment could have scarcely been other than the work of a madman. The evidence adduced on the part of his lordship, would certainly now have established a case of lunacy sufficient to have saved the murderer from the extreme penalty of the law. The rejection of his lordship's plea of insanity may, even at the time, have been caused by his examining the witnesses himself with so much apparent sense and skill, and by his own evident disinclination to rely on such a defence. The excitement caused by the trial, and execution of Earl Ferrers, is to be easily accounted for. The almost unparalleled sight of a peer of this realm brought to the bar of justice, and publicly put to death on other than political grounds, made a deep and lasting impression; and, though we may quarrel with the verdict, we cannot but admire the stern rectitude of a government which, once persuaded of the sanity of the culprit, would allow no consideration of rank or station to intervene in the vindication of the law. George II, when applied to, to alter the punishment from hanging to beheading, is reported to have said "No, he has done the deed of the bad man, and he shall die the death of the bad man." The Earl's fate may be truly regarded as an example of the impartial majesty of the English law. But to proceed to Lord Ferrers' personal history.

Lawrence Shirley, fourth Earl Ferrers, the subject of this trial, was the grandson of Robert the first Earl, through his fourth son Lawrence, who married Anne, fourth daughter of Sir Walter Clarges, baronet, and whose three eldest sons, though he did not succeed to the title himself, were successively fourth, fifth, and sixth Earls Ferrers. The family of Shirley, Lords Ferrers, is one of highantiquity and honour, dating its eminence back to the time of the Normans. The first Earl Ferrers had, while Sir Robert Shirley, and prior to the creation of his Earldom, become Lord Ferrers, of Chartley, Bourchier, and Louvaine; King Charles II. having terminated the abeyance of those baronies in his favour, as one of the descendants of the famous Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex. His grandson, the unhappy Lord Ferrers of the trial, was born in August, 1720; he married the 16th Sept. 1752, Mary, youngest daughter of Amos Meredith, Esq., son and heir of Sir William Meredith, baronet, of Henbury; but his lordship's irrational and cruel usage of this lady, who was remarkable for her mild disposition, obliged her to apply to parliament for redress; and accordingly, an act was passed by which they were separated. She had no issue by the Earl, and after his death, she was again

Digitized by Google

married to Lord Frederick Campbell, brother to John, fourth Duke of Argyll.

The trial of Lord Ferrers took place in Westminster Hall; it commenced on the 16th April, 1760, and lasted three days; the Lord Keeper, Lord Henley, acting as Lord High Steward.

After the usual preliminary formalities, the Earl was brought to the bar by the deputy governor of the Tower, having the axe carried before him by the gentleman gaoler, who stood with it on the left hand of the prisoner, with the edge turned from him. The prisoner, when he approached the bar, made three reverences, and then fell upon his knees at the bar.

L. H. S. Your lordship may rise.

The prisoner rose up, and bowed to his Grace the Lord High Steward, and to the House of Peers; the compliment was returned him by his Grace and the Lords.

Proclamation having been made again for silence, the Lord High Steward spoke to the prisoner as follows:—

Lawrence Earl Ferrers; you are brought to this bar to receive your trial upon a charge of the murder of John Johnson; an accusation, with respect to the crime, and the persons who make it (the grand jury of the county of Leicester, the place of your lordship's residence), of the most solemn and serious nature.

Yet my lord, you may consider it but as an accusation; for the greatest or meanest subject of this kingdom (such is the tenderness of our law) cannot be convicted capitally, but by a charge made by twelve good and lawful men, and a verdict found by the same number of his equals at the least.

My lord, in this period of the proceedings, while your lordship stands only as accused, I touch but gently on the offence charged upon your lordship; yet, for your own sake, it behoves me strongly to mark the nature of the judicature before which you now appear.

It is a happiness resulting from your lordship's birth and the constitution of this country, that your lordship is now to be tried by your peers in full parliament: What greater consolation can be suggested to a person in your unhappy circumstances, than to be reminded, that you are to be tried by a set of judges, whose sagacity and penetration no material circumstances in evidence can escape, and whose justice nothing can influence or pervert?

This consideration, if your lordship is conscious of innocence, must free your mind from any perturbations that the solemnity of such a trial might excite; it will render the charge, heavy as it is, unembarrassing, and leave your lordship firm and composed, to avail yourself of every mode of defence, that the most equal and humane laws admit of.

Your lordship, pursuant to the course of this judicature, hath been furnished with a copy of the indictment, and hath had your own counsel assigned; you are therefore enabled to make such defence as is most for your benefit and advantage; if your lordship shall put yourself on trial, you must be assured to meet with nothing but justice, candour, and impartiality.

Before I conclude, I am, by command of the House, to acquaint your lordship, and all other persons who have occasion to speak to the Court, during the trial, that they are to address themselves to the Lords in general, and not to any lord in particular.

Digitized by Google

Lawrence Earl Ferrers, your lordship will do well to give attention, while you are arraigned on your indictment.

Here Earl Ferrers was arraigned, in the form of the indictment, against him, by the Clerk of the Crown in the King's-bench.

The case for the crown was most ably stated by the Attorney General, Charles Pratt, afterwards Lord Camden, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Lord Chancellor. His speech, which is as follows, has been regarded as a model for an address on the part of the prosecution.

Mr. *Attorney General.* "May it please your lordships, it becomes my duty to open to your lordships the facts and circumstances of this case, out of which your lordships are to collect and find the crime that is charged in this indictment.

The noble prisoner stands here arraigned before your lordships for that odious offence, malicious and deliberate murder. There cannot be a crime in human society that deserves more to be punished, or more strictly to be enquired after; and therefore it is, that his Majesty, the great executive hand of justice in this kingdom, has promoted this inquiry, whereby all men may see, that in the case of murder his Majesty makes no difference between the greatest and meanest of his subjects.

The prisoner has a right, from his quality, to the privilege of being tried before this noble tribunal; if he is innocent, he has the greatest reason to be comforted, that your lordships are his judges; for that nobleness and humanity, which prompt you naturally to incline towards mercy, will strongly exert themselves in the protection of innocence. But, on the other hand, if the prisoner is really guilty of the charge, his case is truly deplorable; because your minds cannot be deceived by the false colouring of rhetoric, nor your zeal for justice perverted by any unmanly compassion.

This impartial disposition in your lordships call upon the prosecutors to observe a conduct worthy of this noble assembly; not to enlarge or aggravate any part, or advance a step beyond their instructions; but barely to state the naked facts, in order that, by that means, your lordships may be enabled the better to attend to the witnesses when they are called, to examine and cross-examine, and sift out the truth with more accuracy.

My lords, as I never thought it my duty in any case to attempt at eloquence, where a prisoner stood upon trial for his life; much less shall I think myself justified in doing it before your lordships; give me leave therefore to proceed to a narration of the facts.

My lords, the deceased person, Mr. Johnson, I find to have been employed by the Ferrers family almost during the whole course of his life: he was taken into their service in his youth, and continued in it unfortunately to the time of his death.

At the time a bill was passed by your lordships, about two years ago, to separate Lord Ferrers from his lady, Mr. Johnson was appointed receiver of his lordship's estates. At that time his lordship seems to have entertained a good opinion of him, because I am told he was appointed receiver at his lordship's own nomination; but, very soon after he became invested with this trust, when the noble lord found there was no possible method, by any temptation whatever, to prevail on Mr. Johnson to break that trust, his lordship's mind grew to be alienated towards him, and his former friendship was converted into hatred.

Digitized by Google

The first instance of his lordship's malice, that will be produced, will be his giving him notice to quit a beneficial farm that Mr. Johnson had obtained a promise of from the Earl, or his relations, before he was appointed receiver; but when it appeared that the trustees had made good the promise, and had granted him a lease, my lord was obliged to desist from that attempt.

When he found it was impossible to remove him from the farm, his resentment against Mr. Johnson increased, and he took at last a determined resolution within himself to commit the horrid fact for which he now stands arraigned.

My lords, I find several causes assigned by the prisoner for this indignation expressed against the deceased; he charged him with having colluded secretly with his adversaries, with being in the interest of those he was pleased to call his enemies, and instrumental in procuring the Act of Parliament: whether these charges were justly founded or not, is totally immaterial; such as they were, he had conceived them. His lordship, who best knew the malice of his own heart, has confessed that he harboured these suspicions.

Another thing he suspected was, that, in confederacy with Mr. Burslem and Mr. Curzon, he agreed to disappoint his lordship, in regard to a certain contract for coal mines. These notions, though void of truth, had so poisoned his lordship's mind, that he was determined at last to gratify his revenge by murder.

This determination being once settled and fixed in his mind, your lordships will see, with what art and deliberation it was pursued: notwithstanding these seeming causes of disgust, he dissembled all appearance of ill-will or resentment; his countenance towards the deceased for some months seemed greatly to be changed, and his behaviour was affable and good-humoured.

The poor man, deluded with these appearances, was brought to believe he was in no danger, and that he might safely trust himself alone with his lordship.

Matters being thus prepared, on Sunday, the 13th January, the prisoner made an appointment to Mr. Johnson to come to him on the Friday following.

His lordship, though the appointment was five or six days before, remembered it perfectly; nay, he remembered the very hour he was to come, and took his measures accordingly; for your lordships will find, that in order to clear the house, Mrs. Clifford, a woman who lives with his lordship, and four children, were directed by him, at three o'clock precisely, to absent themselves; they were ordered to walk out to Mrs. Clifford's father, about two miles from my lord's house, and not to return till five, or half an hour after five.

The two men-servants likewise, the only servants of that sex then residing with them, were contrived to be sent out of the way; so that when Mr. Johnson repaired to Stanton, my lord's house, at three o'clock, there was no person in the house, except his lordship, and three maid-servants.

Mr. Johnson, when he came to the house, rapt at the door, and was received by his lordship, and directed to wait some time in the still room; then his lordship ordered him into the parlour, where they both entered together, and the door was immediately locked on the inside.

Digitized by Google

What passed in that interval, between the time of Mr. Johnson's first going in, and the time of his being shot, can only be now known to your lordships by the noble Earl's confession, which has been very ample indeed upon the present occasion.

After Mr. Johnson had been there the best part of an hour, one of the maids in the kitchen, hearing some high words in the parlour, went to the door to see if she could discover what was doing; she listened, and heard my lord, as she was at the kitchen door, say, down upon your knees; your time is come; you must die; and presently after heard a pistol go off; upon that, she removed from the kitchen, and retired to another part of the house; for she did not care to venture into his lordship's presence.

Though it appeared, afterwards, that Mr. Johnson had then received that wound of which he died, he did not then immediately drop; he arose, and was able to walk.

Just then, my Lord Ferrers, as he confessed afterwards, felt a few momentary touches of compassion: he permitted Mr. Johnson to be led up stairs to bed, till better assistance could be called; he suffered a surgeon to be sent for, nay, the very surgeon that Mr. Johnson himself had desired; and Mr. Johnson's children, by his lordship's order, were acquainted with the accident, and sent for to see him.

Mr. Johnson's daughter was the first person that came; she met the noble lord, and the first greeting she had from him was, that he had shot her father; and that he had done it on purpose, and deliberately. Mrs. Clifford, who had been apprized of this accident by the servants, came not long after; and, in an hour and a half, or two hours, Mr. Kirkland, the surgeon, who was from home when the servant was dispatched, and at a neighbouring village, hastened with the best expedition he could make, to Stanton. When he came to Stanton he met my lord in the passage.

Here your lordship will observe, that the noble lord's conduct and behaviour, from this time to the time that Mr. Johnson was removed to his own house, seemed all along calculated for his escape; and that the only anxiety he expressed was the dread of being seized, and brought to punishment in case Mr. Johnson should die.

Upon Mr. Kirkland's first appearance, my lord had told him, that he had shot Mr. Johnson, and that he had done it coolly; he desired he might not be seized till it was known with certainty whether Mr. Johnson would die or not; and threatened, that if any person attempted to seize him, he would shoot them. Mr. Kirkland told him, he would take care nobody should meddle with him.

Mr. Kirkland was then brought up to Mr. Johnson, who was upon the bed; the surgeon examined the wound, and found that the ball had penetrated a little below the ribs on the left side; he took an instrument in his hand, called a director, in order to probe the wound: here my lord interrupted him, and said, You need not be at that trouble; pass your instrument downwards; I, when I shot off the pistol, directed it that way; and Mr. Kirkland found this, upon examination, to be true; the ball had not passed through the body, but remained lodged in the cavities of the abdomen.

When my lord found that the ball was in the body, he grew uneasy; for he was apprehensive that the ball, if it remained there, might prove

Digitized by Google

fatal; he asked Mr. Kirkland, if it could be extracted; Mr. Kirkland told him, from what he observed, it would be impracticable to extract the ball: but to give him better hopes he told him, that many persons had lived a long while after they had been shot, though the ball had remained within them.

Presently after this, the surgeon went down stairs to prepare a fomentation, and soon after returned: when he came back into the room, Mr. Johnson complained of the strangury. This alarmed his lordship again: he then asked Mr. Kirkland, what would be the consequence, if the bladder or kidneys were hurt? Mr. Kirkland having laid down his rule of conduct, wherein his prudence deserves to be commended, answered, that though the bladder should be wounded, or the kidneys hurt, there had been many cures performed upon such like wounds.

This made his lordship tolerably easy: he then began to be in better spirits, which, I am sorry to say, at that time were somewhat heightened with liquor: for, although he was cool and fresh when he did the fact, yet the moment it was done, he began to drink, and continued drinking, at times, till twelve o'clock at night: this liquor, however, only contributed to raise his spirits, without disordering his understanding; for he appeared to be complete master of himself the whole day.

After Mr. Kirkland had given him so much encouragement, they together went down to the still room; and now his lordship verily believing that Mr. Johnson would recover, he grew less cautious in avowing the deliberation with which he did the fact, and declaring all the circumstances that attended it.

And here, because I will not wrong the noble lord, by adding a single letter to my brief, your lordships shall hear his confession, from thence, in his own words.

"Kirkland, says he, I believe Johnson is more frightened than hurt; my intention was to have shot him dead; but, finding that he did not fall at the first shot, I intended to have shot him again, but the pain he complained of made me forbear; there nature did take place, in opposition to the resolution I had formed. I desire you will take care of him; for it would be cruel not to give him ease, now I have spared his life.

"When you speak of this afterwards, do not say (though I desire he may be eased of his pain) that I repented of what I have done: I am not sorry for it; it was not done without consideration; I own it was premeditated; I had, some time before, charged a pistol for the purpose, being determined to kill him, for he is a villain, and deserves death; but as he is not dead, I desire you will not suffer my being seized; for, if he dies, I will go and surrender myself to the House of Lords; I have enough to justify the action; they will not excuse me, but it will satisfy my own conscience: but be sure you don't go in the morning without letting me see you, that I may know if he is likely to recover or not; I will get up at any time; at four o'clock in the morning.

"To this very strange and horrid declaration Mr. Kirkland answered, by promising his lordship, that he would certainly give him the first intelligence touching Mr. Johnson's condition; and, as it was proper, for very prudent reasons, as well with respect to himself as Mr. Johnson, to dissemble with his lordship, he proceeded further, and told him, that he would give a favourable account of this matter. The noble lord then asked him, what he would say if he was called upon; he told him he would say, that though Johnson was shot, that he was in a fair way

Digitized by Google

of recovery. His lordship asked Mr. Kirkland, if he would make oath of that? He said, yes.

"Mr. Kirkland then went to see Mr. Johnson again, and found him better; they then went to supper, and, during the time they were at supper, his lordship mentioned several other particulars: he said, he was astonished, that the bullet should remain in his body; for, says he, I have made a trial with this pistol, and it pierced through a board an inch and a half thick; I am astonished it did not pass through his body; I took good aim, and I held the pistol in this manner; and then he shewed Mr. Kirkland the manner of his holding the pistol."

He also declared the grounds, and motives for his killing Johnson; that he had been a villain; that he was in the interest of his enemies; that he had joined with those who had injured him, and taken away his estate, by an act of parliament; that he had colluded with Mr. Curzon and Mr. Burslem, with respect to the coal contract.

Another thing he mentioned with respect to the farm; says he, "I have long wanted to drive Johnson out of the farm; if he recovers, he will go back to Cheshire, where he came from." Mr. Kirkland said, no doubt but this accident would drive him home again.

After they had supped, Mrs. Clifford came into the room, and she proposed, that Mr. Johnson should be removed to the Lount, which is the name of Mr. Johnson's house, and lies about a mile from Stanton; his lordship refused to consent to that, not because he thought Mr. Johnson might be hurt by the removal, but, to use his own words, because he would have him under his own roof, to plague the villain.

When the supper was over, they returned back to Mr. Johnson, who was then under the greatest uneasiness; he was restless, and the complaint of strangury increased: then my lord was alarmed again; he enquired of the surgeon what would be the consequence, in case the guts were shot through? Mr. Kirkland gave him a favourable answer, that revived his spirits; he went out of the room, and invited Mr. Kirkland to take a bottle of port; they then drank together, and during that time, the same, or the like expressions were repeated. I will not trouble your lordships with them again; but he all along declared, he did not do it hastily, but coolly and deliberately: that his intention was to have killed him: and that the reason why he did it at the time was, because he would not sign a paper of recantation, acknowledging all the injuries he had done his lordship.

They then again returned to Mr. Johnson, after they had drank out the bottle: whether the liquor was prevalent or not, I don't know; your lordships will observe what followed: his behaviour to the poor man, though he lay there under the surgeon's hands, was totally changed, and his resentment grew outrageous; my lord again attacked him upon the same charge as before, compelled him to acknowledge before all the company (of which his daughter was one) that he was a villain; nay, he was about to drag him out of bed upon the floor, which would hardly have been prevented, if Mr. Johnson, who was tutored by a wink from Mr. Kirkland, had not said, I do confess I am a villain: my lord at last went to bed; but, before he departed, he said with great earnestness to Mr. Kirkland, may I rely upon you? Are you sure there is no danger? May I go to bed in safety? Mr. Kirkland said, yes, your lordship may. When his lordship was gone, poor Johnson begged to be removed to his own house. Mr. Kirkland wished it as much; for, besides that he could

Digitized by Google

not have that free access to his patient that was necessary, if he was to remain there, he thought himself in the utmost peril. My lord had confessed too much, and Mr. Kirkland too little; so that if Mr. Johnson had died there, no man in Mr. Kirkland's situation would have wished to have been alone with his lordship, considering the dangerous conversation that had passed between them.

Mr. Kirkland, therefore, immediately went to the Lount, procured six or seven armed men, and came back by two o'clock in the morning. They removed Mr. Johnson, put him into a great chair, and wrapped him up in blankets, and so conveyed him home. Towards morning the poor man's symptoms grew worse, and Mr. Kirkland then went away.

Mr. Johnson lay languishing till seven or eight in the morning, and then died.

In the mean time Mr. Kirkland had procured a number of armed men to go down to Stanton, and to seize his lordship. When they came there, my lord was just out of bed; he had his garters in his hand, and was seen passing towards the stable. The horses were all saddled, and everything got in readiness for his escape.

Mr. Springthorpe advanced towards him; and when his lordship found he was really to be attacked, he fled back to his house, and there stood a siege of four or five hours. While he was thus beset, he appeared at the garret windows, and thinking himself secure in that place, he began to parley, and asked, what they wanted with him? They told him, Mr. Johnson was dead, and that they were come to secure him. He said, he knew that was false; for Mr. Johnson was not dead: that he wished it might be true: that he would not believe it, unless Mr. Kirkland would declare it: that he would pay no regard to any body else. He did not think fit to surrender; but continued in the house, till he thought he had an opportunity of escaping through the garden. He was there discovered by one Cutler, a collier, who was a bold man, and determined to take him: he marched up to him; and though his lordship was armed with a blunderbuss, two or three pistols, and a dagger, he submitted to the collier's taking him, without making the least resistance: and the moment he was in custody, he declared he gloried in the fact; and again declared, that he intended to kill Johnson. He was then carried to Mr. Kinsey's house, and remained there till after the coroner sat upon the body.

I must mention to your lordships, that upon Mr. Hall, a clergyman, being introduced to him, he told him, he knew his duty as well as he or any other clergyman: that the fact he had committed was coolly and deliberately done. So that your lordships see his declarations were consistent and uniform, from the beginning to the end.

I shall neither aggravate nor observe.

These are the circumstances which attended this horrid murder. I have opened them faithfully from my instructions. The case is rather stronger than I have made it.

The witnesses are to acquaint your lordships, whether I have opened the case truly. If the evidence comes out as I have represented it to your lordships, then your lordships' sentence must be agreeable to law. The noble Earl at the bar must be found guilty.

If he has any defence, God forbid that he should not have a fair

Digitized by Google

opportunity of making it. Let him be heard with patience. The prosecutors will be as glad as your lordships to find him innocent.

The evidence is to determine; and upon that evidence we shall leave it."

The entire evidence was in accordance with Mr. Attorney's narration, and therefore little of it need be here given.

Earl Ferrers' own account of the actual murder was reported by the medical witness, Mr. Thomas Kirkland, a surgeon at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, who also described the last moments of Johnson, the victim, in the following examination:—

Mr. Attorney. Did any discourse pass between you relating to their seizure of my lord's person?—*Mr. Kirkland.* My lord did desire that I would take care he was not seized, and I promised him I would.

Did you tell him how you meant to represent it?—My lord asked me, what I should say upon the occasion, if I was called upon? I told his lordship I should say, that, though Mr. Johnson was shot, yet there was a great probability of his recovering; and that I thought there was no necessity of seizing his lordship. His lordship then asked me, if I would make oath of that before a justice of the peace, if I was called upon? I said, Yes.

Where was this? and about what part of the night did the last conversation pass?—It was in the parlour.

What time was it? Was it an hour before supper?—I think this was before supper; but it was repeated before and after supper.

Did my lord, in this discourse, say any thing relating to Mr. Johnson?—He told me, that Mr. Johnson had long been a villain to him. He said, he began his villainy in 1753; that he assisted in procuring the act of parliament; that he was in the interest of his enemies; that, on Mr. Johnson's first coming there in the afternoon, he ordered him to settle an account. He then told him, Johnson, you have been a villain to me; if you don't sign a paper, confessing all your villainy, I'll shoot you. My lord told me Johnson would not sign one. Therefore, says he, I bid him kneel down on his knees to ask my pardon. I said, Johnson, if you have any thing to say, speak quickly. Then, said he, I fired at him. I know he did not think I would have shot him; but I was determined to do it. I was quite cool. I took aim; for I always aim with a pistol in this manner.

Did any thing pass in reference to the farm?—My lord told me he had long wanted to drive Johnson out of his farm; and that he imagined, after he recovered, he would go into Cheshire, from whence he came, and give him no more disturbance. He said he had long intended to shoot him: that the chief reason he did it at this time was, an affair between Mr. Curzon, Mr. Burslem, and his lordship. But the greatest part of this discourse was at the time that my lord was full of liquor.

Was he so full of liquor as to be deprived of his understanding?—I think not; he seemed to understand very well what he did.

Was he in liquor when you first saw him?—Yes; not much.

Did he continue drinking during the time you saw him?—He was drinking porter; they said it was porter.

Did you go to Mr. Johnson again?—Yes; after supper I went up stairs to Mr. Johnson; nothing material passed; but my lord enquired what I thought of Mr. Johnson; and upon my setting things in the light I thought I should, my lord seemed very well satisfied.

Was any thing said about the bowels or guts?—My lord asked, if the

Digitized by Google

bowels were wounded, what would be the consequence? I said, some had had wounds in their bowels and recovered.

There was an expression used, that the bullet was lodged in the abdomen; was that your's or my lord's expression?—It was my expression.

Did you and my lord sit together in the evening?—Yes.

Was any wine brought?—Yes; Mrs. Clifford brought a bottle of wine, and then his lordship again repeated, that he had shot Johnson, and that he intended it.

Was there any thing passed between you relative to my lord's circumstances?—A little before he went to bed, before I went to Mr. Johnson the last time, my lord said, Kirkland, I know you can set this affair in such a light, that I shall not be seized if you will; I owe you a bill, you may have some of your money now, and the rest when you want it; I told his lordship I did not want money, I should be glad to receive it when it was most convenient to him.

Did you afterwards see my lord and Mr. Johnson together?—Yes.

What passed?—My lord went up to the bedside, and spoke it temperately; Johnson, you know you have been a villain to me; Mr. Johnson made no answer, but desired my lord to let him alone at that time: my lord kept calling of him villain; his passion rose, and he began to pull the bed-clothes, and said, Have you not been a villain? Mr. Johnson said, My lord, I may have been wrong as well as others: upon this, my lord run up in a violent passion to the bed-side, I thought he would have struck him; but upon Mr. Johnson's declaring he might have been a villain to his lordship, my lord went to the fire-side.

How came Mr. Johnson to make that answer?—I winked at him, and he made the answer.

Was Miss Johnson in the room?—Yes; my lord went to her, after he had abused her father, and said, Though he has been a villain to me, I promise you before Kirkland, who I desire to be a witness, that I will take care of your family, if you do not prosecute.

Did my lord go out of the room?—Yes; he went down stairs; he sent for me, and told me, he was afraid he had made Miss Johnson uneasy; he desired I would tell her, he would be her friend: we came up stairs together; his lordship asked at the top of the stairs, whether I thought Mr. Johnson would recover: I replied, Yes; he said, then I may go to bed in safety; he went to bed directly,

What passed after?—The first thing I did I went to Mr. Johnson, who desired, for God's sake, that I would remove him; while we were talking, I heard my lord open the door, and call up his pointer: Mr. Johnson was a good deal alarmed at it, fearing my lord should come again; but my lord shut the door; then he again entreated me to remove him.

Was any proposal made to remove him before that?—Yes; Mrs. Clifford came down before that into the still-room, and said, Cannot Johnson be removed? My lord replied, No, he shall not be removed, till he be either better or dead: and some time after that he said, he was glad he had him in the house, that he could plague the rascal; or some such words.

Why did you propose to remove him?—I thought it prudent for many reasons to remove him; I imagined, Mr. Johnson would die; and if my lord came and found him dying, his resentment would rise against me; besides, Mr. Johnson was in a good deal of apprehension of being again shot; I really apprehended he might die through fear, for he was a

Digitized by Google

man of a very weak constitution; upon this I went to the Lount and got a parcel of fellows, and placed Mr. Johnson in an easy chair, and carried him upon poles to the Lount, where he got without being much fatigued.

Did you apprehend that the moving would be prejudicial to him, considering the condition he was in?—It is impossible to say it might not; but there was much more danger in leaving him at Stanton; and he expressed satisfaction on my removing him: when he came there, he desired he might be removed from one room where he was, into another; for he said, my lord might come and shoot him there, the window was facing the bed; I told him, he might make himself easy, I would place a sentry at each door.

At what time was Mr. Johnson removed?—I believe about two o'clock in the morning; I am not quite certain of the hour.

How long did he live after that?—He lived, as I was informed, till about nine; I did not leave him till seven o'clock.

In what condition was he when you left him?—Weak and low, and cold in the extremities.

What was your judgment about him?—That he would be dead; he thought so himself.

What happened after he was dead?—Nothing more than my examining the body.

What did you do upon that?—I examined it the next day when the coroner's inquest was taken.

Did you give an account of the wound?—The ball had passed just under the lowest rib, on the left side, through one of the guts, and through a bone we call the "os inominatum," and lodged in the bone called the "os sacrum."

Do you apprehend that Mr. Johnson died of that wound?—I do; I am clear in it.

A Mr. Springthorpe, examined by Mr. *Gould*, thus related the seizure of Lord Ferrers.

Was you present at the time of taking Lord Ferrers?—*Springthorpe.* I was.

What day was it?—On Saturday morning.

What time in the morning?—I believe it was between ten and eleven o'clock.

Had you a multitude of people with you?—The first part of the time I had not; but before he was taken there were a great many.

Was you armed?—I had a pistol I took from Mr. Burslem's.

Where did you go first?—I went to see Mr. Johnson; he was my friend, and I found he was dead. Mr. Burslem desired I would go and help to take Lord Ferrers: I condescended to do it. When I came to the hall yard, my lord in a few minutes came; he seemed to be going to the stable, with his stockings down, and his garters in his hands; his lordship seeing me demanded to know what I wanted. I presented my pistol to his lordship, and I said it was he I wanted, and I would have him; he put his hand, whether he was going to put his garters into his pocket, or to pull out a pistol, I cannot say; but he suddenly run into the house. I never saw more of him for two hours; in about two hours he came to the garret window; I went under the window; he called; I asked him what he wanted; he said, How is Johnson? I said he was dead; he said, You are a lying scoundrel, God damn you. I told him he was dead; he said, I will not believe it till Kirkland tells me so. I said he

Digitized by Google

was dead; he said, Then disperse the people, and I will go and surrender: let the people in, and let them have some victuals and drink. I told him I did not come for victuals, but for him, and I would have him. He went away from the window swearing he would not be taken. Two hours after that there was a report that he was upon the bowling-green; I was at this part of the house: I run there, and, by the time I got there, I saw two colliers had hold of his lordship. I said, I would take care nobody should hurt him. I took from a man that had hold of him, a pistol and a powder-horn; I shot the pistol off, and it made a great impression against the stones. I heard my lord say, he had shot a villain and a scoundrel, and, clapping his hand upon his bosom, he said, I glory in his death. That is all I know of the matter.

Lord Ferrers being called upon for his defence, applied for an adjournment to the following day: to this Lord Mansfield objected, unless the Earl would open the nature of his defence, or give some reason why he was not then prepared to go on. This not being done, the Peers returned to the Chamber of Parliament to debate the question, and on their coming back into Westminster Hall, the Lord High Steward announced to Lord Ferrers that he was forthwith to proceed with his defence.

Lord Ferrers then addressed the Court as follows:—

Earl *Ferrers*. "My lords, the kind of defence I mentioned to your lordships before, I really don't know how myself to enter upon; it is what my family have considered for me, and they have engaged all the evidence that are to be examined upon this unhappy occasion, who I really have not seen; I do not well know what they have to say: I should, therefore, hope your lordships will give me all the assistance that is possible in their examination.

My lords, I believe that what I have already mentioned to your lordships, as the ground of this defence, has been a family complaint; and I have heard that my own family have, of late, endeavoured to prove me such. The defence I mean is occasional insanity of mind; and I am convinced, from recollecting within myself, that, at the time of this action, I could not know what I was about. I say, my lords, upon reflecting within myself, I am convinced, that, at that time, I could not know what I was about.

It has been too plainly proved, that, at the time this accident happened, I was very sober, that I was not disordered with liquor: your lordships will observe, from the evidence both of Mr. Kirkland and Miss Johnson, that it plainly appeared that this man never suspected there was any malice, or that I had any."

The evidence adduced in support of his Lordship's plea of insanity will be found fully summed up, and commented on, in the reply of the Solicitor General. The testimony of two witnesses, however, was of such moment, that it is here given at length. The first of these was the Hon. and Rev. Walter Shirley, who was thus examined by Earl Ferrers.

What relation are you to me?—Brother.

Do you know any, and which, of the family, that have been afflicted with lunacy; if you do, please to mention their names?—I believe the prisoner at the bar has that misfortune,

What is your reason for such belief?—I have many reasons for it. The first is, that I have seen him several times talking to himself, clenching his fists, grinning, and having several gestures of a madman, without any seeming cause leading thereto. I have likewise very frequently known

Digitized by Google

him extremely suspicious of plots and contrivances against him from his own family; and, when he was desired to give some account what the plots were that he meant, he could not make any direct answer.—Another reason I have for thinking him so is, his falling into violent passion, without any adequate cause.

Do you believe that, at some times, I have been hurried into violent fits, so as not to know the distinction between a moral or immoral act? —I believe, at those times when my lord has been transported by this disease of lunacy, that he has not been able to distinguish properly between moral good and evil.

Has any other of the family, besides myself, been afflicted with lunacy? —I have heard——*(stopt.)*

Please to inform their lordships, whether, at the time I have been transported with such violent fits, they have been the effects of drink, and whether they have happened when I was sober?—Frequently when my lord has been sober, much more so when he has been a little inflamed with liquor.

Do you know of any intention in the family to take out a commission of lunacy against me?—I heard it talked of.

How long ago?—I think I can recollect it was at the time of his lordship's committing the outrage at Lord Westmoreland's house that it was proposed to be done; but afterwards they were afraid to go through with it; and the reason given was, lest, if the court of judicature should not be thoroughly satisfied of my lord's lunacy upon inspection, that the damage would be very great to those that should attempt it.

Why was the family afraid that I should appear in the courts of judicature to be in my senses?—Because my lord had frequently such long intervals of reason, that, we imagined, if he, on the inspection, appeared reasonable, the court would not grant the commission against him.

What damage do you mean that the family was apprehensive of, in case the court should refuse a commission?—We apprehended my lord would sue us for *scandalum magnatum.*

Was the family apprehensive of any other kind of damage?—I know of none.

Att. Gen. My lords, I did not intend to have troubled this gentleman; but from what he has said, your lordships will permit me to ask him two or three questions; I shall do it very tenderly, and with as much propriety as I can.—In giving his account of the noble lord's state of mind, as far as I could collect it, he said, that he had more reasons than one why he deemed him to be insane.

Attorney General. Mr. Shirley, you said that the first ground was, that his lordship would, at times, talk to himself, grin, and use certain gestures, proper only to madmen—Now, as to this first mark of insanity, was this frequently the case of his lordship?—Very frequently.

Did he, at those times, speak loud, or use any intelligible language to himself?—He did not.

Did he, at such times, offer to commit any mischief, or betray any marks of disorder, while in that situation?—I do not recollect any.

Then, as far as I can understand you, at those times, his behaviour in those intervals was perfectly innocent.—Yes.

At such times have you ever entered into discourse with him?—No, I do not remember.

Digitized by Google

Did you never ask him a single question when you have seen him walking backwards and forwards in the way you mention?—I don't remember I have.

Did you never hear him speak at such times to other persons?—Not whilst he continued in those attitudes.

I don't ask you whether he conversed the time that he was mute, but within a quarter or half an hour?—I am not certain.

Your next ground for supposing him to be insane was, That he was accustomed to be transported into passions without any adequate cause, were those the words?—Without any seeming cause.

Was not "adequate" the expression you used?—Yes.

I should be glad to know whether you deem every man that is transported with anger, without an adequate cause, to be a madman?—I deem it as a sign of madness in him; but there were other causes.

I ask you a general question, and I do not expect a particular answer. Whether you deem a person that is transported with fury without reason, to be a madman?—I think a person may be transported to fury without an adequate cause, that is no madman.

Then please to recollect some particular instance of this frantic passion, and state it.—I really cannot command my memory so far. I have not seen my lord these two years, till the time of this unhappy confinement.

Then I am to understand you, that you cannot recollect one particular instance; Am I or not?—I cannot recollect any at this time.

Then as to the suspicion of plots without any foundation; will you please to enumerate any of those?—He never himself would give any particular account of what he suspected, only that he did suspect that the family was in some combination against him; and when I have asked him, What it was that he meant? he would never give me a direct answer to that question.

Does that kind of behaviour, as you describe it, denote a man out of his senses?—I thought so. I was so fully possessed of that opinion, that I declared to other people long ago, that I thought him a madman.

Please to inform their lordships, whether the unfortunate earl lived well or ill with his family?—Indeed, he did not live in friendship with his family.

Were there not disputes on both sides?—Yes, there were; his younger brothers and sisters were under the unhappy constraint of suing for their fortunes.

Then please to inform their lordships, whether, in truth, there was not a combination in the family against him? I do not mean a criminal one.—I am very certain that was not what my lord alluded to.

If you are certain of that, you can inform their lordships what it was that he alluded to?—I will give a reason why I am certain it was not that; because it appeared to be some secret combination: that was a thing publicly known.

How did you recollect that the combination was secret?—By my lord's manner of expressing himself.

Can you recollect the phrase or the words he used?—I cannot.

In another part of your examination you was asked, whether the earl could distinguish between good and evil? You said he could not distinguish them properly. Was he at that time less able to distinguish properly between good and evil than any other man that is transported into a violent passion?—I never saw any man so transported.

Digitized by Google

Did he express himself in insensible words, so as that you could discover the state of his mind; and that it was that of a madman, and not a man in passion?—I considered it as madness.

Can you recollect any expression, in any fit of passion that my lord was in, that might not as well have come from the mouth of any other passionate man?—Indeed I cannot.

You recollect an old adage, "Ira furor brevis est:" do you believe that his was such madness as is there poetically described?—I believe that it really proceeded from madness.

Have you ever seen him so transported upon any other occasion than that of anger? Have you seen any appearance of that kind when he was cool and calm?—I have seen him break into passions without any seeming cause.

You said you could not remember any instance, when the question was asked you; can you now?—I remember once being at a hunting seat at Quarendon in Leicestershire, as I chose to avoid the bottle, I went up stairs to the ladies; Lady Ferrers, at that time, lived with him; and, without any previous quarrel, my lord came up stairs into the room; and after standing for some time with his back to the fire, he broke out into the grossest abuse of me, insulting me, and swearing at me; and I cannot to this day or hour conceive any reason for it.

Had you never any dispute or quarrel with your brother?—Not at that time.

Might not you have had some quarrel a few days before?—No.

Are you confident of that?—I am confident.

Had he no suspicion at that time of you interesting yourself with respect to my Lady Ferrers?—There was then no quarrel existing.

Had there never been a quarrel between my lord and my lady?—I think not; it was soon after his marriage.

The other witness was one Elizabeth Williams, who was also thus examined by the Earl.

How long have you known Lord Ferrers?—A great many years.

Do you know of any distemper that Lord Ferrers is afflicted with, and what is it?—He never appeared like any other gentleman.

Wherein did he differ from any other people in general?—He always was a-musing and talking to himself. He spit in the looking-glass, tore the pictures, swearing he would break my bureau open, and would break all the glasses in my house, and would throttle me if I would not let him do it.

Had he any particular reason for this conduct?—None that I ever saw, but like a delirious man.

Did you keep a public-house?—Yes.

How near did you live to my lord?—My lord was at my house, and boarded with me.

Are you the wife of the witness Williams?—Yes.

Where did Lord Ferrers live, at the time he behaved in that odd manner you speak of?—He had lodgings at Muswell-Hill.

How far did you live from him?—Two miles, to the best of my knowledge; he frequently used to come; I have made him coffee and sent up a dish, he always drank it out of the spout, which surprised me, that I thought him delirious.

How long ago is that?—I believe it is about twelve months ago, to the best of my knowledge.

Digitized by Google

Have you often seen Lord Ferrers behave in that manner?—I never saw him behave like any other gentleman in my life.

Was the coffee hot when he drank it out of the spout?—Hot. He always went about the town like a madman, throttled me, and threw me down in the yard, one day when he took the horse away.

Did you think Lord Ferrers a madman?—I know he was by all appearance.

Was he generally thought so by other people?—By all the whole town.

A Lord. When he threatened to break open your bureau, and to use you ill if you did not let him do it, was he in liquor?—*El. Williams.* Sober as I am now.

A Lord. Did you ever, upon any occasion when he committed these outrages, observe that he had been drinking?—*El. Williams.* Never; he never drank in the morning but a little tea, or coffee, or some broth.

Earl *Ferrers.* Have you ever seen me commit any other acts of outrage besides those you have mentioned?—A great many more that are worse.

Name them.—Swearing, cursing, and damning us; and wishing us all at hell, and himself at hell; and threatened to break the glasses; and talked to himself for hours together in bed.

Was he drunk or sober at those times?—Very rarely; but he seemed more to be disturbed in his mind.

Mention the circumstance about my coming for the mare.—My lord came for the mare, it was at church-time, and brought his servants, and a hammer in his hand, and guns, with a tuck in his hand, and broke the stable door open by violence of arms, and knocked me down with his arm, and run the tuck into my husband, fetched the blood, I was obliged to have a surgeon to attend him; and took the mare away by force of arms; and if any body came to hinder him, he said he would blow their brains out. He always had pistols nobody knew of. I never saw any gentleman that came to my house before, that had those things about them. I used to like to take them out of his bed-chamber, but was afraid to touch them, for fear of what he should do to me himself, by seeing his mind so disturbed.

Were those outrages committed when he was drunk or sober?—Sober for the general; and when he took the mare away, as sober as he is now.

Earl of *Hardwicke.* Inform their lordships, whether, before my lord came in this manner to get the mare out of the stable, he had before sent any servant to demand the mare, and had been refused?—*Williams.* Yes, he had, the boy was gone to church. We always kept it under lock, because there was more of his lordship's horses; and nobody was to go into the stable but his lordship's ostler.

At the conclusion of the evidence of insanity, the Earl put in a paper which was read by the clerk, and ran as follows:—

My lords; It is my misfortune to be accused of a crime of the most horrid nature. My defence is, in general, that I am Not Guilty: the fact of Homicide is proved against me by witnesses, who, for aught I can say, to the contrary, speak truly.

But if I know myself at this time, I can truly affirm, I was ever

Digitized by Google

incapable of it, knowingly: if I have done and said what has been alleged, I must have been deprived of my senses.

I have been driven to the miserable necessity of proving my own want of understanding; and am told, the law will not allow me the assistance of counsel in this case, in which, of all others, I should think it most wanted.

The more I stand in need of assistance, the greater reason I have to hope for it from your lordships.

Witnesses have been called to prove my insanity—to prove an unhappy disorder of mind, and which I am grieved to be under the necessity of exposing.

If they have not directly proved me so insane as not to know the difference between a moral and immoral action, they have at least proved that I was liable to be driven and hurried into that unhappy condition upon very slight occasions.

Your lordships will consider whether my passion, rage, madness (or whatever it may be called) was the effect of a weak or distempered mind, or whether it arose from my own wickedness, or inattention to my duty.

If I could have controuled my rage, I am answerable for the consequences of it. But if I could not, and if it was the mere effect of a distempered brain, I am not answerable for the consequences.

My lords, I mention these things as hints—I need not, indeed I cannot, enlarge upon this subject: your lordships will consider all circumstances, and I am sure you will do me justice.

If it be but a matter of doubt, your lordships will run the hazard of doing me injustice, if you find me guilty.

My lords, if my insanity had been of my own seeking, as the sudden effect of drunkenness, I should be without excuse. But it is proved, by witnesses for the crown, that I was not in liquor.

Mr. Kirkland, who drank and conversed with me, in order to betray me, (Mr. Attorney may commend his caution, but not his honesty,) represents me the most irrational of all madmen, at the time of my doing a deed which I reflect upon with the utmost abhorrence.

The Counsel for the Crown will put your lordships in mind of every circumstance against me; I must require of your lordships' justice, to recollect every circumstance on the other side.

My life is in your hands, and I have every thing to hope, as my conscience does not condemn me of the crime I stand accused of; for I had no preconceived malice; and was hurried into the perpetration of this fatal deed by the fury of a disordered imagination.

To think of this, my lords, is an affliction, which can be aggravated only by the necessity of making it my defence.

May God Almighty direct your judgments, and correct my own!

Earl *Ferrers*. My lords, I will mention one circumstance, which I did speak of yesterday; it was said, that I knew of a lease Johnson had, but it has never been proved; therefore, I imagine, that what I asserted, that I did not know of it, must be admitted as truth.

L. H. S. Earl Ferrers, Hath your lordship any thing further to offer?

Earl *Ferrers*. No.

The Solicitor General, the Hon. Charles Yorke, afterwards Lord Chancellor, made a long and elaborate reply on the part of the Crown.

Digitized by Google

From it is here extracted the portion which bore upon the prisoner's defence of insanity.

Sol. Gen. "My lords, what is the evidence produced by the noble lord? In the first place, there is none which applies to the time of committing the fact. His sobriety is admitted, and drunkenness would not excuse; and even supposing it had appeared to your lordships, that the noble prisoner was sometimes, by fits and starts, under a degree of lunacy or temporary insanity; yet if he was of sound mind at that hour, he is a person within all the rules and distinctions which Lord Hale explains. But, my lords, in the next place, I must observe, that no general evidence has been offered, which proves his lunacy or insanity at any time; for his own witnesses fail in their endeavours to shew it. This appears from their manner of expressing themselves in their original examination; but still more in the answers, which they gave to the questions asked upon the cross-examination.

The two first witnesses called were, Mr. Benefold, and Mr. Goostrey. They describe the insanity of the noble lord at the bar to consist of flights. They say, that he would swear; would talk to himself; that he would use strange gestures; that he had friends, and suspected them; that he was of a positive temper, and difficult to be dissuaded from any opinion or resolution which he had once formed. But Mr. Bennefold, upon the cross-examination, admitted, that he never knew of any act of wildness done by his lordship, nor any physician sent for, to take care of him in that respect. He said, upon the whole, that he thought Lord Ferrers had better parts and understanding than ordinary men. Mr. Goostrey told your lordships, upon the cross-examination, that he had done business several years for Lord Ferrers; that he had advised and prepared deeds for his lordship to execute; that he had assisted in suffering a recovery to bar the entail of the estate; and admitted his sense and capacity in general, but inferred insanity from positiveness of temper and opinion. However, in answer to a question proposed by one of your lordships, he said, that he thought Lord Ferrers capable of distinguishing between moral and immoral actions.

Several other witnesses have been called to-day. I will first mention Mr. Clarges. He describes similar circumstances with Mr. Bennefold and Mr. Goostrey, from which he collects the insanity of the noble prisoner. He said, that he had observed great oddities in my lord, during his minority, but no defect of understanding. He could not specify particular instances; and added, that his lordship was jealous and suspicious: but the witness never saw him in such a situation, as not to be capable of distinguishing between good and evil, and not to know, that murder was a great crime.

My lords, this account of the state of the noble prisoner's mind is consistent, not only with a considerable degree of understanding, but with the highest degree of it. If the law were to receive such excuses, it would put a sword into the hand of every savage and licentious man, to disturb private life, and public order.

My lords, there was another witness of a different and a much lower sort than those whom I have named; I mean Elizabeth Williams. She was the only person who said, that the noble Earl was always mad. When she came to explain the instances from which she drew that conclusion, the principal one insisted upon was ridiculous; the anger which he shewed against a servant, who had neglected to take care of a

Digitized by Google

favourite mare, intrusted to his management. This was a vivacity so natural, that if it be deemed a symptom of madness, few are free from it; and I doubt the inference will go far in cases of common life.

The two next witnesses, whom I will mention, are the brothers of the noble Earl. My lords, I own I felt for them. It gave me pain to see them, in a cause which touches a brother's life, brought to the bar as witnesses, to mitigate the consequences of one misfortune, by endeavouring to prove another of the most tender and affecting nature; and if they had spoke stronger to matters of conjecture, opinion, and belief, for my part, I could easily have excused them.

My lords, they both spoke with caution, and as men of honour; but one of them was the only witness of weight, who expressed a belief, that, at particular times, the noble lord might not be able to distinguish between moral good and evil. I did not observe, that he spoke of any instance within his own recollection. The circumstances, from which these gentlemen inferred insanity, were for the most part of the same kind with those which came from the mouths of the other witnesses. They did not carry the marks of it in the least degree beyond that evidence. And Mr. Walter Shirley admitted, that the noble lord at the bar had long intervals of reason. I endeavour to repeat the expression, and I think it was so. Mr. Robert Shirley told your lordships, that he had not seen the noble prisoner for four years past; that the last time of seeing Lord Ferrers was, at Burton upon Trent. He mentioned the carrying of pistols, and a large case knife, at that time. I understood him to say, that the noble lord generally did so; the witness had seen it only once; but from that circumstance he argued insanity. Your lordships will judge, whether this practice might not be owing to jealousy and violence of temper, as well as to lunacy and madness. The witness added, that he had written formerly to his brother Captain Washington Shirley, about taking out a commission of lunacy against Lord Ferrers; but I could not find, that any measures were taken in consequence of that opinion given by the witness, nor did he himself ever take any steps towards it, nor any branch of his family.

The last witness called, on behalf of the noble prisoner, was Doctor Monro. He was brought here to describe, what symptoms he considers as marks of lunacy or insanity. He said, that there were many; and on being asked particularly, as to the several symptoms suggested in this cause, Doctor Monro was led to speak principally of three marks of lunacy. The first was common fury, not caused by liquor, but raised by it. Surely this circumstance will not infer insanity. The next was, jealousy and suspicion, with causeless quarrelling. Do not many, who are not lunatics, suspect or quarrel without cause, and become dangerous to their neighbours? The third was, carrying arms; which (he said) though less usual, might be a mark of lunacy. And it is equally true, that such behaviour may prove, in many cases, a bad heart and vicious mind, as well as lunacy. My lords, the general observation, which occurs upon Dr. Monro's evidence, is this; that he did not describe any of those things, as absolute marks of lunacy, so as to denote every man a lunatic, who was subject to them. Indeed he could not have said it, consistently with common sense and experience.

This was the import of the evidence of the noble prisoner No witnesses were offered, on the part of the King, in reply to that evidence,

Digitized by Google

And, my lords, the reason why they were not offered was, because the counsel who attended your lordships for the King, choose to submit it to your opinions, whether the evidence produced for the prisoner does not tend to strengthen, rather than weaken, that proof of capacity, which arises out of all circumstances urged, in support of the charge? From those circumstances, I have already shewn, that the noble prisoner was conscious of what he did, at the time of the offence committed; that he weighed the motives; that he acted with deliberation; that he knew the consequences.

I will only take notice of one thing more. Your lordships have attended with great patience, and the most impartial regard to justice, to all the evidence, and every observation, which has been laid before you. You have seen the noble prisoner, for two days at your bar (though labouring under the weight of this charge), cross-examining the witnesses for the King, and examining his own in a manner so pertinent, as cannot be imputed merely to the hints and advice of those agents and counsel, with which you have indulged him. I am persuaded, from the appearance and conduct of the noble prisoner, that if the fact itself would have admitted doubts, and probable arguments, to repel the force of any one material circumstance, your lordships would have heard him press those arguments, with sense and sagacity.

But, my lords, the truth is, that the fact tried this day stands without alleviation. There is not a colour for the defence, unless it arises from the enormity of the crime, aggravated by the manner of committing it; an old, faithful servant of himself and his family, murdered in cold blood, whilst he was performing, by express orders, an act of dutiful attendance upon his master; murdered in the most deliberate and wilful manner, destructive of all confidence in human society. My lords, in some sense, every crime proceeds from insanity. All cruelty, all brutality, all revenge, all injustice, is insanity. There were philosophers, in ancient times, who held this opinion, as a strict maxim of their sect; and, my lords, the opinion is right in philosophy, but dangerous in judicature. It may have a useful and a noble influence, to regulate the conduct of men; to controul their impotent passions; to teach them, that virtue is the perfection of reason, as reason itself is the perfection of human nature; but not to extenuate crimes, nor to excuse those punishments, which the law adjudges to be their due.

My lords, the necessity of his Majesty's justice; the necessity of public example, called for this prosecution; and the effect of the whole evidence is submitted to the weight and wisdom of your judgment."

The peers unanimously found Lord Ferrers guilty, and on the 18th April, the third day of the trial, the Earl was brought up for judgment. His lordship being called upon to say why sentence of death should not pass, thus addressed the Court through the clerk.

"My lords, I must acknowledge myself infinitely obliged for the fair and candid trial your lordships have indulged me with.

I am extremely sorry that I have troubled your lordships with a defence that I was always much averse to, and has given me the greatest uneasiness; but was prevailed on by my family to attempt it, as it was what they themselves were persuaded of the truth of; and had proposed to prove me under the unhappy circumstances that have been ineffectually represented to your lordships.

Digitized by Google

This defence has put me off from what I proposed, and what perhaps might have taken off the malignity of the accusation; but, as there has been no proof made to your lordships, can only be deemed at this time my own assertion; but that I must leave to your lordships.

My lords, I have been informed of this intention of the family before; and your lordships, I hope, will be so good to consider, the agony of mind a man must be under, when his liberty and property are both attacked: my lords, under these unhappy circumstances, though the plea I have attempted was not sufficient to acquit me to your lordships, according to the laws of this country; yet I hope your lordships will think, that malice, represented by the counsel for the crown, could not subsist; as I was so unhappy as to have no person present at the time of the fatal accident, it was impossible for me to shew your lordships, that I was not at that instant possessed of my reason.

As the circumstances of my case are fresh in your lordships' memories, I hope your lordships will, in compassion to my infirmities, be kind enough to recommend me to his majesty's clemency.

My lords, as I am uncertain whether my unhappy case is within the late act of parliament, if your lordships should be of opinion that it is, I humbly hope the power of respiting the execution will be extended in my favour, that I may have an opportunity of preparing myself for the great event, and that my friends may be permitted to have access to me.

If any thing I have offered should be thought improper, I hope your lordships will impute it to the great distress I am under at this juncture."

Lord High Steward. Has your lordship any thing else to offer?—Earl *Ferrers.* No.

Proclamation was then made for silence.

Lord High Steward. "Lawrence Earl Ferrers; His majesty, from his royal and equal regard to justice, and his steady attention to our constitution, (which hath endeared him in a wonderful manner to the universal duty and affection of his subjects) hath commanded this inquiry to be made, upon the blood of a very ordinary subject, against your lordship, a peer of this realm: your lordship hath been arraigned; hath pleaded, and put yourself on your peers; and they (whose judicature is founded and subsists in wisdom, honour, and justice) have unanimously found your lordship guilty of the felony and murder charged in the indictment.

It is usual, my lord, for courts of justice, before they pronounce the dreadful sentence pronounced by the law, to open to the prisoner the nature of the crime of which he is convicted; not in order to aggravate or afflict, but to awaken the mind to a due attention to, and consideration of, the unhappy situation into which he hath brought himself.

My lord, the crime of which your lordship is found guilty, murder, is incapable of aggravation; and it is impossible, but that, during your lordship's long confinement, you must have reflected upon it, represented to your mind in the deepest shades, and with all its train of dismal and detestable consequences.

As your lordship hath received no benefit, so you can derive no consolation from that refuge you seemed almost ashamed to take, under a pretended insanity; since it hath appeared to us all, from your cross-examination of the king's witnesses, that you recollected the minutest circumstances of facts and conversations, to which you and the witnesses only could be privy, with the exactness of a memory more than ordinary

Digitized by Google

sound; it is therefore as unnecessary as it would be painful to me, to dwell longer on a subject so black and dreadful.

It is with much more satisfaction, that I can remind your lordship, that though, from the present tribunal, before which you now stand, you can receive nothing but strict and equal justice; yet you are soon to appear before an Almighty Judge, whose unfathomable wisdom is able, by means incomprehensible to our narrow capacities, to reconcile justice with mercy; but your lordship's education must have informed you, and you are now to remember, such beneficence is only to be obtained by deep contrition, sound, unfeigned, and substantial repentance.

Confined strictly, as your lordship must be, for the very short remainder of your life, according to the provision of the late act; yet, from the wisdom of the legislature, which, to prevent as much as possible, this heinous and horrid offence of murder, hath added infamy to death; you will be still, if you please, entitled to converse and communicate with the ablest divines of the Protestant church, to whose pious care and consolation, in fervent prayer and devotion, I most cordially recommend your lordship.

Nothing remains for me, but to pronounce the dreadful sentence of the law; and the judgment of the law is, and this high court doth award,

That you, Lawrence Earl Ferrers, return to the prison of the Tower, from whence you came; from thence you must be led to the place of execution, on Monday next, being the 21st day of this instant April; and when you come there, you must be hanged by the neck till you are dead, and your body must be dissected and anatomized.

And God Almighty be merciful to your soul!"

The prisoner was removed from the bar by the Lieutenant of the Tower. The commission of the High Steward was then dissolved, and the Court adjourned.

The following account of the execution of Earl Ferrers is to be found attached to most reports extant, of his lordship's trial.

The Sheriffs, on Monday, the 5th day of May, 1761, being attended by their under-sheriffs, and other proper officers, went to the outward gate of the Tower of London, and at nine o'clock in the morning sent notice to the Lieutenant that they were there, ready to receive the body of Lawrence Earl Ferrers, Viscount Tamworth, pursuant to the King's writ in that behalf.

His lordship being informed of it, sent a message to the sheriffs, requesting their permission that he might go in his own landau, which was waiting for him at the Tower, instead of the mourning-coach which had been provided by his friends; which request being granted, his lordship, attended by the Reverend Mr. Humphreys, the chaplain of the Tower, entered into his landau, drawn by six horses, and was conducted in it, by the officers of the Tower, to the outward gate, and there delivered into the custody of the sheriffs, upon their giving the following receipt:

"*Tower-Hill, 5th May*, 1760.

"Received then of Charles Rainsford, Esq., Deputy-Lieutenant of the Tower of London, the body of the within-named Lawrence Earl Ferrers, Viscount Tamworth, delivered to us in obedience of the King's writ, of which the within is a true copy.—Geo. Errington, Paul Vaillant, Sheriffs of London and Sheriff of Middlesex."

Digitized by Google

Mr. Sheriff Vaillant accompanied his lordship in the landau from the Tower gate to the place of execution; and, upon his entrance into it, addressing himself to his lordship, he told him, That it gave him the highest concern to wait upon him upon so melancholy an occasion, but he would do everything in his power to render his situation as easy as possible; and hoped that, whatever he did, his lordship would impute to the necessary discharge of his duty.—To which his lordship answered, Sir, I am very much obliged to you, I take it very kindly that you are pleased to accompany me.—His lordship being dressed in a suit of light clothes, embroidered with silver, said, You may, perhaps, Sir, think it strange to see me in this dress, but I have my particular reasons for it.

The civil and military powers attended the sheriffs from thence to the place of execution, and the procession was as follows:—

First, a very large body of the constables for the county of Middlesex (the greatest probably that ever had been assembled together on any occasion), preceded by one of the high-constables.

Then a party of horse-grenadiers, and a party of foot;

Then Mr. Sheriff Errington in his chariot, accompanied therein by his under-sheriff Mr. Jackson;

Then followed the landau, escorted by two other of horse-grenadiers and foot;

Then Mr. Sheriff Vaillant's chariot, in which was his under-sheriff Mr. Nicolls;

Then a mourning coach and six;

And, lastly, a hearse and six, which was provided for the conveyance of his lordship's corpse from the place of execution to Surgeons-Hall.

The procession was conducted with the utmost solemnity; but moved so very slow, that it did not reach the place of execution till a quarter before twelve, so that his lordship was two hours and three quarters in the landau; during the whole of which time he appeared to be perfectly easy and composed, and his decent deportment seemed greatly to affect the minds of all who beheld him; insomuch that although his lordship thus passed many hundred thousand spectators, yet so respectful was the behaviour of all towards him, that not the least affront or indignity was offered to him by any one; but, on the contrary, many persons saluted him with their prayers for his salvation.

His lordship asked the sheriff, if he had ever seen so great a concourse of people before? and upon his answering that he had not; I suppose, said his lordship, it is, because they never saw a lord hanged before. He said, that he had wrote to the king, to beg that he might suffer where his ancestor the Earl of Essex had suffered; and that he was in the greater hopes of obtaining the favour, as he had the honour of quartering part of the same arms, and of being allied to his majesty, and that he thought it was hard that he must die at the place appointed for the execution of common felons. But whatever his lordship's thoughts were upon that account, those considerations will for ever throw an additional lustre on his majesty's impartiality and justice.

Mr. Humphries the chaplain, who, it seems, had not attended his lordship till this morning, took occasion to observe, that the world would naturally be very inquisitive concerning the religion his lordship professed; and asked him, If he chose to say any thing upon that subject? To which his lordship answered, That he did not think himself at all ac-

Digitized by Google

countable to the world for his sentiments on religion; but that he had always believed in, and adored one God, the maker of all things; that whatever his notions were, he had never propagated them, or endeavoured to gain any person over to his persuasion; that all countries and nations had a form of religion by which the people were governed, and that whoever disturbed them in it, he looked upon him as an enemy to society; but that, if he himself was wrong in his way of thinking, he was very sorry for it. That he very much blamed my Lord Bolingbroke, for permitting his sentiments on religion to be published to the world. That the many sects and disputes which happen about religion, have almost turned morality out of doors. That he could never believe what some sectaries teach, that faith alone will save mankind; so that if a man, just before he dies, should say only, I believe, that that alone will save him; "Shew me thy faith."—Here his lordship stopped; but by which quotation he plainly meant, according to the holy writer, (St. James, chap. ii. v. 18.) whose words they are, that faith without works is a dead faith.

Concerning the unfortunate and much-to-be-lamented Mr. Johnson, whose death occasioned the trouble this day, his lordship declared, That he was under particular circumstances; that he had met with so many crosses and vexations he scarce knew what he did; and most solemnly protested, that he had not the least malice towards him.

The slowness of the procession made this journey appear so very tedious to his lordship, that he often expressed his desire of being got to the end of it, saying, that the apparatus of death, and the passing through such crowds of people, were ten times worse than death itself; but upon the sheriff's taking notice to his lordship, that he was glad to see that he supported himself so well, his lordship replied, I thank you, Sir, I hope I shall continue so to the last.

When his lordship had got to that part of Holborn which is near Drury-lane, he said, he was thirsty, and should be glad of a glass of wine and water; but upon the sheriff's remonstrating to him, that a stop for that purpose would necessarily draw a greater crowd about him, which might possibly disturb and incommode him, yet if his lordship still desired it, it should be done; he most readily answered,—That's true, I say no more, let us by no means stop.

When they approached near the place of execution, his lordship told the sheriff, That there was a person waiting in a coach near there, for whom he had a very sincere regard, and of whom he should be glad to take his leave before he died; to which the sheriff answered, That if his lordship insisted upon it, it should be so; but that he wished his lordship, for his own sake, would decline it, lest the sight of a person, for whom he had such a regard, should unman him, and disarm him of the fortitude he possessed.—To which his lordship, without the least hesitation, replied, Sir, if you think I am wrong, I submit; and upon the sheriff's telling his lordship, that if he had any thing to deliver to that person, or any one else, he would faithfully do it; his lordship thereupon delivered to the sheriff a pocket-book, in which was a bank-note, and a ring, and a purse with some guineas, in order to be delivered to that person, which was done accordingly.

The landau being now advanced to the place of execution, his lordship alighted from it, and ascended upon the scaffold, which was covered with

Digitized by Google

black baize, with the same composure and fortitude of mind he had enjoyed from the time he left the Tower; where, after a short stay, Mr. Humphries asked his lordship, if he chose to say prayers? which he declined; but upon his asking him, If he did not choose to join with him in the Lord's Prayer? he readily answered, He would, for he always thought it a very fine prayer; upon which they knelt down together upon two cushions, covered with black baize, and his lordship with an audible voice very devoutly repeated the Lord's Prayer, and afterwards, with great energy, the following ejaculation, O God, forgive me all my errors,—pardon all my sins.

His lordship then rising, took his leave of the sheriffs and the chaplain; and after thanking them for their many civilities, he presented his watch to Mr. Sheriff Vaillant, which he desired his acceptance of; and signified his desire, that his body might be buried at Breden or Stanton, in Leicestershire.

His lordship then called for the executioner, who immediately came to him, and asked him forgiveness; upon which his lordship said, I freely forgive you, as I do all mankind, and hope myself to be forgiven.—He then intended to give the executioner five guineas, but, by mistake, giving it into the hands of the executioner's assistant, an unseasonable dispute ensued between those unthinking wretches, which Mr. Sheriff Vaillant instantly silenced.

The executioner then proceeded to do his duty, to which his lordship, with great resignation, submitted.—His neckcloth being taken off, a white cap, which his lordship had brought in his pocket, being put upon his head, his arms secured by a black sash from incommoding himself, and the cord put round his neck, he advanced by three steps upon an elevation in the middle of the scaffold, where part of the floor had been raised about eighteen inches higher than the rest; and standing under the cross-beam which went over it, covered with black baize, he asked the executioner, Am I right?—Then the cap was drawn over his face: and then, upon a signal given by the sheriff (for his lordship, upon being before asked, declined to give one himself) that part upon which he stood, instantly sunk down from beneath his feet, and left him entirely suspended; but not having sunk down so low as was designed, it was immediately pressed down, and levelled with the rest of the floor.

For a few seconds his lordship made some struggles against the attacks of death, but was soon eased of all pain by the pressure of the executioner.

The time from his lordship's ascending upon the scaffold, until his execution, was about eight minutes; during which his countenance did not change, nor his tongue falter:—The prospect of death did not at all shake the composure of his mind.

Whatever were his lordship's failings, his behaviour in these his last moments, which created a most awful and respectful silence amidst the numberless spectators, cannot but make a sensible impression upon every human breast.

The accustomed time of one hour being past, the coffin was raised up, with the greater decency to receive the body, and being deposited in the hearse, was conveyed by the sheriffs, with the same procession, to Surgeons-Hall, to undergo the remainder of the sentence (viz. dissection).—Which being done, the body was on Thursday evening, the 8th of May, delivered to his friends for interment.

Digitized by Google

He was privately interred at St. Pancras near London, in a grave dug twelve or fourteen feet deep, under the belfry.

Pursuant to a distinction in law, peculiarly fine, the Earldom of Ferrers, was not forfeited by the attainder for felony, but passed to the convicted lord's next brother, Vice Admiral, the Hon. Washington Shirley, who consequently became the fifth Earl: his nephew Washington, the eighth Earl, was the grandfather, and immediate predecessor of the nobleman who now enjoys the title. The reason for the non-forfeiture of the Earldom of Ferrers lay in the difference between a dignity descendible to heirs general, and one that is (as it was) entailed; the former, it seems, being absolutely forfeited by the attainder of felony of the person possessed of such dignity, while the entailed honour is only forfeited during the lifetime of the offender.

During the interval between sentence, and execution, Earl Ferrers made a will, by which he left £1300 to the children of Johnson whom he had murdered, £1000 to each of his own four natural daughters, and £60 a-year to Mrs. Clifford, their mother, who it will be remembered is mentioned in the course of the trial as residing with the Earl at the time of his offence. This will, however, being made after his conviction, was not valid, yet the same provision was allowed to the parties by the unfortunate nobleman's successor.

The following verse is said to have been found in Earl Ferrers' apartment in the Tower, after he had quitted it for his last fatal journey.

In doubt I liv'd, in doubt I die,
Yet stand prepar'd, the vast abyss to try,
And undismay'd expect eternity.

Digitized by Google

A RECOLLECTION OF KILLARNEY.

BY AN IRISH LADY.

IN an old mansion on that part of the beautiful peninsula of Mucruss, where the land rises gently from the lakes to the horizon of distant mountains, an old gentleman resided with his orphan niece; he had passed the greater part of his life in the army, and had seen much foreign service. Many years separation from his country had not weakened his attachments to the land of his birth; he found that land poor, and beautiful as when he left it, and its lakes as fresh, and fields as green; but the loved companions of those early haunts, he found them not. The spoiler death had claimed them in his absence, and left him on his return a mourning stranger in his own country. Sorrow and gloom hung over his spirits, until his attention was directed by the clergyman of the parish to his orphan niece, the only child of his favourite sister. This young lady had been placed, on the death of her parents, in a neighbouring convent, where she remained until her uncle took her to his lonely home and heart, where her presence soon shed such lights on both, as made the old man young again.

To the admirers of the grand and picturesque in Nature, the Lakes of Killarney present a combination of all that is sublime and beautiful. Magnificent mountains encircle them, some of which are bare and rocky, while others are clothed in wood; numerous islands float on the waters—islands lovely in eternal verdure, where the sweet-scented arbutus, and shining holly cluster round hallowed ruins of antiquity, shading their fallen greatness, and embalming their relics in fragrant perfume. The tourist, the poet, and the painter, become enthusiasts amidst those magic scenes. It is not therefore strange that those who have been familiar with them from childhood, should love them with a proud attachment. Such was the case with Captain Fitzallan and his fair niece Rose O'Brien. Rose was one of those bright beings who seem formed for so pure and lofty a region, where Nature presides in all her loveliness amidst her own bold and beauteous work.

The Captain enjoyed many amusements in his rural retirement, as the lakes possess a variety of excellent fish, and the mountains and woods abound with game. He was a good sportsman, and with his rod or gun, he never knew a weary moment; Rose bestowed social refinements on his domestic hours. She was as happy as beautiful, and lived unfettered by care or sorrow. Her young heart was as free as the mountain breeze, which floated round her from infancy. She shared her uncle's enthusiasm for the grand and sublime scenery which surrounded them, and was his constant companion on the lakes and mountains. Every returning month of June, her birthday was celebrated by a rural fête on the beautiful mountain of Glenaà, a favourite spot with both, for it was covered with the richest moss, shadowed by woods of oak, and ash, and planted by Nature's own cunning hand, with the loveliest shrubs, forming in truth a Paradise of tranquil beauty and repose. The old man loved to call his child the Rose of Glenaà, and she was so designated by his friends and household. Amongst the many travellers who visited the lakes in the autumn of 18—,

Digitized by Google

were Edmund Beaumont and his tutor; the former was the youngest son of an aristocratic and wealthy English family, and the best beloved child of a doting mother. His tutor, though many years his senior, (for Edmund had only completed his twentieth year,) appeared more in the character of a companion, than of one in authority; he certainly interfered but little with the amusements or wishes of his young charge, who not a little romantic and enthusiastic, often left his friend absorbed in his books, and stole away to enjoy the lovely scenery with which he was so enchanted, that he left no spot, however difficult of access, unexplored.

On one of those sweet mellow days in September, when the varied tints of autumn lend additional beauty to the wooded mountains, Edmund was early on the lakes fishing. After much successful sport, he steered for O'Sullivan's cascade, in order to see it to greater advantage after the heavy rains of the two preceding days. The fall was magnificent; but not satisfied with viewing it in the ordinary way, he determined to ascend the rocks and look down on it from above. This fall is situated in a romantic glen between the mountains of Glenaà and Toomish. Edmund had just reached the top, when two more visitors approached, one of them an old gentleman, with a lovely girl leaning on his arm. They both stood enraptured, gazing on the cataract, as it fell with deafening sound down the precipice, dashing its white foam from rock to rock, until it reached the basin below, where it seemed boiling in angry contact with the large granite stones which vainly opposed its passage. The view was one of a grand and sublime character. As additional figures to this landscape, two or three wild looking peasant girls, barefooted, dark-haired, of sunburnt hue, were gathering nuts from the surrounding wood. Our fair heroine Rose,—"the Rose of Glenaà" (for the new visitors were her uncle, and herself)—formed not the least beautiful object in the wild scenery. As she stood enraptured, an object caught her attention on one of the rocks above the cataract; it soon became evident to her, that a man was in the act of descending, holding by branches of trees and low growing shrubs; it was a perilous undertaking, and she scarcely breathed, watching his movements; he came, after overcoming many difficulties, within ten feet of the ground; the descent here was still more precarious, owing to the rocks and stones, rendered slippery from the spray of the waters; on one of those his feet gave way, and, the branches by which he held yielding to his weight, he fell with a heavy splash into the roaring torrents. The young man with the instinct of self-preservation, grasped a shelving rock to which he clung, but the force of the water was so great, that it was evident he could not long remain thus suspended. Rose, who had been observing him with deep interest sprang forward in a moment, and taking an arm of one of the nut-girls, made her hold by some shrubs, while she took her other hand, then lightly stepping on one of the large stones which projected into the water, she threw her scarf towards the young man, who quickly caught it, and in this way supported him until the boatmen who were loitering among the trees came to his assistance. It was soon found that he had received but little injury, with the exception of a few bruises, and a wet jacket. This ascertained, Rose drew back, and prepared to accompany her uncle to their boats. She deemed the service she had rendered the stranger a very simple one, but he viewed it far differently, and in the romantic enthusiasm of his disposition, he thanked her in the most fervent manner. Perhaps her beauty might have somewhat enhanced his gratitude. He begged to know the name of his fair guardian, and presented his card to her uncle, requesting permission to call on both the following day.

Digitized by Google

Edmund came, and a short time saw him a welcome guest at the old-fashioned residence of Captain Fitzallan, whose boat was always in attendance, as he took a proud pleasure in shewing the varied beauties of the lakes (with which he was so familiar) to the young Englishman. Days flew by unheeded; at least the young people marked not their flight, and the old man loved to see them happy.

Edmund believed the fairy tales of his childhood realized amidst those scenes of enchantment, and forgot his fond mother and distant home in the society of the lovely Irish girl, who in the artless confidence of youth trusted her happiness to his keeping, and never for a moment doubted his truth. They had exchanged mutual vows of love and constancy. No thought of future ill shaded the sweet sunshine of their happiness, which was unruffled as the bosom of the lake beneath the summer sky. 'Tis ever thus in the bright and beautiful morning of existence, when every leaf of life is green, when generous feelings swell the young heart, still true to nature—aye, ever thus, before the world with artificial colouring spoils life's freshness. Alas! that sorrow should cloud the brightness of that morning, chill those generous feelings, leaving the heart a cheerless desert. Edmund and Rose saw not the coming storm that threatened to separate them for ever.

But we must now transfer the reader to a more distant and more worldly scene.

There is an air of home-felt comfort and tranquil beauty, about most of the English villages: their neat and comfortable cottages where peace and plenty seem to dwell; the pretty churches o'ertopping the hills; the well clad, well fed peasantry—all convey an idea of the benign influence, and fostering care of good landlords who feel a noble pride in the prosperity of their tenants, and wisely deem the protection they extend to them the true bond of national union. It is this that reflects such high honour on the landed gentry of England, and justly entitles them to the high station they hold in their native land. Near to one of those villages in a rich domain rose in proud beauty the mansion of the Beaumonts. The family consisted of Mr. Beaumont, his wife, and two sons, the younger of whom was his mother's favourite, and our hero of the lakes.

Mrs. Beaumont was a proud haughty woman of strong feeling and prejudices, and had no idea of any one daring to oppose her will; she deemed very few worthy of aspiring to an alliance with her family, and had often declared that her daughters-in-law should boast birth, wealth, and English lineage. Edmund from his infancy had been the dearest object of her affections; his personal beauty and strong likeness to herself—his sweet disposition and manly bearing, enhanced still more her fondness; as he grew up he importuned his mother to allow him to enter the army, but from year to year she tried to divert his thoughts from a military life, and at the period of this tale she agreed to his making a little tour, hoping to drive the idea from his mind by variety and change of scene. His tutor having consented to accompany him, Edmund selected Ireland as the country he wished most to visit, and though his mother had strong prejudices against the Irish, she did not like to oppose him in every thing. This tutor who had some abstruse work in hand which he intended publishing, did not much relish the Irish excursion, but feared refusing the request made to him of accompanying Edmund, by a family who had so much patronage to bestow, and to whom he already owed so much; he determined however, as the event proved, to be as little restraint on Edmund as possible. Mr. Laurier, the tutor, when some short

Digitized by Google

time at Killarney, found it necessary to go to Dublin, for a few days, in order to refer to some books relative to the work he was about publishing. On his return he found Edmund had made a useful acquaintance in the person of Captain Fitzallan. So matters rested, and weeks flew on in this way, when at length Mr. Laurier thought it time to return to England, and was quite astonished at the reluctance Edmund expressed, when the subject was mentioned. Strange suspicions began to disturb the tutor's mind, and he determined to observe his young friend closely; he laid aside his books, and took a boat the following morning to Captain Fitzallan's residence, where he was hospitably received, and invited to remain the day. It was his first introduction to Rose, and he saw at once clearly the cause of Edmund's refusal to return home. A pang shot through his heart at the recollection of his own neglect of the charge committed to his care. The only reparation he could make, was to write to Mrs. Beaumont immediately, stating his apprehensions, and requesting her to use her authority by recalling her son. Anger and jealousy, (yes, jealousy that any one should rival her in her son's affections) filled the mother's soul, and she was seized with a fit on reading the letter; her life was in imminent danger, and her medical attendants declared the least opposition to her will would prove fatal. Edmund soon after received a letter from his father, summoning him immediately home, as his mother was very ill and most anxious to see him. The communication, however, suppressed the receipt of Mr. Laurier's letter. Edmund who loved his mother fondly, determined to obey. But how was he to part Rose, the confiding, artless, lovely girl, and her warm-hearted uncle, who treated him with such ingenuous hospitality? He could have passed his life with them on the shore of that beautiful lake. When should he meet Rose again? His mother's prejudices, his father's pride, would separate them for ever. Could he prevail on her to become his wife, he might by that endearing title, claim her hereafter; his parents would in time relent; seventeen is not the age of prudence, particularly if the blessing of maternal guardianship be wanting; and Rose had never heard a mother's warning voice, or known her gentle care.

Edmund had consented to accompany his tutor the following night in the mail which left for Dublin, so that a few hours more and he should part Rose perhaps for ever. Yet he, with all the eloquence of love, urged her to become his wife before the bitter hour of separation; he would arrange with the clergyman to meet them at the little rustic chapel in the mountains, by sun-rise the following morning. It was not very difficult to prevail on one so young, so confiding, and inexperienced, to take this imprudent step; Edmund had a powerful, though silent advocate in the pleadings of his gentle mistress's heart; and she at length consented; but no sooner had she done so, than she became affrighted at the idea of stealing from her uncle's house at that early hour; and disposing of her heart and hand without either his knowledge or consent;—there was ingratitude in the very thought, and she shrank tremblingly from it. But Edmund declared "it would ruin all their plans if her uncle even suspected them." She knew not how to oppose his arguments, but yeilding, she was not happy. And who is ever so when deaf to the silent monitor, the small still voice, within the bosom, whose dictates of unerring truth lead to present peace, and eternal happiness?

The young bride elect rose next morning at break of day; Nora her faithful attendant assisted at her simple toilette, and wrapping a cloak round her, they both passed out of the house by a back door. The little chapel was about half a mile distant in the mountains; horses were prepared for them to ride, and Paddy, the Captain's servant walked beside them. It was a

Digitized by Google

grey autumnal morning in the beginning of October. The air was chill, and a fresh breeze stirred the waters of the lake. Heavy vapours from the Atlantic rested on the summit of the distant mountains. Rose felt the influence of the atmosphere, and her heart beat with timid apprehension. When they reached the little chapel, Edmund (who was already there) assisted her to dismount, and, pressing her hand, whispered words of encouragement. In a few moments the party stood within the rural temple, and in the presence of the clergyman and their humble followers, Edmund and Rose pledged their faith to each other for life. It appeared to Nora a very lonesome dismal wedding, and she whispered to Paddy that she observed a solitary magpie perch on some heath near the chapel door—" a very unlucky sign," but she would not mention it to the mistress. Edmund had promised to breakfast with Captain Fitzallan on that morning, the last of his visit to Killarney; he therefore accompanied his fair bride on her return home. The uncle was accustomed to his niece's habit of taking early rides, and consequently she knew he would not be alarmed at her absence. The bridal party quitted the rustic chapel: as they did so, the sun shone brightly on the wild road before them; the heavy vapours which shrouded the mountains were floating fast away; Rose's spirits revived beneath the smile of Heaven. She thought the change auspicious, remembering the old adage " happy the bride the sun shines on."

Rose was received by her unsuspecting uncle with his usual affection. He noticed her silence, as she took her place at the breakfast table, but he attributed it to the charitable visit he supposed she had been making to some poor family that morning. Edmund tried to be gay, but it was an effort. The old man looked alternately at each from time to time, until a thought suggested itself that something unusual affected both, particularly Rose, who eat not a morsel. At length he exclaimed, " My children what is the matter?" Rose, looking towards her uncle, found his eyes fixed on her; their tender expression touched the chord of affection in her bosom; throwing herself into his arms she wept like a child: concealment was no longer possible; and all was soon told! The old man was fully convinced of the great imprudence they were guilty of, but it was foreign to his kind nature to reproach those he loved, and how could he blame Edmund for preferring his little Rose to all the girls he had ever known? no one was wrong but himself, and he declared he was an old fool not to have foreseen it. Not long after this denouement, Mr. Laurier arrived; his anger and disappointment may be imagined when he heard the events of the morning. How should he break the news to Mr. and Mrs. Beaumont? In his vexation he would scarcely speak to Edmund, whom he insisted should accompany him at once to Dublin, showing him a letter he had received that day from England, with very alarming accounts of his mother's health. Edmund took a sad and tender farewell of his youthful bride, vowing eternal fidelity, and promising to return the moment his mother was convalescent.

A few days brought him to his parent's side; and she welcomed him with the fondest affection. Her physicians had ordered change of climate and of scene for the restoration of her health, and she declared her intention of taking her son with her. This was a deathblow to Edmund's hopes; he avowed his marriage, and his determination to return to Ireland and claim his wife. His mother's passions were roused at this intelligence, and she applied to her husband to use his authority in breaking the marriage. Her son was not of age; and, according to the laws of England, it was illegal, the ceremony having only been performed by a Catholic clergyman. Every art

Digitized by Google

and persuasion were used to make Edmund a party to their wishes, but in vain. Nothing therefore remained but to take him abroad, and prevent all correspondence between him and "the artful Irish girl," as they called her. Accordingly his mother and family removed to Italy. At first, Edmund was in a state of irritability and sorrow; his letters to Ireland were intercepted, and those poor Rose wrote never reached him. His mother used all her influence (and she had much) to divert his thoughts and affections. She required his constant attendance, and introduced him into the best and most attractive society; he was very young, and by degrees he became less unhappy, and entered into all the amusements which surrounded him. Rose's silence at first pained him to the heart, but insensibly weaned his thoughts from her. His military penchant again revived, and he entreated his father and mother to get him a commission. Accordingly his father (his mother no longer dissenting) wrote to Colonel L——r a friend of his in London, to procure one for Edmund as soon as possible. At this time they had been two years in Italy, and his mother's health quite re-established; they prepared to return home.

But how did the young forsaken wife support the neglect of the faithless wanderer? Had she forgotten him? Had she ceased to love him? No! such is not woman's nature. Woman worships to the last the idol of her heart, though the beauty of the shrine be fled, leaving it a broken and deserted ruin. Day after day, she awaited his promised letters, till at length wearied with disappointment her spirits sank; doubts of Edmund's truth were the last to present themselves to her mind, but too soon they did come in all their bitterness. Indignation at first swelled her gentle bosom, but tenderness and love soon resumed their place, and left her mourning over the past in fruitless sorrow. It almost broke her fond uncle's heart to see his sweet Rose evidently drooping, her cheek so pale,—her eyes dim with tears,—the music of her voice hushed to silence,—her health rapidly declining. She was a blighted flower fading away even in the morning of spring. The physician (an old friend of her uncle's) whom he called on to attend her, could not minister to a mind diseased. He recommended change of air and scene as absolutely necessary to arrest, if possible, the malady which threatened her. Her uncle had some military friends in Plymouth, and thither he purposed going, for a while, and trying the effects of the southern climate of England on his beloved child. Those only, who have felt the lingering death of hope, and the soul sickening pangs of suspense, can know how surely they undermine health and strength.

The wound poor Rose had received from him she loved, sank festering deeply into her bosom. The solitude of her mountain home, and the seclusion in which she lived, were calculated to preserve in their first freshness the tender and confiding feelings of her bosom, which intercourse with the heartless world but too often wither and destroy. Her restoration therefore to health and happiness, were beyond the reach of art, which may occasionally alleviate suffering, but can never triumph over nature.

The Beaumont family had been some months re-established in their English home, where they were welcomed by their happy prosperous tenantry. Edmund had been gazetted immediately on his return, and his military ardour was likely to be put to the test. His regiment in a very short time was ordered out to India. His mother was in despair, and urged him to sell out, but he would not listen to such a proposal. Fear of the Irish connection was ever before his father's mind; and, of the two, he preferred that which in his prejudiced opinion was the lesser evil. All was

Digitized by Google

preparation for Edmund's departure; he took a most affecting and tender leave of his family and of his mother in particular, whom he fondly loved. He was to join his brother officers at Plymouth, from whence they were to sail. The day after his arrival at that port, as he passed through part of the town, which commands a view of the sea, his attention was attracted by a female figure sitting at a window of one of the houses; her cheek rested on her hand, which thus shaded her face; but the outline of the head, with its drapery of golden ringlets falling round it, and the elegance of the slight delicate figure in the stillness of its attitude, reminded him of a face and form he once loved in all the pride of health and beauty. His heart throbbed at the recollection, and he stood transfixed. Slowly the lady turned to gaze on the sea. Oh! what remorse filled his soul, as the present shadowy likeness of the former fair original met his view. The bright colouring of the morning bloom was gone; the hue of death had replaced it. Alas! how changed! Yet she was still the same. Edmund's frame trembled; his brain seemed on fire. In the impetuosity of youth, he sought admittance to the house, and rushing into the drawing-room where she sat, caught the faded form of his deserted wife in his arms, pressing her cold lips, and calling her by every endearing title. But she heard him not. Unexpected joy is often as oppressive as sorrow. It proved too much for Rose, in her delicate state of health, and ere she could pronounce her husband's name she had fainted. He rang for assistance: the uncle, and Nora appeared.

It is vain to attempt describing Edmund's feelings of shame and remorse, as he once more met the kind-hearted old captain. He could only say that he had come to make reparation for all the sorrow he had caused him, and his lovely niece. The old man looking towards her inanimate form, shook his head sorrowfully, and the tears trembled on his eye-lids. Nora's restoratives recalled Rose to consciousness. Her eyes immediately turned towards Edmund, who knelt beside her. As she met his returning glance of affection, she seemed to gain strength. Her physician (who had been sent for) and her uncle would not then permit any explanation likely to excite her, but in a few days all was told, and Edmund forgiven. In her uncle's presence, he and Rose were again united, according to the rites of the Church of England, and the young husband determined that nothing but death should again separate them. Yet, how could she undergo all the difficulties of a long voyage, in her precarious state of health? The troops were under sailing orders in a few days, and he must accompany them. How leave her? The physicians declared it might cost her life to take her to sea, in her very weak state, and at that time of the year. Edmund could not oppose them. He and poor Rose were again doomed to part, but it was arranged that she should follow in the latter end of May, three months after his departure, under the protection of an experienced captain and his wife. As long as Edmund remained, Rose seemed to improve in health. The lustre of her eye brightened; the colour on her cheek returned in greater loveliness; but darkness was beneath that light, and death beneath that bloom. Treacherous consumption ever cheating the hopes of love, preyed on the young victim, while decking her with beauty for the grave.

Edmund was at length forced to go, and after the sad parting, hope still fluttered in the young wife's bosom, sustaining her fast fleeting existence. Her uncle promised to follow her and Edmund to India, but was now obliged to return to Ireland in order to dispose of his property. He therefore, on a beautiful morning in the latter end of May, committed his beloved child to the protection of the captain and his wife, who promised to consider

Digitized by Google

her as their own, until they restored her to her husband. Poor Rose for some time seemed to revive, under the influence of the sea air and voyage, and her kind friends began to trust she might recover; but it was a false hope. By degrees she daily grew weaker. One lovely evening in the middle of June, they carried her to a sofa placed for her on deck. She had been more than usually weak that day, and they hoped the freshness of the evening breeze might revive her. The captain's wife took a seat by her side. Her breathing was short and hurried, yet she did not appear to suffer much. The sun was just then setting, the horizon appeared on fire lit up by its golden rays. As it sank to rest on the waters, Rose raised herself with much difficulty from her reclining posture to gaze for a moment on its parting light, which she had ever loved to contemplate, when it beamed at summer eve on all the matchless beauties of her distant home. The efforts, or the feelings it excited, proved too much for her, and she fell back exhausted on the couch: it was soon evident to her anxious friends, that the tide of life was fast ebbing from her bosom. She looked expressively at them, then raising her eyes to Heaven, and breathing a fervent prayer, the stillness of death stole over her lovely features, proclaiming too truly that life's short voyage was at an end. The bright sun had set on her for ever. No church bell tolled for her, no prayers were chaunted. The cold ocean was her grave; the wild cry of the sea birds was her funeral dirge, and the morning breeze, as it crested the wave, breathed a requiem to her departed spirit. One year after this sad event, and the Beaumont family mourned the death of their youngest son. He had fallen in the service of his country.

Captain Fitzallan survived his beloved niece but a few months; he sleeps amidst the beautiful ruins of Mucruss Abbey.

ROYAL AUTOGRAPHS.

Henry the Eighth wrote a strong hand, but as if he had seldom a good pen. "The vehemence of his character," says D'Israeli, "convey itself into his writing,—bold, hasty, and commanding. I have no doubt that the assertor of the Pope's supremacy, and its redoubted opponent, split many a good quill." The autograph of the mild and feminine Edward VI. is fair, flowing, and legible; and that of Queen Elibabeth, stiff, firm, and elaborate, written in a large, tall character, and with very upright letters, denoting asperity and ostentation. Her ill-fated sister queen, poor Mary Stuart, wrote elegantly, though usually in uneven lines; in a style indicative of simplicity, softness, and amiability. James I. wrote an ungainly scrawl, all awry, and careless; strongly marking the personal negligence he carried into all the affairs of life. The first Charles's was a fair, open, Italian hand, most correctly formed; and his successor, the witty monarch's volatile, heedless, restless character, is not incorrectly exhibited in his little pretty running hand, scribbled, as it were, in haste and impatience. The phlegmatic temper and matter-of-business habits of James II. are evinced in his large commercial autograph; and Queen Anne's commonplace character, in her good, commonplace handwriting.

Digitized by Google

THE CASTLES AND MANSIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Castle Coole, co. Fermanagh.

Seat of the Earl of Belmore.

This noble residence of the Earls of Belmore is about a mile distant from Enniskillen, on the banks of the fair Lake Erne. The approach from the town affords a fine prospect of a picturesque sheet of water, studded with a vast number of islands—all of them green, and many of sufficient size to afford pasturage to flocks and herds. I know no part of Ireland more interesting than this country. In scenery, in historical fame, and modern improvement, it rivals every country in Europe. Mr. and Mrs. Hall, in their work on Ireland, must be regarded as good judges, having seen and observed closely almost the whole of the United Kingdom, and, speaking of this locality, remark, "It is, however, to the grace and grandeur of Nature that we desire to direct the attention of our readers. Travel where they will, in this singularly beautiful neighbourhood, lovers of the picturesque will have rare treats at every step. It is impossible to exaggerate in describing the surpassing loveliness of the whole locality. How many thousands there are, who, if just ideas could be conveyed to them of its attractions, would make their annual tour hither instead of up the "hackneyed and sodden Rhine," infinitely less rich in natural graces, far inferior in the studies of character it yields, and much less abundant in all the enjoyments that can recompense the traveller! Nothing in Great Britain—perhaps nothing in Europe—can surpass in beauty the view along the road that leads into Enniskillen. Now, without drawing any invidious comparison between Lough Erne and the Rhine, I must say that I think it a shame so many of our Irish tourists will, year after year, betake themselves abroad, leaving unknown and unnoticed the equally charming natural beauties of their own green Isle. Is it because it is their own they despise it? How true the remark—"What we have we prize not at its worth," and no stronger instance exists than the fact of Lough Erne, the Blackwater in Munster, and other scenes, the subject of delight and encomium to the strangers who visit them from other lands, being hardly known as places worth the trouble of looking at to the inhabitants of Ireland, and seldom sought by the tourist. Let it be our pleasing task to call attention to these neglected scenes—to guide the native footstep thither—to awaken an interest for Ireland in the breasts of Irishmen of all shades and classes, and make them at length feel they have a common country, and as we are essentially an aristocratic people, no where can this be so appropriately carried out than in the pages of the Patrician.

Castle Coole is a mansion of regular uniform style. The elegance of the design, the scale of magnificence observed in the internal arrangements, and the singular beauty of its surrounding scenery, must render it an object of admiration to every age. The house consists of a square centre with extensive wings, along the centre of which runs a façade supported by Tastun pillars, and the whole being of Portland stone be-

Digitized by Google

speak the pure and elegant simplicity which marked the designs of Paladio. A graceful approach leads nearly round the mansion, and as it traverses the wide spread lawns, rich and varied plantations meet the sight. The park is profusely supplied with trees, some dotting the verdant mead in single piles, others grouped in clumps. Numerous lakes, some of great extent—bearing wooded islets on their grassy bosoms, diversify tree and field. I never witnessed a greater profusion of water fowl; birds of every kind that haunt the stream held revelry as I passed. The offices, also faced with Portland stone, form a neat and well ordered quadrangle not far from the mansion. The view from the hall door looking over a great extent of country, is one scene of striking and enchanting loveliness.

The family is of Scottish extraction. John Lowry, a native of Scotland, having emigrated to this part of the British dominions towards the close of the 17th century settled at Ahenis in the county Tyrone. As might have been expected he took part with the supporters of William of Nassau, during the civil wars of 1688—9, and had the misfortune to lose his wife during the dreadful privations which the garrison, besieged within the walls of Londonderry, experienced. Several of his descendants represented the county Tyrone in the Irish House of Commons, and, on 6th January 1781, Armar Lowry, Esq. M.P., was elevated to the Peerage of Ireland as Baron Belmore of Castle Coole, on which occasion he assumed the name and arms of Corry. Another branch of this family is seated at Pomeroy House, represented by Robert William Lowry, Esq.* The Earldom of Belmore was conferred by creation 5th Nov. 1797. The present earl is a minor, having lately succeeded his lamented father.

Before leaving Enniskillen, I paid a visit to a very astonishing island in Lake Erne—Devenish or *Daim Inis*, signifying the Island of the Ox, in Latin it was called Bovis Insula, I conclude from the number of these animals that were accustomed to browse on the grass which grows so luxuriantly. It contains about eighty acres, and was the chosen seat of religion and learning in days of yore. The first abbey is said to have been founded here as early as A.D. 563 by St. Laserian. The Danes frequently plundered the monastery. Over the altar of the church is a richly ornamented window, and near it on a tablet built in the wall is the following inscription in very rude raised characters.

Mattheus O'Dubigan hoc opus fecit
Bartholameo O'Flanagan Priori de Daminio 1449.

The O'Flanagans—Lords of Tura—Tuath Ratha, i.e. the District of the Fortress, had considerable possessions along the borders of Lake Erne, comprising at one time, the whole of the present Barony of Magheroboy, but sharing the fortunes of their chief king and kinsman, Maguire Prince of Fermanagh, lost the whole of those estates by repeated confiscations. On the Island of Devenish is one of the most perfect round towers It is built of hewn stone, each about a foot square. The conical roof having been endangered by a small tree growing out of the slight interstices, caused some repairs requisite which were executed with great skill, and this memento of the days of old restored to its pristine state.

* Burke's Commoners, vol. iii. p. 140.

Digitized by Google

Kilkenny Castle.

Seat of the Marquis Ormond.

How full of solemn feudality is Kilkenny Castle! Striking at once both mental and bodily vision, for its site is not only majestic and grand, loftily towering over

> The stubborn Neure, whose waters grey—
> By fair Kilkenny and Ross-ponte borde,

but the venerable walls, and antique bastions speak of historical associations with which they are intimately connected, and the interest is excited by the magnitude of the incidents which occurred here.

It dates with the arrival of the English in this country, and, though the revolution of ages have effected changes in the possessions, and recent improvements and alterations have swept away traces of the honourable wounds which the implements of war, and time dealt on the fortress, legend, and ballad, and chronicle has preserved its history. The original castle is said to have been built by Strongbow, and subsequently destroyed by the Irish shortly after its erection; but the place was deemed too important to be left defenceless, for we find in A.D. 1195, a spacious and noble castle arose from the ruins. In a military point of view, (no trifling object in those days) the situation was most eligible. The castle was built on a lofty mound, one side steep and precipitous, with the rushing Nore sweeping round its base. To this natural rampart was added a wall of solid masonry, forty feet high. The other parts were defended by bastions, curtains, towers, and outworks. The area thus inclosed contained the donjon and main keep, inhabited by the distinguished owner William, Lord Marshal, Earl of Pembroke, and a caserne for a strong garrison. In 1391 it came by purchase into the present noble family—having been bought by James Butler, third Earl of Ormond, a descendant of Theobald Walter, a great favourite of Henry II., who made him large grants in his newly acquired Irish territory. He filled the office of Chief Butler of Ireland, which became hereditary, and the surname of the family. As our space would not admit our dwelling on the numerous important events which these walls have witnessed, as indeed few Chapters of the History of Ireland omit some record of transactions in which Kilkenny Castle bears a part, we proceed to give a brief notice of its present appearance.

Its situation, close by the Nore, is of extreme beauty. The elevation is considerable and affords an extensive view, as the castle overlooks the city, and the sight can follow the windings of the river, through many a verdant meadow, shady grove, and well-planted lawn. The river is clear and bright, and the city has the advantage of permitting an uninterrupted prospect, boasting of water without mud, air without fog, and fire without smoke. So that when the eye is sated with gazing on the reaches of the clear sparkling river, now glancing along fair meadowy niches, and anon lost between high wooded banks, it can wander over spire and gable of the city, and here wrapt in the quiet of the lordly dwelling, the visitor listens to the hum of the busy-bustling crowd, who urge their laborious callings in every variety of city life.

The castle is approached from the town, and a long range of offices

Digitized by Google

are on the right hand. Neither the style of architecture in which they are built, nor the entrance, is in accordance with the rest of the castle. This is the more striking from the proximity to the venerable walls. The recent buildings are in the best taste, and well executed. Some basso-relievos are finely sculptured. We went through many of the rooms not remarkable of size, but convenient and affording pleasing views of the country round. There has, however, been recently completed, a splendid picture gallery, about 150 feet in length. This contains a great collection of paintings. The belles, the wits, the courtiers, and courtezans of the Merry Monarch are here congregated, and the sight is dazzled by the gorgeous blaze of beauty, and dress, depicted by Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfry Kneller, until the weariness of excess of glare is relieved by the sober colouring of Vandyke, or the religious tenderness of Carlo Dolci. Here are kings and Queens in all their pomp, King Charles I. and his unhappy queen; King Charles II., King James II., Queen Mary, Queen Anne, Royal Family, by Vandyke, Duchess of Richmond, by Sir Godfry Kneller, with portraits of various members of the Ormond family, scripture pieces, landscapes, flowers, mingled with saints and sinners, gay knights and grave senators, a motly and distinguished array. What food for meditation is here for the imaginative mind? What tales these silent beings could tell were the canvass animated? Here are kings who, during their career on earth, experienced all the vicissitudes of fortune, the privations that afflict the meanest subject, hunger and poverty, and terror of enemies, and loss of friends and fortune. One was exiled, another dethroned, another beheaded. Here are youthful beauties radiant in smiles and charms, who lived till these smiles ceased to captivate, and these charms to win admiration. What feelings are aroused by the sad fate of many a proud noble here standing clad in his peer's robes. The battle field witnessed the death throes of some, the sod of a foreign land covered the bones of others. And now their fame and their fate lives but in the vague legend and a few feet of painted canvass. I lingered amidst these frail memorials of greatness until the shadows of evening deepened the gloom of the old towers. The sun sank gorgeously into a cradle of golden rays, pillowed by downy clouds of dazzling whiteness. The Nore hymned a vesper song as the stars shone out, and the hour was meet for reminiscences of the past. There floated before us visions of the former owners, the Anglo-Norman invaders, the fierce conflicts with the Irish Chiefs, the rivalry between the Butlers and Fitz Geralds of Desmond; the feuds that existed between these Irish Guelphs and Ghibellins are celebrated in the annals of Ireland. Once we are told a reconciliation was effected, and the leaders agreed to shake hands; but they took the precaution of doing so through an aperture in an oaken door, each fearing to be poniarded by the other! After the battle of Affane, on the banks of the Blackwater, the Fitz Geralds were repulsed, and their chieftain made prisoner. While weak from loss of blood, the victors were bearing him on their shoulders, and the Lord of Ormond triumphantly exclaimed "Where now is the great Earl of Desmond?" "Here," replied the Lord Gerald, "now in his proper place, still on the necks of the Butlers."

"The antiquity of this family," says Burke,* "is indisputable; but whence it immediately derived its origin is not so clearly established. Its

* Peerage.

Digitized by Google

surname however, admits of no doubt as springing from the chief butlerage of Ireland, conferred by Henry II. on Theobold Fitzwalter in 1177." We find various descendants of Theobold sitting in the Parliaments of the Pale, and filling high offices, Lords Justices, &c. The Earldom of Ormond was granted to James Butler in 1328, by creation of King Edward III. James, third Earl, purchased the Castle of Kilkenny from the heirs of Sir Hugh le de Spencer, Earl of Gloucester in 1391, which has since been the principal seat of this family. The representatives of the House of Ormond were not alone distinguished by their pride of ancestry and martial deeds. Many of the Earls of Ormond were famed for a love of literature and extent of learning, quite remarkable in their time. We need not refer to higher authority than the compliment Edward IV. paid to the demeanour and conduct of John, the sixth Earl. "If good breeding and liberal qualities were lost in the world, they might be all found in the Earl of Ormonde." In a note to Hall's Ireland, vol. ii., is a curious letter stated to have been the reply of a very loyal man, Sir Piers Butler, Earl of Ossory, in answer to a proposal of the Earl of Kildare, that the two houses should unite their forces, take Ireland from the dominion of Henry VIII., and divide it between them. The Earl of Kildare to have one moiety, Earl of Ossory and his son Lord James Butler the other. "Taking pen in hand to write to you my absolute answer, I muse in the first line by what name to call you—my lord, or my cousin,—seeing that your notorious treason hath impeached your loyalty and honour, and your desperate lewdness hath shamed your kindred. You are, by your expressions, so liberal in parting stakes with me, that a man would weene you had no right to the game; and so importunate for my company, as if you would persuade me to hang with you for good-fellowship. And think you, that James is so bad as to gape for gudgeons, or so ungracious as to sell his truth and loyalty for a piece of Ireland? Were it so (as it cannot be) that the chickens you reckon were both hatched and feathered; yet be thou sure, I had rather in this quarrel die thine enemy than live thy partner. For the kindness you proffer me, and goodwill, in the end of your letter, the best way I can propose to requite you, that is, in advising you, though you have fetched your fence, yet to look well before you leap over. Ignorance, error, and a mistake of duty hath carried you unawares to this folly, not yet so rank, but it may be cured. The king is a vessel of mercy and bounty; your words against his majesty shall not be counted malicious, but only bulked out of heat and impotency; except yourself by heaping of offences discover a mischievous and wilful meaning. Farewell."

The descendants of so straightforward a subject should partake of his spirit, and a hatred of court favourites appears a distinguishing feature in the characters of the Butlers. In Carte's life of the Duke of Ormond, we find the hostility of the Earl Thomas to Queen Elizabeth's minion, the Earl of Leicester, not confined to language. He used often tell her Majesty in plain terms that Leicester was a villain and a coward. Coming one day to Court he met Leicester in the anti-chamber who bidding him good-morrow said, "My lord of Ormonde, I dreamed of you last night." "What could you dream of me?" asked Ormonde. "I dreamed," says the other, "that I gave you a box on the ear." "Dreams," answered the Earl, "are to be interpreted by contraries;" and, without more ceremony, gave Leicester a hearty cuff on the ear. He was upon this sent to the Tower, but shortly after liberated.

Digitized by Google

The next instance of courage which tradition preserves, is related of James, afterwards Duke of Ormond, while yet a very young man about twenty-two years of age. He went to attend the Parliament in Dublin summoned by Wentworth, Lord Lieutenant to Charles I. The Lord Deputy had issued a proclamation forbidding any member of either house to enter with his sword. As the Earl of Ormond was passing the door of the House of Peers, the Usher of the Black Rod required his sword. The request being treated with silent contempt. He demanded it peremptorily, whereupon the Earl replied, "If he had his sword, it should be in his body, and haughtily strode to his seat. The Lord Deputy summoned the refractory Peer before the Privy Council, and called on him to answer for his conduct: upon which, Lord Ormond said he acted under the oath of his investiture, that he received his title to attend Parliament *cum gladio cinatus.*" The ability and courage of the young noble obtained him great applause, and the Deputy perceived he had better conciliate his friendship, than provoke his enmity. He accordingly heaped favours upon him; made him a Privy Councillor at the age of twenty-five. This lord was the father of one of the purest characters of that, or any age—the Earl of Ossory. Of him was it truly said—"His virtue was unspotted in the centre of a luxurious court; his integrity unblemished amid all the vices of the times; his honour intainted through the course of his whole life." "His Majesty," exclaimed Evelyn, on hearing of his death, "never lost a worthier subject, nor father a better or more dutiful son: a loving, generous, good natured and perfectly obliging friend—one who had done innumerable kindnesses to several before they knew it; nor did he ever advance any who were not worthy; no one more brave, more modest; none more humble, sober, and every way virtuous. Unhappy England! in this illustrious person's loss. What shall I add? He deserves all that a sincere friend, a brave soldier, a virtuous courtier, a loyal subject, an honest man, a bountiful master, and a good Christian, could deserve of his prince and country."

How affecting to turn from this fine panegyric, traced by the hand of generous friendship, revealing the peculiar excellent qualities of the deceased, and particularising each, to the passionate burst of grief; in which the bereaved Duke must have indulged, when the heir of his house lay a corpse before him; and what depth of feeling and sublime appreciation of the inestimable loss is contained in his reply to some expression of condolence—"I would not exchange my dead son for any living son in Christendom." Surely, such an instance of genuine regard for the illustrious dead must be remembered with pride by their descendants! How well the Earl of Ossory deserved the praise bestowed on him, and the universal grief felt at his death, may be seen from the following anecdote, which exhibits, strong filial piety and fearlessness of Court favourites which the King's presence could not restrain. Not long after the celebrated attempt of Blood to kill the Duke of Ormond, in which he had nearly succeeded, being on his way with him to Tyburn, where he resolved the Duke should hang, when he was rescued, the Earl of Ossory met the Duke of Buckingham, who was universally beloved, the instigator and protector of Blood, in the royal chamber, and thus addressed him while behind the King's chair. "My lord, I know well that you are at the bottom of this late attempt of Blood's upon my father; and therefore I give you fair warning, if my father comes to a violent death by sword or pistol, if he does by the hand of a ruffian, or the more secret way of poison,

Digitized by Google

I shall not be at a loss to know the real author of it. I shall consider you as the assassin, I shall treat you as such, and I shall pistol you, though you stood behind the King's chair; and I tell it you in his Majesty's presence, that you may be sure I will keep my word."

But we must bid adieu to this noble house. The present Marquis, born in 1808, came to the title on the death of his father in 1838; he is married to a daughter of General, the Hon. Sir Edward Paget, G.C.B., and it is to his taste and perseverance the Castle of Kilkenny owes its improved condition. We might suggest an alteration in the entrance, to preserve the harmony of the structure, which is unquestionably one of the most striking of our Irish Castles and Mansions.

SONG OF THE CAPTIVE ROBBER.

FROM THE RUSSIAN.

Hush! hush! green forest, cease to pour
  Thy murmurs on mine ear:
Thy voice, which I may hear no more,
Speaks sadly of the days of yore,
  Troubling my wandering thoughts with fear;
And on the morrow I must stand
Before the mighty Tzar, with blood-stain'd hand!

The terrible Tzar will say to me,
  "Answer me well, my child!
And be thy heart from terror free—
Son of a peasant! tell to me,
  Who in the forest lone and wild,
Were joined with thee in lawless strife,
The chosen comrades of thy robber-life?"

And I will answer, "mighty Tzar!
  The truth now deign to know:
Companions four had I, O Tzar!
The darksome night—my scimitar—
  My trusty steed—my bended bow—
These were my four companions, Sire;
My messengers—darts hardened in the fire!"

Then will the Christian Tzar reply:
  "Honour to thee, my son!
Who brav'st the law so fearfully,
Yet know'st to speak so craftily:
  A high reward well hast thou won,
For lo! a palace waits thee on the plain—
A stately gibbet, and a hempen chain!"

J. L. ELLERTON.

Digitized by Google

THE DRAMA OF MODERN FRANCE.

No. III.—THE CLASSIC SCHOOL.

France perhaps, even more than other nations which can boast of ages of civilization and greatness, has among its people, large and important bodies who cling with unalterable devotion to the feelings, manners and customs, of distinct and different periods. Thus do the advocates of the dethroned house of Bourbon invariably adopt the style and sentiment which characterised the courts of Louis the Great, and his unfortunate descendants. Thus too, there are many who to this day, in sorrow be it said, assume the bearing, and ape the antics of the hideous French republic. How dearly also do the Bonapartists attach themselves to the pompous fashion and grandiloquent tone of their brief, but magnificent empire; for, with them,

> Cæsar, thou art mighty yet:
> Thy spirit walks abroad.

It is rather singular that the classic drama happens to be alike acceptable to royalist, republican, and imperialist. The supporter of the ancient regime fondly cherishes the school formed by the Corneilles and Racines of his boasted Ludovican age. The Girondist, or Terrorist, regards the classic stage as the best means of bringing to present and perspicuous view, the form and features of those Greek and Roman commonwealths, which the revolutionary party so viciously, and miserably endeavoured to copy. Again, the theatres of ancient Greece and Rome were in accordance with the amplified state and proud existence of a conqueror, whose models were Cæsar and Alexander. Indeed, during the continuance of Napoleon's sway, the classic drama was so popular, that the taste went to excess, and plays became the mere vehicles of cold, tedious and bombastic declamation. The Romantic school therefore had to contend against the fixed prejudices of these three parties, which it could never overcome. Its eminent success was with the rest of the people; but the classic drama still retained its hold upon a portion of the public. There were authors who wrote for it, and audiences who came to applaud it. Yet it would probably have followed the political decline of its favourers, and have sunk into very infrequent representation, or entire disuse, but for the appearance of an actress whose great genius has effected, for a time, the complete restoration of the classic stage. Mlle. Rachel has revived Corneille, and Racine, and rendered popular their modern imitators. This heroine of the Théatre Français resembles in personal dignity and grace, the master statues of antiquity: her mind is also with the ancients. Subdued by her wondrous art, the romancists themselves come once more to contemplate and to sympathize with the sorrows of Andromache, or the wrongs of the sister of Horatius. The writings of the classic drama are again in the ascendant. Among the more modern classic authors, the principal of later, or actual existence, are Laharpe, Chenier, Lemercier,

Digitized by Google

Ducis, Delavigne, Guiraud, Soumet and Latour. The "Philoctete" of Laharpe is a scholar-like and faithful imitation of a Grecian play. The Sieurs Chenier and Lemercier, (the latter afterwards deserted the classic cause) are eminent as poets, but as dramatists are now little thought of; their works, such as "Tiberius," "Clovis," "Agamemnon," are not, we believe, patronized by Mlle. Rachel. Guiraud is the author of the tragedies of "Les Machabées," and "Compte Julien," and others of more than passing merit. Ducis converted the plays of Shakespeare into classic dramas, and mainly owed his success to the acting of Talma.

The reputation of Casimir De La Vigne is too well established to allow his works to be passed over, without more comment and consideration. M. De La Vigne is really a fine poet, and his writings frequently display much of elegant diction, and exquisite pathos. Unlike his romantic rivals, he never verges beyond the bounds of purity and propriety; indeed this is a virtue common to most authors of his school. De La Vigne's four great tragedies, are "Don Juan d'Autriche," "Les Enfans d'Edouard," "Les Vêpres Siciliennes," and "Le Paria." We prefer the two latter, and therefore would especially notice them. "Les Vêpres Siciliennes," as its name announces, takes for plot that terrible massacre and extermination of the French, which occurred at Palermo, in 1282, and which has obtained the appellation of "The Sicilian Vespers." The famous John of Procida, the instigator of the revolt, is introduced upon the scene, and his stern and determined character is well pourtrayed. The nature of the subject is however, little suited to the unity of time and place which a classic dramatist is obliged to observe. Instead of having, as in a Shakesperian play, the events of the fearful insurrection vividly presented to the audience, the story entirely depends on the descriptive accounts given by the various persons of the drama. Some of these narratives are, however, told with spirit, especially that of the heroine's confidant, Elfrida, who has witnessed the commencement of the massacre in the church of Palermo. Her relation is as follows; but of course the reader must make due allowance for the injury done to the original verse, by a translation into English prose.

Elfrida. "I slowly ascended the steps of the sanctuary, still strewed with flowers and sacred branches. The people, prostrated under those ancient arches, had begun to sing the psalms of the prophet-king, when a terrible sound shook the temple. The doors moved suddenly on their hinges. They opened. Aged men, distracted women, priests and soldiers who besieged the outlets, the former pursued, the latter threatening, the whole rushing against each other, burst over the threshold in multitudes. From mouth to mouth, fly the words 'War to Tyrants.' Priests repeat them with a savage look: children even respond. I wish to fly, but suddenly this increasing torrent closes the path. Our conquerors, whom a profane and rash love had to their destruction assembled at the foot of the sanctuary, calm though surprised, hear, without fear, the tumultuous cries of the enraged mob. Their swords glitter; numbers increase their courage. A cavalier rushes forward, opens a passage; he advances with precipitation. All yield to the strength of his arm: the dispersed ranks make way for him. He offers himself to their blows, without helmet or armour. 'It is Montfort,' they cry. To that shout succeeded a long murmur. 'Aye, traitors,' he exclaimed, 'my name alone, is a barrier to you. Fly from hence!' He spoke thus indignant—pale with wrath, and waved in the air his formidable sword, still reeking

Digitized by Google

with the blood in which he had steeped it—he strikes at the mob. An emissary from the Divinity would have seemed less terrible to the affrighted people. But Procida appears, and the stupified multitude reassured by his voice, precipitate themselves forward, and surround Montford. Lorédan forced on by the parental authority of Procida, follows him speechless with dismay. I saw our citizens, worked up by their fury, massacre each other, and they did so in the name of their country; I even heard the priest, as he stumbled over the ruins made by the havoc, a cross in his hand, utter curses, while he slew. The cries of the victors and the vanquished, are confounded together; the echoes from subterranean tombs respond. The fate of the conflict still rests in suspense, when night overshadows us with its wings of darkness. I lose my way among the assassins, and in uncertainty I seek the palace. I proceed stealthily. Oh! what heaps of dead and dying! Is another day to cast its light over that horrible picture? May the sun avoid us. May this sanguinary night hide from the whole world, the crimes it has engendered."

The "Paria" is among the most popular of M. de la Vigne's plays, and is, we think, his most graceful production. The scene of this tragedy is at Benares in India, among the Bramins. The story is this:

Idamoro, one of the outcast people called Parias, has quitted, in search of worldly adventure and advancement, his father, by whom he is tenderly beloved. He becomes a great warrior with the Bramin nation, and their leader in a hundred victorious battles. The fact of his being a Paria is unknown to them, and their high priest Akbar resolves to give him for wife his daughter, Néala, whose affection Idamoro has already secretly won. Unwilling to deceive his mistress, when about to wed her, Idamoro announces to her his belonging to a tribe that is accursed. She is at first horrified, but her love at length prevails, and she still consents to espouse him. As the nuptials are about to take place, Idamoro's aged father, Zares, comes in search of his long lost son: he discovers him in the successful conqueror, and implores him to return with him to their own country, to prevent his dying of grief. Idamoro promises to do so, but unable to quit his bride, he delays and permits the wedding to proceed, on Néala's agreeing to fly with them when it is over. In the mean time Zares is recognized as a Paria, is seized, and about to be put to death, when Idamoro declares himself a Paria also, and offers himself in the place of his father as a greater victim. The indignant and enraged Bramins accept the proposal. Idamoro is led to execution, but, while on the way thither, he and his constant companion Alvar, a Portuguese Christian, whom he has captured, and made his devoted friend, are stoned to death by the people. Néala, on hearing his fate avows her previous knowledge of his being a Paria, and she is sentenced to banishment: she departs with the aged Zares, whom she determines to accompany to his own home in lieu of the son he has lost.

The whole of this tragedy is very skilfully constructed, according to classic rules. The language is throughout poetic, and some parts display great spirit and harmony. The deaths of Idamoro and his Christian friend Alvar, are finely described: the following is the literal translation of the passage.

Digitized by Google

"The people rush forward to demand their prey, mingling cries of fury with shouts of joy. Idamoro appears haughty, yet his look is serene; he divides the crowd, walks majestically among them, and seems still to lead us, and to exhibit within our walls, as in the days of his glory, the pride of victory. His friend, that captive foeman tolerated amongst us as long as the unworthy chieftain himself beheld us at his feet—the Christian Alvar, who awaited him, rushes to his side. We take our ranks in mournful silence, whilst the Christian, prolonging his adieux, importuned our looks with a scene of blameable compassion. As to Idamoro, the very last accents of his sacrilegious voice braved, as he walked, the procession that led him to his death. 'Hasten!' he exclaimed, 'what Bramin, or what warrior reserves to himself the honour of striking me the first?' When he passed near the spot where from the height of our walls his armed hand had sent death amongst our foes; 'Choose for my place of slaughter,' he cried, 'these rocks with which I used to crush your terror-struck enemies.' The people waxes indignant at the taunt. In their prompt justice they meditate and adopt a second punishment for this new offence. Their irritation increases as they proceed, and they prelude with insults the massacre of Alvar. Idamoro stops when he hears their menacing voices. The bravest recoil with terror; when, from all directions a thousand avenging arms hurl upon him the fragments of stone that lie scattered in the dust. A perfect cloud of missiles arises: it breaks and bursts forth with loud din and tempestuous force upon his breast, and around his head. Idamoro protects his friend, embraces him, and opposes in vain his bosom and his arm against the blow intended for Alvar. The meek Christian who prays while he falls, fixed an eye of love on the cross, the powerless symbol of his idolatry, invokes it, and, his countenance radiant with hope, drops at the feet of Idamoro, while pointing out the heavens to his friend. The insensate Idamoro now standing alone, weak and nearly lifeless, still fronts us amid the storm,—with a brow of defiance he still proteots Alvar,—then grows faint—falls overcome, and while dying covers with his own mutilated body the corpse of his friend."

Alexander Soumet, a thorough poet in tone and thought has written some superb classic dramas: among others may be mentioned "Cleopatra," "Norma," "Clytemnestre," and "Jeanne d'Arc." Of these "Norma" has been immortalised by the genius of Bellini, and "Jeanne d'Arc" is rendered famous by the character of the heroine being a favourite performance of Mlle. Rachel. Yet the romantic subject of Joan of Arc is so little suited to the narrow limits of the classic stage, that this tragedy, despite of beautiful verse and acting, hangs heavily in representation: to exhibit the varied fortunes of the Pucelle without changing the scene, and without extending the time beyond a day, is an undertaking that must necessarily mar the interest of the story.

One of the latest writers of classic tragedy is M. Latour de Saint Ybars, and he is at the same time one of the best. His "Virginie" is an exquisite production: its fame is closely connected with that of Mlle. Rachel: the inherent worth of the play, and her admirable impersonation of Virginia, have secured to its frequent repetition delight and admiration. The tragedy opens with the prayer of Virginia to the household gods, which is replete with classic grace, and feeling. The following is a version of it:

Digitized by Google

ACT I. SCENE I.—*Virginia comes from her chamber; she carries in her hands, with religious fervor, the violet crowns and the cup containing the sacred grain: she strews the grain upon the altar of the domestic gods, and places the crowns upon their heads.*

Virginia.—"Household Gods, you who watch over domestic peace, I cmoe according to ancient custom to invoke you. Oh! deign to receive my gifts; I bring to your altar, crowns of flowers, and pure offerings of salt and grain. For, O Gods domestic! protectors of my childhood; you, it is who have acted in my defence in every danger. Behold now, those other divinities who foster love, are withdrawing me for ever from the paternal roof. Oh! Penates, adopt my new found family, and guide my footsteps towards that future which my heart reveals. I quit with regret your modest altar and its calm retreat. My hope of happiness is great. Yet, I weep in offering you this last oblation, while I feel that I soon must quit this spot. Oh, household divinities! accept my farewell. To my father, above all, grant some share of comfort, so that the thread of his existence may be one of silk interwoven with gold. I think with sorrow of how he will return alone this evening, and seat himself solitary and silent at his hearth. Bounteous Gods, if his virtue move you, drive pallid-visaged sleeplessness and weariness from his couch. May days of happiness linked one to the other come to him in place of the remembrance of sorrows that he must forget for ever. Dear tokens of happiness,—sweet gifts, render me more handsome in my lover's eyes—more worthy of his faith. Ye Gods of Hymen, put in this veil of the priestly Flamen some sovereign charm to captivate Icilius' soul..... This day then, in a few short moments I give myself as a wife to the object of my love. Icilius pleases me, and men admire and extol him; yet my very happiness troubles me and makes me fearful. Explain to me this strange sensation of my heart. This day am I to become the mistress of his house, and yet I tremble for Icilius. Oh, pardon me, my beloved, I, who doat on thee, do thee offence by this tremor: still I feel as if I would willingly return to my childhood."

In a former number of "the Patrician," when noticing the acting of Mlle. Rachel at the St. James's Theatre, we contrasted this tragedy of Virginia with the romantic play of "Virginius" by Sheridan Knowles: we still scarcelyknow to which to give the preference. M. Latour's work, however, next to Talfourd's Ion, is certainly the nearest modern assimilation to the dramas of antiquity.

In conclusion, the observations of Augustus Schlegel on the tragedies of France in former times, are so applicable to its modern classic drama, that we cannot do better than here extract the passage from his lectures.

"To comprise," says M. Schlegel, "what I have hitherto observed in a few words: the French have endeavoured to form their tragedy according to a strict idea; but instead of this they have merely hit upon an abstract notion. They require tragical dignity and grandeur, tragical situations, passions, and pathos, altogether naked and pure without any foreign appendages. From stripping them in this way of their accompaniments they lose much in truth, profundity, and character; and the whole composition is deprived of the living charm of variety, the magic of picturesque situations, and of all those overpowering effects which

Digitized by Google

can only be produced by the increase of objects under a voluntary abandonment after easy and gradual preparation. With respect to the theory of the tragic art, they are yet nearly at the point in which they were in gardening in the time of Lenotre. The whole merit consists in extorting a triumph from nature by means of art. They have no other idea of regularity than the measured symmetry of straight alleys, clipt hedges, &c. In vain should we labour to make those who lay out such gardens comprehend that there can be any plan, any concealed order in an English park, and demonstrate to them that a succession of landscapes, which from their gradation, their alteration, and their opposition, give effect to each other, all aim at exciting in us a certain disposition of mind."

Mlle. Rachel, by the mere force of her genius, may, during her brilliant career, retain the ascendancy of the classic drama; but the spirit of Shakespeare, once admitted, must eventually prevail among the French —a people more than any other of such lively intellect, and romantic imagination.

MAYORS' OFFICIAL PREFIX.

There appears to be a little confusion as to the proper style to be used in the official addresses of mayors of corporate towns; sometimes we see them described as the "Right Worshipful," and at others the "Worshipful." The question is, which is correct? There being no particular law or regulation, that we are aware of, in such a case, beyond custom, it seems not inappropriate to enquire whether the custom could not now be rendered more uniform, by the universal adoption of one or other of these additions, whichever may be considered to be the right one. In the "Secretary's Guide," 5th ed., 1831, p. 95, it is stated that Mayors of *all* Corporations, with the Sheriffs, Aldermen, and Recorder of *London*, are styled the "Right Worshipful," and the Aldermen and Recorder of *other* Corporations, and Justices of the Peace, "Worshipful." An opinion is entertained, we believe by some, that only mayors of *cities* should be styled "Right Worshipful," and those of *towns* "Worshipful;" but there scarcely seems to be any valid reason for such a distinction, and we incline to think that the former is more correctly applicable to mayors in general. The term "Right," in matters of title, denotes a more exalted step than another,—thus, we speak of the "Most," and "Right," honorable or reverend, as a degree in rank higher than merely "Honourable" or "Reverend." We observe also that it is the practice in London to style the aldermen who have passed the chair, the "Right Worshipful," and those below the chair as the "Worshipful" only, although all are equally magistrates; thus, making a distinction between those who have been mayors, and those who have not. If the recorder, justices, and aldermen of corporate towns are properly entitled to the style of "Worshipful," it seems to be only reasonable and proper that the *chief* magistrate or mayor, should be styled the "*Right* Worshipful;" and we think it advisable that the latter prefix should be generally adopted and sustained in future, in all places the cause for it may exist. The Mayors of London, York, and Dublin, it is well known possess the title of "Lord," and are addressed as the "Right Honourable."

Digitized by Google

FRAGMENTS OF FAMILY HISTORY.

Robert Cooke, Esq., called "Linen Cooke."

In p. 254 of our 2nd vol., we gave our readers an account of Valentine Greatreakes, Esq., of the co. Waterford, whose extraordinary history forms such a remarkable feature in the art of healing. A correspondent has now enabled us to add to the pedigree of that family, a name which was then omitted, namely, Captain William Greatreakes, of Affane, who was brother to the celebrated Valentine, known by the appellation of "The Stroker." This Captain William had a daughter, Anne, who was wife of William Cooke, Esq., of Camphire, in the co. Waterford. She died the 10th August, 1740. Her husband, William Cooke, was a younger son of Robert, of Cappoquin, in the same county, whose eldest son was Robert Cooke, Esq., also of Cappoquin, commonly called "Linen Cooke." William, who was an Alderman and Mayor of Youghall, and who died 1st June, 1742, had by his aforesaid wife, a son, Josiah, who died 7th December, 1754, having been married to Miss Baggs, by whom he was father of Robin Cooke, who having served in the 2nd Battalion of the Royals with the British Army in North America, was the first to enter the breach at Moro, in the Havannah, for which, on his return home, he was publicly entertained, and received the freedom of the City of Glasgow. The Municipal Act conferring the freedom is now in the possession of his descendant, Thomas Wigmore, Esq., of Ballyvaddock, co. Cork. Robin *m.* a lady of the O'Brien family, of the co. Limerick, by whom he had an only child, Mary, who was *b.* in 1772, and *m.* in 1787, Henry Wigmore, Esq., of Ballyvaddock. As connected with the celebrated Valentine Greatreakes, let us now revert to an equally remarkable personage, Robert, *alias* "Linen" Cooke, before mentioned, to have resided at Cappoquin, in the same county Waterford. This Robert Cooke was a very eccentric and wealthy gentleman, and had several estates in both England and Ireland. His first wife was a Bristol lady, and in consequence of his visits to that city he caused a pile of stones to be erected on a rock in the Bristol Channel, which after him was called "Cooke's Folly." The name of his second wife was Cecilia or Cecily, and he had children, John of Youghall, Robert, Josiah, and two daughters. He fled to England in the troubles of James the Second's reign, and resided sometimes at Ipswich, in Suffolk, as is related by Archbishop King, in his State of the Irish Protestants. During his absence, the Parliament held at Dublin, 7th May, 1689, declared him to be attainted as a traitor if he failed in returning to Ireland by the 1st of September following. He died in 1726, upwards of eighty years of age, and by his will directed that he should be interred with his son John's family, in the Cathedral or Church called "Tempul," in Youghall, and that his shroud should be made "of linen," Amongst other particularities he had his coach drawn by white horses and their harness made of hemp and linen. His cows were also white. In Smith's History of the county Waterford, this Robert Cooke is reckoned amongst the remarkable personages of that county, and a long account given of him. Smith says of him, "He was a kind of Pythagorean philosopher, and for many years before his death eat

Digitized by Google

neither fish, flesh, butter, nor drank milk or any fermented liquor, nor wore woollen clothes or any other produce of an animal." From his constantly wearing none but linen garments and using linen generally for other purposes he acquired the appellation, "*Linen Cooke.*" He maintained a long controversy with the celebrated Athenian Society, and in 1691 published a curious explanation of his peculiar religious principles, supporting them by numerous texts from Scripture, and at the end of all was printed a long prayer. It is from Captain Thomas Cooke, an uncle of this "*Linen Cooke,*" that the family of Cooke or Cooke-Collis, now settled at Castle Cooke, co. Cork, derives its descent, and from another uncle, Edward Cooke, the families of Kiltynan, Cordangan, and Fortwilliam, &c., in the co. Tipperary, and of Parsonstown, in the King's county, are descended.

A Promise Fulfilled.

Lady Elizabeth D'Arcy, the fair and richly portioned daughter of Thomas, Earl Rivers, was wooed by three suitors at the same time; and the knights, as in chivalry bound, were disposed to contest the prize with targe and lance; but the lady forbade the battle, and menaced disobedience with her eternal displeasure, promising, however, jocularly, that if they had but patience, she would have them all in their turn; and she literally fulfilled her promise, for she married, first, Sir George Trenchard of Wolverton, who left her a widow at seventeen; secondly, Sir John Gage of Firle; and, thirdly, Sir William Hervey of Ickworth;—the three original claimants for her hand.

The famous Lady Cavendish.

The Noble House of Cavendish is indebted to the third wife of Sir William Cavendish, the faithful friend of Wolsey, for the principal part of its vast possessions. That lady, the daughter and co-heir of John Hardwick of Hardwick, erected three of the most splendid seats ever built by a single person,—Chatsworth, Hardwick, and Oldcotes. She was four times married; 1st, to Robert Barley, Esq., of Barley; 2dly, to Sir William Cavendish; 3rdly, to Sir William St. Loo; and 4thly, to George, Earl of Shrewsbury. "She prevailed," says Lodge, "upon the first of these gentlemen, who died without issue, to settle his estate upon her and her heirs, who were abundantly produced from her second marriage. Her third husband, who was very rich, was led by her persuasions to make a similar disposition of his fortune, to the utter prejudice of his daughters by a former wife; and now, unsated with the wealth and caresses of three husbands, she finished her conquests by marrying the Earl of Shrewsbury, the richest and most powerful peer of his time. To sum up her character, she was a woman of masculine understanding and conduct, proud, furious, selfish, and unfeeling. She was a builder, a buyer, and seller of estates, a money lender, a farmer, and a merchant of lead, coals, and timber. She lived to a great old age, and died in 1607, immensely rich.

Family of Rudyerd.

To the Editor of the Patrician.

Sir,

I subscribe to the "Patrician," and on casting my eye over the recent

Digitized by Google

list of presentations at Court, I read the name of Rudyerd; it occurred to me that it was worthy some little notice, as being of a family whose pedigree can be traced as far back as 1030, (I possess one) and as you give a short account of many of the families, leave it to your better judgment as to inserting the following, or any other that may be in your possession.

And am Sir,

Yours obediently,

F.

The family of Rudyerd, of Rudyerd, one of considerable importance, was settled in the parish of Leek, co. Stafford, long prior to the Norman Conquest; evidence whereof may be found in Doomsday book and other records of the pure Saxon origin. One of the family, Richard, accompanied Richard Cœur de Lion to the Crusades, where he distinguished himself. Rudulphus, Lord of Rudyerd, living in the reign of Henry VII., joined Lord Stanley with a large body of men at the battle of Bosworth, and tradition in the family says he was the person who slew the King. Henry VII. on this occasion added to the arms—on a canton a rose or in a field gules.

In later years (1708), one Mr. John Rudyerd planned and erected the Eddystone Lighthouse, a fabric admirably adapted to resist the elements it had to oppose, and stood the test of nearly fifty years, until destroyed by fire 2nd December, 1755.

Sir Benjamin Rudyerd, Judge and Surveyor of the Court of Ward and Liveries in the time of Charles and Oliver, of Westwoodhay, co. Berks, Knt., was called to the bar at the age of twenty-six, married Mary, dau. of Sir Henry Harrington, and left issue an only son, Wm. Rudyerd, who married Sarah, one of the five daughters and coheiresses of Sir Stephen Harvey, of Melton Maler, co. Northampton, left issue an only son, Benjamin Rudyerd, who married Dorothy, one of the two daughters and coheiresses of Sir Benjamin Maddox, Bart., of Wormleybury, co. Herts, by Dorothy, his wife, sole heir of Sir William Glascock, of King's Langley, same co., Knt. Master of the Court of Requests to King Chas. II., &c. By THIS first marriage Mr. B. Rudyerd had several children; the elder, Robert, married Jane, only daughter and heiress of the Hon. Mrs. Chaplin; left issue Benjamin Rudyerd, Captain Coldstream Guards, who died unmarried in Nova Scotia, 1752. By the second marriage of Mr. B. Rudyerd to Miss Beamont, of Yorkshire, descended the late Richard Rudyerd of Whitby, in same co., who married Miss Yeomans, but died witout issue, and his brothers, the late General Rudyerd of the Royal Engineers, who married Mary, daughter of S. Pryer, Esq., of Lichfield, Hants, an ancient family; the General died in 1828, aged 88, whose surviving issue is Col. Rudyerd of the Royal Artillery (who from his distinguished services at Waterloo, &c., was lately promoted to the superintendence of the Royal Repository at Woolwich, and presented at court, 24th February, 1847). Charles Lennox Rudyerd, late paymaster of the Ardean Canal, Canada; and a daughter, Lætitia, married 1st, Robert Gordon of Xeres, Esq., by whom had issue a daughter, married — Baxter, Esq., late Attorney General at Sidney, N. S. Wales, and secondly Christopher Richardson of Field House, Whitby, Yorkshire. The two sons, who died before their father the General, were Col. William, of the Engineers, and Capt. Henry, of the East India Company, both leaving issue, and followed for a time the family profession of arms.

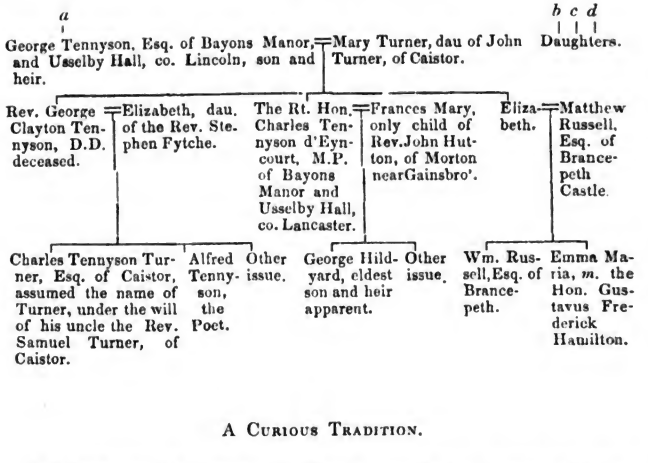
Digitized by Google

The London Recluse.

A correspondent favours us with the following pedigree of the family of Henry Welby, Esq. of Goxhill, the London recluse, whose eccentric career we described in a former number.

- Ellen Hall, 1st wife. = Adlard Welby, Esq. of Gedney, *d.* 1571. = Cassandra, 2nd wife.
  - Henry Welby, Esq. of Goxhill, the great Recluse of Grub Street, London, *d.* 29 Oct. 1636, æt. 84. = Alice dau. of Thos. White, Esq. of Woodhead, in Rutland, and of Tuxford, Notts. by Anne, his wife, (sister of Lord Burleigh.)
    - Elizabeth, an only child. = Sir Christopher Hildyard, of Wynestead, Knt. *d.* 1636.
      - Henry Hildyard, of East Horsley, in Surrey, Esq. *d.* Jan. 1674. = Lady Ann Leake, dau. of Francis, 1st Baron d'Eyncourt, of Sutton, and Earl of Scarsdale.
        - Dorothy, dau. of Thomas Grantham, Esq. of Goltho, *d.* 1667. 1st wife. = Henry Hildyard, Esq. of Kelstern in Lincoln, *d.* abroad. = Elizabeth, dau. of John Hilder, Esq. 2nd wife.
          - Christopher Hildyard, the son of Hen. Hildyard, of Kelstern, and the grandson and heir at law, of Henry Hildyard, of East Horsley, and Lady Ann Leke, his wife. = Jane, dau. of George Pitt, of Strathfieldsaye, ancestor of Lord Rivers.
            - Ann. = Birch.
            - Jane. = John Marshall.
            - Dorothy, survived and afterwards *m.* to her second husband, Ralph Tennyson, of Great Grimsby. = George Clayton, of Great Grimsby.
              - Christopher Clayton, Esq. of Great Grimsby, *d.s.p.* 1795, nephew Geo. Tennyson, his executor.
              - David.
              - Eliza beth. = Michael Tennyson, Esq.
              - Ann.
              - Jonathan.
              - *a*
              - *b* *c* *d*
          - Wm.
          - Ann.
          - Francis.
          - Thos.
          - Michael.
          - William, *d.* 1691.
          - Richd. *d.* 1695.
      - William Welby, Esq. son & heir of Sir William Welby, late of Gedney, deceased, *d.* 11 Dec., 8 Charles I. 1632. = Anne Smithe, (dau. of George Smythe, Esq. of the city of London, citizen and alderman,) survived her husband, and in 1635 was the wife of Francis Vernon, Esq. of the city of London.
      - Sir Robert, *d.* 1685.
      - Christopher, *d.* 1694.
      - Edward.
      - Philip.
      - Chas.
      - Adlard Welby, 1655.
    - Rev. Basil Welby, who shot at his brother Henry, with intent to kill him; he was a dissolute character.
    - Adlard.
  - Sir Wm. Welby, of Gedney Knt. of the Most Noble Order of the Bath, (late of Gedney, 1631.)
    - Vincent, brother of Wm. 1631.
    - Philip, of Gedney, Esq. 1635.

Digitized by Google



A Curious Tradition.

In a letter from Dr. Brett to Dr. Warren, president of Trinity-hall, Cambridge, dated September 1, 1723, it is said, that about Michaelmas, 1720, the doctor went to pay a visit to Heneage, Earl of Winchelsea, at Eastwell-house, where that nobleman shewed him an entry in the parish register, which the doctor transcribed immediately into his almanack; it stood thus: "1550, Richard Plantagenet was buryed the 22 daye of December." The register did not mention whether he was buried in the church or churchyard, nor could any memorial be retrived of him, except the tradition preserved in the family, and some remains of his house. The story of this man, as it was related by the Earl of Winchelsea, is thus:—When Sir Thomas Moyle built Eastwell-house, he observed, that when his chief bricklayer left off work, he retired with a book. Sir Thomas had a great curiosity to know what book the man read; but was some time before he could discover it, he always putting the book up if any one came towards him. At last, however, Sir Thomas surprised him, and snatched the book from him, and looking upon it, found it to be Latin: hereupon he examined him, and finding he pretty well understood that language, enquired how he came by his learning? On which the man told him, as he had been a good master to him, he would venture to trust him with a secret he had never before revealed. He then informed him, that he was boarded with a Latin schoolmaster, without knowing who his parents were, till he was fifteen or sixteen years old; only a gentleman who took occasion to acquaint him he was no relation to him, came once a quarter and paid for his board, and took care to see that he wanted for nothing; and one day this gentleman took him, and carried him to a fine great house, where he passed through several stately rooms, in one of which he left him, bidding him to stay there; then a man finely dressed, with a star and garter, came to him, asked him some questions, talked kindly to him, and gave him some money; then the forementioned gentleman returned and conducted him back to his school. Some time after, the same gentleman came to him again with a horse, and proper accoutre-

Digitized by Google

ments, and told him he must take a journey with him into the country. They then went into Leicestershire, and came to Bosworth Field, and he was carried to Richard the Third's tent. The king embraced him, and told him he was his son. "But child," said he, "to-morrow I must fight for my crown, and assure yourself if I lose that, I will lose my life too, but I hope to preserve both. Do you stand in such a place, (directing him to a particular place) where you may see the battle out of danger, and when I have gained the victory, come to me. I will then own you to be mine, and take care of you; but if I should be unfortunate as to lose the battle, then shift as well as you can, and take care to let nobody know I am your father, for no mercy will be shown to any one so nearly related to me." Then the king gave him a purse of gold, and dismissed him. He followed the king's directions, and when he saw the battle was lost, and the king killed, he hastened to London, sold his horse and fine clothes, and the better to conceal himself from all suspicion of being the son of a king, and that he might have the means to live by his honest labour, he put himself apprentice to a bricklayer, but having a competent skill in the Latin tongue, he was unwilling to lose it, and having an inclination to reading, and no delight in the conversation of those he was obliged to work with, he generally spent all the time he had to spare in reading by himself. Sir Thomas said, "you are now old, and almost past your labour, and I will give you the running of my kitchen as long as you live." He answered, "Sir, you have a numerous family; I have been used to live retired; give me leave to build a house of one room for myself in such a field, and there, with your good leave I will live and die; and if you have any work that I can do for you, I shall be ready to serve you. Sir Thomas granted his request; he built his house, and there continued to his death. This Richard Plantagenet must have lived to the age of 81, for the battle of Bosworth was fought the 22d of August, 1485, at which time he was between fifteen and sixteen.

PASTORALE DE' ZAMPOGNARI.*

Quanno nascette Ninno a Betelemme,
Era notte, e parea miezo juorno;
Maje li stelle
Lustere e belle
Se vedetteno accussi
La chiù lucente
Tettea chiammà li Magi in Oriente.

* One of those little moral hymns which the *Zampognari* or pipers, from the Abruzzi and Calabrian mountains, sing before the images of the Virgin at the corners of the streets in Rome and Naples at the season of Advent, accompanied by the sound of their rustic bagpipes.

Digitized by Google

No' ncerano nemice ppe la terra,
La pecora pasua co lo lione,
Co lu crapette
Se vedette
Lu liopardo pazzià—
L' urzo co vitrello
E co lo lupo 'npace u pecoriello.

Guardavano le pecore li pasture
E l'Angelo sbrannente chiù de lu sole
Comparette
E li dicette,
Non ve spaventate, nò ;
Contento e riso
La terra è arreventata Paraviso.

When Christ in Bethlehem was born,
'Twas night, but seemed the noon of day,
Each shining star
In heaven afar,
Shed o'er the earth its lightest ray ;
But one than all the rest more bright
Guided the Eastern Magi onward by its pure and golden light.

Then o'er the world reigned Peace and Love ;
The lion and the simple sheep,
The pard and kid
Together feed,
Or o'er the lawns securely sleep ;
The wolf and lamb, the calf and bear,
Repose in safety each, nor seek the forest's dark and leafy lair.

The Shepherds as they watched their flocks,
A sunlike angel saw descend,
Who sweetly said,
" Be not dismayed,
With joyful tidings here I wend !
For Earth puts on her loveliest guise,
And shines in heavenly beauty now, transformed anew to Paradise."

E. KENEALY.

Digitized by Google

TRAVELLING, PAST AND PRESENT.

THE HIGH-ROAD AND THE RAIL-ROAD.

No. I. The High-Road.

In these days of perpetual motion, when not only the loyal lieges of our sovereign lady, but the good citizens of the world beside, are making such marvellous efforts to subdue time and space, it may be found as instructive as it is obviously pertinent to institute comparison between the present—and those good old times "all times, when old, are good"—wherein your honest country gentleman deemed it prudent to devise his lands and tenements, and otherwise adjust his mundane affairs, ere he perilled life and limb, by coach or waggon, athwart that dreary stretch of country which lay between the great cities of York and London: by coach or waggon, we say, for the bold baron and his noble dame, of some centuries before, on steed and palfrey, scorning all other canopies but that of heaven, come not within the range of our similitude, maugre they flourished, like ourselves, in Iron Times. The wife of Bath, whose praise it was that—

> "Girt with a pair of sporres sharpe,
> Upon an ambler esily she sat,"

would doubtless have felt herself insulted, had a carriage been selected for her use. At a time when roads were scarcely passable, the palfrey and the litter were the only modes of ladies' conveyance; and even after the introduction of coaches, the use of litters continued both in England and France. In 1527, when Wolsey visited the latter kingdom to negotiate a peace, we find that the dame regent, the king's mother, entered Amiens, "riding in a very riche chariot; and with her therein was the Queen of Navarre, her daughter, furnished with a hundred and more of ladies and gentlewomen following, every one riding upon a white palfrie; besides diverse and many ladies, some in riche *horse-litters*, and some in chariots." The king, though attired with the utmost magnificence, according to the military spirit of the age, rode into the city on a "goodly genet."

Stowe asserts that, "in the year 1564, Guilliam Boonen, a Dutchman, became the queene's coachman, and was the first that brought the use of coaches into England." The first engraved representation of an English coach is probably to be found in the fine old print of the Palace of Nonsuch, by Hoefnagel, which bears the date of 1582. Queen Elizabeth is there seated in a low heavy machine, open at the sides, with a canopy, and drawn by two horses only. Her attendants follow in a carriage of different form, with an oblong canopy.

Mary, Queen of Scots, whilst under the surveillance of the Earl of Shrewsbury, appears to have travelled on horseback in her various journeys, and about the year 1640, the Countess of Cumberland, in a tedious transit from London to Londesborough, which occupied eleven days, either from the state of the roads, or from a distaste to metropolitan luxuries, seems to have ridden the whole way on horseback. In the correspondence of Sir George Radcliffe, we have many proofs of the serious inconvenience that

Digitized by Google

attended travellers in the early part of the 17th century; and the following is a curious instance of the simplicity of manners prevalent at the period. The editor observes—"at this time (1609) the communication between the north of England and the Universities was kept up by carriers, who pursued their tedious but uniform route with whole trains of pack-horses. To their care was consigned not only the packages, but frequently the persons of young scholars. It was through their medium, also, that epistolary correspondence was managed, and, as they always visited London, a letter could scarcely be exchanged between Yorkshire and Oxford in less time than a month." From a passage in one of the Paston letters, written about the close of the 15th century, we find that few opportunities occurred of transmitting letters from London to Norwich, except through the agency of persons who frequented the fairs held in the latter city. In the south of England, at a period long subsequent, the state of the public roads appears to have been equally defective, and convenience in travelling almost wholly neglected. In Dec. 1703, Charles, King of Spain, slept at Petworth, on his way from Portsmouth to Windsor, and Prince George of Denmark went to meet him there. "We set out" (as one of the attendants relates) "at six o'clock in the morning to go for Petworth, and did not get out of the coaches (save only when we were overturned or stuck fast in the mire) till we arrived at our journey's end. 'Twas hard service for the Prince to sit fourteen hours in the coach that day without eating anything, and passing through the worst ways that I ever saw in my life; we were thrown but once indeed, in going, but both our coach, which was the leading, and his Highness's body coach, would have suffered very often, if the nimble boors of Sussex had not frequently poised it or supported it with their shoulders from Godalmin almost to Petworth; and the nearer we approached to the Duke's house, the more unaccessible it seemed to be. The last nine miles of the way cost us six hours to conquer them, and indeed we had never done it, if our good master had not several times lent us a pair of horses out of his own coach, whereby we were enabled to trace out the way for him; they made us believe that the several grounds we crost, and his Grace's park, would alleviate the fatigue; but I protest I could hardly perceive any difference between them and the common roads."

In the time of Charles, surnamed the Proud, Duke of Somerset, who died in 1748, the roads in Sussex were in so bad a state, that in order to arrive at Guildford from Petworth, persons were obliged to make for the nearest point of the great road leading from Portsmouth to London. This was a work of so much difficulty as to occupy the whole day, and the duke had a house at Guildford which was regularly occupied as a resting-place for the night by any part of his family travelling to London. A MS. letter from a servant of the Duke's, dated from London, and addressed to another at Petworth, acquaints the latter that his Grace intended to go from London thither on a certain day, and directs that "the keepers and persons who knew the holes and the sloughs, must come to meet his Grace with lanthorns and long poles to help him on his way."

The precise period at which a stage-coach first appeared upon the road, it is difficult to determine;* but we have good authority for assigning the latter part of the reign of Charles I. as the probable date: certain it is, that

* Coaches for hire were first established in 1625, and amounted at that time to twenty. They stood at the principal inns, and were called "Hackney Coaches," from their being first used to travel betwixt London and Hackney.

Digitized by Google

although in 1662 there were but six public carriages, the number had so increased in a few years after, that one John Crossell, of the Charter House, then one of the wise men of the East, tried his best to write down the new system. He had, it is conjectured, the countenance of the country squires, who dreaded that the facility and cheapness of travelling would too often induce their dames and daughters to visit the metropolis, and unfit them for the homely pleasures of the Hall and the Grange. The tradesmen, too, in and near London, took it into their heads to consider the existence of such vehicles a public evil, and, in a spirit very much akin to that which has existed in our own times, petitioned King Charles II. and the Privy Council to put an end to the "stage coach nuisance;" but the result of this petition against so important a public convenience was as unsuccessful as every similar attempt made by the few against the welfare of the many must ever ultimately be.

The improvement in coach travelling made slow progress during the next half-century. The novels of Fielding and Smollet afford amusing and graphic details of the stages and waggons of their day; but the pencil of Hogarth, will best exhibit the strange contrast there existed between the lumbering vehicle of the reign of George I., and the dashing equipage that, in the time of his fourth successor, accomplished the distance between London and Brighton within five hours. In 1742 the Oxford stage-coach left town at seven o'clock in the morning, and reached Uxbridge at midday. It arrived at High Wycombe at five in the evening, where it rested for the night, and proceeded at the same rate for the seat of learning on the morrow. Here then were ten hours consumed each day in passing over twenty-seven miles, and nearly two days in performing what is now accomplished in as many hours. Thirty years ago, the Holyhead mail left London, viâ Oxford, at eight o'clock at night, and arrived in Shrewsbury between ten and eleven the following night, being twenty-seven hours to one hundred and sixty-two miles. This distance was done without the least difficulty, in 1832, in sixteen hours and a quarter. At that period, and for the five or six following years, stage-coach travelling attained in this country most astonishing perfection. Competition had reduced charges to their lowest level, and brought elegance, comfort, and expedition to their highest. The great Northern, the Western, the Oxford, and the Brighton roads were covered with splendid public conveyances. On the last, no less than twenty-five ran during the summer. The fastest were the Red Rover, the Age, and the Telegraph, all horsed in the most admirable manner, and driven in many instances by men of rank and education. The Edinburgh mail performed the distance, 400 miles, in forty hours; and one might have set his watch by it at any point of the journey. The Exeter day coach, the Herald, ran over her ground, 173 miles, both hilly and difficult, in twenty hours; the Diligence from Paris to Calais requiring, for the same distance, forty-eight hours in summer, and from fifty to sixty in winter.

Thus it was, before steam, with its irresistible power, came to revolutionise the travelling world, that we journeyed through the picturesque scenery of our own beautiful island, enjoying the rural comforts of its road-side hostelries, admiring its ancient cities, and priding ourselves on the industry and bustle of its manufacturing towns. How spiritedly does Boz recall to our recollection the departed glory of the turnpike road. "The coach was none of your steady-going, yokel coaches, but a swaggering, rakish, disreputable, London coach; up all night, and lying by all day, and leading a devil of a life. It cared no more for Salisbury than if it had been a hamlet. It

Digitized by Google

rattled noisily through the best streets, defied the cathedral, took the worst corners sharpest, went cutting in every where, making every thing get out of its way; and spun along the open country road, blowing a lively defiance out of its key bugle, as its last glad parting legacy. The four grays skimmed along: the bugle was in as high spirits as the grays; the coachman chimed in sometimes with his voice, the wheels hummed cheerfully in unison: the brass work on the harness was an orchestra of little bells; and thus, as they went clinking, jingling, rattling, smoothly on, the whole concern, from the buckles of the leaders' coupling-reins, to the hand of the hind boot, was one great instrument of music."

No. II. The Rail-Road.

When the mail coaches, after the practice and improvement of a few years, had gradually attained the speed of ten or twelve miles an hour, great was the self-laudation of the age upon its own nimbleness as compared to the slow gouty-paced travelling of its ancestors. It was a subject on which the eighteenth century, especially when drawing near its end, was mightily facetious and grandiloquent, always wondering what its dear departed grandames would say if they could only peep out of their graves and see the portentous rate at which it was flying along the road, even without the necessity of making a will beforehand. But now, how are the tables turned! the fable of the seven-leagued boots, used by Jack in the fairy tale, were evidently only a symbol, at once marking and veiling the discovery of the steam-engine, just as Friar Bacon hid his invention of gunpowder under a jumble of words, being equally unwilling to lose the credit of his knowledge, or to impart it to others. We, therefore, beg leave to put in Jack's claim at once, in case the French or Americans, those universal discoverers of all that has been discovered, should attempt to defraud the giant-killing hero of the glory that belongs to him.

There is something not a little flattering to our hopes of future improvement, when we look at the humble origin of railway travelling. Who that sees one of the present splendid trains flying along at the rate of twenty or thirty miles an hour, would imagine that it was the lineal descendant of a coal-cart, slowly drawn along a wooden tram by a single horse? And yet such is the bare fact, stript of all exaggeration. This simple contrivance was adopted about two-hundred years ago, to facilitate the drawing of coals from the pits to the places of shipment in the neighbourhood of Newcastle-upon-Tyne; the waggon, which went upon small wheels, contained from two to three tons of coal, and was provided with a flange, or projecting rim, for the purpose of keeping it in contact with the rail. From time to time various improvements were made upon this humble beginning, without, however, deviating from the general principle; stone-supports were substituted for the wooden sleepers, and, to make the pull easier for the horse, in steep ascents, or in the case of sharp curves, thin plates of malleable iron were nailed on the surface of the rails, the greater smoothness of the metal facilitating the draught. Then cast-iron rods were introduced; but this experiment, seemingly so obvious, was, after all, the result of accident, as perhaps may be said of many other discoveries for which individuals have obtained all the fame that belongs to invention. It seems that in 1767 the price of iron became very low, and, in order to keep the furnaces at work, it was resolved to cast bars, to be laid upon the wooden rails; this would save expense in their repairs; and if any sudden rise in the value of iron

Digitized by Google

should take place, they might be taken up again, and, in the language of the trade, sold as pigs. Excellent as this plan was, when compared with what had been done before, it was soon found to have its disadvantages. The form of the rail was weak, considering the quantity of metal employed upon it, and it allowed dirt and pebbles to be lodged, which impeded the free motion of the carriages, and even made them liable to be thrown out of the track. This, after some minor attempts at improvement, led to the grand invention of *edge-rails*, which was followed by the use of malleable rods in place of the brittle cast-iron, an ingenious adaptation of rolling machinery having enabled the engineers to give them the requisite form.

Hitherto we have seen only animal power used to impel the carriages on a railway; but gravity soon came to be employed as an auxiliary, and in some cases as the sole propelling agent, where the road admitted of an inclined plane, no greater power being required to take a loaded carriage down than to drag it up again. Where the too great steepness of the ground rendered this plan inadmissible, recourse was had to what was called a *self-acting inclined plane*, by which ingenious contrivance the loaded car in its descent pulled up the empty waggons by means of a rope passed round a wheel at the top of the acclivity. This may be considered as the first chapter in the history of the railway, which, though a simple term, we shall presently see applied to that compound piece of engineering, which includes the steam-engine, the carriages, and the road on which they travel. But we have not yet quite done with the railway itself, properly so called.

When experience had once established the fact that iron rails, by lessening the friction, considerably lightened the draught, it will not seem strange that a projector should at last be found to speculate on the advantage of substituting railways for the common road. This was Dr. Anderson. He had no idea of any new locomotive power, but proposed to carry a line of railways by the side of the turnpike roads, along which waggons might pass drawn by horses. Mr. Edgeworth, either borrowing the Doctor's idea, or, as he said, having originated it himself, went a step farther, and in "Nicholson's Journal of the Arts" for March, 1802, suggested that means might be found to enable "stage-coaches to go six miles an hour, and post chaises and gentlemen's travelling-carriages to travel with eight, both with one horse." But neither of the projectors seemed to have considered how the rail was to be carried on by the side of the turnpike-road when the latter came to run through the towns, or how the carriage was to be moved when the intervention of any steep made farther progress impossible; though one horse might draw a waggon upon a rail, it was quite evident that he could not drag the same weight up a hill along a common highway. As, however, neither of these plans was attempted to be carried into effect, the difficulties in question never came to be tested.

While tram-ways had thus been exercising the ingenuity of projectors, a power was growing to maturity, which was destined to change the whole face of the matter. In 1802 it occurred to Messrs. Trevethick and Vivian to take out a patent for a steam-carriage on the public road: and though it does not appear to have been ever actually employed, it led to the experiment being tried on a colliery railway in South Wales. It succeeded but partially, and a fancy having now seized the engineers that a smooth-tired wheel would not adhere sufficiently to the surface of the rail for onward motion, all their ingenuity was employed in removing a difficulty, which did not exist, till, after the lapse of a few years, Mr. George Stephenson was fortunate enough to discover that his brethren had been fighting with a shadow. The con-

Digitized by Google

struction of the first of the modern, or travelling class of railways, between Darlington and Stockton, on which one horse drew with ease a carriage with twenty-six passengers, at the rate of ten miles an hour, afforded an opportunity for testing his invention. Accordingly it was tried, and though the operation was remarkable, its success was not sufficient to attract the public attention. The Titan had not yet attained its full maturity; and when, some time afterwards, the monied men of Manchester and Liverpool employed Mr. Stephenson to construct a railroad for them, they had no idea, as it should seem, of any other motive agent than stationary engines. The question, however, on the completion of the railway, came to be agitated, when these practical men of business, wisely preferring facts to theory offered a reward of five hundred pounds for the best locomotive carriage, capable of fulfilling certain conditions. Their demands were not very exorbitant: ten miles an hour was the maximum of speed required, and it is curious enough in the present day to read how even the friends of the locomotive project disclaimed any such NONSENSE as the idea of travelling by steam "at the rate of ten, sixteen, eighteen, twenty miles an hour." It must be acknowledged that these new Frankensteins little understood the tremendous nature of the monster they were calling into existence.

At length, on the 8th of October, 1829,—a day more justly to be celebrated than even the anniversaries of the Nile or Waterloo,—the trial took place, on a portion of the Liverpool and Manchester railway, prepared for the purpose. Greatly to the surprise of those who a short time before had voted Mr. Stephenson only fit for Bedlam, his carriage went at the rate of thirty miles an hour without a load, and at twenty-four miles an hour when encumbered with three times its own weight, which was thirteen tons. Titan had now triumphed: the union of the railway and the locomotive engine was complete; but still the idea of carrying goods was uppermost in men's minds, nor was it till the invention had come into active operation, that its great value as a means of conveying passengers was at all understood. Then, indeed, the truth became gradually developed, and men saw —not a few with fear as well as wonder—the realization of those day-dreams which had been promulgated by Dr. Darwin so early as 1793:—

> "Soon shall thy arm, unconquer'd STEAM! afar
> Drag the slow barge, or *drive the rapid car*;
> Or on wide-waving wings expanded bear
> The flying chariot through the fields of air."
> *Botanic Garden*, Canto i. 253—289.

Well may the reader of these lines exclaim with Macbeth, upon the half achievement of his greatness—

> "Two truths are told,
> As happy prologues to the swelling act
> Of the *aerial* (imperial) theme."

At all events, the thirty miles an hour seemed just as absurd in those days, when the idea was first started, as the flying chariot can possibly do to us; and, though the latter may be never realised, it should hardly be set down in the chapter of utter impossibilities.

No sooner was the locomotive steam-engine found to answer the expectation of the inventors, than a new impetus was given to the formation of roads, on which they might most effectually exert their agency. Up ascents of any great steepness, it was quite clear, they would not go, the adhesion between the engine-wheels and the rails not being sufficient to ensure the

Digitized by Google

progressive motion of the machine. Ways, therefore, had to be cut through hills where they were not too high, throwing up the earth on either side, or they were to be formed by tunnelling where the height of the ground made that the cheapest and most efficacious mode of working. Sometimes, as in case of narrow valleys, it was found better to carry the road across them upon arches, the expense being less than the more ordinary way of raising an embankment.

Latterly, the introduction of another element has threatened to render useless not a few of these ingenious contrivances. It has been proposed, and the experiment is now actually in progress, to lay down hollow pipes or cylinders, and exhaust the air in them, by means of steam engines fixed at certain distances, when the atmospheric pressure, it is expected, will be sufficient to propel the carriages that are connected by means of a rod with the several tubes. The objectors to the plan cry out upon the expense, as well as the great difficulty of carrying it out in frosty weather, and upon an extended line, for they argue that the experiment tried in the neigbourhood of Dublin upon a scale of three miles, goes for nothing, however successful it may have been. They refer to the result to confirm their forebodings; and certainly there is no denying the homely old proverb, that "the proof of the pudding is in the eating;" still, if we must not praise till we have tasted, we have just as little right to blame; and the verdict becomes still more suspicious when, as in this case, it is plain the opinion is given from other interests and predilections. They who have embarked thousands in the present railways may be excused if they are a little incredulous as to the feasibility of the atmospheric scheme. For ourselves, we have in our time seen so many things turn out well that had previously been declared to be impossible, that we are inclined to distrust the sceptics even more than the enthusiasts. Dr. Lardner, we can well remember, proclaimed the utter impossibility of steam-carriages ever going above thirty miles an hour, just as, a few years before, the very friends of Stephenson had ridiculed the idea of a speed that should exceed ten. But the doctor had this advantage; he was really and truly a scientific man, and demonstrated his opinion as irrefragably as any proposition of Euclid, when lo and behold the scorner was again rebuked by fact. In the midst of his jeers, the machine showed it was very possible to double the utmost degree of speed he had allowed. "Ibi omnis effusus labor." It is true that this extreme attempt at velocity has not everywhere been repeated, but its being done is quite enough to put a whole battalion of LL.D.'s to the rout; and we therefore abide by our hopes of the atmospheric railway, the rather from not having any shares in the locomotive speculations. If we had, it might materially influence our judgment, as it does that of many other honest folks, great admirers of the things and powers that be.

We have now briefly traced the history of the great railway experiment in conjunction with the steam-engine. It might be deemed presumptuous to attempt calculating on what are likely to be the future results of this extraordinary combination; yet it is hardly possible to refrain altogether from some pleasant dreams of the time when by the agency of steam, both on land and water, the prejudices that now separate the various families of mankind shall be worn away, and their various habits so assimilated, that they may all form, if not one people, at least a confederation of nations. That it will do this there can be little doubt, but we think it is destined to do much more; if machinery goes on at its present rapid pace for another century, superseding much of the necessity of human labour, it is quite clear

Digitized by Google

that the present forms of society, which grew out of other circumstances, must be broken up and remoulded, though the wildest imagination may fail to picture what shape it will finally assume. In the meanwhile we have only to comfort ourselves with the old maxim, that "every thing is for the best."

A ROMAUNCH BALLAD.*

Eau volg bain alla mia bella,
Ed ell eir vuol bain a mi,
Na nel muond nonais co ella
Che plaschar m'poassa pli.

Nus vivains in allegria,
In plaischarlu uniun,
Non sentin otra fadia,
Co nel temp ch' eau l'abbandun.

Ma noass cours taunt s'assumaglien,
Ella vuol quistque ch' eau vo;
E pissers ma non s'travaglien,
Quelo laschains nus a sien lo.

D'el sutur eis l'amatura
Ed eir eau unguota main;
El trampelg va tust suot sura
Cura chia nus duos sutain.

Escha sun con otr' intraischia
Ils olqs m'ho ladieu adoss
Ma ella no'ls ditumar laischia
Ne d'oters vuol ne tuchiar l'oss.

Escha vein la generala
Cuerr in prest a la pigliar
L' accompang na be mar schiala
Ma in stuva poass entrar.

Edu allr ch' ungiens non sainten
Chiosas dischains da taunt dalet,
Che noass cuors quasi s'alguainten
Per amur e per affet.

Sch'un colomb eis ella prisa
Inuozainta sch un agné
Eis miviglia, eis bendisa
Eis per amur, eis pura fé.

Taunt ardeinte eis sia ogliæda
E taunt tener eis sien cour,
Scha Weinsberg fass assediæda
Ella gniss a m' portar our.

I love a little rustic beauty,
And dearly loves this beauty me;
In the whole world there is no maiden
Can give me half such joy as she.

We live always in sweet communion,
In smiles and gladness of the heart,
We know no hour of gloom or sorrow,
But that sad hour which bids us part.

Our minds are one, our hopes and wishes,
What please *me* gives *her* delight,
We have no little tiffs or poutings;
All these long since have ta'en their flight.

* The Romaunch language is a dialect of the Tyrol.

Digitized by Google

This charming girl is fond of dancing;
  And *I* love dancing for her sake,
The rest behold us both with envy,
  When in the sets our place we take.

If e'er I meet some other partner,
  On me her charming eyes still shine,
No other wins her glance of beauty,
  She'll clasp no other hand than mine.

When all clap hands, and dance is over,
  I run at once to her dear side,
Not merely down the steps escorting,
  But her sweet footsteps homeward guide.

How sweetly, gently, then conversing,
  We pass the moonlit hours away,
Our hearts grow one in fond affection
  Love warming all we think and say.

No dove is softer than this maiden,
  No lamb more innocent, I ween,
Playful and kind, religious, beauteous,
  No lovelier virgin e'er was seen.

Her eyes are bright and full of courage,
  Her heart is mine so faithfully,
If Weinsberg were in mortal danger
  She'd run to save, or die with me.

E. Kenealy

Digitized by Google

THEATRES.

The Opera still at its Zenith.

Her Majesty's Theatre continues the centre of attraction to the whole fashion of London: the excitement created by the surpassing merit of Jenny Lind has no wise abated, and every night of her performance the house is invaded by a multitude—by a perfect mass of admirers. Never did singer before make impression like this. The name, and the fame of Jenny Lind form the topic of conversation universally, unceasingly. Each new character she impersonates is another triumph: each repetition adds fresh laurels to that crown of harmony which now belongs to her alone. "La Figlia del Reggimento," "La Sonnambula," "Norma," are repeated again and again amid enthusiasm and delight. So complete is the excellence of Jenny Lind, as the heroine in each of these operas, that it becomes impossible to give the preference to any one of them. "Norma," considering the difficulty she had to contend with, is perhaps the greatest wonder she has achieved. The first night of her acting Norma was distinguished by a state visit from the Queen. It was a glorious occasion for her Majesty's Theatre. The aspect of the house was magnificent. The Royal box, surmounted by a crown, was hung with crimson velvet, fringed with gold; the decorations extended to the boxes on the right and left, which held the ladies and gentlemen of the suite. Two yeomen, according to ancient custom, stood on the stage in front of the regal presence. Her Majesty and Prince Albert, who was dressed in full uniform, arrived exactly at eight o'clock, which was the signal for the commencement of the national anthem. The brilliant assemblage in the boxes, the richness of the dresses, the abundance of jewels worn by the fair visitors, produced a superb spectacle when the whole company rose. Nor was the enthusiasm less than the splendour. Acclamations were uttered on all sides, and handkerchiefs were waved in all directions at the end of the anthem.

The peculiarity in Mademoiselle Jenny Lind's Norma is, that she makes the fiercer features of the character less prominent than her predecessors, but the portions that illustrate the tender affections much more so. Norma may be interpreted two ways. The jealous rage into which she breaks when she discovers that Adalgisa is the object of Pollio's love, the frenzy which tempts her to kill her children, may be so brought forward that the feminine nature is almost forgotten, and still a very fine impressive performance may be the result. But Norma, in spite of her violence, is a tender mother and an affectionate daughter; her last wish before death is to be reconciled to her father, and obtain his promise to protect her children. These are the peculiarities which Jenny Lind seizes, and hence the great delicacy of her reading. She gives the Celtic priestess a deep impress of mournfulness, she makes one think rather of the pain she is forced to endure than of the implacable resentment she harbours. Nothing could be more deeply sorrowful than the "Qual cor tradisti" in the *finale*,—it is the perfection of intense reproach. The by-play throughout is most refined,—a by-play all illustrative of the softer treatment of the character.

It is of course unnecessary to descant on the singing of Jenny Lind in Norma, for that is perfection past description. Her voice in "Casta Diva" "Deh! con te" "Si fino" falls upon enraptured ears,

Digitized by Google

. . . . . like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets
Stealing and giving odour.

With regard to the "Figlia del Reggimento," the graceful walk so military, and withal so feminine—the completely natural air, make Jenny Lind's "Maria" one of the most charming exhibitions that can be conceived.

The Swedish airs which Mademoiselle Lind first sung in private at Buckingham Palace, and then introduced in public, exhibit her in a new light. The melodies themselves are of a singular character, constantly awakening the reminiscence of other national airs, and as constantly causing the reminiscence to fade away. Now they seem to touch the old English ballad, and now to border on Swiss peculiarism. Simplicity is not their characteristic; they are marked by difficult intervals—the key is suddenly changed, and they have less of the tune form than most compositions of the popular class. The melancholy and the joyous strangely intermix, the pathetic and the coquetish balance each other, so that one scarcely knows which predominates. But the charm is not so much in the airs as in Mademoiselle Jenny Lind's manner of singing them. This is distinguished by exquisite *naïveté*. She sports heedlessly with the melody, and thus gives it the effect of playful spontaneousness. A sort of winning light-heartedness continually displays itself, and produces the effect of true exhiliration.

The Ballet department of her Majesty's Theatre is now eminently filled: there are Carlotta Grisi, and Rosati, and Cerito, the three appearing night after night. At any other time their combined attraction would have been all in all sufficient, but now, though they are as perfect as ever; though in opera, too the glorious tones of Lablache reverberate in their full pomp, and the sweet notes of Gardoni speak in exquisite melody, yet thought or talk is but of Jenny Lind—of Jenny Lind alone, the unrivalled, the unapproachable. That worthy and quaint old poet Geoffrey Chaucer tells us, in a ballad, how he forsook his bed to listen to the nightingale, and how enraptured he was:

I heard in the next bush beside
A nightingale so lustily sing,
That with her clere voice she made ring
Through all the greene wood wide.

All London seems now to follow the bard's example. Repose is forgotten the sole consideration is the ecstasy produced by the clere voice of the nightingale of London.

The French Theatre.

Monsieur Bouffé, one of the greatest actors of France is now performing at the St. James's Theatre. His *Gamin de Paris*, his *Michel Perrin*, and his miser in "La Fille de l'Avare" display talent of the very highest order. Wit and pathos, recklessness and hard-heartedness—virtue and vice are alike vividly, powerfully true, with this admirable comedian. There is also here a Mademoiselle Duverger, an actress of the lively school, who might be equally put forward as a model of excellence in her pleasant, and fascinating department of the histrionic art. The greatest value of the St. James's Theatre is that it produces in rapid and rich succession, upon one stage, actors and actresses who, even in Paris, can be only seen by going to a dozen different theatres. We have here the very cream of the drama of France. An announcement states that the season is to conclude with the appearance of Rachel—that brightest of all Gallia's constellations.

Digitized by Google

LITERATURE.

MEMOIRS OF VISCOUNTESS SUNDON, MISTRESS OF THE ROBES TO QUEEN CAROLINE, CONSORT OF GEORGE II.; including letters from the most celebrated persons of her time: now first published from the originals, by MRS. THOMPSON, author of "The Life of the Duchess of Marlborough," "Memoirs of the Court of Henry VIII." In two volumes. Henry Colburn, Great Marlborough Street, 1847.

THIS is a very valuable addition to the able historical memoirs already published by Mrs. Thompson. Among the past Queens consort or regnant of England, few rank higher than Caroline wife of George II. To her wise influence, and active administration, the house of Hanover owes not a little its permanent establishment on the throne of this country: her sagacity protected the new dynasty from its enemies, and her amiability first made it agreeable to the people. Indeed, from the accession of her well disposed but lethargic husband, to the period of her own death, the government was more or less continually confided to her controul. The history of such a princess must therefore prove of more than common interest, and especially so, when given in the memoirs of a person so closely attached to her person and fortunes as her favourite, the Viscountess Sundon is known to have been. But we had better refer to Mrs. Thompson's own account of this book in her preface: it runs as follows:

"The materials of this work are supplied, chiefly, from a Collection of Autograph Letters addressed to CHARLOTTE CLAYTON, VISCOUNTESS SUNDON. This Lady was attached to the Court of our first Hanoverian Sovereign, being Lady of the Bedchamber, and eventually Mistress of the Robes, to Caroline, Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen-Consort of George the Second. Lady Sundon, long before her husband's elevation to the Peerage, and whilst she retained the appellation by which she is mentioned in much of the correspondence of the day—that of Mrs. Clayton—attained such a degree of influence over her Royal Mistress, as perhaps had hardly ever been enjoyed by any female favourite since the days of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Letters given in the present Work should contain applications from individuals of every rank and profession. Nor where the higher orders among her own sex backward in soliciting her aid, or in courting—but seldom without a selfish motive—her regard."

Mrs. Thompson thus describes Queen Caroline.

"From her earliest connexion with the Hanoverian family, Caroline had been resolved to govern the Prince to whom she was affianced, in an ill assorted union, with a gentle but firm hand. Independently of her powerful understanding, her personal advantages tended to ensure this object. She was, at the time of her marriage, extremely handsome; and, even after the ravages of the small-pox, which occurred shortly afterwards, retained a countenance replete with animation, exhibiting, at will, either mildness or majesty; 'and her penetrating eyes,' observes one who had often gazed upon her,* 'expressed whatever she had a mind they should.' Her voice was melodious, her hands were beautifully formed, and her actions were graceful.

* Horace Walpole.

Digitized by Google

"These charms were continually acknowledged, and extolled, by the gross and illiterate monarch, who could admire the beauty of her form, and delight in her personal advantages, but who was wholly incapable of appreciating her love of letters, which he discouraged, or her generosity, which he opposed, while forcing her to bear the odium of his avarice.

"The extreme devotion of the Queen to her consort has been by some ascribed to ambition,—to the love of ascendancy; others, more amiable, have ventured to couple it with affection. If we may give entire credit to the religious sentiments of Caroline, we may set it down as the effect of a strong sense of duty; and, indeed, it is scarcely possible that any less cogent motive could have actuated a woman, during the course of an union of thirty years, to an incessant sacrifice of self-will, to the most differential respect, the most entire acquiescence, than a conviction that such sacrifices were required by her nuptial bonds. 'Her children,' she declared, 'were not as a grain of sand to her, compared with him;' and she marked these extreme notions of duty on her death-bed."

The opera in those days, as at the present time, seems to have engaged the attention of royalty. Then, as now, the cabals of the musical world were apt to move the whole orb of fashion.

"The following letter," says Mrs. Thompson, "contains a curious illustration of the times, in its reference to the commotion which occurred at the Italian Opera, when the Princess Amelia happened to be present. The object of public disapprobation was Signora Cuzzoni; but that favourite singer having a powerful body of friends in the house, a struggle took place between the two parties, which caused the greater part of the performance to be in 'inexplicable dumb show.' This letter affords a curious instance of the participation of the most illustrious personages of the realm in the cabals of the Italian Opera, which had not then been introduced more than half a century into England.

COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE TO MRS. CLAYTON.

"Dear Madam,

"I hope you will forgive the trouble I am going to give you, having always found you on every occasion most obliging. What I have to desire is, that if you find a convenient opportunity, I wish you would be so good as to tell her Royal Highness, that every one who wishes well to Cuzzoni is in the utmost concern for what happened last Tuesday at the Opera, in the Princess Amelia's presence; but to show their innocence of the disrespect which was shown to her Highness, I beg you will do them the justice to say, that the Cuzzoni had been publicly told, to complete her disgrace, she was to be hissed off the stage on Tuesday; she was in such concern at this, that she had a great mind not to sing, but I, without knowing anything that the Princess Amelia would honour the Opera with her presence, positively ordered her not to quit the stage, but let them do what they would: though not heard, to sing on, and not to go off till it was proper; and she owns now that if she had not had that order she would have quitted the stage when they cat-called her to such a degree in one song, that she was not heard one note, which provoked the people that like her so much, that they were not able to get the better of their resentment, but would not suffer the Faustina to speak afterwards. I hope her Royal Highness would not disapprove of any one preventing the Cuzzoni's being hissed off the stage; but I am in great concern they did not suffer anything to have happened to her, rather than to have failed in the high respect every one ought to pay to a Princess of her Royal Highness's family; but as they were not the aggressors, I hope that may in some measure excuse them.

"Another thing I beg you would say is, that I, having happened to say that the Directors would have a message from the King, and that her Royal Highness had told me that his Majesty had said to her, that if they dismissed Cuzzoni they should not have the honour of his presence, or what he was pleased to allow them some of the Directors have thought fit to say that they neither should have a

Digitized by Google

message from the King, and that he did not say what her Royal Highness did me the honour to tell me he did. I most humbly ask her Royal Highness's pardon for desiring the Duke of Rutland (who is one of the chief amongst them for Cuzzoni) to do himself the honour to speak of it to her Royal Highness, and hear what she would be so gracious to tell him. They have had also a message from the King, in a letter from Mr. Fabrice, which they have the insolence to dispute, except the Duke of Rutland, Lord Albemarle, and Sir Thomas Pendergrass. Lady Walsingham having desired me to let her know how this affair went, I have written to her this morning, and, at the Duke of Rutland's desire, have sent an account of what was done at the Board, for her to give his Majesty.

As I have interested myself for this poor woman, so I will not leave anything undone that may justify her; and if you will have the goodness to state this affair to her Royal Highness, whom I hope will still continue her most gracious protection to her, I shall be most extremely obliged to you, that am,

Dear Madam,
With the most sincere friendship,
Your most affectionate
humble servant,
M. Pembroke.

These memoirs of Lady Sundon contain indeed a perfect fund of historical amusement.

Digitized by Google

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

Births.

Adams, Mrs. wife of the Rev. Herbert Geo. Adams, of a dau. 29th May.
Alexander, Mrs. Robert, of a dau. at Carlton House Terrace, 11th June.
Allen, Mrs. wife of George Baugh Allen, Esq. of a son, 9th June.
Anderson, Mrs. Major, of a son, at Clifton, 27th May.
Arkwright, Mrs. wife of Alfred Arkwright, Esq. of a dau. at Worksworth, co. Derby, 6th June.
Bacon, Mrs. wife of the Rev. John Bacon, of a son, at Lambourne, Woodlands, Berks, 31st May.
Baggallay, Mrs. John, of a son, at Tavistock Square, 11th June.
Baillie, Hon. Mrs. Henry, of a dau. 1st June.
Barlow, Mrs. W. H. of a son, at Derby, 29th May.
Barton, Mrs. Daniel, of a son, at Edinburgh, 29th May.
Bell, Mrs. Sydney Smith, of a son, at Regent's Park Terrace, 28th May.
Bennett, Mrs. Wm. Sterndale, of a son, 11th June.
Benthall, Mrs. John, of a dau. at Furzwell House, Torquay, 26th May.
Berkeley, Mrs. Comyns Rowland, of a son, 30th May.
Bevir, Mrs. E. J., of a son, at Woburn Square, 2nd June.
Biggs, Mrs. wife of John Biggs, Esq. H. M. 8th Regt. of a dau. at Poona, 21st April.
Braithwaite, Mrs. Robt. of a dau. at Kendal, 6th June.
Bright, Mrs. wife of James Bright, Esq. M. D. of a dau. 27th May.
Browell, Mrs. wife of the Rev. James Browell, M. A. of a dau. 16th June.
Brown, Mrs. wife of R. Brown, Esq. M.D. of a dau. at Kevernalls, near Lymington, 28th May.
Bryant, Mrs. George, at Park-street, Islington, of a son, 1st June.
Buckle, Mrs. widow of Capt. Edmund Buckle, Bengal Art. of a son, 3rd June.
Calland, Mrs. John Forbes, of a dau. at Paris, 28th May.
Charteris, Lady Anne, of a son, 2nd June.
Charters, Mrs. Major, of a dau. at Padua, 18th May.
Clarke, Mrs. W. Gray, of a dau. at Tours, 10th June.
Cliff, Mrs. William, of a dau. at Brompton, 16th June.
Cosser, Mrs. wife of the Rev. W. M. Cosser, of a son, at Tichfield, 30th May.
Crosse, Mrs. Edward Wilson, of a dau. at Torrington Square, 2nd June.
Crosthwaite, Mrs. wife of the Rev. J. C. Crosthwaite, of a dau. 3rd June.
De la Motte, Mrs. wife of Edward De la Motte, of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, of a dau. 31st May.
Douglas, Mrs. wife of the Rev. Alexander Douglas, of a son, at Harley-street, 12th June.
Downe, the Viscountess, of a son, 15th June.
Drew, Mrs. wife of the Rev. G. S. Drew, Incumbent of old St. Pancras, of a son, 13th June.
Du Buisson, Mrs. James, of Wandsworth, of a dau. 1st June.
Ellis, Mrs. wife of the Rev. Robt. Stephenson Ellis, M. A. of a dau. at Copenhagan, 30th May.
Eadale, Mrs. Clement, of a dau. 29th May.
Farmer, Mrs. W. F. G. of a son, at Nonsuch Park, Surrey, 26th May.
Fennell, Mrs. Edwin, of a dau. at Wimbledon, 25th May.
Frost, Mrs. wife of Andrew Hollingworth Frost, Esq. M. A. of a son, 8th June.
Giberne, Mrs. George, of a dau. at Epsom, 7th June.
Gipps, Mrs. H. P. of a son, at Montague Place, 4th June.
Goddard, Mrs. George H. of a dau. at John-street, 4th June.
Godden, Mrs. of Watford, Herts, of a dau. 21st May.
Godley, Mrs. John Robert, of a son, at Portmar Square, 17th June.
Graham, Mrs. Wm. of a dau. at Castle Milk, co. Lanark, 6th June.
Granet, Mrs. Captain, of a son, 26th May.
Gruner, Mrs. Lewis, of a dau. at Fitzroy Square, 31st May.
Heathcote, Mrs. Francis, of a dau. 29th May.
Herring, Mrs. wife of the Rev. W. Harvey Herring, of a son, 5th June.
Inchbald, Mrs. Robert, of a dau. at West Wickham, Kent, 12th June.
Jackson, Mrs. J. D. of a son, at Saffron Waldron, 5th June.
Jackson, Mrs. wife of the Rev. John Jackson, Rector of St. James', of a dau. 29th May.
Kerry, Countess of, of a dau. 27th May.
Kinglake, Mrs. Sarjeant, of a dau. at Eaton Square, 15th June.
Kinlock, Mrs. wife of J. J. Kinlock, of Kair, of a dau. 3rd June.
Laurie, Mrs. John, of a son. at Hyde Park-place, 31st May.
Lyttleton, Lady, of a son, 12th June.
Mac Leod, wife of Capt. Norman Mac Leod, Bengal Engineers, of a dau. at South Crescent, Bedford-square.
Majoribanks, Mrs. Edward, jun. of a son, 13th June.
Marston, Mrs. Thomas, of a son, at Ampthill Square, 2nd June.
Martin, Mrs. Wm. of Hyde Park Square, of a son, 29th May.
Masterman, Mrs. Henry, of a son, 26th May.
Oakes, Mrs. Col. R. M. of a son, at Dineham Lodge, Norfolk, 6th June.
Oliver, Mrs. wife of J. R Oliver, Esq. M.D. of a son, at Kennington, 10th June.
Peake, Mrs. Robert William, of Lleweny House, New Finchley Road, of a dau. 28th May.
Pelly, Mrs. Albert, of a son, at Walthamstow, 29th May.
Phillips, Mrs. Robert, of a dau. at Gloucester Villa, Regent's Park, 10th June.
Place, Mrs. F. W. of a dau. at Delhi, East Indies, 19th April.

Digitized by Google

Rawlinson, Mrs. wife of the Rev. George Rawlinson, of a dau. at Merton, 7th June.
Rind, Mrs. wife of Malcolm M'Neill Rind, Esq. Ben. Med. Est. of a son, at Lucknow, 28th March.
Rivers, Lady, of a dau. 24th May.
Robertson, Mrs. of a son, at Albermarle-street, 28th May.
Rowland, Mrs. wife of Capt. J. H. Rowland, J. N, of a dau. 2nd June.
Royle, Mrs. wife of Dr. Royle, Professor King's College, of a son, 8th June.
Salmond, Mrs. James, of a son, at Waterfoot, Cumberland, 16th June.
Saunders, Mrs. John, of a son, at Southend, 2nd une.
Sharpe, Mrs. John, of a dau. at Waltham Cross, 10th June.
Sheppard, Mrs. wife of the Rev. Wm. Sheppard, of a dau. at Florena Court, co. Fermanagh 28th May.
Skinner, Mrs. wife of Allan Maclain Skinner, Esq. Barister-at-Law, of a dau. at Brighton, 7th June.
Soares, Mrs. M. J. of a dau. at Fitzroy-Squre, 3rd June.
Spicer. Mrs. John W. Gooch, of a dau. at Cothmore, 26th May.
Stillwell, Mrs. Arthur, of a son, at Hillingdon, 6th June.
Sutherland, Mrs. Alexander John, of a son, 5th June.
Swindell, Mrs. J. G. of a dau. at Kilburn Priory, 4th June.
Taylor. Mrs. James, of Mechlenburgh Square, of a son, 10th June.
Taylor, Mrs. Wilbraham, of a son, 27th May.
Teake, Mrs. Robt. William, of Llewy House, New Finchley Road, of a dau. 28th May.
Tickell, Mrs. Major-Gen. of a dau. 24th May.
Titcomb, Mrs. wife of the Rev. J. T. Titcomb, of a dau. at Cambridge, 10th June.
Todd, Mrs. Joseph, of a dau. at Mousley Park, Surrey, 2nd June.
Tuffnell, Mrs. E. Carleton, of a son, 13th June.
Turner, Mrs. wife of the Rev. Sydney Turner, of a dau. 1st June.
Turner, Mrs. Marshall, of a son, at Torrington Sq. 29th May.
Tyndall, Mrs. T. O. of a dau. at the Fort, Bristol, 13th June.
Unwin, Mrs. wife of W. Unwin, Esq. of a son, at Putney, 6th June.
Vardy, Mrs. wife of the Rev. Charles Fox Vardy, M. A. of a dau. 6th June.
West, Mrs. William Thornton, of a dau. at Clapham Park, 27th May.
Willoughby, Mrs. Charles, of a son, at Wollaton Rectory, 12th June.
Winkworth, Mrs. Stephen, of a dau. at Purbrook Lodge, Hants, 25th May.
Winter, Mrs. wife of Charles Winter, Esq. late Capt. 66th Regiment, of a dau. 15th June.
Wood, Lady Mary, of a dau. 27th May.
Woodhouse, Mrs. Henry R. of a son, 16th June.

Marriages.

Aspinall, Henry Kelsall, youngest son of the late John Aspinall, Esq., of Birkenhead, to Margaret, only daughter of John Haselden, Esq., of Rock Ferry, 8th June.
Athill, the Rev. William, of Brandistone-hall, county of Norfolk, and Sub-Dean of the Collegiate Church of Middleham, in Yorkshire, to Caroline Amelia Halsted, only daughter of the late Captain John Halsted, R.N., 8th June.
Baird, Charles J. Esq., late of Shotts, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of John Haliday, Esq., of St. Petersburgh, 11th May.
Banks, William, Esq., of London, to Miss Margaret Banks, of Snelston, 15th June.
Blackeney, John, Esq., of Bedford-row, to Sarah, eldest daughter of Henry Lamb, Esq. of Hawley, Kent, 10th June.
Blackburn, Robert B., Esq., son of the late John Blackburn, Esq., of Killearn, in the county of Stirling, to Francis Georgina, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Edward Dewing, rector of Rainham, in Norfolk, 10th June.
Bladon, Edward, Esq., of Warwick-square, Kensington, to Louisa, eldest daughter of Charles Whiting, Esq., of Grove-road, Brixton, 10th June.
Bliss, Frederick, Esq., of Pensile-house, Gloucestershire, youngest son of the late Thomas Bliss, Esq., of Herne-hill, Surrey, to Caroline, third daughter of the late Samuel Charles Turner, Esq., of Child Okeford, in the county of Dorset, 10th June.
Bloxam, Robert William, Esq., of Ryde, to Henrietta Louisa, only child of the late Henry Lock, Esq., of the Hon. E.I.C.S., and granddaughter of the late Vice-Admiral Lock, of Haylands, Isle of Wight, 10th June.
Bonnor, the Rev. R. M., vicar of Ruabon, Denbighshire, to Ellen, daughter of the late John Wood, Esq., of Worthing, 8th June.
Bovrenson, Thomas Adolphus, Esq., M.D., of the Hon. Company's Bombay Army, to Augusta Marianne, only daughter of the late Francis Swinfen, Esq., of Lapley, Stafford, 5th June.
Bright, John, Esq., of Rochdale, M.P., to Margaret Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late William Leatham, Esq., banker, Wakefield, 10th June.
Broughton, Robert John Porcher, Esq., M.A., eldest son of Robert Edwards Broughton, Esq., of Melcombe-place, to Louisa Diana, eldest daughter of Charles Heaton Ellis, Esq., of Harley-street and Wyddial-hall, Herts, 3rd June.
Browne, Henry J., Esq., of Wilmington square, London, surgeon, (late of Hampton, in the county of Worcester), to Elizabeth, younger daughter of the late James Coucher, Esq., of Alfrick, in the same county, 25th May.
Burgess, Arthur James, eldest son of John Hartley Burgess, Esq., of St. Heliers, Jersey, to Jane, youngest daughter of the late John Slade, Esq., of Devizes, Wilts, 5th June.
Burrell, Walter Wyndham, youngest son of Sir Charles Merrick Burrell, of Knepp Castle, in the county of Sussex, to Dorothea, youngest dau. of the Rev. John Jones, vicar of Burley-on-the-Hill, Rutlandshire, 10th June.
Carrow, John Monson, Esq., eldest son of the late Rev. Richard Carrow, of Redland, Glocestershire, to Frances Gertrude, daughter of Edmund Broderip, Esq., of the Manor-house, Cossington, 26th May.
Caulfeild, W. Montgomerie S., Esq., Lieut. of the 66th Regiment, son of Capt. James Caulfeild, R.N., to Dora Jane, daughter of Wm. French, of Clooniquine, county of Roscommon, and of Fitzwilliam-square, Dublin, Esq., 8th June.

Digitized by Google

Chambers, Joseph, Esq., of the Bengal Army, to Maria, eldest daughter of the Rev. Sir John Page Wood, Bart., 10th June.

Clifford, Charles, Esq., eldest son of George Clifford, Esq., of Wycliffe-hall, Yorkshire, to Mary Ann, third daughter of John Hercy, Esq., of Hawthorn hill, Berkshire, 13th Jan.

Cochrane, James, Esq., of her Majesty's 19th Regiment, to Mary, daughter of Thomas Gibson Brewer, Esq., of Elm-lodge, Pinner, Middlesex, and Portland-place, Jersey, barrister-at-law, 10th June.

Collette, Henry, Esq., Capt. 67th Regiment, eldest son of the Major General J. H. Collette, to Katherine, youngest daughter of the late Thos. Sharp, Esq., Manchester, 25th May.

Colman, George A. Esq., youngest son of the late W. Colman, Esq., of Shirley, to Frederica Eleanor Lang, second surviving daughter of Dr. Lang, of Bedford-square, and Newman-street, 9th June.

Cooke, the Rev. Wm., B.A., fourth son of Thos. Cooke, Esq., of Goresfield, near Manchester, to Fanny, second daughter of the late Rev. G. J. Haggitt, of Bury St. Edmund's, 27th May.

Cope, Charles Rogers, Esq., of Harbourne, Staffordshire, to Sarah Ann, eldest daughter of the late Edward Rickards, Esq., 16th June.

Cousin, the Rev. Wm., of the Presbyterian Church, Chelsea, to Anne Ross, daughter of the late David Ross Cundell, Esq., M.D., 15th June.

Crosley, Benjamin Charles, only son of he late Benjamin Ashward Crosley, Esq., of Great James-street, Bedford-row, to Mary Ann, third daughter of John Mountfield, Esq., of Great Coram-street, Russell-square, 15th June.

Curry, Capt. Douglas, R.N., son of Vice-Admiral Curry, C.B., to Elizabeth, second daughter of Edward Castleman, Esq., of Allandale-house, Wimborne, and of Chettle, Dorset, 10th June.

Daly, Owen, Esq., M.D. and B.A., second son of the late E. Daly, Esq., of Mornington-hall, Westmeath, Ireland, to Emma Maria, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Oldham, Esq., of Saltfleethy St. Peter's.

Dundas, Frederick, Esq., M.P., son of the late Hon. Charles Lawrence and Lady Caroline Dundas, to Grace, eldest daughter of Lady Grace and the late Sir Ralph Gore, Bart., 2nd June.

Eaton, the Rev. Walter, M.A., of Merton College, Oxford, to Isabella, youngest daughter of G. F. Iddins, Esq., of the Woodrow, Worcestershire, 14th June.

Edwards, James, Esq., M.D., to Eliza Ellen, dau. of the late Jonathan Smith, Esq., 8th June.

Everett, Marven, youngest son of the late Wm. Marven Everett, Esq., Heytesbury, Wiltshire, to Maria, eldest daughter of Mill Pellatt, Esq., Plaistow, Essex, 15th June.

Fox, the Rev. R. Stote, youngest son of George Townsend Fox, Esq., of Durham, to Mrs. Robt. Day, eldest daughter of the late Rev. W. Bassett, of Nether-hall, in the county of Suffolk, 9th June.

Frere, A. E., Esq., Lieut. in her Majesty's 24th Regiment, to Miss Elizabeth Palmer, daughter of Quartermaster James Price, of the same regiment, 11th Jan.

Frost, Chas. Maynard, Esq., of Ladbroke Grove, Notting Hill, third son of the late Robt. Frost, Esq., of the Hon. E.I.C.S., to Emma, youngest daughter of the late James Adams, Esq., of Plaistow, Essex, 10th June.

Gale, Robert Leake, Esq., eldest son of Thomas Augustus Gale, Esq., of Queen-square, Bloomsbury, London, to Mary Ellen, eldest daughter of Wm. Radcliff, Esq., of Amherst Island, 19th May.

Gayton, George, Esq., of Much Hadham, Herts, to Sarah Anne, eldest surviving daughter of Thos. Samuel Mott, Esq., of the same place, May 29th.

Gilstrap, Wm., eldest son of Joseph Gilstrap, Esq., of Newark-on-Trent, Notts, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Thomas Haigh, Esq., of Colne Bridge-house, Huddersfield, 2nd June.

Grisewald, Baron A., Aide-de-Camp to his Royal Highness the reigning Duke of Brunswick, to Annie Fector Munro, daughter of the late General Munro, Novar lodge, Cheltenham, 1st June.

Granville, the Rev. Court, to Lady Charlotte Murray, sister of the Duke of Atholl, 10th June.

Grover, Charles Ehret, Esq., of Hemel Hampstead, Herts, to Jane, youngest daughter of the late Wm. Stanley, Esq., of Maryland point, Essex, 1st June.

Hallett, Henry Hughes, Esq., of Staple-Inn, to Bridget Ann, second daughter of Charles Wm. Hallett, Esq., of Surbiton-lodge, Kingston, 13th June.

Harris, John Hull Walton, Esq., to Ann, relict of the late Thomas Martin Cocksedge, Esq., of the The Hills, Bury St. Edmund's, 12th June.

Henry, Wm. G. P., Esq., second son of Thomas Henry, Esq., of Bush-hill, Middlesex, to Alice, second daughter of the late John Home Scott, Esq., 8th June.

Hicks, Wm. John, Esq., son of the late Lieut.-Col. John Hicks, Esq., to Katherine Forbes, eldest daughter of the late Major-General Hogg, Bombay Army, 10th June.

Hilton, the Rev. Henry Dennie, B.A., curate of St. Margarett's, and son of the Rev. John Hilton, M.A., of Star Court, Kent, to Anne Jane, elder daughter of the Rev. Jemson Davies, M.A., vicar of St. Nicholas, and confrater of Wigston's Hospital, Leicester, 3rd June.

Hutchings, Hubert, Esq., to Geraldine Laura, third daughter of Lady Elizabeth Baker, and sister of Sir Edward B. Baker, Bart., of Ranston, Dorset, 10th June.

Inne, Captain G., Royal Artillery, to Frances Caroline, widow of the late Hamilton Gyll, Esq., and daughter of Sir John Murray, of Stanhope, Bart., 3rd June.

Jarrett, Mr. Griffith, fourth son of J. Jarrett, Esq., Glasfryn-house, Trawsfynydd, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late T. Rowlands, Llwyngwern, Machynlleth, 26th May.

Kelgour, Wm., Esq., of Liverpool, son of the late Geo. Kilgour, Esq., of Woburn-place, London, and Balcairn, Aberdeenshire, to Janet Lindsay, dau. of the late Patrick Smith, Esq., of Glasgow, 16th June.

Kirk, Rupert, Esq., of the E.I.C.S., to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Robert Womersley, Esq., of Stratford-green, Essex, 1st June.

Landor, the Rev. Chas. W., vicar of Wichenford, Worcestershire, to Caroline, youngest daughter of Wm. Stanton, Esq., of Longbridge-house, Warwickshire, 8th June.

Lane, Edward W., Esq., advocate, to Margaret Mary, youngest daughter of the late Sir Wm. Drysdale, of Pitteuchar.

Layard, Rev. C. Clement, vicar of Mayfield, Staffordshire, son of the Rev. B. V. Layard, of Uffington, Lincolnshire, to Sarah, eldest dau. of the late S. J. Somes, Esq., of Stratford-green, Essex, 3rd June.

Loudon, Rev. William Penry, of Monmouth, to Eliza, eldest daughter of the Rev. E. Withers, of Bognor, Sussex, 9th June.

Madden, Lewis P., Esq. M.D., son of the late Lewis P. Madden, Esq. of Clifton, to Ellen, relict of Captain Sir Edward Astley, R.N., of Hayselden, Kent, 14th June.

Maxwell, Lieut.-Colonel Sir William A., Bart., of Calderwood Castle, Lanarkshire, to Catherine Cameron, relict of the late Captain H. P. Gill, of the 50th or Queen's Own, and fifth daughter of the late Walter Logan, Esq., Edinburgh, 15th June.

Meeson, John, Esq., third son of Thomas Meeson, Esq. of Stratford, co. Essex, to Anne Maria, fourth daughter of William Sewell, Esq. of Plaistow, in the same county, 1st June.

Monypenny, R.T.G. Gybbon, Esq., eldest son of T. Gybbon Monypenny, Esq. of Hole-house, Kent,

Digitized by Google

to Janet Phillips, eldest daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Burney, B.N.I., 2nd June.

Morgan, Henry C. Esq., Lieut. in the King's Dragoon Guards, to Selina Louisa, third daughter of Sir East Clayton-East, of Hall-place, Berks, Bart.

Nicolson, Sir Fred. W. E., Bart., Captain R.N., to Mary Clementina Marion, only daughter of James Loch, Esq., M.P., 26th May.

Nind, Philip Pitt, Esq., son of the late Capt. P. P. Nind, Hon. East India Company's Service, to Charlotte Johnston, third surviving daughter of the late Major John Maugham, R.M., 9th June.

Oakeley, Henry, Lieut. R.N., fifth son of the late Rev. Herbert Oakeley, D.D., of Oakeley, Salop, to Emily Letitia, third daughter of the late Col. Trelawney, R.A., and niece of Sir William Salusbury Trelawney, Bart., 1st June.

Palmer, William James, only son of James Palmer, Esq. of the Close, Lichfield, to Mary Spencer, daughter of Robert Onebye Walker, Esq. of Bedford-square, 9th June.

Park, Chas. Joseph, eldest son of Charles Park, Esq. of Henbury-house, Dorset, to Ellen Mary, second dau. of the Rev. Charles Wicksted Ethelston, of Wicksted-hall, Cheshire, and Uplyme Rectory, Devon, 10th June.

Patient Ambrose, eldest son of Ambrose Patient, Esq. of Corton, Wilts, to Henrietta Sophia, youngest daughter of the late William Wyndham, Esq. of Dinton-house, Wilts, 5th June.

Rawlinson, Sir Christopher, eldest surviving son of John Rawlinson, Esq. of Wimpole-street, to Georgiana Maria, youngest daughter of the late Alexander Radcliffe Sidebottom, Esq. of Sloane-street and Lincoln's-inn, 27th June.

Rees, William, Esq. of Falcon Villa, Chelmsford, to Emma Jane, daughter of John Carne, Esq. of Tresillion, Truro, 3rd June.

Renny, Capt. Thomas, of the Bengal Engineers, eldest son of Alexander Renny Tailyour, Esq. of Borrowfield, co. Forfar, to Miss Isabella E. C. Atkinson, second daughter of the late Adam Atkinson, Esq. of Lorbottle, co. Northumberland, 9th June.

Richmond, Daniel, Esq., surgeon, of Paisley, to Henrietta Fullerton M'Kinnon, daughter of Col. A. F. Richmond, C.B., Resident at the Court of Oude, Lucknow, East Indies, 2nd June.

Riddell, John Carre, Esq. of Melbourne, Port Philip, one of the magistrates for the colony, third son of the late Thomas Riddell, Esq. of Camiestown, Roxburgh, to Anne, eldest dau. of Sidney Stephen, Esq. Barrister at Law, Melbourne, 22nd Oct. 1846.

Roharts, Rev. Alfred, only son of W. Roharts, Esq. of Burnham, Bucks, to Eliza, Glover Moore, youngest dau. of the late Rev. John Penketh Buee, Incumbent of Cawthorne, Yorkshire, 2nd June.

Robinson, Charles Edward, Esq., to Mary, daughter of the late Robert Brown Russel, Esq. of Streatham, Surrey, 3d June.

Rye, Hubert Barnes, only son of Captain George Hubert Rye, R.N., of Bideford, Devon, to Eliza, third daughter of Mr. George Daniel, of Canonbury, 25th May.

Santi, Chevalier Charles to Caroline Davie, second daughter of Sir H. Ferguson Davie, Bart., 31st May.

Scott, John, Esq., to Isabella, third daughter of the late Robert Carnachan, Esq. of Stranraer, Galloway, 5th May.

Shoobridge, T. B., Esq., Craythorne House, Tenderden, to Mrs. Ball, widow of James Hine Ball, Esq., late of the India-house, and of Herne-hill, Surrey, 12th June.

Skrine, Rev. Wadham Huntley, second son of Henry Skrine, Esq. of Stubbings-house, co. Berks, and Warleigh, co. Somerset, to Clara Mary Anne, eldest daughter of William Mills, Esq. of Great Saxham-hall, Suffolk, 27th May.

Smith, John Esq. of Bydorp-house, Hanwell, to Emily, only surviving daughter of the late Jasper Palfrey, Esq. of Finham, Warwickshire, 15th June.

Springett, Robert, Esq. of Fincheox, Goudhurst, Kent, to Louisa, daughter of Robert Watkins, Esq. of Augusta house, Worthing, 27th June.

Stevens, Henry R., to Florance Matilda, eldest daughter of the late Charles Shannon, Esq. of Dublin, Barrister-at-law, 10th June.

Sutton, Thomas Esq., B.A., of Caius College, Cambridge, to Mary, third daughter of the late John Grace, Esq. of Whitby, near Chester, 8th June.

Thomas, Rev. William, D.D., late senior chaplain at Madras, to Mrs. Williams, widow of the Rev. Richard Williams, prebendary of Lincoln, and rector of Great Houghton, Northamptonshire, 3d June.

Thompson, Thomas Kirkby, Esq. of Mecklenburgh-square, to Harriett Alice, only daughter of the late J. Turner, Esq. of Ham-house, near Cowbridge, Glamorganshire, 5th June.

Thrupp, Rev. Horace W., B.A., of Exeter College, Oxford, to Georgina Theresa, second daughter of Mr. Pyle, of Barnes terrace, 12th June.

Thuillier, Henry Landor, Esq. of the Bengal Artillery, Officiating Deputy Surveyor-General of India, to Annie Charlotte, eldest dau. of George Gordon Macpherson, Esq., 8th April.

Tilt, Edward John, Esq., M.D., of 10, Norfolk-street, Park lane, to Dorothy Emma, daughter of the late J. G. Sparrow, Esq of Gosfield-place, Essex, 27th April.

Uniacke, Rev. Richard John, B.A., of St. Alban's Hall, Oxford, rector of Newport, to Ann Jane, youngest daughter of the Venerable Robt. Willis, D.D., Archdeacon of Nova Scotia, 1st June.

Wagstaff, J., Esq., of Lullington, near Burton-on Trent, to Fanny, fourth daughter of John Mee, Esq. East Retford, 3rd June.

Walker, Henry, son of Henry Walker, Esq. of Hampton-wick, to Sarah Ann, daughter of James Payne, Esq., High-street, Marylebone, 27th June.

Wells, Capt. Francis Charles, of the 15th Bombay Native Infantry, to Barbara Emilia Susanna, daughter of Robert Thurnburn, Esq. of Alexandria, 11th May.

Wickenden, Thomas, eldest son of Thomas Wickenden, Esq. of Frindsbury, Kent, to Maria, youngest daughter of Charles Harries, Esq. of Fenchurch-street and Guildford-street, Russel-sq. 5th June.

Wilson, G. V., Esq., of White-house, Killybegs, co. Donegal, Ireland, to Sophia, youngest dau. of S. Sheldon, Esq., 10th June.

Wilson, Rev. Benjamin, to Fanny Sherard, second daughter of the late Caryer Sherard, Esq. 15th June.

Woolley, Thomas, third son of William Willey, Esq. of Peckham, to Sarah, second daughter of the late Thomas Kingsley, Esq. of the Grove, Camberwell, 3rd June.

Wyllie, Stewart Eaton, youngest son of the late Alexander Wyllie, Esq. of Thames Ditton, Surrey, to Jemima, eldest daughter of Samuel Kidd, Esq. of Boulogne-sur-Mer.

Zwinger, James, Esq. of Havre, to Leonora, youngest daughter of A. A. Mievelle, Esq., of Gower-street, Bedford-square, 8th June.

Digitized by Google

Annotated Obituary.

Abdy, Charlotte Georgina, wife of Lieut. Colonel Abdy, late of the East India Company's service, on their Madras establishment, at Boulogne sur Mer, 2nd June.

Ashby, Harry, Esq. at Plymouth, aged 69, 13th June.

Barstow, James Maltravers, only child of James Barstow, Esq. Barrister at Law, aged 11, 12th June.

Bates, Charles Chester, youngest son of the late John Henry Bates, Esq. of Denton, aged 32, 1st June.

Bayne, William, Esq. J.P. and D.L. for Middlesex, at Newgrove, aged 86, 11th June.

Baynes, Captain Thomas, formerly of the 39th and 88th Regiments, at Brussels, 27th May. This veteran served in the Peninsular campaign, and was present at Waterloo, where he acted as Aide-de-Camp to General Sir John Lambert, G.C.B.

Beatson, Catherine B. C. C., second daughter of the late Major-General Beatson, of Henley house, Frant, and formerly Governor of St. Helena, at Edinburgh, 6th June.

Beckett, the Rt. Hon. Sir John, Bart. aged 73, 31st May. Sir John was the eldest son of Sir John Beckett, Bart. of Somerby Park, co. Lincoln, and grandson, maternally, of Dr. Wilson, Bishop of Bristol. He received his education at Trinity College, Cambridge, and there greatly distinguished himself, taking a wrangler's degree in 1795. His first return to Parliament was by the Borough of Cockermouth, in 1820. He subsequently sat for Haslemere, and, finally, represented the populous town of Leeds. In the Duke of Wellington's administration he held the appointments of Judge-Marshal and Advocate-General; and during Sir Robert Peel's short-lived Ministry of 1834 resumed those offices. Politically, he adhered with firmness to Tory principles, and voted against the Reform Bill, the Municipal Corporation Bill, and the Irish Tithe Measure. He had been a Privy Councillor since 1817. Sir John Beckett married in that year Lady Anne Lowther, daughter of William, Earl of Lonsdale, K.G. but has died without issue; the title devolving on his brother, now Sir Thomas Beckett, Bart. the eminent banker of Leeds.

Bellamy, Fanny Maria, youngest daughter of the Rev. J. W. Bellamy, at Sellinge Vicarage, 13th June.

Bird, Lewis, only son of the late Rev. Lewis Bird, at Pennington Parsonage, aged 4, 30th May.

Brackenbury, Sarah, relict of the late Robert Carr Brackenbury, Esq. of Raithby hall, co. Lincoln, at Loughborough, 12th June.

Buckle, Emma, eldest surviving daughte of the late Matthew Buckle, Esq. of Norton house, Chichester, 7th June.

Burrard, Philip James, Esq. Student, Clare Hall, Cambridge, aged 21, 11th June.

Bush, Thomas, Esq. of Melbury terrace, aged 65, 11th June.

Calmann, Dr. Ludwig, at Hammersmith, aged 41, 6th June.

Campbell, Lieutenant-General Sir Colin, K.C.B. Colonel of the 72nd Highlanders, and late Governor of Ceylon, after an illness of only three days, in King street, St. James's, 13th June. This distinguished officer was fifth son of John Campbell, Esq. of Melfort, in Argyllshire, and brother of the late Admiral Sir Patrick Campbell. He was born in 1777, and joined the army in 1799, when he almost immediately entered on the active duties of his profession. His gallantry in the Peninsula soon won for him the notice of his illustrious Commander, and his name and exploits occupy no inglorious space in the official despatches. For a considerable time he held the appointments of Assistant-Adjutant-General and Assistant-Quartermaster-General; and for his eminent services at Talavera, Busaço, Fuentes d'Onor, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, Nivelle, Nives and Toulouse, he received a Cross and Six Clasps. At the consummating victory of Waterloo, Colonel Campbell commanded the Royal Scots: and so conspicuous was his conduct on that memorable occasion, that the officers of the regiment testified their admiration by the presentation of a sword valued at seventy guineas, and the Sovereign conferred, in recompense, the insignia of the Bath. Sir Colin was also invested with the orders of Maria Theresa, St. George, the Tower and Sword, and Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria. Subsequently, after acting for several years as Lieutenant-Governor of Portsmouth, and holding the command

Digitized by Google

of the South-West District, he was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, and finally, in 1840, made Governor of Ceylon, in which island he remained until the recent appointment of Lord Torrington. In 1836 he became Colonel of the 72nd Highlanders, and in 1838 reached the rank of Lieut. General. At the period of his decease, Sir Colin Campbell had just completed his 70th year. He married Miss Harden, dau. of Henry Harden, Esq. but was left a widower in 1838, with three sons and three daughters: the former are Col. Fitzroy Camphell; Lieut. A. Campbell, Aide-de-Camp to Sir Charles Napier in India; and Capt. F. Campbell, R.N. Of the daughters, the eldest, Maria Louisa, married first to Hon. C. F. Norton, and second, to the Hon. Edmund Phipps.

Campbell, Dougal, Esq. M. D. half-pay Surgeon, Royal Artillery, at Boulogne sur Mer, where he had been practising as physician for upwards of 25 years, aged 67, 22nd May. He claimed the earldoms of Annandale and Hartfell, and his brother, the late Colonel William Claud Campbell, had claimed the earldoms of Crawford and Lindsay.

Capher, the Rev. George, Vicar of Wherstead, Suffolk, aged 30, 14th June.

Chalmers, the Rev. Thomas, D.D. This eminent divine was born in 1776, and towards the beginning of the present century he commenced his distinguished theological career as Minister in the parish of Kilmany, in Fifeshire. He remained there for twelve years, and was translated to the Tron Church of Glasgow in 1815. During this time he produced his work on Natural Theology, and his "Sketches of Moral and Mental Philosophy." His "Evidences of the Christian Revelation" were originally published in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," under the management of Dr. Brewster. In Glasgow his astronomical and commercial discourses, so sensible, so profound, and so Christian, proved of incalculable benefit to the moral and social improvement of his fellow citizens—aye, and to many thousands of his fellow men, both in and out of Scotland. His work on the civic and Christian economy of large towns is of inestimable value. In 1823 Dr. Chalmers accepted the Chair of Moral Philosophy in the New College of St. Andrew's, where he remained until 1828, when he received the appointment of Theological Professor in the University of Edinburgh. From the period of his settlement at St. Andrew's until his removal to Edinburgh, he published his works on "Endowments," and on "Political Economy," his "Bridgewater Treatise," and his "Lectures on the Romans." Altogether his published works form twenty-five volumes: their circulation has been very large. In 1843 the Doctor resigned his Professorship in the University, and became Principal of the New College. The death of Dr. Chalmers was very sudden. He was found on the morning of the 31st ult. dead in his bed, to which he had retired the previous night in apparent health. As the intellectual leader of the Free Church of Scotland, as an able writer and preacher, and as one of the best of good men, Dr. Chalmers leaves behind him an undying reputation. The spiritual and earthly welfare of all men was the mainspring of his thoughts and actions. His love and care extended to every class, but his heart was chiefly with the poor of his people. He devoted his great and comprehensive powers to their enfranchisement from sin and suffering. Under his influence, virtue and happiness have become the inmates of many, many cottage homes in Scotland.

Chandler, William Botsford, Esq barrister at law, eldest son of the Hon. E. B. Chandler, of Dorchester, in the province of New Brunswick, 11th June.

Chichester, Sir Arthur, Bart. of Greencastle. Accounts from Ireland announce the decease of this gentleman. He represented a branch of the noble house of Donegal, and resided at Greencastle, in the county of that name. He was only son of the Rev. William Chichester, by Mary Anne, his first wife, daughter of George Harvey, Esq. of Malin Hall, and obtained the patent of Baronetcy in 1821.

Clarance, Louisa, widow of the late C. Clarance, Esq. of Lodge hall, co. Essex, at No. 14, Billiter street, the residence of her son, aged 83, 5th June.

Colvin, James, Esq. of 71, Old Broad street, and of Little Bealings, co. Suffolk, at his house, 55, Manchester street, Manchester square, aged 80, 25th May.

Cooke, Mary Anne, wife of the Rev. Wm. Cooke, Vicar of Bromyard, 28th May.

Cotton, Louisa Decima, youngest daughter of the late Joseph Cotton, Esq. of Layton, Essex, 9th June.

Creed, Frances Gwynne, wife of Captain Henry Creed, Hon. Company's Artillery, and youngest dau. of Lieutenant General Sir David Ximenes, K.C.H. at Bombay, aged 21, 11th April.

Cutler, Clara Eliza, wife of Frank Cutler, Esq. Her Britannic Majesty's Vice Consul, at Le Bocage, near Bordeaux, 30th May.

Dagley, Mrs. Mary, at Connaught square, 3rd June.

Dalton, Charlotte Amelia, wife of Mr. Francis Dalton, surgeon, and third dau.

Digitized by Google

of the late John Bott, Esq. Secretary to the Privy Purse of his late Majesty William IV. aged 34, 25th June.

Debenham, John, Esq. Com. R.N. aged 76, 15th June.

De Brett, Mary Isabella, second surviving daughter of the late Capt. De Brett, of the Bengal Art. 8th June.

Diggens, Francis, Esq. late Banker at Chichester, at Upper George street, 26th May.

Ellerby, Mrs. Elizabeth, of Whitby, aged 92, 13th June.

Elton, Lieut. Col. late of the 1st Dragoon Guards, aged 63, 1st June.

Essington, William Webb, Esq. of the Firs, Great Malvern, aged 61, 13th June.

Eyston, Jane, widow of the late Basil Eyston, Esq. of East Hendred, Berks, at Overbury, Worcestershire, 7th June.

Farrant, Thomas, Esq. of Norsted house, Kent, and Great Hale, Lincolnshire, at his house, 17, Montague-street, Portman square, aged 74, 6th June.

Fawkes, Maria Sophia, relict of the late Walter Fawkes, Esq., of Farnley hall, Yorkshire, at Malvern, 4th June.

Fitzgerald, Sir William, Bart. of Carrygoran, co. Clare, at Dublin, 30th May. He was son of Edward Fitzgerald, Esq. of Carrygoran, M.P. for the county of Clare, to whom Col. Augustine Fitzgerald, of Silver Grove, left a considerable portion of his large property; and succeeded to the Baronetcy in 1834, at the decease of his brother, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Augustine Fitzgerald. Sir Wm. married, in 1805, Emilia Cumming, youngest daughter of William Veale, Esq. of Trevayler, in Cornwall, and niece of Sir Alexander Penrose Cumming Gordon, Bart. by whom he has left issue, three sons—the eldest Sir Edward Fitzgerald, the present Bart.; and one daughter Emilia Mary, wife of the Hon. James Butler, 5th son of Lord Donboyne.

Flockton, Thomasine Mary, only child of the late Thomas Flockton, Esq. of Twickenham, 13th June.

Fraser, Lieut.-Col. K.H. formerly of the 83rd Regiment of Infantry, and for 23 years Fort-Major of Jersey, at Hounslow, where he had gone for the benefit of his health, 12th June.

Frome, Harriet, widow of Wm. Castle Frome, late Lieut.-Col. 22nd Regiment, 29th May.

Galloway, Margaret Bridger Goodrich, wife of the Rev. James Galloway, at the Rectory, Spaxton, Somersetshire, in the 43rd year of her age, 8th June.

Girling, William, gentleman, of Yaxham, youngest son of the late William Girling, Esq. of Twyford lodge and East Dereham, and Catherine, his first wife, dau. of Christopher Andrews, Esq. of Weston Longueville, Norfolk, at Mattishall hall, in his 83rd year, 29th April.

Graham, Mrs. Penelope, at Belgrave house, Turnham Green, 22nd May.

Gyll, Grace, youngest dau. of Wm. Gyll, Esq. of Wraysbury, co. Bucks, aged 84, 1st June.

Hagerman, the Hon. Christopher Alexander, one of the Judges of her Majesty's Court of Queen's Bench, Upper Canada, at Toronto, in the aged 56, 14th May.

Harriott, the Rev. Wm., Vicar of Odiham, Hants, aged 57, 11th June.

Herbert, the Hon. and very Rev. William, L.L.D., Dean of Manchester, died on the 28th May, at his residence in Hereford-street, Park lane. He has been somewhat of an invalid during the last two years, but his decease occurred unexpectedly. On the morning of the day he died, he appeared better than usual, and went out; but about a quarter of an hour after his return home, he suddenly fell back in the chair and expired. Dr. Herbert was born in 1778, the third son of Henry first Earl of Carnarvon, by Eliza Alicia Maria, his wife, daughter of Charles Earl of Egremont. Thus, paternally and maternally, he derived descent from two of our most eminent families—the Herberts and the Wyndhams. By Letitia Dorothea, his wife, daughter of Joshua fifth Viscount Allen, he leaves two sons and two daughters.

Hewrett, Emily Jane, second dau. of Henry William Hewrett, Esq. at Chatham, 9th June.

Hodges, George, Esq. late of Felton, Salop, aged 84, 3rd June.

Hously, Samuel, Esq. of Gloucester terrace, Regents Park, 9th June.

Hurst, Thomas, Esq. formerly of the firm of Longman and Co., aged 73, 2nd June.

Hutton, Richard, Esq. Barrister at Law, at Newcastle on Tyne, 11th June.

Innes, John William, Esq. of the Admiralty, aged 68, 23rd May.

Irton, Lieut.-Col. Richard, of the Rifle Brigade, aged 49, 9th June.

Johnson, Barbara, third daughter of the late Charles Johnson, Esq. of Camberwell, 13th June.

Jutting, Margaret, wife of John Henry Jutting, Esq. formerly of London, at Jersey, 13th June.

Kent, Frances, wife of the Rev. Anthony Kent, of Oriel College, Oxon, 30th May.

Koch, Geo. Peter, eldest son of Peter Koch, Esq. at Frankfort, aged 4 years, 6th June.

Lawson, John, Esq. of Shooter's hill and Bexley heath, Kent, second son of the late John Lawson, Esq. of Bowness hill, in the co. of Cumberland, 5th June.

Little, John, Esq. at Walthamstow, aged 87, 2nd June.

Maclean, Allan, eldest son of the late

Digitized by Google

Lieut.-Gen. Sir Joseph Maclean, K.C.H., 10th June.

M'Pherson, Elizabeth, second daughter of the late William North, Esq. of Chelsea, and widow of the late Alexander M'Pherson, Esq., at her house, in Cadogan-place, 15th June.

Magendie, Stuart, eldest son of the Rev. Stuart Magendie, Vicar of Longden, 4th June.

Marriott, Sarah, wife of T. Marriott, Esq. at Papillon hall, co. Leicester, 13th June.

Martin, Selina, wife of the Rev. Samuel Martin, Rectory, Warsop, Notts, 2nd June.

Martin Thomas Byan. the eldest son of Capt. William Fanshawe Martin, Royal Navy, at Anglesey, near Gosport, 6th June.

Milner, Col., late of the 18th Dragoons, and brother of Sir William Mordaunt Milner, of Nun-Appleton, in the co. of York, at Mickleham, on the 31st May.

Murphy. Mary Ann, widow of the late Col. John Murphy, of Malaga, a Knight of Alcantara, &c., at Montagu-place, Russell square, aged 58, 24th May.

Odell, John, Esq. at Carreglea, co. Waterford, 26th May.

Pearson, Lieutenant-General Sir Thomas, K.C.H., at Bath. This gallant officer, son of the Rev. Thomas Horner Pearson, entered the army in 1796, and served against Flushing, in the Helder Expedition, in Egypt, North America, the West Indies, and Portugal, and throughout the last American War. He received several severe wounds, and was one of the general officers who enjoyed rewards for distinguished services. He wore a medal and one clasp for his conduct as Major of the 23rd Foot at Albuera, and as second in command at Chrystler's Farm. He was born in 1782; and married, in 1810, a daughter of General Coffin. At the period of his decease, he held the Colonelcy of the 85th regiment.

Paine, Wm. Pinke, Esq. at Farnham, aged 64, 4th June.

Papworth, John Buonarotti. The death of this gentleman, late Vice-president of the Royal Institute of British Architects, occurred recently, at his residence, Park End, St. Neot's; whither he had retired from London, after more than fifty years of professional practice. Early in life, his excellent judgment and kind heart acquired for him the intimacy of the leading artists; and, also, the confidence of many wealthy amateurs as to the direction of their patronage, and as to the decoration of their mansions. In his practice, he originated and accomplished the adoption of the tasteful style of modern furniture; which led to his selection by Government for the trust of carrying out the formation of the Somerset-House School of Design. His work on Garden and Rural Architecture, were the result of his experience in Landscape Gardening, which he joined as a profession with his other art. Amongst the clients to whom he owed an extremely varied practice, he numbered several of the late branches of the Royal Family, especially the Princess Charlotte: and also the present King of Wurtemberg, from whom he, having designed the English Park and Palace at Kaunstadt, received the appointment of Architect to his Maiesty. Mr. Papworth was highly respected, not only by his private friends and by his clients, but also by those severer judges, the members of his own profession.

Perry, John, Esq. Bencher of Gray's Inn, 12th June.

Phillips, Thomas Bentley, Esq. at Beverley, aged 40, 10th June.

Plaskett, Sir Richard, K.M.G., of Hampton House, Torquay, aged 66, 12th June. Sir Richard Plasket was the third son of Mr Thomas Plasket, of Clifford-street, London; he was born in 1782, and early in life filled an appointment in the Colonial Department. He was subsequently employed as private and public Secretary to the Governments at Ceylon, Malta, and the Cape of Good Hope. The important duties of these official places he discharged for a period of twenty-six years with so much satisfaction to the Home Administration, that, in consideration of his eminent sevices, he was nominated a Knight of the Order of St. Michael and St George, on its institution in 1818. He married in 1836.

Preston, Lady Baird, of Valleyfield and Frentown, widow of General the Right Hon. Sir David Baird, Bart. G.C.B., K.C. In the absence of issue by her marriage the estate of Valleyfield and Frentown descend to her sister, Miss Preston, at Valleyfield, Perthshire, 28th May.

Rankin. the Rev. Francis John Harrison, B.A., Her Majesty's Colonial and Garrison Chaplain, at the Gambia, West Coast of Africa, aged 41, 28th March.

Reed, Catherine, the wife of Assistant Commissary-General Reed, at Corfu, Ionian Isles, aged 45.

Richards, John, Esq. of Wassell Grove, Worcestershire, and of Calvert's-buildings, Southwark, formerly High-Sheriff for the county of Worcester, and member in two successive parliaments for the borough of Knaresborough, aged 67.

Robertdean, Lieutenant Colonel James Wm. late of the Bengal Cavalry, last surviving son of the late John Peter Robertdean, Esq. of Chelsea, aged 58, 15th June.

Digitized by Google

Robertson, Major-General Archibald, of the Bombay Army, at Baker-street, 9th June.

Robinson, Nathaniel, Esq. at Littlebury, Essex, 23rd May.

Ronald, Robert, Esq. at the Elms, Derby, 23rd May.

Roope, Cabel, Esq. late of Oporto, in Woburn square, aged 70, 8th June.

Ross, Amelia, wife of Major-General Sir Patrick Ross, Governor of St. Helen's, and youngest daughter of the late Major-General William Sydenham, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, at Brighton, 8th June.

Scott, Emma Jane, widow of the late Major Hugh Scott, Deputy Adjutant General of the Madras Army, and eldest daughter of the late Henry Harris, Esq. M.D., member of the Madras Medical Board, at Bayswater, in the 52nd year of her age, 31st May.

Selwyn, Albinia Frances, widow of the late Dr. Congreve Selwyn, at Cheltenham, in the 63rd year of her age, 29th May.

Sheridan, Charles Kinnaird, Esq. youngest son of the late Thomas Sheridan, Esq. at the English Embassy, Paris, aged 30, 30th May.

Slade, Emma, wife of R. G. Slade, Esq. of Gloucester street, Portman square, 10th June.

Smith, Frances, widow of the Rev. Henry Smith, of Hyde park Place, 11th June.

Sommery, Madame la Marquise de, born Riquet de Caraman—the last of eight brothers and sisters, all of whom had to bear the storm of the French Revolution, its prisons, exile, wars, and other trials, yet all of whom reached an advanced age—departed this life at Bath, in the 78th year of her age, 22nd May. She was born on the 28th of October, 1768; and was married to the late Marquess de Sommery in 1786. She was one amongst the last presentations at Versailles, during the splendour, pomp, and ceremony of the ancient Court, and attracted the admiration of all by her grace and beauty; but these personal advantages added to others which she possessed, had no power to seduce her heart; misfortune soon taught her to despise the flattering illusions of this world, and she gave herself up without reserve to sentiments of piety and religion, and to the fulfilment of affections and duties, from which nothing could withdraw her attention. She became the mother of fourteen children, of whom only six survive. During the trials of emigration she displayed heroic acts of devotedness, experienced all the severe privations of exile, and bore all with astonishing firmness and submission. Her religious and political convictions, joined to a sacred veneration for the memory of her cherished husband, who died in Bath in 1814 all concurred to induce her to fix her residence in England, where she sought refuge in the year 1795, after having passed a few years in Germany. It was by these considerations that she felt herself called upon to make the sacrifice of family interests (interests, nevertheless, most dear to her), and she never more saw her native land.

Sorelli, Guido, translator of "Paradise Lost," at Church Place, Piccadilly, 28th May.

Starkey, Thomas, Esq. of Springwood, Huddersfield, 25th May. The Leeds Mercury, of the 29th May, in announcing this melancholy event, thus refers to the great public loss sustained in the death of Mr. Starkey: "It is with feelings of sincere regret that we have this week to announce the death of Thomas Starkey, Esq. one of the West Riding Magistrates, which took place at 3 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, at his residence at Springwood. Mr. Starkey we believe was at the manufactory at Longroyd Bridge, (Starkey Brothers) on the Tuesday previous. The immediate cause of his death was a virulent attack of typhus fever. A gloom has thus suddenly been cast over the town as his loss will be heavily felt. He was an active and judicious magistrate, and bore the character of dispensing justice with impartiality." The deceased gentleman, Thomas Starkey of Springwood, with his two elder brothers, William Starkey of Wakefield, and John Starkey, Esq. of Thornton Lodge, J. P., and his younger brother, Joseph Starkey, Esq. of Heaton Lodge, near Huddersfield, J. P., were the four sons of the late John Starkey, Esq. of Wheat House, Huddersfield, by Abigail, his wife, daughter of William Dewhirst, Esq. of Warley, co. York, and descended from a branch of the ancient and respectable family of Starkies of Huntroyd, co. Lancaster. Mr. Starkey married 5 Oct. 1850, Charlotte, dau. of William Stanton, Esq. of Throp House, Stroud, and has left two sons and four daughters.

Stephenson, John, Esq. at Newark, Notts, aged 81, 3rd June.

Stokes, George, Esq. formerly of Colchester, at Tyndale House, Cheltenham, 31st May.

Stuart Frances, second daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Andrew Godfrey Stuart, 4th June.

Stuart, Lady Dudley, second daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, at Rome, 19th May.

Digitized by Google

Titley, Eliza, wife of the Rev. Peter Titley, at Penloyn, Llanrwst, North Wales, 16th May.

Todd, Maria Caroline, wife of Joseph Todd, Esq. of Moulsey Park, Surrey, 14th June.

Tulloch, Lieut. Donald, Madras Army, son of Col. Tulloch, C.B., Commissary-General, Madras, at sea, 24th July.

Turner, Mary Anne, wife of Edward E Turner, Esq. of Cannock, co. Stafford, 7th June.

Watson, Lieut.-Col. Sir Frederick, K.T.S. This gallant officer died on the 21st May, in Portland-place, after a protracted illness, brought on by his services in the Peninsular War. Sir F. Watson was present at most of the battles in the Peninsular, viz.—Busaco, Albuera, Badajos, Vittoria, Pyrenees, Nivelle, Nive, Campo Major, Olivenca, Alba de Tormes. Previous to entering the Portuguese service, he was Captain in the First or Royal Dragoons. He was son of the late Lieut.-Col. Christopher Watson, formerly of the Third, or King's Own Dragoons, of Westwood House, near Colchester. His remains were interred, at Kensall Green Cemetry.

Watts, the Rev. William, A.M. incumbent of Christ Church, St. Giles-in-the-Fields, 11th June.

Wells, Angela Helen, youngest child of Nathaniel Wells, Esq. of Piercefield, co. Monmouth, aged 16, 11th June.

Welsted, Sophia, widow of the late Charles Welsted, Esq. of Valentines, Essex, 28th May.

White, Thomas, Esq. of Mims Hall, South Mims, Middlesex, aged 46, 12th June.

Willoughby, Robert, Esq. late of Kingsbury Cliff, co. Warwick, aged 83, 25th May.

Wilmot, Sir John Eardley Eardley, Bart. of Berkswell Hall, co. Warwick. The death of this gentleman, subduing all private and party animosity, has called forth an universal expression of regret. The melancholy event occurred at Hobart Town, on the 3rd February. Sir Eardley, only son of John Wilmot, Esq. of Berkswell Hall, a Master in Chancery, and grandson of Sir John Eardley Wilmot, Knt. a celebrated lawyer, at one time Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, represented a branch of the ancient Derbyshire family of Wilmot, of Chaddesden, and derived, in the female line, from the Eardleys, of Eardley, in Staffordshire. He was born 21st February, 1783, and married twice. By his first wife, Elizabeth Emma, daughter of C. H. Parry, M.D. of Bath, he leaves a large family, of which the eldest son is the present Sir John Eardley Wilmot, Bart. By his second wife, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir Robert Chester, of Bush Hall, Herts, Sir Eardley also had issue. From 1832 to 1843, he sat in Parliament for Warwickshire, but retired in the latter year, on being appointed Governor of Van Diemen's Land. The duties of that office he performed until 1846, when he was superseded by Charles Joseph Latrobe, Esq. Previously to his departure from England, the late Baronet had acted as a Deputy-Lieutenant for Warwickshire, and was for several years the able and respected Chairman of the Quarter Sessions. The recent debate in the House of Commons explains fully the particulars of Sir Eardley Wilmot's recal from his Government.

Wilson, John James, Esq. Surgeon, of Doughty-street, 15th June.

Wortham, Cecil Proctor, Esq. at Madras, 29th March.

Yates, Francis, Esq. at Allrighton, Salop, aged 81, 26th May.

Digitized by Google

THE PATRICIAN.

THE DEATHS OF THE SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND.

(*Continued.*)

Les hommes apprennent à se modérer en voyant mourir les rois.
BOSSUET.

COMMON fame has not only done much injustice to the memory of Richard III, but it has thrown a kind of delusive halo around the reputation of his successor, HENRY VII. As a monarch the latter was decidedly the greater tyrant of the two. Shakespeare has made the world believe that Henry was a hero, but in reality this king was a cold, calculating and cruel despot. His avarice knew no bounds; and, to gratify that base passion, he was perpetually oppressing his subjects with illegal taxes, fines, and other arbitrary exactions. So barefaced and brutal was his system of plunder, that his son and successor was, on his accession, obliged to satisfy the clamour of the people by putting to death Empson and Dudley, the agents of his father's extortions. Henry VII's treatment of his relative, the unfortunate Earl of Warwick, whom, after a long and unjustifiable incarceration, he caused to be judicially murdered, equals any charge brought against his predecessor, even if it were proved. To his wife and children, Henry was harsh in the extreme, and seems, in common with most misers, to have lost all domestic feeling, except, indeed, in the advancement of his own fortune and power by procuring great matrimonial alliances for his sons and daughters. His anxiety for a connection with the crown of Spain, led to his compelling his two sons in succession to wed Katherine of Arragon, which was the fertile cause of such subsequent misery. The death of Henry VII was characteristic of his life. It occurred just as he was meditating a second marriage. His neglected queen had some time previously died in childbed, and he was hesitating, for a new consort, between the Queen-dowager of Naples, and the Duchess-dowager of Savoy, both ladies of enormous wealth. But the decline of his health put an end to all such thoughts; and he began to cast his eye towards that future existence, which the iniquities and severities of his reign rendered a very dismal prospect to him. To allay the terrors under which he laboured, he endeavoured, by distributing alms, and founding religious houses, to make atonement for his crimes, and to purchase, by the sacrifice of part of his ill-gotten treasures, a reconciliation with his offended Maker. Remorse even seized him, at intervals, for the abuse of his authority by Empson and Dudley; but not sufficient to make him stop the rapacious hand of those oppressors. Sir William

Digitized by Google

Capel was again fined £2000 under some frivolous pretence, and was committed to the Tower for daring to murmur against the iniquity. Harris, an Alderman of London, was indicted, and died of vexation before his trial came to an issue. Sir Laurence Ailmer, who had been Mayor, and his two sheriffs, were condemned in heavy fines, and sent to prison till they made payment. The King gave countenance to all these oppressions; till death, by its nearer approaches, impressed new terrors upon him; in his final and fearful agony he ordered, by a general clause in his will, that restitution should be made to all those whom he had injured. He died of a consumption, April 22, 1509, at his favourite palace of Richmond, after a reign of twenty-three years and eight months, in the fifty-second year of his age.

One reason perhaps for the leniency of posterity with regard to the memory of Henry VII, is that his misdeeds sank into insignificance and oblivion, before the surpassing horrors of the succeeding reign. Yet it has often struck us as singular, that all the English historians,* of whatever creed or party, can look as calmly as they do on the character and conduct of HENRY VIII, a prince whose career presents one of the darkest eras of atrocity in the annals of the world. Vain would it be to seek in the catalogue of Christian monarchs for another monster like this: even among the regal and imperial enormities of Pagan antiquity, his equal can scarcely be found. He had the extreme cruelty of Tiberius, without his political sagacity. He was a domestic murderer like Nero, whom he exceeded in treachery and lust; but he was sane, and the Roman was a lunatic. Herod Agrippa is perhaps Henry's nearest prototype, yet even Herod evinced some feeling for others beyond the satisfaction of his own inordinate selfishness: Henry never did. Herod bitterly mourned Mariamne slain in his wrath. The base Judean did at least admit that he had

. . . . . thrown a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe.

There is no instance recorded of Henry's showing a moment's grief or regret for the death of wife, relative, friend, or any other human being, however unjustly or cruelly sacrificed. The most extraordinary part of his dark history, is that Christian England, previously so sensitive to crimes even suspected to be committed by its sovereigns, and at all times naturally averse to cruelty, should for thirty-seven years patiently suffer its territory to become the arena of a series of atrocities which would have even made Pagan Rome rise against the miscreant who was the perpetrator of them. Unhappily moreover, we find the name of Henry connected with religion, and it is probably not a little on this account, that history deals so tenderly with his infamy; for Henry, according to the passion of the moment, favoured one or other of the fierce polemical factions that were then distracting Europe, and each in its turn gave out something in his praise. Thus it is curious to observe the Protestant writers speaking of Henry's munificence and sagacity during the ascendency of the monastery-destroying Cromwell; while even Dr. Lingard, the Catholic annalist, says Henry was quite a virtuous person as long as Wolsey was in power. It is an insult to religion to base its sacred cause for an instant, be the sect what it may, upon any thing done by this king, alike the enemy of God and man. But we must now pass over his dreadful life to his no less awful demise.

* The intelligent Mr. Keightley, a stanch Protestant, is perhaps the only exception. In his History of England, Henry is rightly dealt with.

Digitized by Google

The termination of Henry VIII's existence had much in it, which resembled the deaths of Herod and Tiberius. As with the Jewish and the Roman tyrants, his body had become, from his excesses, one mass of foul disease and putrid corruption, and like Herod, Henry was committing murder as he lay on his death bed. Herod, it is well known, beside having his son executed five days before he expired, ordered that the principal men of the Hebrew nation should be enclosed in the Hippodrome, and that, while he was giving up the ghost, they should be slaughtered, to ensure a general lamentation among his people when he was dead. How nearly similar was the conduct of Henry. Nine days before he breathed his last, he caused the barbarous execution of his relative the gallant, gentle Earl of Surrey, who ranks among the last ornaments of England's chivalry, and the first of her poets. The charge against Surrey was that he had quartered on his shield (as he had a perfect right to do) the arms of Edward the Confessor. On the same accusation, Surrey's father, the Duke of Norfolk, the first man in the realm, was speedily attainted by an obsequious parliament, and the tyrant, while at the verge of his mortal agony, on the morning of his last day, issued orders that the aged Duke should be beheaded. Providence, however, interfered to prevent both the ancient, and the more modern accumulation of atrocity. The prisoners of the Hippodrome, and the inmate of the Tower, were alike rescued by the deaths of their respective oppressors. The actual demise of Henry, occurred thus. The king had lain for some time in mortal sickness, apparently unconscious and regardless of his immediate danger, but for several days all those near him plainly saw his end approaching. He was become so froward and fierce, that no one durst inform him of his condition; and as some persons during this reign had suffered as traitors for foretelling the king's death, every one was afraid, lest in the transports of his fury he might, on this pretence, punish capitally the author of such friendly intelligence. At last Sir Anthony Denny ventured to disclose to him the fatal secret, exhorted him to prepare for the fate which was awaiting him, and advised him to send for Archbishop Cranmer. He heard the announcement unmoved, and said, "let me sleep awhile." On awaking, he dispatched a messenger for Cranmer, but before the prelate arrived he was speechless, though he still seemed to retain his senses.

Cranmer implored him to give some sign of his dying in the faith of Christ: it is said that he squeezed the Archbishop's hand, but even this is a matter of doubt: he expired just as the exhortation fell from Cranmer's lips. And this was the end of a king, who had indeed never spared man in his anger, nor woman in his lust. He died in the fifty-sixth year of his age and the thirty-eighth of his reign: his life had been to himself one undeviating course of good fortune, which may be accounted for by the fearful consideration that crimes such as his are too heavy to meet with any earthly retribution. By his will, Henry VIII left money for masses to be said for delivering his soul from purgatory.

Edward VI, whose youth, and whose mental incapacity consequent upon continual sickness can be the only excuses for the executions of his two uncles, and the unjust endeavour to deprive his sisters of the Crown, lived, and died wretchedly. After a complete series of maladies, which ended in consumption, Edward's demise was in this manner. When the settlement, setting the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth aside was made, with so many inauspicious circumstances, Edward visibly declined every day; and small hopes were entertained of his recovery. To make matters worse, his physicians were dismissed by Northumberland's advice, and an order of council;

Digitized by Google

he was put into the hands of an ignorant woman, who undertook in a little time to restore him to his former state of health. After the use of her medicines, all the bad symptoms increased to the most violent degree: he felt a difficulty of speech and breathing; his pulse failed, his legs swelled, his colour became livid; and many other symptoms appeared of his approaching end. He expired at Greenwich, July 6, 1553, in the sixteenth year of his age, and the seventh of his reign.

We have already alluded to MARY I as the most calumniated monarch in English history, and we could easily show that such is the fact; but the discussion would be here too long and out of place. Suffice it to say that the two great offences charged against her, the death of Lady Jane Grey, and the persecution for heresy may be thus explained. So far from hurrying the fate of Lady Jane Grey, who, be it remembered, was attainted according to strict course of law, Mary actually personally interfered with her Ministers to save her life, and after pardoning her father, the Duke of Suffolk, merely retained her under her sentence in the Tower. But Suffolk, regardless of the Queen's clemency, instantly raised another rebellion against her, and then it became a matter of salvation with Mary's government to allow the law to take its course against the unfortunate Jane. Mary was reluctant to the last, but she lived at a period when life was very easily sacrificed, and she was overpersuaded. As to the persecution, even without regard to the gross exaggeration of the real facts, it was owing not to the Queen, but to the bloody nature of the religious contest then going on. Toleration was unknown at the time to Catholic or Protestant: both sides preached and practised the burning of their opponents, and hundreds upon hundreds became the miserable victims of a polemic fury which profaned christianity and religion. These dreadful burnings commenced more than a century and a half before Queen Mary's reign. The law which sanctioned them was an act of Henry IV, and his son the great Henry V, whose memory is held so dear, put it often in force. Numbers perished by fire under Henry VIII and Edward VI, and other succeeding kings. Burning, as a punishment, was not actually abolished until the reign of George III. A woman named Catherine Hayes was burnt alive in 1726, for the murder of her husband, the crime being deemed petty treason. The real truth why the horrid custom is more noticed during Mary's rule is, that she, like Richard III, was succeeded by enemies, whose object was to amplify and extend every accusation against her. The persecution was the cruel madness of the age, and should no more be ascribed to Mary, than the executions of witches, which happened in his reign, to Charles II. But our subject lies with the death and not the life of Mary. Her reign was as short as it was sad.

Her health had always been delicate; from the time of her first supposed pregnancy she was afflicted with frequent and obstinate maladies. Tears no longer afforded her relief from the depression of her spirits; and the repeated loss of blood, by the advise of her physicians, had rendered her pale, languid, and emaciated. Nor was her mind more at ease than her body. The exiles from Geneva, by the number and virulence of their libels, threatening her life, kept her in a constant state of fear and irritation; and to other causes of anxiety, had been added the insalubrity of the season and the loss of Calais. In August she experienced a slight febrile indisposition at Hampton Court, and immediately removed to St. James's. It was soon ascertained that her disease was the same fever which had proved fatal to thousands of her subjects; and, though she languished for three months,

Digitized by Google

with several alterations of improvement and relapse, she never recovered sufficient to leave her chamber. During this long confinement, Mary edified all around her by her piety, and her resignation to the will of Providence. On the morning of her death, Mass was celebrated in her chamber. She was perfectly sensible, and expired a few minutes before the conclusion, on the 17th November, 1558. Her friend and kinsman, Cardinal Pole, who had long been confined with a fever, survived her only twenty-two hours. He had reached his fifty-ninth, she her forty-second year.

One proof of the fierceness of the feeling raised against Mary, is that no credit is given to her for an exclamation with regard to the loss of Calais, which she made on her death bed, and which evinced how acutely she felt aught that diminished the greatness of England. "The name of Calais" she said "will be found engraven on my heart, when I am dead." Mary is the only sovereign of the house of Tudor, who committed no act of private atrocity, and yet, in history, even her father's reputation compared to hers, is fair and good to see.

The great Queen ELIZABETH, lost, at the hour of death, that courage and fortitude which so characterised her life: yet, unlike her father, she did give proof that she possessed a conscience. Passion or policy had led her to perpetrate many cruelties. The murder of poor Mary Stuart is the worst crime recorded, on clear testimony, against the crown of England; and one cannot but view as a natural consequence the dying terrors of the guilty party, even though a person as sagacious, and as strong minded as Elizabeth really was. The fairest, and most graphic account of this mighty sovereign's demise, is that given by Lingard, who, however, rejects as apocryphal the well known story of the ring, said to have been sent by the Earl of Essex through the Countess of Nottingham, to Elizabeth, but not delivered by the Countess, who revealed her treachery on her death bed. According to Dr. Lingard, the termination of the Queen's life is thus reported.

Elizabeth had surprised the nations of Europe by the splendour of her course: she was destined to close the evening of her life in gloom and sorrow. The bodily infirmities which she suffered may have been the conquences of age; her mental afflictions are usually traced by historians to regret for the execution of Essex. That she occasionally bewailed his fate, that she accused herself of precipitation and cruelty, is not improbable: but there were disclosures in his confession, to which her subsequent melancholy may with great probability be ascribed. From that document she learned the unwelcome and distressing truth, that she had lived too long; that her favourites looked with impatience to the moments which would free them from her control; and that the very men on whose loyalty she had hitherto reposed with confidence, had already proved unfaithful to her. She became pensive and taciturn; she sate whole days by herself, indulging in the most gloomy reflections; every rumour agitated her with new and imaginary terrors; and the solitude of her court, the opposition of the commons to her prerogative, and the silence of the citizens when she appeared in public, were taken by her for proofs that she had survived her popularity, and was become an object of aversion to her subjects. Under these impressions, she assured the French ambassador that she had grown weary of her very existence.

Sir John Harrington, her godson, who visited the court about seven months after the death of Essex, has described, in a private letter, the state

Digitized by Google

in which he found the Queen. She was altered in her features, and reduced to a skeleton. Her food was nothing but manchet bread and succory pottage. Her taste for dress was gone. She had not changed her clothes for many days. Nothing could please her; she was the torment of the ladies who waited on her person. She stamped with her feet, and swore violently at the objects of her anger. For her protection she had ordered a sword to be placed by her table, which she often took in her hand, and thrust with violence into the tapestry of her chamber. About a year later Sir John returned to the palace, and was admitted to her presence. "I found her," he says, "in a most pitiable state. She bade the Archbishop ask me, if I had seen Tyrone. I replied, with reverence, that I had seen him with the Lord Deputy. She looked up with much choler and grief in her countenance, and said, 'O, now it mindeth me, that you was one who saw this man elsewhere;' and hereat she dropped a tear, and smote her bosom. She held in her hand a golden cup, which she often put to her lips: but, in truth, her heart seemed too full to need more filling."

In January she was troubled with a cold, and about the end of the month removed, on a wet and stormy day, from Westminster to Richmond. Her indisposition increased: but, with her characteristic obstinacy, she refused the advice of her physicians. Loss of appetite was accompanied with lowness of spirits, and to add to her distress, it chanced that her intimate friend, the Countess of Nottingham, died. Elizabeth now spent her days and nights in sighs and tears; or, if she condescended to speak, she always chose some unpleasant and irritating subject; the treason and execution of Essex, or the reported project of marrying the Lady Arabella into the family of Lord Hertford, or the war in Ireland and the pardon of Tyrone. In the first week of March all the symptoms of her disorder were considerably aggravated: she lay during some hours in a state of stupour, rallied for a day or two, and then relapsed. The council, having learned from the physicians that her recovery was hopeless, prepared to fulfil their engagements with the King of Scots, by providing for his peaceable succession to the throne. The Lord Admiral, the Lord Keeper, and the Secretary, remained with the Queen at Richmond: the others repaired to Whitehall. Orders were issued for the immediate arrest and transportation to Holland of all vagrants and unknown persons found in London or Westminster; a guard was posted at the exchequer; the great horses were brought up from Reading; the court was supplied with arms and ammunition; and several gentlemen, "hunger-starved for innovation," and therefore objects of suspicion, were conveyed prisoners to the Tower.

The Queen, during the paroxysms of her disorder, had been alarmed at the frightful phantoms conjured up by her imagination. At length she obstinately refused to return to her bed; and sate both day and night on a stool bolstered up with cushions, having her finger in her mouth and her eyes fixed on the floor, seldom condescending to speak, and rejecting every offer of nourishment. The bishops and the lords of the council advised and entreated in vain. For them all, with the exception of the Lord Admiral, she expressed the most profound contempt. He was of her own blood: from him she consented to accept a basin of broth: but when he urged her to return to her bed, she replied that, if he had seen what she saw there, he would never make the request. To Cecil, who asked her if she had seen spirits, she answered, that it was an idle question beneath her notice. He insisted that she must go to bed, if it were only to satisfy her people. "Must?" she exclaimed, "is *must* a word to be addressed to Princes?

Digitized by Google

Little man, little man, thy father, if he had been alive, durst not have used that word: but thou art grown presumptuous because thou knowest that I shall die." Ordering the others to depart, she called the Lord Admiral to her, saying in a piteous tone, "my Lord, I am tied with an iron collar about my neck." He sought to console her, but she replied, "no: I am tied, and the case is altered with me."

At the commencement of her illness the Queen had been heard to say that she would leave the Crown to the right heir: it was now deemed advisable to elicit from her a less equivocal declaration on behalf of the King of Scots. On the last night of her life the three lords waited upon her; and, if we may believe the report circulated by their partisans, received a favourable answer. But the maid of honour who was present has left us a very different tale. According to her narrative the persons first mentioned to the Queen by the Lords were the King of France and the King of Scotland. The Queen neither spoke nor stirred. The third name was that of the Lord Beauchamp. At the sound her spirit was roused; and she hastily replied, "I will have no rascal's son in my seat." They were the last words which she uttered. She relapsed into a state of insensibility, and at three the next morning tranquilly breathed her last. This occurred on the 24th March, 1603, in the seventieth year of her age and the forty-sixth of her reign. By six o'clock the same day, the lords from Richmond joined those in London; and a resolution was taken to proclaim James as heir to the Queen, both by proximity of blood and by her own appointment on her death-bed.

Providence points out an awe-inspiring lesson in the deaths of the three principal Sovereigns of the house of Tudor—Henry VII, Henry VIII, and Elizabeth. Unvarying prosperity had attended them while living: the avarice of the one, the luxury of the other, and the ambition of the third, had been gratified even to their utmost hope: their cups of vicious desires had overflowed the brim, and yet, when dying how utterly miserable they were! What objects of wretchedness and horror did they become when the hand of God fell upon them! The peasant, nay the meanest of mankind—the very beggar whose soul might perhaps have to wing its flight from a dunghill—would have shrunk in terror from regal felicity such as theirs, coupled with such conclusions. The words of the sacred orator we have quoted above are, if ever, to have signification here. Men should indeed learn moderation when they know how these Tudor monarchs died.

Digitized by Google

MODERN SPANISH ROMANCE.

Spain, how art thou fallen! Thou who but a few hundred years ago stoodst in the very front of Europe,—the conqueror and civilised ruler of vast nations that had oceans between them; thou, the arbiter of all chivalry, rank, gentility, courtesy, and refinement;—a potentate, too, in literature, without which no nation can be great,—the works of thy Calderon, and De Vega, and Cervantes, the delight and talk of the universe. Thus, indeed, thou wast;—and what art thou now?

> O what a noble state is here o'erthrown!
> The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword:
> Th' expectancy and rose of the fair world,
> The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
> Th' observ'd of all observers! quite, quite down!

A horrid civil warfare, which, since the period of the contest for the succession in the beginning of the last century, down to the present time, has continued to rage with scarcely an interval of peace, proves even more detrimental to the literary than to the political greatness of Spain. Writing, beyond the bombastic and virulent articles in the newspapers, and some trashy publications, such as tales and novels, contemptible in style and subject, appears now obsolete in this devoted country. Yet this is nowise owing to the mental incapability of the people of Spain. The natural characteristics of dignified thought, brilliant and varied imagination, and ready humour, remain as strong as ever. But it is the war, and, we maintain, the war alone, which effects this intellectual desolation. In strong proof of such being the case, the romances to which we are now going to allude, and which are the only two that do credit to recent letters in Spain, were brought out at times when peace shed momentary and flickering rays of its benign influence over the land of Castile. The first of these in priority of publication is "El Conde Candespina, Novela historica original," which issued from the press of Madrid in 1832. Its author is Don Patricio de la Escosura, then an alferez or ensign of artillery in the royal guard. This romance, though, as may easily be supposed, inferior to similar contemporary productions in this country, or in France or Germany, is a tale of no inconsiderable merit. The language is good, the characters are very well drawn, many of the scenes are lively, and the whole has an agreeable tone of nationality. The story dates at the beginning of the twelfth century: it is founded upon the fierce dissensions of Urraca, Queen of Castile and Leon, and her second husband, Alfonso, King of Arragon. The hero of the narrative, Don Gomez, Conde de Candespina, had loved Urraca prior to this unfortunate second marriage, and had been recommended, although unsuccessfully by the assembled nobility of the kingdom, as a consort for the heiress Urraca, more agreeable to her future subjects than a foreigner. During her miserable wedlock with the King of Arragon, Don Gomez is her faithful and zealous cavalier, repeatedly delivering her from Don Alfonso's tyranny; he, however, conceals his undying passion until after her divorce on the

Digitized by Google

ground of consanguinity, when he contends for her love with Don Pedro, Conde de Lara, who had not waited for the sentence that made his suit lawful, to seek the Queen's hand by flattering her vanity. Of the levity and self-complacency of her Majesty, the following scene is an amusing and happy illustration. Candespina has, with a very few assistants, surprised the Arragonese castle in which Donna Urraca with a favourite maid of honour, Leonora Guzman, was kept prisoner by her husband, who would arrogate all authority in her dominions. The Conde has released the Queen, and with equal skill and secresy escorts her safely to the actual frontiers of Castile. The party halts for the last time in an Arragonese village :—

"The house that appeared the least miserable was selected, and, without further ceremony, Don Gomez sent its master orders to receive the Queen, not even announcing her exalted dignity. The plebeians were then accustomed to submit voluntarily or perforce to the will of the nobles, who issued their orders at the point of the spear, and did not wonder at their exactions. Accordingly, the Arragonese peasant expressed no repugnance to affording the hospitality thus courteously solicited. He showed his guests into what was called a saloon, in which no furniture was seen beyond a coarse deal table, a few benches of the same material, and a large leather chair, that was evidently the oldest and most respectable occupant of the place. In this saloon was an alcove, containing a bed, perfectly in keeping with the rest of the furniture, and destined for Donna Urraca.

"The Queen, upon entering this miserable hut, cast a glance around her, and a deep sigh told how much she missed the splendour of a court. The Conde understood her, but unable to remedy a single discomfort, he deemed it wise to say nothing upon such subjects. Engrossed by his plan respecting Don Hernando's mission, he scarcely waited till she had seated herself, when he bent his knee before her, and besought her permission to prefer a petition. Having obtained it, he set forth, clearly but concisely, the necessity that existed for soliciting the aid of the Senor de Najara, to escort her to Burgos, where Don Alfonso's partisans bore sway. The Queen listened to his discourse with evident signs of impatience, and then said, "Never should I have believed that the Queen of Castile would be reduced to beg the aid of her vassals." "Your highness," returned Don Gomez, "has not understood, assuredly by my fault, what I meant to say. There is no question of your highness's begging any one's aid, but of your condescending to announce your arrival in your own dominions to the Senor de Nájara; an honour which will pledge that cavalier to your defence."—"And how, Conde, do I chance to need his help? Have I not plenty of vassals in Castile as noble, as powerful, and as bold as he?"—"Nobles there are in Castile, Senora, many, and very powerful; but I grieve to say, not all perhaps".... "I understand you. You fear that they may adhere to the King of Arragon in preference to their natural Queen. Whilst they believed me his lawful wife, whilst I was absent, they may perhaps have submitted to Don Alfonso. But when I present myself, trust me, Conde, there will not be a single one who will not follow my standard."—"So it should be; so I would have it, but dare not rely upon its being so.—At least let your highness be assured that it were imprudent to present yourself before Burgos, without a stronger escort than that which now attends you."—"How odd you are, Conde! Do you think the force with which you undertook to snatch me from the power of my enemies inadequate to escort me in my own dominions."

Digitized by Google

"Donna Leonora, who was present at this conversation, perceived the justness of the Conde's views; but saw, at the same time, that it was useless to contend against the Queen's vanity: and that, unless the affair could be presented to her under a totally different light, she would never consent to that which was indispensable to her own interest. A happy expedient suddenly occurred to her, and, at the risk of incurring a sharp reproof, she ventured to mix in the conversation, saying to the Queen—"If your highness would permit me.... "—"How, Leonora, do you too mistrust the loyalty of my vassals?"—"No, Senora," returned the dextrous court favourite; "so far from it, I hold the Conde's fears to be wholly unfounded."—"Donna Leonora!" exclaimed the Conde, provoked to see the lady in waiting thus spontaneously oppose his judicious plan; "Donna Leonora, have you maturely considered...." "Let her speak," said the Queen, interrupting him. "Go on, Leonora; let us see if you can convince this good *cabellero*."—"I cannot think it necessary," said Leonora, "even to refute the fears which the Conde de Candespina's unbounded zeal has led him to conceive. His lordship will pardon me if I think him wholly in error. I am much mistaken if there be a single noble in Castile who is not ready to sacrifice himself for the charms of Donna Urraca."—"Not for my charms, since I boast none, but for my rights, assuredly."—"Your highness speaks thus from modesty," pursued the lady; "but at any rate, your highness cannot need the Senor de Nájara's troops for your protection; nevertheless I should not hesitate to send for them."

The astonishment of the Queen and the Count, at this strange conclusion of Donna Leonora's speech, cannot well be described. The first looked at her angrily, the second with admiration; but she, who had foreseen this, without giving them time to recollect themselves, went on as follows:—

"If your highness will deign to listen to me another minute, my meaning will appear. I repeat that the Senor de Nájara's troops are unnecessary for your security; but does your highness think it beseems your high dignity to enter Burgos in the same litter with your only female attendant, without domestics, without more guards than eight or nine, assuredly valiant soldiers, but whose arms are still blood-stained, whose garments are covered with dust."

"In very truth, Leonora, you are in the right, and I will send to the Senor de Nájara to come and escort us to our Castillian capital. Write the letter, Conde, and I will sign it; but take care to express, that the motive of our summons is suggested by Leonora, and not the slightest distrust of the loyalty of our vassals."

The following is a more bustling portion of the romance. The Queen has, by her own imprudence, again fallen into her husband's power; and two of her most stanch adherents, Don Hernando de Olea and Don Diego de Nájara, who have been seized with her, are confined in prison. Their escape is thus related:—

"The gaolers had been charged to visit the prison frequently, in order to prevent the captives from forcing the iron bars of their window, or organizing any other mode of escape. The last of these disagreeable visits, periodically paid to our prisoners, took place after midnight. The gaolers then entered, each with his lantern, each armed with a sword and dagger; they first examined the chamber, then each cautiously approached the bed of one of the captives, to ascertain that he really occupied it. This was the hour

Digitized by Google

which the two *cabelleros* selected for the execution of their hazardous enterprise.

* * * * * * * * *

"It was about one o'clock in the morning, when a hoarse sound of keys and bolts announced the approach of the gaolers; the heavy door creaked upon its hinges, and the pale scanty light of the lanterns illumined the chamber. The breathing of the two prisoners was equal and heavy, and the most acute observer could not have guessed that they were awake, and struggling between hope and fear.

"They sleep," said the Castilian to the Aragonese gaoler.—"Would it were for ever!" returned he.—"Silence, lest they wake and hear."—"What should they hear? Don't you hear how Don Diego snores?"—"Perhaps," rejoined the first, without interrupting his examination of the apartment; "perhaps your wishes may be quickly fulfilled."—"Oh! Oh! so that".... —"'Tis said they will be treated as they deserve"—meaning beheaded. —"Precisely."—"Dogs!" Hernando was about to exclaim, but fortunately restrained himself.—"The sooner the better," subjoined the gaoler. And now, having completed their examination of the dungeon, they, according to custom, placed their lanterns on the ground, and each approached the bed of a prisoner.* * * The two gaolers, satisfied that their prisoners were asleep, turned their backs to the beds, to resume their lanterns and depart. But at this instant both gentlemen sprang upon them, with unparalleled celerity, and strongly grasping their throats, brought them to the ground before they could speak a word, or recover from the alarm of so sudden and unexpected an assault. "Utter an Oh! and thou art dead, wretch," said Hernando to the Aragonese gaoler, placing his knee upon his breast, and threatening him with his own dagger, which, as well as his cutlass, he had just snatched from him; whilst Don Diego held his opponent under equal subjection, telling him in a calm voice, that he must not stir if he wished to live. "All resistance is useless, slaves," said Don Diego. "Ye are already disarmed, and under any circumstances we are more than a match for you."* * * * "Keep you that one under control," he added; "and as for you, friend, get up and undress yourself with all dispatch, if you would not try the temper of your own dagger."

"The confounded and trembling gaoler obeyed, and when he had finished, Don Diego again threw him upon the ground, where he tied his hands and feet with the sheets of his bed, and stopped his mouth with a cloth, so that he could not move nor call for help.

* * * * * * * * *

"When both gaolers were thus stripped and secured, Don Hernando and Don Diego disguised themselves in their apparel, not forgetting their arms, and still less the bunch of keys borne by one of them. Then, each taking up a ready prepared and concealed bundle, they issued from their dungeon, fervently recommending themselves to the protection of God, and closing the doors with all the precautions usually employed to insure their own safe custody by the gaolers, whose parts they were now to play.

"Neither Hernando nor Diego had seen any more of the prison they inhabited than their own apartment, except upon the day they were brought thither. But the impression then made upon them was sufficient to enable them, aided by the lights they bore, and walking very cautious, to reach the guard-room, in which lay the soldiers wrapt in untroubled sleep. They

Digitized by Google

crossed it, unchallenged by the sentry, who, from their dress, believed them to be the gaolers, and issued forth into the street."

The continuation, too long to extract, tells how they were enabled to quit the town and reach the camp of Conde de Candespina. These samples show the tenour and the style of this work by the Alferez Escosura. We now pass to one of greater note.

The romance we mean is "Donna Isabel de Solis, Queen of Granada," Novela Historica, by Don Francisco Martinez de la Rosa. But before we speak of the book, we would say a word or two of the author. There is, perhaps, no more sad instance of the cruel effect of intestine strife upon literature than the career of Martinez de la Rosa. Had his native land been any other civilised country of Europe than Spain, this gifted writer would have flourished in the full enjoyment of popularity, encouragement, and honour: in Spain, his reward has been, first a captivity for years in an African dungeon, then exile, and eventually a necessity of exclusive devotion to politics to obtain that rank and station which belonged of right to his genius and birth. His earlier life has been one continued struggle to revive among his countrymen a taste for learning and letters. He has appeared as an essayist, a critic, an historian, a poet, a dramatist, in fine, as a writer in every style and upon every subject. All his productions have much attraction, and display ability of a superior order. In proof of his literary qualities, is the fact of his being appreciated by a people capable of paying tribute to merit. When driven from his country, Martinez de la Rosa wrote plays in France, in the French language, which were successfully performed at Paris. On his return to Spain, he became a distinguished partisan of that side misnamed Liberal, in a country where liberality has no existence. Amid his political greatness, however, he once more briefly resumed his pen, and in 1838—a period when there seemed some chance of peace, he brought out at Madrid the romance we are now going to describe.

The subject of "Donna Isabel de Solis" is taken from the later years of the struggle between the Spaniards and the Moors for the territory of Granada. The heroine of the tale, Donna Isabel, is the daughter of Don Sancho de Solis, governor of Martos, a fortress belonging to the knights of Calatrava, and situate on the very verge of the Moorish dominions. The strange and romantic adventures of Isabel occupy the narrative. At the actual moment of her marriage with a noble suitor, Pedro de Venegas, the wedding ceremony is surprised, and put an end to, by an irruption of the Moors. Isabel's father and lover are slain, and she herself is carried into captivity. Here, after a series of romantic incidents, she is induced, by her passion for the Moorish king, Abu-l-Hassan, to forget her friends and country; she becomes the unhappy bride of the Mussulman monarch, and ascends the throne of Granada. The marriage eventually causes the fall of the Moorish power in Spain. This romance, as a mere story, is not one of very great interest: much of it is trivial and commonplace, and it frequently wants animation. The historical portion, though fine of itself, is too prolix to be connected with what is intended to be a stirring and adventurous tale. Still the work exhibits much striking talent. Many of the descriptions are extremely beautiful, especially a lively and truly poetical picture which the author gives of the city of Granada. The style and language of the romance throughout are excellent; the writing is pure without being antiquated, eloquent and vigorous without affectation, and will afford no small gratification to those who can appreciate the stately and sonorous dialect of Spain. As a speci-

Digitized by Google

men of the work, we give the following account of the fatal interruption to the nuptials of Isabel de Solis at Martos :—

"The night fixed for the espousals at length arrived, and a silent calm succeeded to the noise and bustle of the day, not unlike the tranquillity of the ocean after a storm. The followers of the different guests, and the menials of the castle, overcome with sleep and wine, lay dispersed about the courts and corridors. A few only of the principal household servants, and the ladies and knights who were to witness the ceremony, stood at the door of the chapel in anxious expectation of the signal. A low murmur announced at last the arrival of the bride and bridegroom with their friends, and immediately afterwards a dozen pages, with a torch of wax in one hand, and the cup in the other, were seen approaching the chapel with due solemnity and composure. They were followed by Isabel and Don Pedro, who, deeply absorbed in their own thoughts, walked in silence, scarcely daring to raise their eyes from the ground. Not so the Commendador, who, with Don Alonso de Cordova and the Senor de Zuheros, walked with head erect and cheerful countenance; the cortège being closed by Isabel's handmaidens, wrapt up in mantles, and by a few favoured esquires who had, by dint of entreaty, obtained this signal distinction.

"The chapel of the castle was small and dark, and had only one nave; the ceiling was of carved walnut, the altar adorned with wooden images, placed in gilt niches. But the antiquity of the retreat, and its rude ornaments, raised the soul above worldly contemplation, and inspired sweet and melancholy reveries. The idea that there, under the marble flags with which the chapel was paved, many of the ancestors of the Commendador slept in peace, their ashes mingled with the earth redeemed by them from the Moors, and their bodies lying under the altars which they had in life defended, contributed not a little to impress the mind with religious feelings. In the centre of the chapel, a foot above ground, rose a sepulchre, on which was coarsely carved the figure of a young woman, with the hands crossed over the breast, the feet joined, and the face looking up to heaven. It was that of the mother of Isabel; and the Commendador felt a degree of consolation mixed with sorrow, in the thought that his sainted wife might witness and bless their daughter's union from her tomb. The bride was already at the foot of the altar, pale and tremulous; the bridegroom by her side breathless and agitated; the minister of heaven was pronouncing the sacred words, and on the point of receiving the fatal *yes* which was to unite them until death, when suddenly an appalling shriek struck every one with horror. The Commendador and his friends first thought it might be a scuffle among the people of the castle; but immediately after, the cry of "Fire!" and the approach of a confused multitude, the clatter of arms, the precipitate step of fugitives, the groans of the wounded and dying, too plainly told the fatal truth.

"Isabel fainted away in the arms of her husband; her friends and retainers fled panic-struck; the Commendador rushed out like lightning to inquire into the cause of the alarm, but was himself met at the door of the chapel by the crowd of fugitives, who thronged to it for refuge. In vain did he demand to be heard; in vain he repeated question after question: no answer could be obtained, his voice was drowned in cries and lamentations, as though death were at hand. Alas! it was but too near.

"The Moors on the frontiers, encouraged by a long peace, and secure of making an easy prey of people plunged in heedless revelry, had, during the night, scaled the walls of the castle, and, profiting by the negligence of the

Digitized by Google

drunken soldiers, they inundated its hall and courts, and began the work of destruction with fire and sword. Many were the Christians who, on that fatal night, passed from the arms of sleep into those of death; others fled to the chapel in hopes of finding an asylum, invoking the name of God, which died in terror on their lips. But alas! at sight of that holy retreat, the fury of the infidels increased instead of abating, and they rushed among the Christians like so many wolves into a sheep-fold. The Commendador, immoveable as a statue, sword in hand awaited their attack; and though pierced with a hundred wounds, stood for some time fixed as rock, and then staggered and fell, trailing himself towards the tomb of his wife, where he breathed his last. Before the altar, the youthful Venegas was seen sustaining Isabel, and protecting her with his own body from the blows of the assailants. Scarcely was the young cavalier sensible of what passed round him; he had neither arms for defence, nor hope of succour from human power; regardless of his own life, his heart was agonised for the fate of his beloved! "Surrender or die!" exclaimed the chief of the invading party, rushing forward to separate them. Venegas at that instant received a wound in the forehead, embraced once more his bride, and fell bathed in blood at her feet. Such was the end of a day begun under such happy auspices! Who will put faith in earthly joy, which so quickly flies before us?"

Before quitting a melancholy contemplation of the present state of literature in Spain we must not forget to mention another Spaniard who sought among ourselves that encouragement which the land of his birth could not, or would not, give. Don Telesforo de Trueba, a man of great intellectual acquirement, industry, and perseverance, produced, some twelve or fourteen years ago, in the English language, in this country, several romances which attained celebrity, and which are doubtless in the memory, or knowledge, of many of our readers. A play of his was also performed at Covent Garden Theatre. De Trueba subsequently went back to Spain, and, like Martinez de la Rosa, took a prominent part among the supporters of the Queen; he died amid the political confusion which ensued. In this country he was much regarded and esteemed by a circle of friends, and the news of his death was received with sorrow. The fate of such men is grievous indeed, branding, as it does, their country's degradation on the very face of Spain. In conclusion we can only fervently say, God send deliverance and regeneration to the land of Calderon and Cervantes!

Digitized by Google

CURIOUS TRIALS CONNECTED WITH THE ARISTOCRACY.

No. XII.—The Mysterious case of William Barnard, and the Duke of Marlborough.

The writer of romance has ever been accused of sacrificing not only the probable, but the possible, to the marvellous,—of concocting fable that could have no foundation in fact,—describing scenes that could not have occurred, and depicting character that could not have existed, of building, in a word, on the slippery sands of fiction alone, regardless alike of reason and reality. Is such, however, precisely his position? The most incomprehensible of his stories have been paralleled in every-day life; and wonderful though his narrations, and wild and fanciful his dreamings, the judicial historian bears ample testimony that he is not altogether a visionary. The records of jurisprudence disclose circumstances which have absolutely occurred, as strange as the strangest to be found in the pages of romance—as difficult to be accounted for, and as hard to be credited. Of these singular realities one most remarkable is the following trial:—

The Duke of Marlborough here referred to, was Charles Spencer, fifth Earl of Sunderland, grandson of the hero of Blenheim, and his successor as second Duke of Marlborough, which title he inherited the 24th October, 1733, on the demise, unmarried, of his aunt, Henrietta, daughter of the first Duke and herself Duchess of Marlborough in her own right. This second Duke was himself a general of eminence, and fought with distinction at Dettingen: he died of a fever, the 28th October, 1758, at Munster in Westphalia: he was the great grandfather of the present Duke of Marlborough.

The trial took place at the Old Bailey on the 10th and 11th May, 1758: the able Sir Michael Foster, was among the judges present. The narrative given on the side of the prosecution was this:—

After Mr. *Moore* had opened the indictment, Mr. Serjeant *Davy* spoke as follows:

"May it please your lordships, and you gentlemen of the jury;

I am counsel in this cause for the prosecution against the prisoner at the bar, who stands indicted on an act of Parliament made in the ninth year of his late majesty, very well known by the name of the Black Act. That act of parliament, reciting the several mischiefs, and constituting several felonies, amongst other things, enacts, That if any person shall knowingly send any letter, without any name subscribed thereto, or signed with a fictitious name, demanding money, venison, or other valuable things; every person so offending, being thereof lawfully convicted, shall be adjudged guilty of felony, and shall suffer death as in cases of felony, without benefit of clergy.

It is on that act that this indictment now comes before you, that you have heard read. You see it is for sending a letter; for it is on the first

Digitized by Google

of these letters that the present indictment is founded; the others are sent in consequence of the first, and explanatory of his intentions.

I will open to you, as concisely as I can, the several circumstances we have in evidence, in order to affect the prisoner at the bar: they are circumstances of that nature, corresponding so exactly with the prisoner's case, affecting him so very minutely, that the several circumstances do infer, I had almost said an impossibility of his innocence: you will find they all tally so exactly, they are so particularly relative to him, that it will be offering violence to every rule of reason, not to find him guilty.

Gentlemen, on the 29th of November, a letter was found under the door of the Ordnance-office, directed to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough: upon opening this letter, which was wrote in imitation of print-hand, bearing date that day the 29th of November, it will be necessary, for the sake of the following circumstances, to desire your attention to the several parts. These are the words:

"*To his Grace the Duke of Marlborough.*

xxviiii November.

"My lord; as ceremony is an idle thing upon most occasions, more especially to persons in my state of mind, I shall proceed immediately to acquaint you with the motive and end of addressing this epistle to you, which is equally interesting to us both. You are to know then, that my present situation in life is such, that I should prefer annihilation to a continuance in it: desperate diseases require desperate remedies; and you are the man I have pitched upon, either to make me, or to unmake yourself. As I never had the honour to live among the great, the tenor of my proposals will not be very courtly; but let that be an argument to enforce the belief of what I am now going to write. It has employed my invention, for some time, to find out a method to destroy another, without exposing my own life; that I have accomplished, and defy the law. Now for the application of it. I am desperate, and must be provided for: you have it in your power, it is my business to make it your inclination, to serve me; which you must determine to comply with, by procuring me a genteel support for my life; or your own will be at a period before this session of parliament is over. I have more motives than one for singling you out first, upon this occasion; and I give you this fair warning, because the means I shall make use of are too fatal to be eluded by the power of physic. If you think this of any consequence, you will not fail to meet the author on Sunday next, at ten in the morning, or on Monday, (if the weather should be rainy on Sunday) near the first tree beyond the stile in Hyde Park, in the foot-walk to Kensington: secrecy and compliance may preserve you from a double danger of this sort: as there is a certain part of the world, where your death has more than been wished for, upon other motives. I know the world too well, to trust this secret in any breast but my own. A few days determine me your friend or enemy.

"FELTON."

"You will apprehend that I mean you should be alone; and depend upon it, that a discovery of any artifice in this affair will be fatal to you: my safety is insured by my silence; for confession only can condemn me."

This letter containing every thing that is dreadful, that might raise apprehensions of terror, subscribed by a name which is painful to almost

Digitized by Google

every ear—the name Felton! That was the name of the assassin that stabbed the Duke of Buckingham at Portsmouth.

My lord duke, not intimidated by the letter, though greatly surprised at it, and willing to find out the author, was not afraid to endeavour to apprehend him; he went alone to the spot, and at the time appointed; however, there was some attendant on his Grace at a distance, in order to observe what passed on the occasion. My lord duke had been there some time on horseback, and as much undressed as a man of his quality is. He had pistols before him; he had been there some time, and saw nobody at all at that particular place. After waiting some considerable time, he was returning, and observed a person come to the particular spot just by the tree beyond the stile in Hyde Park, by the foot-walk to Kensington: that person held a handkerchief to his mouth in a seeming disconsolate manner, looking into the water, and stood still a very considerable while. Upon his Grace seeing this, that the man was not pursuing any way, the Duke had no doubt in his own mind, but that this man (be he who he would) must be the person who had sent him this letter. The man sauntering just at the place, the Duke rode up to the spot, expecting the person would speak to him: his Grace asked the man, Whether he wanted to speak to him? He said, "No."—"Sir," said the Duke, "do you know me? I am the Duke of Marlborough; telling you that, perhaps you have something to say to me." "No, my lord." No notice being taken, the Duke came away.

Gentlemen, you see, that this was an appointment on a Sunday to meet at a place where several people might be supposed to be walking. What was the view of that person may be seen by-and-bye. The author of this letter speaks of his being exceedingly guarded against the possibility of a detection; he boasts of the care and caution he had used for that purpose,—he defies the law,—nothing but confession could condemn him,—his safety was insured by his silence,—he knew the world too well, to trust this secret in any breast but his own.

A few days after, in the same week, the Duke received a second letter. This also was put under the door of the Office of Ordnance, and was also wrote in imitation of a print-hand: but the directions of both the letters are not; there will be occasion to take notice of that circumstance by-and-bye. The second letter is in these words:

"*To his Grace the Duke of Marlborough.*

"My lord; You receive this as an acknowledgment of your punctuality as to the time and place of meeting on Sunday last, though it was owing to you that it answered no purpose. The pageantry of being armed, and the ensign of your order, were useless, and too conspicuous: you needed no attendant; the place was not calculated for mischief, nor was any intended. If you walk in the west aisle of Westminster Abbey, towards eleven o'clock on Sunday next, your sagacity will point out the person, whom you will address by asking his company to take a turn or two with you. You will not fail, on enquiry, to be acquainted with the name and place of abode; according to which directions you will please to send two or three hundred pound bank notes the next day by the penny post. Exert not your curiosity too early: it is in your power to make me grateful on certain terms. I have friends who are faithful; but they do not bark before they bite. I am, &c. &c. F."

Gentlemen, you see, the writer of the second letter speaks of being himself in the Park, or at least of knowing that the Duke was there, at

Digitized by Google

the time and place appointed: and therefore this was a farther circumstance to convince the Duke, that the person, whom he had seen the Sunday before in Hyde Park, and spoke to, was the writer of the second letter. You see it speaks of the Duke's punctuality as to the time and place of meeting, the particular dress his grace was in, and assigns that as the reason of not speaking to him the Sunday before: so you see, gentlemen, that circumstance, which was a little unaccountable of itself, of the Duke's not being owned by the person whom he had seen on the Sunday before, is by the second letter accounted for;—"The pageantry of being armed, and the ensign of his order." He had then only a star on, and that perhaps an old one, so as not to be conspicuous: so that this accounts for the person's not speaking to the Duke in Hyde Park. There can be no doubt at all, but that the writer of the second was the writer of the first letter.

The consequence then of this second appointment to meet the writer of the letters in the west aisle of Westminster Abbey, you will observe public places were appointed, and at public times; the first in Hyde Park, the second in prayer-time at Westminster Abbey, where the Duke was "by his sagacity to point out the person"—the writer of this letter. The Duke accordingly went to Westminster Abbey, to the west aisle (though indeed, properly speaking, we don't know which to call the west aisle, the church standing east and west). His grace went to the western-most part of the Abbey, and observed nobody lurking or standing in circumstances suspicious: after a little time, his grace was surprized to see that the same person, whom he had seen the Sunday before exactly at the spot in Hyde Park, appeared just in this place at the west end of Westminster Abbey; but he was surprised the more, that this person did not speak to him. Perhaps his grace had not then considered the tenor of this letter; for it was not to be expected, that the writer would address the Duke, but rather refers to the Duke's sagacity:—"Your sagacity will point out the person;" it then directs, "whom you will address by asking his company to take a turn or two with you." His grace perhaps did not consider this exactly; but waiting some time for the person to speak to him, and finding he did not, his grace asked him, "Sir, have you any thing to say to me?"—"No, my lord." "Have you nothing at all to say to me?"—"No." "Have you nothing at all to say to me?" No, he had nothing to say to him. Now I should have mentioned to you, when this person came into the Abbey, another person came in with him, who seemed by his appearance to be a substantial tradesman, a good sort of man. These two persons, after stopping and looking about at the monuments near the west gate of the Abbey, the Duke being sure one of them was the same man he had seen before in Hyde Park, his grace thought proper to go and stand by them, to see if that person would speak to him. Seeing the duke took no notice of him, they both went towards the choir: the stranger went into the choir, and the man that his grace had seen in the Park, came back again (leaving his friend there) to the spot where the duke was. The duke then asked him, whether he had any thing to say to him? No, he had nothing at all to say to him. No, he had nothing at all to say. Then the duke walked a little on the other side of the aisle, to see whether the man would follow him, or had a mind to speak to him at another spot. He observed the man looked eagerly at him; may-be it may be understood, he expected the duke's "sagacity would

Digitized by Google

point out the man." However, the duke did not do what the letter required, that is, ask him to take a turn with him.

At this second time there was somebody that was with the duke (when I say with him, I don't mean close to him, but) near enough, so as to take notice what passed, in order to apprehend the person, so as to put it beyond all doubt that he was the author of those letters. The duke, and this attendant of his, went out at the west door of the Abbey, in order to go to his coach. Now you will find by-and-bye, in the next letter, that the writer of these letters took notice of this attendant, but was under no apprehension of being watched by any body else; and that will account for those circumstances I am going to mention: as soon as the duke went out of the Abbey, that man, whom the duke had seen at both these places, watched the duke out of the Abbey, and as soon as his grace had passed the door of the Abbey, he went up, hid himself in a corner, concealed from a possibility of being seen by his grace in case he had looked back, and so watched him into his coach. It may be asked, why his grace, upon having such clear conviction in his mind, that that person must be the writer of both the letters, did not apprehend him? his grace will tell you, he did not think himself justified in so doing; he could not reconcile it to his own mind to take up a man, where there was a possibility of his innocence.

Gentlemen, a few days after this, came a third letter to the duke, wrapped up in a very small compass, and directed to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough at his house. You will see, by comparing the direction, that this third letter was wrote by the writer of the first letter: It begins, "My lord, I am fully convinced you had a companion on Sunday." So far it is proved, that the writer of these letters was in the Park on the first Sunday, and saw the duke there; and was in the Abbey on the second Sunday, and saw the duke there; and that it was the same man that the duke saw at both these times.—"I interpret it as owing to the weakness of human nature: but such proceedings is far from being ingenious, and may produce bad effects, whilst it is impossible to answer the end proposed."—Guarded through all. "You will see me again soon, as it were by accident, and may easily find where I go to; in consequence of which, by being sent to, I shall wait on your grace, but expect to be quite alone, and converse in whispers. You will likewise give your honour, upon meeting, that no part of the conversation shall transpire."—So that you see, as he was guarded before, he was determined to make it impossible to be discovered: if they were to converse in whispers, and to be quite alone, it was impossible for other evidence to rise up against him—"These and the former terms complied with, insure your safety; my revenge, in case of non-compliance, (or any scheme to expose me) will be slower, but not less sure, and strong suspicion the utmost that can possibly ensue upon it."—You see, how artful he had contrived it: he was determined that nothing more than strong suspicion should ever be in evidence against him—"While the chances will be tenfold against you. You will possibly be in doubt after the meeting, but it is quite necessary the outside should be a mask of the in. The family of the Bloods is not extinct, though they are not in my scheme."—The word Bloods is in capital letters. That is a dreadful name? As Felton was the villain who assassinated the Duke of Buckingham, so this is the name of the fellow who seized the Duke of Ormond, and was going

Digitized by Google

to carry him to Tyburn to execute him, and also who stole the crown out of the Tower of London.

You see, gentlemen, by this third letter, that the duke was to expect to hear something farther from the writer of these letters. It contains no appointment, but leads the duke to expect he shall see the writer again as by accident, and was to observe where he should go to, that the duke might know where to send for him; and that he would come in consequence of being sent for; but when he came to the duke the terms were, to be a secret conversation, not in the presence of a third person, and that too by whispers, and the duke promising, upon his honour, that no part of it should transpire, without which he was not led to think the writer should disclose anything at all. The first letter was dated and received the 29th November, the second received the next week, the third in the second week of December, and the last was some time in April.

The duke waited, expecting to hear farther; but heard nothing more until the middle of April. About the 14th there came a letter to his grace, wrote in a mean hand, but not in imitation of a print hand, as the others were. These are the words of the fourth letter:

"To his Grace the Duke of Marlborough.

"May it please your grace; I have reason to believe, that the son of one Barnard, a surveyor in Abingdon-buildings, Westminster, is acquainted with some secrets that nearly concern your safety: his father is now out of town, which will give you an opportunity of questioning more privately. It would be useless to your grace, as well as dangerous to me, to appear more publicly in this affair.—Your sincere friend, ANONYMOUS."

"He frequently goes to Storey's-gate coffee-house."

Gentlemen, the duke sent for Mr. Barnard, the son of Mr. Barnard, according to the directions in that letter. This letter, you will see, bears no date at all; no memorandum, or any thing which could possibly indicate when the letter was sent, or when the duke received it. The duke, when Mr. Barnard came, was sitting in his room; and though upon opening the door of the outer room (which was at three score yards distance from where the duke was,) yet the moment Mr. Barnard entered the room, he was sure that was the man he had seen both in the Park and in the Abbey. Though the duke had no doubt in his own mind on the former circumstances, that the person whom he had seen before was the writer of the first letter, now he was fully convinced that he was the writer of all the letters. The duke was determined the scheme should not so far take effect, as to engage himself upon his honour, that no part of the conversation should transpire; if so, nothing could have prevailed upon him to prosecute: therefore you are not to expect he complied with a conversation in whispers, and a promise on the duke's part, that no part of the conversation should transpire. The third letter will tell you, that the person that entered the room was the writer of all these letters. As soon as he came into the room, the duke took him to the window, and asked him, whether he wanted to speak with him? "No, my lord."—"No, Sir! I have received a letter, which tells me, that you are acquainted with some circumstances that nearly concern my safety."—"Not I, my lord." "This is very surprising, Sir! this is the letter;" and showed him the last letter. Still the duke had not given him any promise at all of not exposing the

Digitized by Google

conversation. "Sir, it is very odd that you should be pointed out to me, to acquaint me with some circumstances relating to my safety, because it mentions some circumstances as to the time, the place where you are to be found, your father's being out of town, and the like." The prisoner incautiously said immediately, "My lord, my father was out of town at that time."—"At what time, Sir? The letter bears no date, nor have I mentioned to you a syllable when I received it: how came you to know when I received this letter, that you should tell me, your father was not in town at that time? You speak clearly, as knowing when I received this letter; therefore give me leave on this occasion to tell you, that I do not only suspect you know of this letter, but that you have sent to me some other letters that I have received before:" then acquainting him with the other three letters, his grace observing upon them, that it was very odd and strange, that the letters corresponded so exactly and decisively on him, he being always at the places at the time appointed, and that he being the person named in the fourth letter too, and that he knew the time of the duke's receiving that letter, the duke put it upon him, "Sir, I am surprised at the writer of this letter; one should suppose from the style, and its being grammatically wrote, that the person who wrote it, had had some share of education; at least I am surprised that a man that has had any education at all, can descend to such a means of getting money." "My lord, your grace need not be surprised at that; a man may be learned and very poor." Very fond was he of softening things. "My lord, you need not be affrighted: I dare say the writer of these letters is a very mad man." "Why! you are very much concerned to apologize for the writer hereof," said the duke. Picking out this circumstance, the man does not know me, he expresses his very great surprise at my appearing in the Park with the ensign of my order, and my being armed—as incautious as he had been before, he is incautious upon that too, and said, "Indeed I was surprised to see your grace armed." "Was you so?" said the duke. "Was you surprised to see me armed? Can any man doubt a moment who wrote these letters? But, however, Mr. Barnard, as you insist upon it, and declare so solemnly your innocence, I will not so far invade the laws of hospitality, whatever crime you have done." (He would not for the world apprehend a man in his own house whom he had sent for; he let him go safe home again; it was for that reason he would not give his promise not to reveal the conversation; but in regard to the public he was determined to prosecute.) The duke said to him, "Sir, if you are not the writer of these papers, it much becomes you to find out who is; for your name is particularly mentioned in this last letter; either you are the writer, or allow me to say, somebody else owes you very ill-will that was the writer of them." I am relying merely on the terms of the last letter, wherein he was to inform his grace of things that nearly concerned his safety, so much to the hazard of his own life? What became him, as having a regard to his own reputation and safety? To determine, as far as in his power, to find out the writer; nay to have given the duke assurance that he would do it: instead of that, what was his behaviour? A smile of contempt—an unmannerly laugh in the duke's face, as if it did not concern him at all.

Gentlemen, I should think that to this there can hardly be a circumstance added more clearly to convince any man alive of the circum-

Digitized by Google

stances of this man's being the author of these letters; but you will find afterwards the prisoner (for what reason let him tell if he can) told his grace, he had desired his companion that was with him in Westminster Abbey to leave him: Why? "Because he thought the duke wanted to tell him of some place he had for him." Good God! how could he imagine he wanted to tell him of a place? A person whom he had never seen before he saw him in the Park, how could he expect that? This was his awkward reason for desiring his companion to leave him.

I beg pardon, if I have omitted any thing; these are the circumstances that have occurred to me on this occasion; they are so strong and necessary in the proof of the prisoner's guilt, that I will venture to say, it is much more satisfactory to an indifferent person, than positive testimony—the positive testimony of any man, as men are liable to mistakes, as mistake in time, a mistake in persons, will exceedingly vary the case; but variety of circumstances, which tally in their own nature, cannot lie or deceive.

This prosecution is commenced merely for the sake of justice; I am instructed to say from his grace, it is perfectly indifferent to him what will be the issue of the trial: he thought it his duty to come here, and leave it to his country to determine as they shall think proper."

The evidence, which bore out this address, and which was unshaken by cross-examination, need not be given here; but the extraordinary part of the story is in the prisoner's complete answer to the accusation. In his defence the prisoner merely said, "I am entirely innocent of this affair with which I am charged. I leave it to the Court and the jury, with the evidence that will be produced." He then brought the following testimony.

John Barnard was sworn,

J. Barnard. I am father to the prisoner at the bar.

What is his employ?—He is employed in my business as a builder and surveyor principally; in not only that, and drawing plans, but also in receiving great sums of money.

Have his accounts always stood right and clear?—They always have.

Do you look upon him to be a sober man?—I have had great reason to believe him such, more particularly lately.

Has he been possessed of large sums of money?—He has, of considerable sums; I have oftener asked him for money than he me.

Had you any occasion to send him to Kensington on Sunday the 4th of December?—I had nothing, but circumstances brought the day to my mind since: I gave him an order on that Sunday morning, when we were at breakfast, to go to Kensington, to know whether there was some money paid by the treasurer of the turnpikes for gravel: I have a brother there, named Joseph; he went there and did his business, and dined with my brother.

How do you know that?—Because he told me so; and the solicitor of the turnpike told me he had been with him, and in consequence of which I had my money afterwards.

Have you ever heard your son take any notice of his meeting with the Duke of Marlborough that day?—When he came home, he told me, he had met the Duke of Marlborough, and these circumstances of his grace's taking notice of him; he mentioned it as an extraordinary thing.

Digitized by Google

I asked him, if he had not looked a little impudently (as he has a near sight) at him, or pulled his glass out?—He said, he saw another gentleman at a distance, and the duke was armed; and he imagined there might be a duel going forward; he has from that time to this mentioned it as a very strange event several times in my house, without any reserve at all.

Cross-examination.

At the time you sent your son to Kensington on the 4th of December, suppose you had not given him an order to go there, whether he was not at liberty to go where he pleased?—Yes; I never restrain him.

Did he say he was surprised to see the duke without a great coat?—I cannot remember that particular.

Did you hear him mention his seeing the Duke of Marlborough in Westminster-Abbey?—I have very often, and very publicly, and with some surprise; as he has that in Hyde-Park. I said to him, I would not have you be public in speaking of things in this kind, lest a use be made of it to your disadvantage.

Thomas Barnard sworn.

T. Barnard. I am first cousin to the prisoner at the bar. On Saturday the 3rd of December I was at Kensington, and lay at my uncle's house there and dined there. On the Sunday the prisoner came there before dinner, he said he had been to do some business that way. He dined with us; there were my uncle, aunt, he and I; he related that circumstance to us of meeting with the Duke of Marlborough in Hyde-Park; he said he rode up to him, and asked if he knew who he was; he answered, No; he replied, I am the Duke of Marlborough. He related it with some cheerfulness, though as a matter of surprise.

How long have you known the prisoner?—From his birth: he is in business with his father; I always understood he would succeed his father; I never knew him to behave any otherwise than well in my life. I never thought him extravagant, nor never heard so; I had always looked upon him to be an honest man; his father is in very great business.

Should you look upon it, that a small place would be equal to the chance of succeeding his father in his business?—I should never have thought of such a thing; I looked upon his situation in life to be a very extraordinary thing: I thought he would give the preference to that above any thing else.

Cross-examination.

Do you think he would refuse a good place?—No man would refuse a place that is to his advantage.

Joseph Barnard sworn.

J. Barnard. I am uncle to the prisoner at the bar; I live at Kensington; my nephew, Thomas Barnard, lay at my house on the Saturday night, and dined with the prisoner at the bar on the Sunday. I remember he then mentioned having met with the Duke of Marlborough in Hyde-Park, while we were sitting at dinner. I said I was surprised he should meet with him that day; he said he saw but one gentleman at a distance, and the duke was armed; and his grace looked him full in the face, very earnestly (which he seemed to speak with a great deal of pleasure to me); he is very near-sighted, he can see nothing at a distance without the use of a glass. I have heard him since speak four or five times of seeing the duke in Westminster-Abbey.

Digitized by Google

How long ago?—About a month ago. He is brought up under his father in very considerable business, and a man of some property besides, and was employed as his clerk or book-keeper.

Is he a sober man?—Very sober; I never heard to the contrary; neither did I ever hear his father speak of him as idle or dilatory.

Thomas Calcut sworn.

T. Calcut. I live at Kensington: I remember the prisoner coming there on a Sunday morning; a very cold, foggy morning: with some message from his father to me, to know whether the solicitor had paid some money or not. He was under his father, as I am under mine; he desired me to go with him; I said, stay and dine with me: he said, he could not promise, because he had promised to dine with his uncle Joseph; he went into the parlour, and said, it is vastly cold: there has been the oddest accident happened as I came over the Park! the Duke of Marlborough came up to me, and asked me, if I knew him? I said, No. He asked me, if I wanted any thing with him?—I told him, No. He said, I am the Duke of Marlborough, if you want any thing with me; then the duke went away, and he came there. He expressed a great surprise at it, and I thought it a very odd affair.

Henry Clive, Esq. sworn.

H. Clive. I have known the prisoner two years; I remember dining with him on the 8th December, at his father's house, with a great deal of company; I heard him then say at dinner, that some few days before, he had met the Duke of Marlborough in Hyde-Park; that the duke asked him, if he had any business with him? He said, No; he then told him who he was, and asked him the same again; he said, No. That the duke seemed in some confusion, and was armed; and he thought he was about a duel; and indeed I thought it was a very great lie. I have gone very frequently to his father's in relation to Brentford Bridge. I have no other acquaintance with him, only going to his father's, so cannot say any thing to his character, either frugal or extravagant.

Can you name any body that dined there that day?—Yes, there was Mr. Wilson and his lady, Mr. Tunstall and his lady, another gentleman and his wife, and the prisoner's younger brother that is at Westminster school.

Mrs. *Mary Wilson*, sworn.

Mrs. *Wilson.* I dined at Mr. Barnard's on Tuesday the 8th December; the prisoner I remember said he had been in Hyde-Park some days before, and there he saw a gentleman on horseback come up to him, and ask him, if he had any thing to say to him? He said, No; then he said, I am the Duke of Marlborough, now you know me, have you any thing to say to me? He said, No. He talked of this very freely to us all.

James Greenwood sworn.

Greenwood. I live at Deptford, with a relation in the brewing-way; I came from Deptford on Saturday to the prisoner's father's; and on the Sunday following I was there at breakfast; I solicited the prisoner to get himself dressed to go with me into the Park, being to meet a person at twelve o'clock; I with a good deal of difficulty got him to dress himself; I put my shirt on in the parlour, and after that he put on his; I fancy we breakfasted about nine o'clock; when we got to the end of Henry VII's chapel, the prisoner would have gone the other way into the Park without going through the Abbey; I took hold of his sleeve,

Digitized by Google

and said, Barnard, you shall go through the Abbey; this was a little after a eleven; this was no unusual thing; we have several times walked in the Park, and sometimes parted.

Which is the nearest way to the Park?—I do not know which is the nearest way, through the Abbey, or by the side of it; this was the first time I believe that I ever saw the monument of General Hargrave. After that we walked to the monument erected at the public expence for Captain Cornwall; the preacher was in the pulpit; when we were standing at Captain Cornwall's monument, the prisoner made some observation on the execution of it in his own way. After we had stayed there some time, I saw his grace the Duke of Marlborough, who was got pretty near us; upon seeing the duke, I jogged him by the elbow, and said, step this way; he seemed to look at him.

Had you heard what happened in Hyde-Park, previous to this?—I had; I believe it was told me by the prisoner at the bar; on my jogging him we walked up the middle aisle towards the choir. I said, Did you see that gentleman in the blue coat, or do you know him? No, said he, not I, No, said I, it is the Duke of Marlborough; we will walk to the monument again. The duke came, and placed himself pretty near me a second time; after this we walked away. I believe we walked some considerable time in that aisle in which is the monument of Sir Godfrey Kneller, there I believe we passed and repassed again.

Why did you jog him?—Because he is very near-sighted. At last, I think it so happened, we passed the duke between two of the pillars; and as I had hold of his arm walking together, there was barely room for three people to pass a-breast; the duke rather gave way, and made, as I thought, a kind of a bow. Upon this I said, the Duke of Marlborough's behaviour is extremely particular; he certainly has something to say to you; I suppose he does not choose to say it while I am with you, I will go into the choir, and do you walk up and down here, and he will possibly speak to you. While I was there, I looked; the first thing I saw was the Duke of Marlborough and the prisoner at the bar, with their heads bowing together, as if it was the first salutation.

Had the prisoner the least inclination to go into the Abbey before you proposed it to him?—No: he did not discover any.

Did he discover any inclination to be left alone, when you proposed to go into the choir?—No, he did not in the least; in some few minutes after, the prisoner and I met together, he told me the Duke of Marlborough was gone out of the Abbey, he had seen him go out. I said, what passed? To which he replied, the duke said, did you speak to me? or who spoke first I cannot tell.

In this transaction did the prisoner appear openly, or if he had some secret transaction to do with the duke?—No, it was open and clear.

Did you see the duke come in?—No, I did not; we were employed in looking at the monuments; we looked at several.

What did you do when you first came in?—We walked along, and looked on the monuments.

Did you see the prisoner's eye fixed on any person?—No, I did not.

Is Mr. Barnard very near sighted?—He is; I question whether he can be able to see a person across this room.

Where did you go, when you went out of the Abbey?—We went immediately into the Park; and after walking there, we met with two ladies whom I knew, and to whom Mr. Barnard was not unknown, to

Digitized by Google

whom we related this affair; he always repeated these things, that is, this and that in Hyde-Park, as matter of great curiosity.

How long have you been acquainted with him?—I have been acquainted with him seven years.

What is his character?—I know nothing to the contrary but that he is an industrious, sober young man.

Did you ever hear that he was a profligate, expensive man?—No, never.

His father is in great business, is he not?—His father's business is a very considerable thing.

William Ball, sworn.

Ball. I am the master of Storey's-gate coffee-house; I remember Mr. Merrick coming to my house, to enquire for Mr. Barnard; he asked me, if Mr. Barnard was at my house? I said, leave any message, I will deliver it to him; he said, he wanted to see him that evening; he left his message, I delivered it to him, and he came rather before eight o'clock to him. He has used my house some years, always a well-behaved man; I never perceived any extravagancy in him, always a sober, regular man. I have heard him speak of having met the Duke of Marlborough, but not till after this: he said he had been to his grace, at his grace's house; this was as he called at my house, after he had been there.

Did he mention what had passed?—No, he did not; only that he had seen his grace.

Cross-examination.

Did he not tell you any thing that passed?—He did not tell me a syllable of it.

What did you say to him?—I told him, may-be he was going to have a commission; he said, he would not thank his grace, except it was a very good one.

How did he appear as to cheerfulness, or dullness, or the like?—He seemed to be very cheerful, not in the least concerned; the same as usual, composed, rather more cheerful.

Counsel. We will now shew his behaviour after he was apprehended.

Mr. *Ford.* While he was in custody, Mr. Fielding did me the honour of sending for me; he told me it was upon some business which concerned the Duke of Marlborough's life; he asked me to go along with him and Mr. Box to New Prison, which I consented to; we went together in a coach; this was about twelve at night, and Mr. Barnard was then in bed; I have really forgot what day it was: Mr. Fielding told him, he had omitted examining his pockets at the time he was before him; he then searched his pockets, in order to see whether he had any letters, or any writings that might give light into the affairs; he very readily let me look into his pocket-book and papers. Mr. Fielding with great candour told him, he was in the hands of a very honourable prosecutor, and one that would be as glad to discover his innocence as his guilt. Mr. Fielding asked him for his keys, and he gave him the keys of his scrutoire and compting-house with great readiness; and I remember that I then told him, that, if he was guilty, some copies might be found to correspond with the original letters; and if nothing of that sort did appear, it would be a circumstance in his favour.

Did you or Mr. Fielding tell him he was not obliged to part with his keys, and did he do it as a matter of choice?—I do not recollect that; I know he parted with them very readily.

The Rev. Dr. *Markham* sworn.

Dr. *Markham.* I have known the prisoner some years; I have always

Digitized by Google

considered him as a young man of remarkable sobriety, and attention to business: I have had some experience of him; I entrusted him with the execution of some matters of importance relating to myself, in regard to surveying and valuing estates, in which he acquitted himself ably and honestly; that is the character he always had: he lives in my neighbourhood, his father is a man of considerable property, and carries on a large business.

Then you don't suppose the prisoner to be in distressed circumstances? —I never supposed it, I have no reason to imagine it; if he had come to me, wanting money, he might easily have imposed on me, he might have had any thing of me; he is one of the chief persons I trusted, and I don't know a man on whom I would have had a greater reliance; I thought him remarkably able in his business, and very likely to be a considerable man; and I never was more astonished in my life than when I heard this strange story.

Samual Cox, Esq. sworn.

S. Cox. I have known Mr. Barnard about the space of three years last past. The beginning of my acquaintance was on the account of his surveying of houses in the New-Square, Dean's-Yard; the surveys were generally made by him; he did his business with such accuracy, that I have always thought him a man very attentive to his business, and very unlikely of being charged with this fact; and upon his being employed upon public schemes, I employed him in my own affairs. I employed his father to finish some houses for me at Hamersmith, the son was constantly employed till the 6th of April last; I have at different times paid to Mr. Barnard about £700 all paid into the hands of the prisoner, except £50 or £70 of it. He has appeared as the person that managed his father's business: if he had come to me, and mentioned any want of money, upon his father's being out of town, or that like, he might have had £200 or £300 at any time. When I first was acquainted with him, I observed he had a remarkable short sight; when he has looked full at me, I have thought he sneered at me; he has such a fall with his eye-lids on the account of his short-sightedness; I have found his eyes so fixed upon me, that I have been going to speak to him, which by my long acquaintance with him I since found was only an accident.

Robert Vansittart, Esq. sworn.

R. Vansittart. I have known Mr. Barnard about five or six years; my acquaintance with him was by being acquainted with his father, who was employed in carrying on a large building for Mr. Lee, an acquaintance of mine in Oxfordshire; and these five years I have been acquainted with the son, and frequently in company with him. In the beginning of April he was in my chamber, putting up some book-cases; I remember one morning at breakfast he told me the circumstance of meeting the Duke of Marlborough in Hyde-Park and in Westminster Abbey, in the same way as the Court has been told from his grace and the rest of the witnesses: it appeared to me to be a very strange story, and he seemed to tell it as such, as I or any body else would have told it. I suspended my judgment upon it, and never related it to any body, only to my father and another gentleman, and they looked upon it as a great lie that Barnard had invented; I, knowing his character, did not take it as such, but thought he must have known it to be as he said.

What is your opinion of him as to his business?—From my own personal acquaintance with him, and from the many surveys I have seen of

Digitized by Google

his, he certainly is very capable and master of his business. I never heard any thing ill as to his private character.

Did you ever see him write?—No; he draws very well; I have seen him draw.

John Smith, Esq. sworn.

J. Smith. I have known him eight or ten years, and his father's family twenty-five. He always appeared an industrious, sober, diligent man, particularly within these four or five years, since he has come into business with his father. I considered him as a very promising genius in his way, and one capable of conducting his business with reputation and character.

Did you look upon him likely to be driven to distress, or in want of a place?—No, I did not. I can with great truth say, most of the payments in my compting-house, on his father's account, have most of them been paid by the hands of this young man; except the last £500; then Mr. Barnard and his wife came over and dined with me, and paid it; and then I blamed him for not bringing his son.

What are you? I am a timber merchant.

Joshua Smith, Esq., sworn.

Josh. Smith. I am in partnership with my father, the last evidence. I have known the prisoner several years; I always thought him a very honest, sober man, capable in his profession: the money that has been paid to us lately, except that £500, has been by him; they never paid less than £100 at a time, except once.

Have you any reason to imagine him in desperate circumstances?—There is no reason as I know of to imagine so.

Robert Tunstall, Esq. sworn.

R. Tunstall. I have known him two years.

What is his general character?—He is industrious, and very capable of his business. His behaviour has been prudent; he is the principal man in his father's business in drawing and scheming.*

Mr. *Peter Brushell* sworn.

P. Brushell. I have known him from a child.

What is his character?—I always took him to be a very sober, honest man. His father has done a great deal of business for me, and is now at work for me.

Who did you generally pay the money to?—I generally paid the father; if the prisoner had applied to me, I would have let him have £100 at any time.

Is he capable of business?—He is very capable: he drew a plan for me last Saturday was se'nnight.

Did you look upon him to be in desperate or distressed circumstances? No, I did not.

Has he always been a visible man?—Always.

Mr. *Jelfe* sworn.

Jelfe. I am the king's mason. I have known the prisoner seven years or more.

Do you look upon him to be capable of his business?—I believe he is a very capable man in his business.

What is his general character?—Always a very worthy, honest man.

Did you ever see him guilty of any extravagancy?—No, never.

Do you live near him?—I am a very near neighbour to him, and keep him company on evenings, within this year or two more particularly.

* Mr. John Barnard, the father of the prisoner, built Kew Bridge for this Mr. Tunstall.

Digitized by Google

William Robinson, Esq. sworn.

Robinson. I have known him about six or seven years.

Is he a person capable of his profession?—I believe he is.

What has been his behaviour?—I always looked upon him to be a very sober, diligent, frugal man.

Did you look upon him to be in desperate circumstances?—No, not at all.

Thomas Kynaston, Esq. sworn.

Kynaston. I have known him six or seven years.

What are you?—I belong to the board of works.

What is your opinion of the prisoner's situation?—I think he is in a good one.

What has been his behaviour?—That has been always good.

Mr. *Keynton Cowse* sworn.

Cowse. I have known him seven years, and been in his company many times.

What is his character?—He is a very worthy young man, sober and industrious, always attending his father's business.

Mr. *Uffort* sworn.

Uffort. I have known him about six or seven years; he is a sober sedate young man as ever I met with. I have done business for him several times.

Mr. *Brent* sworn.

Brent. I have known him upwards of three years.

What is his character?—He has a good character; he is a very industrious man. I have frequently paid him money.

Mr. *Jones* sworn.

Jones. I have known him several years.

What is his general character?—He is very honest; no ways extravagant, that could lead him in into a desperate state; he is as moral a man as any I know, and has had as good a character.

Mr. *Wilson* sworn.

Wilson. I have known him about seven years.

What has been his behaviour during that time?—It has been always very well. I always looked upon him as an honest man.

Did you ever look upon him to be in a desperate way in his fortune?—No, never.

Q to Mr. *Barnard* the elder. Where was you when your son was sent for to the Duke of Marlborough's?—Mr. *Barnard.* I was then out of town. I have not been in town above one week these five or six weeks.

Mr. Sergeant Davy, evidently shaken in his own mind by these witnesses, commented in his reply, with much acumen though fairly, on the evidence; when he had concluded, the jury at once acquitted the prisoner, and a second indictment against him was then abandoned by the prosecution. To complete the mystery, the Duke died within the year of the period of this investigation, *before the session had expired,* and the matter remains to this day unexplained.

Digitized by Google

THE CASTLES AND MANSIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Howth Castle,

THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF HOWTH.

And dance and song within these walls have sounded,
And breathing music rolled in dulcet strains,
And lovely feet have o'er these gray stones bounded
In snowy garments and embroidered trains—
Such things have been.

ABOUT nine miles rapid railroad travelling brought me from the metropolis of the Emerald Isle to the lofty promontory, called in ancient Irish by the appropriate name of *Ben eider* or the Eagle's Cliff. In those primitive ages its secluded position—the extreme point of the coast—and the sterile aspect of the rough hill sides affording little temptation to the agriculturist, left it the retreat for religious men, bent on avoiding a wordly life, and, if these lovers of retirement wished to attain a still more retired habitation, the neighbouring Island of Lambay lay conveniently near. Between Lambay and the coast is Ireland's Eye, distant about a mile—a mass of irregularly shaped rocks, with little soil on the surface, and measuring about a mile and a half in circumference. Here are the remains of an ancient church, founded by St. Nissan, in the sixth century, and the venerated book of the Four Gospels, called the "Garland of Howth," was preserved here. Opposite, on the bold cliff, overhanging the sea, are the picturesque ruins of the Abbey, or College of Howth, supposed to have been built by Sitric, a Danish Prince, A.D. 1038. The ruins are very magnificent, enclosed in a quadrangular area defended by a rampart—the embattled walls pleasingly contrasting with the peaceful aspect of the time worn ruins. The church-yard is shamefully allowed to become a perfect garden of weeds. I could hardly make any way through the groves of nettles, and other weeds which cover the entire space; some effort is made to preserve the buildings, and a strong iron railing protects a curious old monument to one of the Lords Howth, and his Lady, whose effigies, in their respective habiliments, are wrought in the stone forming the lid. The date is 1430. Not far distant is Howth Castle. The entrance, close to the church, is modern, yet tasteful; clusters of circular granite pillars with conical capitals support massive iron gates, and open on a well kept very exclusive demesne. The castle is a long, rather low, structure, flanked by square battlemented towers at the angles, and the square hall door in the centre, surmounted by a pediment, is approached by a lofty flight of steps. The hall is a very fine one, and the lover of antiquities has a treat. Antique armour—the weapons of days when war was the profession of most men—are here. A large two-handed sword is pointed out as having belonged to the founder of the family,

Digitized by Google

whose adventures by flood and field rival any recounted in romance or fable. The name of Sir Armoricus Tristram deserves to be recorded. He it was who formed the compact with his brother-in-law Sir John De Courcy, in St. Mary's church at Rouen, that they should become brothers in arms as well as brothers in love, and whatever spoil they should take, in land or wealth, should be equally divided between them. On the strength of this agreement, they sought achievements in various parts of France and England, and turning their prow westward they "steered their bark for Erin's Isle," and anchored off Howth. De Courcy was confined to the ship by sickness, and the command devolving on Sir Armoricus, he ordered a landing. The Irish assembled in haste, but not arriving in time to prevent the invaders reaching the shore, attacked them at the bridge of Evora, which crosses a mountain stream on the north side of Howth. This conflict was maintained on both sides with the desperate valour of men preferring to die than yield. Seven sons of Sir Armoricus were slain, together with many of his kindred, but the Irish were routed. In clearing out the foundation of a church built on the spot some years since, a quantity of bones were discovered, together with an antique anvil, with bridle, bits, and other accoutrements. This might have been the armourer's anvil used in closing up the rivets preparatory to the engagement. The result of the victory was to give the lands and castle of Howth to the gallant Sir Armoricus, as his share of the conquest. The account of his death is a strong proof of his valour. While engaged with some of his knights in making an incursion into Connaught, they were surprised and surrounded by a superior force—yet a chance of escape existed—the knights suggested to avail themselves of the swiftness of their steeds and save themselves by flight, but Sir Armoricus disdained life on such terms. He dismounted from his gallant charger, drew his sword, and kissing the cross forming the guard, thrust it into his horse's side. His example was followed by all the knights except two, who acted as videttes, and they alone returned to tell the sad tale that the brave Sir Armoricus, and his companions, died as became Norman knights, with their faces to the foeman. The family name was changed from Tristram to St. Lawrence on the following occasion. One of the lords of the race commanded an army about to engage in battle against the Danes on St. Lawrence's Day. He made a vow to the Saint that if victorious he would assume the name of St. Lawrence, and entail it on his posterity. The Danes fled and the name retained.

A long flight of steps leads from the hall to a chamber, in which is a picture representing a female figure mounted on a white horse, in the act of receiving a child from a peasant. This is supposed to refer to the tradition of the celebrated Granu Uile, or Grace O'Malley, who, returning from the Court of Queen Elizabeth, landed at Howth, and proceeded to the castle, but found the gates shut, the family having gone to dinner. Enraged at this utter want of Irish hospitality, the indignant chieftainess proceeded to the shore, where the young lord was at nurse, hurried with him on board, and sailed to Connaught where her castle stood. An ample apology being made and promise of future hospitality to all such guests, the child was restored, on the express stipulation that the gates should be always thrown open when the family went to dinner. There is a bed shown in which King William III slept. In the saloon is a full length of that curious combination of good and evil—Dean Swift, with the

Digitized by Google

draper's letters in his hand. The notorious Wood is crouching beside him, and his half-pence are scattered about. In a most entertaining and ably written work, "The Homes and Haunts of the Poets," Mr. Howitt has taken some pains to prove that Mr. Wood was not at all to blame, and much more "sinned against than sinning."

The antiquity of this family in Ireland may be judged from the foregoing remarks. The title of Baron was conferred so far back as 1177, a few years after the arrival of the English. In 1767 the Barony was merged in the title of Viscount St. Lawrence, then created Earl of Howth. The alliances and offices filled by various members of this noble house would occupy a large space; the fifteenth Baron was Lord Chancellor of Ireland, A.D. 1483; he married the second daughter of the Duke of Somerset, which entitles Lord Howth to claim descent from the renowned English Monarch King Edward III. The present peer is the 29th in succession from the founder of the family, Sir Armoricus Tristram. The Earl married, in 1826, Lady Emily de Burgh, second daughter of the late Earl of Clanricarde, and has one son and four daughters: the beautiful and amiable Countess died in 1842, to the universal regret of every one who had the honour of her acquaintance. His eldest son, the Viscount St. Lawrence, is a Lieutenant in the 7th Hussars, and is at present on the Staff of his Excellency the Earl of Clarendon, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland.

Renny, co. Cork,

The Seat of Henry Smyth, Esq. J. P.

"Swift Anniduff, which of the Englishman
Is called Blackwater,"

Washes the trunks of tall trees that fringe the lawns of Renny, and the Irish Rhine, as this noble river has been justly termed, still murmurs past a magnificent oak, under the shade of whose far stretching boughs the Poet of the Age, Edmund Spencer, is said to have composed the Faerie Queene. And to this monarch of the wood comes many an humble bard, desirous to pay the tribute of his homage; full of veneration for the genius which flourished beneath its branches. What glorious aspirations were poured forth on the spot? How many splendid stanzas, rich in wondrous imagery, and brilliant thoughts, found a voice and birth under this tree! It is a meet spot for a poet to compose in. The banks here are high and precipitous, and clothed in wood, and their solitude would lead you to suppose the busy world shut out, and this the happy valley of Rasselas. The fame of this tree is a great attraction to Renny, and Spencer's Oak is regarded with becoming honour. Though there is no doubt that Renny formed a portion of the poet's estate in this county, his usual residence was several miles distant at Kilcolman Castle; and, it was not until after his death, which was hastened by the ruin of his fortune attending the destruction of Kilcolman by the insurgents in 1597, that his family occupied Renny prominently. This property was a portion of the great Desmond estate, from which Edmund Spencer obtained a grant of 3028 acres. And close by the Mansion-house are the venerable remains of a castle, boldly situated on the verge of a magnificent ledge of rocks. This castle is considered to have belonged to

Digitized by Google

the Geraldines. The dwelling of the Spencers lay in the rear of the present house, which is not of any antiquity, and some of the rooms have been turned to account. In one, now used as a dairy, there is a tragical circumstance related as having occurred to a descendant of Spencer's. He had contracted an intimacy with his housekeeper, which she expected would cause him to marry her—great was her anger to learn that he was on the eve of consigning her to infamy, by marrying another. She resolved on vengeance, and, while in the act of shaving him, as was the habit of this Lothario, she cut his throat. This Mr. O'Flanagan correctly states in his Guide to the Blackwater to have occurred in the small antique dwelling at Renny; but he does not,—as Mr. Howitt in the "Homes and Haunts of British Poets," attributes to him—thereby mean the present mansion, which, as the latter writer justly observes, is a good modern mansion.

Renny-House, formerly the property of the Reverend C. Wallis, who evidently aspired to high dignities in the church, as the stone mitres on the gate piers attest, is a quiet respectable country seat. The rooms are well proportioned, and commodious, and afford several exquisite views. One, from the large drawing room, is a perfect picture. It takes in a shelving steep bank well wooded, and overlooking a spacious dell, with the bright mirror-like river flowing through fair meadowy niches. This charming landscape presents a constant variety, every change of sky causing a change of aspect. Now the sun is gleaming on hill and tree, and wave, and all is brilliant and gay. A cloud dulls the heavens, and darkness comes on, and black shadows steal out like robbers from gloomy caves, and mists hang on the hill tops. A little distance from the house the path leads round an angle of wood, and majestic rocks stands before us. Here all is sublime and beautiful, not ideal, such as Burke wrote on, but real and substantial. These giant rocks rise up bold and frowning, a rugged feature in the quiet scene. Some natural caverns seem scooped in their sides, and water lies at the base. These rocks are surmounted by the buildings, and the ancient walls of the Fitz-Gerald Castle, still crown the top. Fine pasture lands stretch from the base, and lowing herds of cattle, and flocks of fleecy sheep, and sportive lambs, brouse to their full content. Some slender greyhounds chasing each other in rapid circles gave animation to the scene. We gazed, and gratified our curiosity by a minute survey of the dwelling with its pretty garden and ruined castle, the spreading lawn and its fine clumps of trees shading the flocks and herds, the massive rocks forming the solid foundation for the mansion, the wooded slopes descending the meadows, the river flowing hurriedly past, and Spencer's oak with its hallowed association of poetry and history, until in the words of Wilson—

> Thus gently blended many a human thought,
> With those that peace and solitude supplied;
> Till in our hearts the musing kindness wrought
> With gradual influence like a flowing tide,
> And for the lovely sound of human voice we sighed.

Digitized by Google

ON IRISH BARONIES BY WRIT.

There are few subjects connected with the history of Ireland, which furnish more interesting matter for inquiry than the laws that regulate the descent of the ancient baronies of that kingdom, many of which still remain in the possession of the male heirs of the original grantee, and are enjoyed by them, while the remainder have become extinct, dormant or in abeyance.

This subject has been ably treated by several genealogical writers,* more especially by Mr. Lynch, who in his "Feudal Dignities of Ireland," and "Case of Prescriptive Baronies," has with great labour and research nearly, if not altogether, determined that none of those ancient baronies could be inherited by heirs female.

Yet, however great diversity of opinion still exists on this subject, many claims have within the last few years been put forward by the representatives of female lines, and several of the most eminent counsel of the Irish bar, some of whom now sit on the bench of that kingdom, have given decided and strong opinions in favour of such claims.

The importance of this subject will be known from the fact, that if such claims be admitted, the effect will be to place, in all probability, nearly fifty different families in the place and precedence of the ancient baronies of Ireland, which they represent through female heirs, and consequently to declare that those peers, who now hold baronies as male heirs of the first grantees, have been wrongfully created peers to the exclusion of female heirs, and enjoy the place and precedence of such original baronies through mistake.

In the following pages we propose taking a review of the subject, and to shew the descent of the original baronies of Ireland, adding the arguments which have been put forward on both sides of the question, as to the singular difference which exists between the rules which regulate the descent of such baronies in England, and the rules which regulate those of Ireland, or at least which custom has all but established in the latter kingdom.

It is hardly necessary to remark, that in the former kingdom the early baronies, created by writ of summons, have invariably descended to the female heir, or if coheirs, it has gone into abeyance amongst them, and lain dormant until such time as the crown has been pleased to terminate the abeyance in favour of some one of the coheirs or their representatives, and thus many of these baronies have been inherited, (as in the case of the baronies of de Ros, le de Spencer, &c.†) by many different families passing in and out, through heirs and coheirs.

* Cruise, on Dignities; Sir John Davis' Reports, Case of County Palatine; Coke's Institutes, County Palatine of Chester.

† De Ros has passed by a coheir to the Manners, Earls of Rutland, from them to the Cecils, Earls of Exeter, back to the Manners, then to the Villiers, Dukes of Buckingham, then to the sisters and heirs of Manners, 6th Earl of Rutland, when the

Digitized by Google

While, on the other hand, in Ireland, baronies created by the same form of writ, by the same king, have in every instance, except one (which shall be mentioned hereafter,) gone to the heirs male of the original grantee, passing over in all but the one instance the claims of heirs female, it is the singular anomaly we would here discuss, endeavouring to place before the reader the different arguments which have been adduced in favour of each rule of descent by those who have examined and treated on the points involved in the question.

It cannot be doubted, that, after the conquest of Ireland by Henry II. King of England, all the early feudal dignities and titles introduced into the former kingdom were founded on the same laws, customs and usages, as those which regulated the honours then existing in England; and it is but reasonable to suppose that those who introduced them into Ireland would found them on the same principles as regulated those of the kingdom whence they came, and by which many of them held dignities there themselves.

Sir Hugh de Lacy received as a reward for his valour the entire county of Meath, which was erected into a palatine honour for him; this enabled him to grant, as lord of that palatine, rights and liberties which constituted the grantee a baron of such honour. It is not intended here to enter into any discussion as to the nature and constitution of these baronies, which were without doubt modelled on the baronies of the palatines of England, and gave to the possessor all the rights and privileges and powers which belonged to what was then called a barony. There is however conclusive evidence that the baronies created of the palatine of Meath passed in several different instances to heirs female, and that their descendants were thence denominated.*

The lordship of Meath itself was divided between the two daughters and coheirs of Gilbert de Lacy, grandson of Hugh de Lacy, the first lord, the elder of whom, Maud, having married Geoffrey de Geneville, conveyed to him the lordship of Trim, and a moiety of Meath, and Margery, the youngest coheir, conveyed to her husband, the Lord John de Verdon, the remaining moiety. There is also equally satisfactory evidence as to the descent of the province of Leinster, the great heritage of the De Clares, which came to the Marshals, by marriage with Isabel de Clare, the heiress of Richard Strongbow, and which great inheritance was finally divided amongst her daughters and coheirs on the decease

---

abeyance was terminated in favour of Charlotte Walsingham, wife of Lord Henry Fitzgerald, in whose descendants it now remains.

The barony of Le de Spencer, passed by a female line to the Beauchamps, Earls of Worcester, thence to the Nevilles, thence to the Fanes, Earls of Westmoreland, then to the Dashwoods, to the Pauls, and now exists in the Stapyltons.

* Colmolyn passed from the Fitz Leons, to the Genevilles, and Simon de Geneville was denominated Lord Colmolyn, and thence to the Cusacks, the death of one of whom is entered on the Roll of the Mortelege of Kells. "Dom. John La Culmolyn, 1370.

Delvin, held by the Nugents, went to the Fitz Johns, and back again to the Nugents, through female heirs. *Killeen* went from the Cusacks to the Tuites, back again to the Cusacks, and then to the Plunkets. These two latter baronies having been since that date in the Nugent and Plunket families, it has become a question how far the present peerages were inherited by the present Lords of Delvin and Killeen, or whether they are new creations wrongly placed in the precedence of the old baronies, which is the point we are now treating of, and the descent of which will be more fully explained hereafter.

Digitized by Google

of their brothers, without issue, a portion of which was inherited by the Fitzgeralds, and constituted the barony of Ophaley or Offaley, still held by their descendants.

Thus then it appears that the ancient feudal baronies of Ireland followed the same rules of descent as similar honours in England, for at least the first two centuries after the conquest of that kingdom; when therefore we find at a later period the descendants of those very persons, who themselves inherited from heirs female, summoned by the title of the barony thus inherited, in the usual form of a writ of summons, and afterwards this barony not passing in the natural course of descent to heirs female, but to the inheritor of the estate as heirs male, we can only come to the conclusion, that such barony was either one of tenure, or that the heirs female were wrongly disposessed, or that some remarkable alteration occurred at a later period which altered the usual course of descent in Ireland, making it different from that of England. In examining these three points, and describing the singular anomaly which exists, it will be necessary first therefore to trace the origin of a writ of summons to parliament in Ireland.

To the parliament held in 1295, only twenty-nine persons were summoned; while to that held in 1309 at Kilkenny, eighty-seven were summoned, a very large increase in so few years; and the only account of which we have is given by Spenser, in his view of Ireland, who also alludes to the introduction of peerages by writ. The passage alluded is as follows:

"Eudoxius.—You say well, for by means of freeholders their number hereby will be greatly augmented; but how shall it pass in the higher house, which still must consist of all Irish?"

"Iræneus.—Marry that also may be redressed by ensamples of that which I have heard was done in like case by King Edward the Third, (second) as I remember, who being greatly bearded and crossed by the Lords of the Clergy, they being then by reason of the Lord Abbots and others too many, and too strong for him, so that he could not for their frowardness order and reform things as he desired, was advised to direct out his writs to certaine gentlemen of the best ability and trust, entitling them barons in the next parliament, by which means he had so many barons in his parliament as were able to weigh down the clergy and their friends."

All statutes which were enacted in England, were immediately certified in Ireland, and became law there; and there is no doubt that at a very early period after the settlement of the constitution of England and the division of the Great Council of the nation into two houses, the same change was made in Ireland, and, as would appear from the above extract, the barons were summoned in the same manner as in England. The following writ to the celebrated parliament of Kilkenny in 1309, will shew the form used. It is also to be remarked that those writs were in many instances directed to the different barons, not by the names of their estates, but by their surnames, and those barons who did not attend were fined for non-attendance according to the usual custom, thus showing that in every particular the custom which regulated the parliamentary assemblies of England prevailed in Ireland, each holder of certain lands being liable to be summoned to the council of the king.

"Rex.—A. B. Salutem.—Sciatis super quibusdam arduis negotiis

Digitized by Google

noset statum terre nostri contingentibus vobiscum habere. Volumus tractatum specialem vobis mandamus quod scitis in propria persona, vestra apud Kilkeniam, die lune in octavis purificationis beato Marie, ad tractandum et parliamentandum cum justiciario nostro. Hibernie et aliis de concilio (nostro) et cum ceteris proceribus et magnetibus terre nostre super eisdem negotiis. Et Hoc nullatenus omittatis in fide que nobis tenemini. Et habeas ibi hoc breve. Teste Johanne Wogan, Justic, etc., apud Dublin viii. die Januarii, Anno Regni nostri tertio."*

It will not be necessary here to enter into the question, of whether the baronies followed the course of tenure? The question we consider is, whether the exclusion of female heirs was wrongful, or whether the male heirs were justly placed in place and precedence of the original summons to parliament? If the latter be correct, it must wholly rest on the ground that the laws of Ireland are different from those of England, and that the common law of the former differs from that of the latter, and thus a different derivation is given to the descent of the peerage of that country.

It will be well, before entering further into the question, to deduce the descent of two or three of those original baronies, showing where and how the heirs female have been excluded; and the heirs male placed and summoned in the original place and precedence of the barony.

The most remarkable descents are to be found in the baronies of

Slane; held by the Flemmings.
Howth; by the St. Lawrences.
Gormanstoun; by the Prestons.
Killeen; by the Plunkets.
Kinsale; by the Courcys.
Ophaley; by the Fitzgeralds.
Athenry; by the Berminghams.
Delvin; by the Nugents.
Dunsany; by the Plunkets.
Le Poer; by the Poers.

The last barony in the above list is the exception before alluded to as furnishing the only instance of a barony of Ireland being inherited according to the laws of England, and given to a female heir.

Nicholas Le Poer was summoned to parliament as a baron in November 1375, by the name and title of Baron Le Poer; this barony was thus created by writ, which is still preserved in the Record office of Ireland.

From him the barony descended uninterruptedly in the male line to Richard Le Poer, who was in 1673, created Viscount Decies and Earl of Tyrone.

James Le Poer became third Earl on the decease of his brother John second Earl. He left at his death in 1704, an only daughter and heiress Catherine Le Poer, who claimed as of right the ancient barony created by writ, and her claim having been submitted to the Irish House of Lords, was admitted by their lordships, and the ancient barony is now enjoyed by her descendant, the present Marquess of Waterford, who is Baron Le Poer, with the original place and precedence of the original barony created 23rd November, 1375.

Here then we have a solemn decision of the House of Peers, to the

* Sir John Wogan was at this date Lord Justice of Ireland Patt. Roll. Hib. 1093.

Digitized by Google

effect that the peerage law of Ireland is the same as that of England. Yet notwithstanding this decision the question is still apparently undetermined, no other decision having been come to by the House of Lords. Although several cases have of late years been submitted to it by claimants through heirs female, that such is also the opinion of the most eminent barristers of Ireland, will be seen from the following answers to queries submitted to them, and which may be shortly stated in substance as follows.

"The common law of Ireland as contradistinguished from the statute law, was and is exactly the same as the common law of England, as well touching the descent of peerages as all other subjects; it is not possible to maintain that any peerage Irish or English can, except by Act of Parliament, be regulated by a course of descent opposed to the course prescribed by the common law of both countries. A peerage created by letters patent will follow the course of descent presented in that patent. A peerage by writ will descend to the heirs lineal, male and female, of the person first entitled. A barony by tenure or as it is sometimes called by prescription, will follow the descent of the tenure when such exists; but this case may be put out of view as a species of dignity now quite out of use, save in a few special cases, and quite inapplicable to the present question. No custom or prescription can prove the control, or affect the common law course of descent of a peerage. The persons summoned to the parliament of Kilkenny in the year 1309, by writ of summons, became in consequence of such writs barons, and these baronies were inheritable by heirs male and female.

If the above opinion is correct, all those baronies which were created by the writs of summons in 1309, must, if not extinct, be in abeyance. None of the baronies, which now exist in the male heirs of the present day as representatives of their ancestors who were summoned to that parliament, have descended without the intervention of female heirs and coheirs. In deducing the descent of the several baronies which still exist or have been claimed, we will commence with the barony of Slane, which perhaps furnishes as numerous instances as any other of the intervention of coheirs, and the peerage passing over them, reverting to the heirs male. This claim has been several times before the House of Lords, a petition having been presented by Mr. Bryan, who claims to be, and is, without doubt, the representative of one of the coheirs of the last baron of Slane; a claim has likewise been made by Mr. James Fleming as heir male. The House of Lords decided against the claim of Mr. Bryan in 1835.

Baldwin le Fleming, lord of the manor of Slane, in the lordship of Meath, was one of the palatine barons of that lordship. He was summoned to the parliament of Kilkenny by writ, in 1309, not by the title of Slane, but as Lord le Fleming. From him descended,

Christopher Fleming, fifth Lord le Fleming. He sat in parliament 29th Henry VI, but died without issue, when his sisters became his coheirs, namely:

Anne Fleming, the wife of Walter Dillon, Esq.
Annia Fleming, the wife of John Bellew.

Here then we had the first intervention of coheirs in the Slane peerage, and the first interruption to the lineal male-descent of that peerage on the death of Christopher, the fifth lord. David Fleming, son of the fourth

Digitized by Google

Lord le Fleming, inherited the manor of Slane (which was held in fee tail of the heirs of Theobobald de Verdon, as of the manor of Duleek, having come to that family, through one of the heirs of the Lacy's,) as heir male to his nephew Christopher. He was summoned to parliament as Lord le Fleming with the precedence of the old barony, and sat in parliament 1462. An act of parliament having passed to settle his precedence, he died in 1463, and on his death his son Thomas became his heir, but he dying young, his three sisters became his coheirs—while the manor of Slane passed to his distant heir at law.—Pipe Roll.

James Fleming, Knt., son and heir of William Fleming, of Newcastle, descended from the third Lord le Fleming, and his wife, Elizabeth Preston, which James, succeeding to the manor of Slane, was summoned to parliament 12th Edward IV, he signed a representation to Richard III from the Irish parliament, as James Fleming, Baron of Slane.

His grandson, James Fleming, third Lord Slane, sat in parliament during the reign of Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth, but on his death without issue, the manor of Slane went to the heir male, and his sisters became his coheirs.

Catherine Fleming, the wife of Sir Christopher Barnwell, of Cricks town ; and Elenor.

Thomas Fleming, of Stephens town, became heir male on the death of his kinsman, and succeeded to the estates; he was summoned to parliament as Baron Slane, 1585, and sat in 1587. He died, leaving issue two daughters his coheirs: Catherine, the wife of Pierce Butler of Old Abbey, co. Kilkenny; and Ellenor, who married William Fleming of Depatrick, who became heir male, and inherited the ancient manor of Slane. From him it passed to his son Christopher, who was summoned and sat in parliament 1613-15. The deceased Christopher became last Baron of Slane, and on his death in 1728 his sisters became his coheirs: Mary, wife of Richard Fleming, of Stahalmock; and Alice, wife of Sir George Byrne, Bart. The former of whom is represented by the Lord Dunsany, and the latter by George Bryan, Esq., who claimed without success the barony in 1835.

Digitized by Google

THE LANDS OF ENGLAND, AND THEIR PROPRIETORS SINCE THE CONQUEST.

Rokeby, co. York.

.... Rokeby's turrets high
Were northward in the dawning seen
To rear them o'er the thicket green.

The ancient manor of Rokeby is classic ground. The poetic genius of Scott has thrown a halo of imperishable celebrity around its romantic beauties, and imparted a national interest to its history. With extreme accuracy of observation and felicity of expression the bard describes the passage through the glen :—

"A stern and lone, yet lovely road,
As e'er the foot of minstrel trode."

And few can contemplate "Egliston's grey ruins," or "Rokeby's turrets high," without feeling that the charm of poetry hangs over them. At the period of the Conquest, all the territory abutting on the Tees, at its southern border, was granted to Alan, Earl of Bretagne, and formed his English Earldom of Richmond. These broad lands were partitioned among the junior members of his family and his followers; and in the distribution Rokeby became part of the possessions of the Fitzalans, a northern baronial house, whose chief seat was at Bedale. But their interest at Rokeby was scarcely more than nominal, for beneath them was a subinfeudation in favour of a family, which, residing on the lands of Rokeby, was usually described as "de Rokeby," and eventually assumed that name as a personal appellation, tradition asserting that its ancestors had been there seated in Saxon times. The first honourable occurrence of the Rokebys in public affairs, is in the reign of Edward III., when Thomas de Rokeby rendered the name one of historic distinction. "In the first year of Edward III.," says Froissart, "the Scots, under the command of the Earl of Moray, and Sir James Douglas, ravaged the country as far as Newcastle; Edward was in those parts with a more powerful army, and an engagement was expected and wished for, when the Scotch army suddenly disappeared, and no information could be gained respecting the route they had taken. The young king caused it to be proclaimed throughout the host, that whoever should bring certain intelligence where the Scotch army was should have one hundred pounds a year in land, and be made a knight by the king himself: immediately fifteen or sixteen knights and esquires passed the river with much danger, ascended the mountains, and then separated, each taking a different route. On the the fourth day, Rokeby, who was one of them, gave the king exact information where the Scots lay." "This," says Hunter, the learned historian of South Yorkshire, "is not a legendary story, invented by some family annalist, or doating chronicler of public affairs, the veracity of the narrative being here supported by the most authentic records of the realm; and it is a gratifying fact that we are so often enabled to prove circumstances in our old chronicles, which, on a first view, have an

Digitized by Google

air of romance and fable, by fiscal documents, wherein, least of all, anything imaginary is to be found." In the Patent Rolls, 1 Edward III., *m.* 7, is a grant to Thomas de Rokeby, of £100, to be taken annually from the Exchequer till £100 lands shall be provided for him, in which the service is described nearly as it is related by Froissart; and in the same rolls, 5 Edward III., *m.* 7, is a grant to him in fee of the manor of Pawlinesgray, in Kent, with lands in the north which had lately belonged to Michael and Andrew de Harcle, in release of his £100 annuity from the Exchequer. Sir Thomas Rokeby subsequently held commands against the Scots, was twice High Sheriff of Yorkshire, and became (12 and 13 Edward III.) Governor of the Castles of Berwick, Edinburgh, and Stirling. In 1346, he pre-eminently distinguished himself at the battle of Neville's Cross, and was one of the few magnates present at that engagement to whom the letter of thanks was addressed, of which a copy is to be found in the Fœdera. In 1349, he went to Ireland as Lord Justice, and held that appointment until 1355, when Maurice Fitz Thomas, Earl of Desmond, succeeded him. The administration of Sir Thomas Rokeby in Ireland, is famous for the attempt he made to abolish the custom of *coigne* and *livery*, a species of arbitrary purveyance for the persons in authority there; and a tradition has been handed down, attested by Holinshed, that being once censured for using wooden dishes and cups, as not befitting his degree, Sir Thomas replied, that he would rather drink out of such cups, and pay gold and silver, than drink out of gold and silver and make wooden payments. In the latter transaction of his life, Sir Thomas appears with the addition "The Uncle" to his name, and another Sir Thomas Rokeby occurs, styled "the Nephew." He seems to have participated in the triumph of Neville's Cross, and to have accompanied the elder Rokeby to Ireland. A third Sir Thomas Rokeby was High Sheriff of Yorkshire, 8 Henry IV., and during his year of office, the Earl of Northumberland made his last attempt to dethrone King Henry; Sir Thomas collecting the posse comitatus, met the Earl at Bramham Moore, and a conflict ensued, in which Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph were slain. The next Rokebys distinguished in state affairs were William Rokeby, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, and Archbishop of Dublin, who died in 1521, and Sir Richard Rokeby, his younger brother, Comptroller to Cardinal Wolsey. The archbishop was interred in a sepulchral chapel built by himself at Sandal Parva, in Yorkshire, and this tomb still remains. While this eminent churchman was running the race of high preferment, the eldest branch of the family remained quietly on the hereditary patrimony of Rokeby and Mortham. In the reign of Henry VII. the head of the house was another Sir Thomas Rokeby, who had three sons; the two younger were the ancestors of families of the name, resident at Marske and Staningford.

Ralph Rokeby, Esq., the eldest son, who succeeded to Rokeby and Mortham, was living in the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. The era of the "jargon" of "the Felon Sow," which may be seen in the notes to the poem of Rokeby, refers to the time of this Ralph. Sir Walter Scott deems "the Hunting of the Felon Sow of Rokeby by the Friars of Richmond," one of the very best of the mock romances of the ancient minstrels, and much commends its comic humour. "Ralph Rokeby, who (for the jest's sake apparently) bestowed the untractable animal on the convent of Richmond, seems," says the poet, "to have flourished in the time of Henry VII., which, since we know not the date of Friar Theobald's wardenship, to which the ballad refers us, may indicate that of the composition itself.

Digitized by Google

Mortham is mentioned as being the facetious Baron's place of residence; and the Mistress Rokeby of the romance, who so charitably refreshed the sow, after she had discomfited Friar Middleton and his auxiliaries, was daughter and coheir of Danby of Yafforth." By this lady, Ralph Rokeby had four sons, THOMAS, his heir; John, D.C.L. a learned civilian; Richard, a soldier, under Lord Scrope of Bolton, whose standard he is said to have borne at Flodden; and Ralph of Skiers, an eminent lawyer, raised to the coif 6 Edward VI. The eldest son, THOMAS ROKEBY, Esq. of Mortham, described "as a plain man as might be, whose words came always from his heart, without faining, a trusty friend, a forward gentleman in the field, and a great housekeeper," was father, by his wife, a daughter of Robert Constable of Cliff, in Yorkshire, of four sons: CHRISTOPHER, his heir; Ralph, one of the Masters of Requests to Queen Elizabeth; Thomas, ancestor of the Rokebys of Skiers, extinct baronets, and of the Rokebys of Arthingworth, co. Northampton, now represented by the Rev. HENRY RALPH ROKEBY; and Anthony. Of these sons, the eldest, CHRISTOPHER ROKEBY, Esq., married Margaret, daughter of Sir Roger Lascelles of Brackenburgh, and had a son and successor, JOHN ROKEBY, Esq. of Mortham, who appears, by the visitation of Yorkshire, 1584, to have been then in prison in the Fleet, "religionis causâ." He wedded a daughter of the ancient family of Thweng, and was succeeded by his son, who bore the favourite family name of THOMAS, and was knighted. Of his descendants little more than their names are recorded. It would, otherwise, have been gratifying to have known something of the personal habits and actions of those in whose time the chief line of the ancient family of Rokeby fell to decay, and especially of Sir Thomas Rokeby himself, whose necessities must have been great (it may be presumed) when he disposed of the domain at ROKEBY, in 1610. The purchaser was WILLIAM ROBINSON. Esq., an opulent merchant of the city of London, who paid a composition fine for declining the honour of knighthood, at the coronation of Charles I. His son and heir apparent, Thomas Robinson, Esq. of Gray's Inn, Barrister-at-Law, exchanged the long robe for the broad sword, at the breaking out of the civil war, and was slain near Leeds, when a colonel in the service of the parliament. By Frances, his wife, daughter of Leonard Smelt, Esq., he left two sons: WILLIAM, his heir; and Leonard, (Sir) Chamberlain of the city of London, ancestor of the Robinsons, of Edgely, co. York. The elder, WILLIAM ROBINSON, Esq., succeeded to the lovely demesne of Rokeby, at the decease of his grandfather, and resided there in high repute, so esteemed for his long services on the magisterial bench as to be styled, *par excellence*, "the justice." He lived to a great age, and died universally lamented. A monumental stone, with an elegant inscription in Rokeby church, marks the spot where he lies interred. His grandson Sir THOMAS ROBINSON, Bart., who possessed considerable architectural taste, rebuilt the mansion of Rokeby, erected a mausoleum, and enclosed the park, which he adorned with extensive plantations. In commemoration of these improvements, two marble tables, fixed in the two stone piers, were placed at each side of the entrance into the park from Greta Bridge.

That on the right with the following inscription:—

Hos
Quos intus cernes,
Omnigenarum fere arborum sylvestrium
Ordines,
Miliarii spacio usque ad domum de Rookby,
Flexibus quasi serpentinis extensos,

Digitized by Google

Jam florentes ;
Et (faxit Deus) seris nepotibus umbram fracturos
Anno Dom. 1730, consevit
Thomas Robinson, Baronettus
Et hæc,
Ne forte posteri nescerent,
Marmori incidenda commisit
Anno 1737.

That on the left, with the following lines :—

Murum hunc
Qui inclusum vivarium circundat,
A latere fluminis Gretæ occidentali porrectum
Anno Dom. 1723 inchoavit
Annoque 1730, absolvit
Thomas Robinson
Suæ gentis
(A Scoti olim montanis oriundæ
Inde ad Kendall, in Westmoria, migrantis
Et hic demum considentis)
Baronettus primus
Sextusquo hujusce domus de Rookby
Dominus.

Sir Thomas married twice, but *died s.p.* in 1777, when the baronetcy and estates devolved on his brother William, at whose decease *unm.* in 1785, they passed to his brother the Most Rev. Richard Robinson, Archbishop of Armagh and Lord Almoner, a prelate of great influence and personal consideration, who, on being elevated to the peerage in 1777, had assumed his title from the lands of which we are now treating. His Grace died *unm.* 1794, when the Barony of Rokeby devolved, by a special limitation in the patent, on his kinsman Matthew Robinson, Esq. of Edgeley, whose grand nephew Henry is the present Lord Rokeby. The estate, which gave name to the title, was eventually purchased from the Robinsons by the father of the late JOHN B. S. MORRITT, Esq. the friend and correspondent of Sir Walter Scott; and is now held by Mr. Morritt's son and successor.

Rokeby and Mortham, which formed the patrimony of the Rokeby's, were situated, the former, on the left bank of Greta, the latter on the right, about half-a-mile nearer to the junction with the Tees. The river runs with very great rapidity over a bed of solid rock, broken by many shelving descents, down which the stream dashes with great noise and impetuosity, vindicating its etymology, which has been derived from the Gothic "*Gridan*," "to clamour." The banks partake of the same wild and romantic character, being chiefly lofty cliffs of limestone rock, whose grey colour contrasts admirably with the various trees and shrubs which find root among their crevices, as well as with the hue of the ivy, which clings round them in profusion, and hangs down from their projections in long sweeping tendrils. At other points the rocks give place to precipitous banks of earth, bearing large trees intermixed with cope wood. In one spot the dell, which is everywhere very narrow, widens for a space to leave room for a dark grove of yew trees, intermixed here and there with aged pines of uncommon size. Directly opposite to this sombre thicket, the cliffs on the other side of the Greta are tall, white and fringed with all kinds of deciduous shrubs. The whole scenery of this spot is so much adapted to the ideas of superstition, that it has acquired the name of Blockula, from the place where the Swedish witches were supposed to hold their sabbath. The dell, however, has superstitions of its own growth, for it is supposed to be haunted by a female

Digitized by Google

spectre, called the Dobie of Mortham. The cause assigned for her appearance is a lady's having been whilom murdered in the wood, in evidence of which her blood is shewn upon the stairs of the old tower at Mortham; but whether she was slain by a jealous husband, or by savage banditti, or by an uncle who coveted her estate, or by a rejected lover, are points upon which the traditions of Rokeby do not enable us to decide.

The castle of Mortham which Leland terms "Mr. Rokeby's Place, in *ripa citer*, scant a quarter of a mile from Greta Bridge, and not a quarter of a mile beneath the trees," is a picturesque tower, surrounded by buildings of different ages, now converted into a farm house and offices. The battlements of the tower itself are singularly elegant, the architect having broken them at regular intervals into different heights: while those at the corners of the tower project into octangular turrets. They are also from space to space, covered with stones laid across them, as in modern embrasures. the whole forming an uncommon and beautiful effect. The surrounding buildings are of less happy form, being pointed into high and steep roofs. A wall with embrasures, encloses the southern front, where a low portal arch affords an entry to what was the Castle court. At some distance is most happily placed, between the stems of two magnificent elms,—

—— a massive monument,
Carved o'er in ancient Gothic wise,
With many a scutcheon and device.

It is said to have been brought from the ruins of Eglistone Priory, and from the armoury with which it is richly carved, appears to have been a tomb of the Fitz-Hughs.

The situation of Mortham, is eminently beautiful, occupying a high bank, at the bottom of which the Greta winds out of the dark, narrow and romantic dell, and flows onward through a more open valley to meet the Tees, about a quarter of a mile from the castle. Mortham is surrounded by old trees, happily and widely grouped with Mr. Morritt's plantations.

Sir Walter Scott makes the following pleasing allusion to the romantic scenery of Mortham.

* * * * * *

"And when he issued from the wood,
Before the gate of Mortham stood.
'Twas a fair scene! the sunbeam lay
On battled tower and portal gray:
And from the grassy slope he sees
The Greta flow to meet the Tees;
Where, issuing from her darksome bed,
She caught the morning's eastern red,
And through the softening vale below
Roll'd her bright waves, in rosy glow,
All blushing to her bridal bed,
Like some shy maid in convent bred;
While linnet, lark and blackbird gay
Sing forth her nuptial roundelay."

Writtle, co. Essex.

Among the remaining examples of the customs of our forefathers there are perhaps none which are more interesting, or under the so called legal reformations, more rapidly disappearing than the feudal tenures, curious customs and arbitrary jurisdiction by which lands were held, either of the crown, or

Digitized by Google

of the great and powerful barons, each of whom ruled with a tyrant's power over the inhabitants of his lordship, exacting on a reduced scale all the homage of life and limb, which he in turn was bound to render to his sovereign. There are still lands in England retaining many of these feudal laws and customs, and of these the Manor of Writtle in Essex, which gives the title to the noble family of Petre, is a remarkable specimen.

Writtle, the largest and one of the finest parishes in Essex, is considered to be the site of the Roman station of Jasoromagus, named in the Itinerary of Antoninous. In the reign of Edward the Confessor, it formed part of the possessions of Earl Harold, who succeeded the Confessor in the government of the kingdom, and after the battle of Hastings, Writtle fell into the grasp of the Conqueror, who at the general survey, held it in demesne as the king's fee—we may suppose it to have been a favourite hunting resort of the succeeding monarchs, for in 1211, King John erected a palace there opposite to what is now called the Lordship Farm, but the moat is the only vestige of its magnificence. At a later period of his reign, John granted the manor and park of Writtle, in fee farm with free warren to one of the family of Nova Villa, or Neville. After various subsequent changes it returned into the hands of the Nevilles, and in the 14th year of King Henry III. it was held by Ralph Neville, Bishop of Chichester, the same who built a palace in Holborn as a town residence for the bishops of his see, when they visited London. This palace becoming the property of Henry Lacey, Earl of Lincoln, has ever since been called Lincoln Inn. Henry subsequently granted the Manor of Writtle for exchange of lands in the county of Chester, to Isabella de Brugs or Braes, sister of the Earl of Chester, who was poisoned by his wife, a Welsh heiress, and her son Robert did homage for it, serving in Wales for one knight's fee. The grandson of this Robert, being Earl of Carrick, so well known as the "Bruce of Bannockburn," having been crowned King of Scotland, at Scone, 25 March, 1305, was forthwith deprived of all his English possessions by Edward I. By an inquisition taken in the 5th year of Edward III., it was found that Richard de Walleyes and Eleanora, his wife, did hold the third part of the manor of Writtle, at the time of the death of the said Alianora, as of her dower, and it was further found that King Edward, father of Edward III., did grant to Humphrey de Bohun, sometime Earl of Hereford and Essex, and to Elizabeth, his wife, the manors of Writtle and Horsefrith, adjoining, and that of John de Bohun, then Earl of Hereford and Essex, son and heir of the aforesaid held the manors of Writtle and Horsfrith, for ever of the king in capite by the service of one knight's fee. John dying without issue was succeeded by his brother, Humphrey, who obtained the royal permission to embattle and fortify his house at Writtle, additions particularly necessary to the comfort and security of a feudal baron in those times. Anne, the grand-daughter and heiress of Humphrey de Bohun, was contracted whilst in tender years to Thomas, Earl of Stafford, who dying in 1392, she by virtue of the king's special licence took his next surviving brother and heir, Edmund, Earl of Stafford, for a husband; he was slain at the battle of Shrewsbury, in 1403, and their son Humphrey, who in addition to all his other titles had been created Duke of Buckingham, was, at the time of his death (being slain at the battle of Northampton, 1460,) found possessed of the manor of Writtle and Boyton. Writtle continued to be among the possessions of this family, until the death of Edward Stafford, the third and last duke, who for some frivolous cause of offence given at a court banquet, having fallen under the displeasure of the then all-powerful favourite Cardinal

Digitized by Google

Wolsey, was through his malice and revenge, beheaded on Tower hill, 17 May, 1521, whereupon all his estates being forfeited, the manor of Writtle once more became the property of the crown. The manor of Writtle was once more destined to change hands, Sir William Petre, one of the most successful statesman and singular characters of the remarkable times in which he lived, came into notice of Henry VIII. soon after the disgrace and death of Cardinal Wolsey. Sir William Petre having been secretary during three reigns, (notwithstanding the different political and religious opinions which prevailed during those reigns,) in the first year of the reign of Mary, he obtained possession of the manor and park of Writtle. By this deed of grant, remarkable from the fact that in it Queen Mary among her titles takes that of Supreme Head of the Church of England and Ireland, she gives to Sir William Petre, Knt. and his descendants in exchange for certain lands in Somersetshire, and in consideration of his good, true, faithful and acceptable services, to her therefore manifoldly rendered, and of her special grace in consequence, all that the lordship and manor of Writtle, and those two parks of Writtle and Horsfrith, in the county of Essex, with all, and singular their rights, members and appurtenances, and all the right she herself possessed, over all lands, fisheries, &c. within the said manors, the goods and chattels of all felons and fugitives, the rights of wardship and marriage, each of which appears to have been productive of much emolument, even after the coarse customs of the early feudal barons had been laid aside, also all the perquisites and profits, in which are included the male and female deer in the parks, and the male and female villeins or peasants with all their belongings, in short absolute power over the inhabitants of the district, whether man or beast. Together with all the feudal rights, customs, and appurtenances, some of which customs are of a very singular description, and scarcely to be understood at the present day, but which render the lord of the manor even now a very formidable person in his own territory. He appoints his own coroner for the peculiar and exempt jurisdiction of Writtle, and by his steward, holds baronial courts within the manor, where all the singular customs peculiar to ancient demesne, as Writtle is still styled, are rigorously enforced; he there imposes fines, and on the death of a tenant or the alienation of a tenant's property, he takes possession as a heriot of the best living beast. At these courts wills can be proved without the interference of the see of Canterbury, an instance of which occurred so lately as 1810. It would perhaps be advantageous if the lord could still, as formerly exercise some controul over the morals of the vassals, for at a court held in the 7th Henry VI. a man was severely fined for slandering his neighbour, and the curate of the parish being convicted of immoral conduct, was not only amerced himself in the then considerable sum of 33s. 4d., but the vicar also had to pay a fine, for concealing the fault. It is the custom of the manor, that on the death of a tenant, if his property be not claimed at the next court, it may be seized into the lord's hands; if a tenant leaving no son, die intestate, his property devolves solely on his eldest daughter, to the exclusion of the rest. To pass over a certain portion of the manor called green-way, all carts, save those of the lords must pay a fine of four pence, this is called lefe silver or lefe and lace. Another custom goes by the name of stubble silver, it being a certain fine or airsage for every pig ranging in the woods, from Michaelmas day to Martinmas, and such as were not duly paid for, were at once forfeited to the lord. Various officers were appointed to carry out the laws &c. of the manor, and continue to be so every year. The bedell we may suppose formerly to have been a person of vast dignity

Digitized by Google

and importance, his very garments partaking of his power, "for at one court an unfortunate villain is fined 20 pence for pulling ye coat of ye bedell set upon a door for the safe keeping of goods within." He was chosen by the tenants. The prefectus or overseer, was also chosen by the tenants; and there are many instances of recourse being had to severe measures to oblige the person so chosen to do his duty gratis. The fugalores or woodwards, had charge of the woods and parks. An officer styled the lord's paler collected the pale wheat due as rent from various tenants. The caterer, (often alluded to by Chaucer) took charge of the lord's provisions, while the wagebread visiting the bakers, was charged to report all those who sold bread deficient in weight; and that all things might be equally good, a dignitary, bearing the title of the lord's taster of ale, seized all such as forfeit which was not in his opinion sound and sufficient in strength. These are some of the remarkable remaining customs of the feudal tenure of Writtle, which has remained in the possession of Sir William Petre's descendants, to the present day. His son John, was created a Peer by James I. with the title of Baron Petre, of Writtle.

Euston, co. Suffolk.

"Here noble Grafton spreads his rich domains,
Round Euston's water'd vale, and sloping plains,
Here woods and groves in solemn grandeur rise,
Here the kite brooding unmolested flies;
The woodcock and the painted pheasant race,
And sculking foxes, destined for the chase."

Robert Bloomfield, the rustic bard of Suffolk, was born in the vicinity of "Grafton's rich domain;" and his muse loved to commemorate the beauties of those favoured scenes, wherein his mind first became stored with that abundance of rural imagery, which, feeding his natural passion for the country, was one day to give an irresistible charm to the simple language of the untaught peasant. Magical is the power of genius! The humble "Shepherd's boy, he sought no better name," has imparted a poetic association to the princely home of Euston, more attractive than any other connected with its history.

The village of Euston is situated a mile from Fakenham, but the park extends nearly to that place. It was formerly the lordship of a family bearing the local name, and afterwards descended to Sir Henry Bennet, who by King Charles II. was made Secretary of State, and created Viscount Thetford, and Earl of Arlington. He enjoyed the estate for many years, and built the mansion of Euston Hall. In reference to this, we find the following remarks of John Evelyn:

"A stranger preached at Euston church, and fell into a hansome panegyric on my lord's new building the church, which indeed for its elegance and cheerfulness is one of the prettiest country churches in England. My lord told me his heart smote him that after he had bestowed so much on his magnificent palace there, he should see God's house in the ruine it lay in. He has also rebuilt the parsonage-house all of stone, very neat and ample."

By Isabella of Nassau, his wife, daughter of Lewis, Count of Nassau, the earl left an only daughter and heiress, Isabella, the wife of Henry Fitzroy, second illegitimate son of King Charles II., by the Duchess of Cleveland.

Digitized by Google

Immediately after his marriage in 1672, Henry Fitzroy was created by his father Earl of Euston, and in three years after made Duke of Grafton. His Grace died from the effects of a wound received at the siege of Cork, 9 Oct. 1690, and was buried at Euston. His son and successor, CHARLES, 2nd DUKE OF GRAFTON, K.G., Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, inherited, in right of his mother, the Earldom of Arlington: he married Henrietta, daughter of Charles, Marquess of Worcester, and dying in 1757, was succeeded by his grandson, AUGUSTUS HENRY, 3rd DUKE OF GRAFTON, K.G. who filled at one time the office of first Lord of the Treasury. His Grace died 14 March 1811, and was succeeded by his son, GEORGE HENRY, 4th DUKE OF GRAFTON. K.G. Lord Lieutenant, Vice Admiral, and Custos Rotulorum of Suffolk. This nobleman died in Sept. 1844, when his honours and estates devolved on his son, HENRY, present duke.

The mansion of Euston is large and commodious, built with red brick, of modern date, and without any gaudy decorations within or without. The house is almost surrounded with trees of uncommon growth, and the most healthy and luxuriant appearance, and near it glides the river Ouse. The scenery about the hall and park combines the most delightful assemblage of rural objects that can well be imagined, and is justly celebrated by the author of the "Farmer's Boy."

The estate is not less than between thirty and forty miles in circumference, including a number of villages and hamlets. On an elevated situation in the park stands the temple. This elegant structure was designed for a banqueting-house, and was built by the celebrated Kent, under the auspices of Henry, 3rd Duke of Grafton, who laid the first stone himself in 1746. It consists of an upper and lower apartment, and is in the Grecian style of architecture. It forms an interesting object from many points of view in the neighbourhood, and commands a wide range of prospect.

Bloomfield, in his "Autumn," thus eulogizes Euston and its noble proprietor:

> "Here smiling Euston boasts her good Fitzroy
> Lord of pure alms, and gifts that wide extend,
> The farmer's patron, and the poor man's friend;
> Whose mansion glitt'ring with the eastern ray,
> Whose elevated temple points the way
> O'er slopes and lawns, the park's extensive pride,
> To where the victims of the chase reside."

Brandon Park and Manor, co. Suffolk.

THIS ancient manor and estate appear to have been in the possession of King Henry III., by whom, in the thirty-fifth year of his reign, they were granted to Hugh Bishop of Ely, and his successors, together with free chase in all their demesnes in that part of the country. So, the lands remained until the time of ELIZABETH, when they reverted to the crown, in consequence, it is presumed, of an exchange by the See for other estates: an inference borne out by various records of the periods attesting that during the reign of Elizabeth and her immediate successor, no less than twenty suits were instituted connected with the Brandon property, and that in one, a commision issued out of the Court of Exchequer, directed to Sir John Heigham, Knt. and Robert Peyton, Esq. to enquire into the subject of the controversy and to return a certificate of their opinion thereon. The result of this investigation was an award in favour of the crown, in which it was declared that the

Digitized by Google

manor, with free chase, right and royalties, vested; and under this recognition James I., in the third year of his reign, granted the estate to his son Prince Charles and his heirs male: we next find Brandon in the possession of Lord Villiers, Viscount Purbeck, elder brother of the celebrated court favourite George, Duke of Buckingham, and it remained with the Wrights, who claimed to be Lord Purbeck's descendants, and long sought the family honours, until 1727, when John Wright, alias Villiers, who assumed the titles of Viscount Purbeck and Earl of Buckingham, becoming the associate of gamblers, and dissipating his inheritance, sold the lands and manor of Brandon to the trustees of the will of the Lord Chief Justice Holt. At length in 1818, Admiral George Wilson, of Redgrave, whose mother was the heiress of the Holts, alienated Brandon, with the manor, rights and royalties, to the late EDWARD BLISS, Esq., a gentleman of great opulence, and public spirit, who devoting unceasing attention to the improvement of his purchase, was enabled to improve the district to a most remarkable extent, and to ameliorate, in an equal degree, the condition of the poor, by occupying them advantageously for their own interest as well as for that of the community at large. Not long after the acquisition of Brandon, he commenced planting, and in less than six months covered a large portion of the land with no fewer than eight millions of trees, thus transforming tracts hitherto wild and sterile into richly wooded plantations and productive farms. Mr. Bliss, who was a justice of the peace, and served as High Sheriff of Suffolk in 1836, died 2nd April, 1845, possessed of immense wealth. Desirous of being buried on his own estate, he had erected a spacious mausoleum near the house, embosomed in plantations, and there now repose his mortal remains. Brandon Park, with its fine mansion and the whole of his other property, (subject to some life annuities) passed to his nephew Henry Aldridge, Esq., who by sign manual changed his name to Bliss, and is the present lord of the manor.

The following acrostic, addressed to the late Mr. Bliss, on his adornment of Brandon, is ascribed to the pen of his early friend, Lord Eldon :—

E-nchanted I view the scene with surprise:
D-oes not illusion deceive my rapt eyes?
W-here are the sands, and where is the warren?
A-re not these scenes, to my memory foreign?
R-abbits and conies were lords of the soil,
D-eep sands made the traveller's journey a toil,
B-ut now the smooth turnpike invites to proceed:
L-o the warren is changed to a sweet verdant mead!
I-nstead of a desert, like Arabic ground
S-ee a Palace adorns, and forests abound;
S-ee Bliss has created a Paradise round.

Digitized by Google

THE SCROPE AND GROSVENOR CONTROVERSY.

The publication of Sir Harris Nicolas on this subject belongs to that branch of human learning ranged by Lord Bacon under the general category of "Antiquities or remnants of history," and which were likened by him to the painting of a wreck (tabula naufragii) which is, says he, when industrious persons by an exact and scrupulous diligence and observation, out of monuments, names, words, proverbs, traditions, private records and evidences, fragments of stories, passages of books that concern not story and the like, do save and recover somewhat from the deluge of time. In considering the general condition of human knowledge and learning in his day he assigned no deficience to antiquities, "because any deficience in them is but their nature."

Be this however as it may, that which was "antiquities" has here become "history" through the zeal and disinterested exertions of the learned author; and the judges, parties and witnesses who figured in the celebrated case of Scrope and Grosvenor are again before us in all the reality of a representment,

> "Lifeless yet lifelike and awful to sight;"

grim seamed warriors, tried in the wars of "le bon roy Edward tierce que Dieu assoile," and companions of the Black Prince, youthful knights and esquires, "per poy de temps armez," royal dukes and mitred abbots! There are—

> "Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster—
> And Harry Hotspur the all bepraised knight;"

and on the opposite side in this suit his antipodes, the cool, calculating, fantastic, conceited Glendower,

> "The great magician, the damn'd Glendower,"

besides Stanleys, and Breretons, and Courtenays, and Grays, and Cliffords, and Talbots, and a host of historical names, and with them one belonging to the aristocracy of English genius, whose name blazes like a beacon in that remote age,

> "The morning star of song,
> Dan Chancer."

We have them all upon their examinations, princes and earls answering "par la foy de chivalerie," and those of inferior degree upon their oaths.

Whether we consider the names of the parties whose depositions were taken, or of the parties interested, or of the judges in the first or last resort, the extraordinary constitution of the tribunal, or the curious subject matter of the controversy, there are few of us who will fail to find in the perusal of the original record of the case of Scrope and Grosvenor and the notes appended a wide field for fruitful meditation. Who will grudge to the author his meed of thanks and commendation, the just salvage for his rescue of this wreck (once more a trim and gallant vessel) from the "deluge of time?"

The perusal of the case of Scrope and Grosvenor involves a consideration of the origin, nature and jurisdiction of the once redoubtable tribu-

Digitized by Google

nal of the constable and marshal. But to what source shall we refer for authentic materials upon this subject? Dr. Plott's treatise on the Curia Militaris exists I believe only in its title page and table of contents, the records of the court are for the most part destroyed, Sir Robert Cotton's collection (however valuable may be the information that it affords) is not available but to the laborious student and patient investigator. If we turn for incidental notice to our books of reports, meagre indeed is the result; the questions therein raised respecting the tribunal affect merely a small branch of its jurisdiction. In this dearth of accessible materials, the Cottonian MSS. unconsulted from want of time, we have, as authorities for the following résumé, been compelled to rest contented with the case of Lord Rea and Ramsay in our State Trials, with Camden's disquisitions On the Office of Earl Marshal, a few manuscript treatises in the Inner Temple Library, and with Dr. Duck's remarks upon the Curia Militaris contained in the work De Usu et Authoritate Juris Civilis, termed by Struvius "non inelegans tractatus," and one of those few treatises written by British lawyers to which foreign jurists condescend to refer. Dr. Duck's opinions upon this subject may be considered as peculiarly valuable, for he was appointed by King Charles I. his advocate in the Court of Chivalry (promotor causarum regiarum), and was counsel in the last cause of arms (Lord Reay v. Ramsay) ever brought before that dreaded tribunal, and in which two other celebrated antiquaries, original members of the Society of Antiquaries (Selden and Cotton) had been also consulted. The judges of the Court of Chivalry were the constable and marshal, invested with equal authority for the decision of causes, although the marshal alone was intrusted with the execution of the judgments awarded.* It cannot be affirmed that these offices existed in the time of the Anglo-Saxon kings; on the contrary, rather were they introduced by the Norman princes after the example of the Gauls, who, anciently in imitation of the Romans, had as far back as the reign of Charlemagne their constables and marshals strongly resembling, as French writers themselves attest, the magistri equitum and tribuni celerum of the Romans.† Be this however as it may, both offices were ever regarded in this country as of the most exalted nature. That of constable has been filled by sons, brothers or uncles of our kings, and finally descended by right of inheritance to the Staffords, dukes of Buckingham, by whom it was long held until the hereditary office itself was abolished in the reign of Henry VII., at the death and attainder of Edward, Duke of Buckingham. The power of the constable was so great that it became at last an object of suspicion to the crown itself; and when the chief justice was asked by Henry VIII. as to the degree of authority possessed by the constable,‡ he begged to decline the question, affirming that the solution belonged to the law of arms and not to the law of England. From that time the office has rarely been granted by the sovereigns, and when conferred it has only been for occasional purposes,§ such as coronations or particular trials in which the common law provided no adequate remedy.

The court derived a considerable accession of pomp and dignity from the circumstance of the heralds acting as its officers. These were garter king at arms (especially charged with the forms and ceremonies con-

* Coke, 4 Institute, c. 17.

† Duck.

§ 4 Institute, c 17.

‡ Kelw. Rep. Mich. Term. 6 Henry VIII. f. 171.

Digitized by Google

nected with the illustrious Order of the Garter), Clarencieux king at arms for the south of England, Norroy king at arms for the northern districts, and six other inferior heralds or pursuivants. The principal office of the heralds was to act as messengers of peace and war, to charge themselves with the settlement of the rank, genealogies and arms of our families, to marshal the ceremonies attending the coronations of our sovereigns, and the proceedings upon duels before the constable and marshal, to arrange the funeral rites of deceased nobles and gentlemen upon occasions of solemnity, besides other duties which devolved upon them by virtue of their appointment, they were formed into a college and invested with many privileges by the English kings and exercised their functions under the authority and jurisdiction of the constable and marshal.

Proceedings.—The authority of the civil law in the court is recognized by all our books,* and is styled law of the realm, law of the crown, law of the land.† It is also clear that all suits before that tribunal were always dealt with by the civil law and the customs of arms, and not by the common law of England, and accordingly a sentence of death entailed no forfeiture of land or corruption of blood.‡

But since the constable and marshal had other public affairs of importance to attend to, a doctor or other lawyer of experience versed in the imperial jurisprudence was occasionally appointed for life to direct the proceedings§; so in the reign of Edward IV., a learned civilian was made king's advocate in the same court.‖ Dr. Duck held a similar office by patent from Charles I. dated the seventh year of his reign.

All causes proceeded according to the forms prescribed by the civil law, i.e. libel, or petition; the witnesses were privately examined; the pleas, replications and other proceedings observed the forms of the same jurisprudence, the decrees were in writing, as likewise were the appeals. The dignity and supremacy of the court were such that wherever any one excepted to its jurisdiction, the matter was referred to the lords of the privy council. Appeals from definitive sentences have for the most part been made not to the chancellors, but to the kings themselves, who have thereupon generally nominated as delegates the chief nobles of England associating with them some doctors of the civil law. All this once and perhaps still clearly appears by the records of this Court, preserved in the Royal Archives in the Tower of London, which it has been said frequently furnish readings upon the Roman jurisprudence.¶ The court of the constable and marshal had cognisance of crimes committed in lands out of the realm, of contracts made in foreign parts, and of things that pertain to war and arms whether within the realm or in foreign parts.**

1. *Of Crimes committed on Lands out of the Realm.*—Thus where one Englishman charged another Englishman with the commission of treason out of England, the proceeding was before the constable and marshal,††

* Fortesc. de Legib. Angl. c. 32; Finch in Nomotechn. lib. 4. cap. ; Coke, 1 Inst. c. 1; sec. 3.; and 4 Inst. c. 74.

† Mich. Term, 32 Henry VI. f. 3; Pasch Term, 37 Henry VI. Tresp. 8. f. 21; Kelw. Mich. Term, 6 Henry VIII. f. 171; Coke, 1 Inst. lib. 1. c. 1, sec. 3; and 4 Inst. c. 74.

‡ Coke, 4 Inst. c. 17.

§ Coke, 4 Inst. c.17. ex par. 2, patent 23 Hen. VI. memb. 20 23. Edw. III. memb. 2.

‖ Patent 8 Edward IV. memb. 1; Coke, 4 Inst. c. 17.

¶ Duck De Authoritate Juris Civilis, lib. 2, c. 8, part 3, s. 22.

** Duck De Authoritate Juris Civilis, lib. 2, cap. 8, part 3, s. 15: Reeves' History of the English Law, 3rd ed. vol. 3, p. 195, 196, vol. 4, p. 303. Stat. 13 Rich. II. stat. 1. c. 2.

†† Coke 1 Institute, lib. 2, cap. 3, sec. 102; 37 Henry VI. f. 3.

Digitized by Google

and the proof was by witnesses or (by the ancient customs of this court) by the duel. So where one of the king's subjects killed another subject in Scotland or elsewhere in foreign parts, neither the courts of common law here* nor Parliament itself† had jurisdiction; and accordingly when Francis Drake had put one Dourish to death in America in the 25th year of Queen Elizabeth, and his brother and next heir claimed justice at the hands of the queen, the judges having been consulted on the subject advised her majesty that no proceeding could be instituted with reference to the offence but before the constable and marshal,‡ and weighty reasons deterring her, the queen refused to appoint a constable, and so the charge fell to the ground. But when, during the reign of Charles I. A.D. 1632, William Holmes an Englishman had killed with his sword William Wise another Englishman in Newfoundland, and the widow petitioned Charles I. to be admitted to an appeal of her husband's death, the Earl Lindsay was appointed constable for that sole occasion, and he and the Lord Arundel, Earl Marshal of England, by a definitive sentence promulgated in the Court of Chivalry in April, 1633, condemned Holmes to death, a fate from which he was only saved by a royal pardon.§ So also where one Englishman inflicted a mortal wound upon another Englishman in France whereof the latter afterwards died in this country, he could not be tried at common law, but only in the Court of Chivalry.‖ It is true that, as far as treason committed out of the realm was concerned, the court ceased to have exclusive jurisdiction by the effect of several acts afterwards passed, which rendered that crime cognizable also by the Court of King's Bench or Royal Commissioners.¶

2. *Of Contracts made in Foreign Parts.*—Of these, this court had also cognizance. Thus, in the reign of Henry IV., one Pountney impleaded one Burney Knight, before the constable and marshal in respect of a loan of £10 made at Bourdeaux in Gascony.** And in the national rolls once preserved in the Tower of London numerous instances occurred of judgments in this court respecting all kinds of civil contracts made abroad, especially during the reigns of Edward III., Richard II., Henry IV., Henry V. and Henry VI., whilst the English crown held Normandy, Aquitaine, Anjou, and other extensive provinces in France.†† Indeed the notion prevailed generally amongst us, that the cognizance of contracts made abroad belonged of right to this tribunal and that of contracts made within the realm to the courts of common law.‡‡ Originally the Court of Chivalry must have had exclusive cognizance in the case of such foreign contracts. In the process of time, however, the courts of common law contrived to obtain a concurrent jurisdiction by the fiction which enabled them to be averred as if made in England. For it has long been settled in our courts where one Englishman has taken the

* Rot. Parl. 3 Henry VI. memb. 38; Stamford, pl. Coronæ, 65; Coke, 4 Inst. lib. 2; cap. 3, sec. 102; 4 Inst. c. 17; and 2 Inst. ad Magn. Chart. c. 29.

† Stat. 1 Henry IV. c. 14.

‡ Coke 1 Inst. lib. 2, cap. 3, sec. 102.

§ Duck, De Authoritate Juris Civilis, lib. 2, cap. 8, pars 3, s. 16.

‖ Coke, 1 Inst. lib. 2, cap. 3, s. 102, and lib. 3, cap. 13, sec. 745.

¶ St. 26 Henry VIII. c. 13; 35 Henry VIII. c. 2; 5 Ed. VI. c. 11; Coke, 4 Inst. cap. 17.

** Ter. Mich. 13 Hen. IV.

†† Coke 1 Inst. lib. 3, cap. 13, sec. 745, 4 Inst. c. 17; Selden ad Fortesc. cap. 32.

‡‡ Mich. Term, 13 Hen. IV.; Dalt. 10; Fortesc. de Leg. Angl. c. 32.

Digitized by Google

goods of another Englishman or made a contract with him abroad, that actions may in either respect be supported in the courts of common law here by a suggestion which the opposite party may not deny, that the goods were taken or the contracts entered into in some place within this kingdom. Just as the testaments of Roman citizens captured by hostile nations were supported by the fictions postlimii and of the lex Cornelia; for when a Roman citizen had become a slave to any hostile people he at once lost not merely his freedom but all the rights and privileges of a Roman citizen, so that his will previously made would have became inoperative, but for the aid of these expedients, for it was considered that if he returned to his country his testament might be set up by the fiction (postlimii) which supposed him never to have been captured or absent from his country, and if on the other hand he died a captive, by the fiction that he had died before captured, a Roman citizen.‡

The main and essential difference between the English and the civil law in this respect being, that the expedients in the former case originated with the lawyers, in the latter with the legislative authority; and in the former, were devised to gain a jurisdiction, in the latter to remedy a defect in legal principle.

3. *Of Things that pertain to War and Arms whether within the Realm or in Foreign Parts.*—These constituted another branch of the jurisdiction of the constable and marshal, who were said to have the sole cognizance of all controversies arising out of war or arms.* Where an alien entered England and levied war upon our sovereign he could not formerly be proceeded against or punished by the law of England anywhere but in the Court of Chivalry,† wherefore the constable and marshal were styled keepers of the peace of the realm.

And as order is one of the first principles of a monarchy, and as order supposes inequalities of ranks and suggests the necessity of an ordering or marshalling, all that attended the court or the camp of the sovereign had to be arranged in their proper stations, and these were regulated by certain armorial bearings or insignia which were worn either in their own right or in his right whom they served or followed. The cognizance of all controversies springing out of the user or assumption of these insignia belonged wholly to the Court of Chivalry; and serious indeed were the quarrels and dissensions to which they gave rise, when two or more families laid claim to the same arms: sanguinary feuds were often the consequence; this was more especially the case amongst the feudal nobles of France and Italy.

As an instance of the jealousy that was then felt at any interference with armorial ensigns, may be cited the deposition of John Charnels, who says of Sir William Scrope of Masham: "Being in garrison during the old war in a castle, called Quarranteau, he with forty of his comrades made a chivauchée to the castle of Timbre, higher up the country, designing to take any other castle or to perform some piece of service in their route. Among them was Sir William Scrope, brother he believed of Sir Henry Scrope; and finding the garrison of Geneville, without the town, and in disorder, Charnels and his comrades attacked

† Duck de Authoritate Juris Civilis, lib. ii, c. 8 pars 8, s. 18.
* Sta. 13 Richard I., c. 2.
‡ Finch in Nomotechn. lib. 4. c. 1.

Digitized by Google

them and made about forty prisoners. A knight, called Sir Philip de la Monstue, became prisoner to Charnels and because he was armed in the entire arms of Sir William Scrope, he wished to kill him. Charnels therefore made his prisoner divest himself of his arms, or Scrope would certainly have put him to death." It may indeed have been that doubts, which had been raised as to the Scrope right in this particular, had made the members of the family more than ordinarily sensitive upon the subject; and we find several depositions of the Grosvenor witnesses in which old soldiers somewhat sneeringly insinuate that two lawyers were the first of the family who had borne the arms; and it is expressly stated that at an early period of his life, Sir Richard Scrope made proposals for the daughter of Sir Robert Hilton; but the terms not being accepted, he married a daughter of Sir William de la Pole; at which Hilton was so enraged that he said: "I am glad that he did not marry my daughter, for I have heard that he is not a 'grand gentil homme.'" To which however Sir John Hasethorpe, then more than an hundred years old, replied: "Sir, say not so, for I assure you, on my soul, he is descended from grands gentils hommes from the times of the conquest." In addition to this, there were about that time two other rival claimants to the arms in question, a Carminow and a Grosvenor; even Sir Richard Scrope's right to bear his crest, a crab issuing from a ducal crown, had been challenged at Calais forty years before the suit of Scrope v. Grosvenor, which might render Sir William Scrope still more tender upon the point.

In Italy political subdivisions, fortunately for the domestic peace of that country, tended in some measure to keep adverse claimants of similar arms asunder, so that their animosity could only display itself upon rare occasions. For the local government would only interfere between families in the same state; consequently the ancient Florentine family of Della Presa were suffered with impunity to bear the same arms as the equally ancient Venetian family Cornari, of which descendants are said to exist in this country under the Anglicised form, Corner. So the Dandoli of Venice, of whom was

> "blind old Dandalo
> The octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe,"

and the Giandonati of Florence, houses of almost equal antiquity had the same heraldic insignia. The same was the case with the Fieschi of Genoa and the Inbangati of Florence.

The Scotti of Parma bear, we believe, the Douglas arms, but then they are said to be of the same race.

The same reason which hindered the supreme authority in the different states of Italy from interfering where the same arms were borne by foreign families, weighed, it would seem in influencing the decision of a cause of arms in which Sir Richard Scrope had been engaged before his contest with Sir Robert Grosvenor. Sir Richard had been challenged by an esquire of Cornwall, named Carminow, as to his right to bear the arms, azure a bend or, and the dispute was decided by the Duke of Lancaster, the Earl of Northampton, the constable, and the Earl of Warwick, the marshal of the army, who adjudged that they might both bear the said arms entire, on the ground that Carminow was of

Digitized by Google

Cornwall which was a large country and was formerly a kingdom, and that the Scropes had borne them since the conquest.

In this country discussions not seldom arose, which were brought before the Court of Chivalry: such were the cases of Sir Reginald Grey de Ruthven and Sir Edward Hastings, Thomas Bawdy and Nicholas Singleton, and many others which after long litigation and debate were finally settled either by a judicial sentence of the curia militaris, by an appeal to the arbitrament of the duel, or to the king himself, as was the course taken in the most celebrated case of them all, that of Sir Richard Scrope and Sir Robert Grosvenor.*

The cause of Hastings and Gray de Ruthven, before the constable and marshal, regarded the right to bear the arms of Hastings, or a maunch gu. It lasted twenty years and was finally decided against Hastings, who was condemned in heavy costs and imprisoned sixteen years for disobeying the judgment of the court.

The cause of Baudy and Singleton respected the right to the arms. gules three chevronels or, and it is singular enough that Sir Richard Scrope was one of the peers commanded by the king (18 Richard II.) to settle the affair so similar to the one in which he had himself been a party.

The proceedings in the Scrope and Grosvenor controversy extend from 1385 to 1389, during the whole of which period Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, youngest son of Edward III., was Lord High Constable, and Thomas de Mowbray, Earl of Nottingham, subsequently created Duke of Norfolk, was Earl Marshal, the first who had the title of earl prefixed to the name of office. It is noted that the high appointments of Presidents of the Court of Chivalry were assigned to each of these unfortunate personages on account of female connections, the latter representing, on the mother's side, the Brotherton branch of the house of Plantagenet, the former having married the Lady Alianore de Bohun, one of the daughters and coheirs of Humphrey, last Earl of Hereford, Essex and Northampton, in whose powerful family the office of Lord High Constable of England had been hereditary for the two preceding centuries. The Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Duchess of Norfolk, grandmother of Lord Mowbray, challenged a right to the office of Marshal at the coronation of Richard II., and prayed that she might perform the duties by deputy; the claim however was not then allowed, Henry, Lord Percy having been specially appointed to act as Marshal upon that occasion. The prefix of earl to the subsequent appointment of her grandson might perhaps be used to obviate any slight to the Duchess who was then living. Once assumed however it was ever afterwards retained. This illustrious personage, the Duke of Norfolk, lost by his hostility to the king's favourite De Vere the favour of the crown, and subsequently his life. The Earl Marshal thinking to ingratiate himself with King Richard, became one of the main tools of his murderous designs, a subserviency that did not save himself from subsequent ruin and destruction consequent upon the denunciation of his own treasonous language by Henry Duke of Hereford, afterwards Henry IV., of which so graphic and vivid a picture is drawn by the immortal pen of our great dramatist: in which Bolingbroke is made to say,

* Duck op. cit. lib. 11. c. 8. s. xx.

Digitized by Google

"Now Thomas Mowbray, do I turn to thee,
And mark my greeting well; for what I speak
My body shall make good upon this earth,
Or my divine soul answer it in Heaven.
Thou art a traitor and a miscreant;
Too good to be so and too bad to live."

RICHARD II., Act I, Scene I.

In the proceedings in the case of Scrope and Grosvenor, however, Thomas of Gloucester took the principal share, and the Earl Marshal seems not to have been present upon any of the occasions, but to have been represented by his deputy (Lieutenant) Johan de Multon; the commissions to examine witnesses run in the name of the constable alone, and it is noteworthy that the writs in the appeal are not from the sentence of the Court of Chivalry, nor from the joint judgment of the constable and the marshal, but from that of the constable alone.* And yet Dr. Duck† tells us that the "conestabilis et marescallus Angliæ pari potestate in causis pronunciant." But it is manifest from the history of the Court of Chivalry and from royal reluctance to revive the office, that if, to use Sir Edward Coke's language, the Lord High Admiral was the Neptune of our courts, the Lord High Constable was the Mars; and the equality of jurisdiction assumed by the Marshal was perhaps not prior to the 20th Rich. II., when he was first named in the King's Patent Earl (comes marescallus.) The terms of the stat. 13 Rich. II., stat. 1, c. 2, seem also to favour the superior authority of the constable. "To the *constable*," it says, "belongs the cognizance of contracts touching deeds of arms," &c., and yet in a subsequent clause it permits a privy seal to issue to the *constable and marshal* to surcease certain pleas.

Thomas of Woodstock would seem to have been the first recognised head of the Court of Chivalry who took any great or active part in giving a regular and legal form to its proceedings; and there are extant in the libraries of Lincoln's Inn, and of the Inner Temple, copies of a book dedicated and presented by Thomas Fitz au Roy, Duke of Gloucester to his cousin, King Richard, containing ordinances regulating trial by battle.‡

The ancient Norman house of Scrob, Scroby, Lescrope or Scrope, which subsequently became severed in the kindred branches of the Scropes of Bolton, and of Masham, acted a conspicuous part in almost all the great occurrences of British history, from the reign of Edward II. to the First Charles, during which period it has been observed that the family produced two earls, and twenty barons, one chancellor, four treasurers, and two chief justices of England, five knights of the garter and numerous bannerets, the highest military order in the days of chivalry. Even at an earlier period the family had been one of station

* Sciatis quod cum *constabularius noster Angliæ* in quadam causa de et super armis de azura cum una benda de auro inter Ric. Le Scropum militem partem actricem ex parte una et Robertum Grosvenour partem defendentem ex altera parte in curia nostra militari mota et pendente procedens *quandam sentenciam definitivam* injustam ut asseritur *tulisset*, &c. vol. i. p. 11, and p. 354, 356.

† Op. cit. lib. ii., cap. 8, s. xiii.

‡ Lincoln's Inn Library MSS., Sir Thomas Hale, vol. xi. pl. 6. The ordinances of Thomas, Duke of Gloucester, constable of England, touching battails armed within lists, with an historical and legal commentary. Inner Temple Library MSS. the same, with a comment by Sir John Burgh, Knight, and proceedings upon an appeal of treason before the constable and marshal in a court military.

Digitized by Google

and consideration, and if a chronicle can be relied on, and the evidence of the Prior of Bardeney and Welton, (one of the deponents in favour of Scrope) can be esteemed sufficient identifications, its original founder was a Norman settled in this country in the time of Edward the Confessor, and as a favourite with that monarch, excepted out of the general proscription, which it seems, drove for a time all Normans from the realm to which, not long afterwards, they were to give laws. But be this how it may, and the coincidence of name and proximity of estates countenance the position, certain it nevertheless is that for its peculiar splendour the Scropes, like many noble families of more recent date, were indebted to the profession of the law. Sir Henry le Scrope, eldest son of Sir William le Scrope, according to the deposition of Sir William Aton, was *with the assent of his relatives* put to the law, mys al le ley, and was made a judge of the Court of King's Bench, 27 Nov. 1308, 2 Edward II.; he afterwards became the chief justice. He was a knight banneret, and is so named in a roll of arms compiled between the 2 and 7 Edward II., which describes his bearings as azure a bend or, charged in the upper part of the bend, with a lion passant purpure. The Prior of Gisburgh, (Sir Harris Nicolas says the Abbot of Coverham, a slight inaccuracy,) deposed that the lion was introduced into the bend in consequence of a grant to one of the Scropes for the term of his life by the Earl of Lincoln, a mode of marking affection and friendship by no means unusual at that early period, although it was afterwards considered that as honours could alone emanate from the crown, royal assent was essential to the validity of any such grants; so the devise of his arms by Lord D'Eincourt was questioned, according to Sir Edward Coke, in the House of Lords. However Selden and Camden have alluded to the practice, and Cheshire historians have commented upon the frequency of the garb in the bearing of families of that county which was assumed as a mark of respect for or connection with the Earls of Cheshire.

By far the most illustrious member of the house of Scrope, of Bolton, was however Sir Richard, the plaintiff in this suit of arms, who appears to have been conspicuous for the rare union of the qualities essential to the judge, the statesman and the warrior. Present in the battles of Cressy, Durham, Najarra, the friend and comrade-in-arms of the most eminent noblemen of the time, he filled amongst other high offices, those of treasurer, steward of the king's household, and lord high chancellor. He appears to have been honoured by the respect and confidence of those sovereigns. John of Gaunt was his especial patron; the Black Prince presented him with a covered tankard: a sword of Edward III. (probably also a gift from the monarch) Sir Richard bequeathed by his will to his son Stephen; Richard II. heaped dignities upon him and his family, and we find Henry IV. in the first year of his reign protesting "that he then considered him, and had always deemed him, a loyal knight."

The termination of his long and eventful career was embittered by the downfall of his eldest son the Earl of Wilts, who fell a sacrifice to the cause of the dethroned monarch whose favorite he had been. "Few incidents," says Sir H. Nicolas, "can be imagined of a more affecting description than the scene in Parliament, when the attainder of the Earl of Wiltshire was confirmed. Rising from his seat, his eyes streaming with tears, the venerable peer implored that the proceedings might not affect the inheritance of himself or his children, and after

Digitized by Google

admitting the justice of the sentence, and deploring the conduct of his son, the unhappy father was consoled by his sovereign, who deigned to assure him that neither his interests nor those of his children then living should suffer from it, for that he had always considered, and still deemed him a loyal knight."

Such was Sir Richard Scrope at the close of his long career, in his seventy-third year. Such was the man backed by ability, wealth, station, warlike and civil repute, powerful partizans, royal friends and kingly favour, with whom, in the ripe maturity of his life, Sir Robert Grosvenor, head of a family little at that period known out of his own country, had the hardihood to contend in a cause of arms, where the chief judge was his antagonist's friend. Could the issue be doubtful?

(To be continued).

SWEDISH BALLADS,

By Edward Kenealy.

NECKEN.

Necken han gångar på snöhvitan sand;
Vaker upp alla redlige drängar!—
Så skapar han sig till en väldiger man.
De unga hafva sofvit tiden allt för länge.

Och Necken han gångar sig till skräddaregård,
Der låter han göra sig den Klädningen blå.

Så gångar han sig allt upp under ö,
Der dansar så mången utvalder mö.

Necken han träder i dansen in,
De Jungfruer rodna och blekna på kind.

Och Necken han drager det röda gullband,
Det faller så väl uti Jungfruen's hand.

Och hör du, skön Jungfru, havad jag säga må;
Om söndag sku'vi mötas, allt uppå Kyrkogård.

Och Jungfrun hon skulle till Kyrkan fara,
Och Hållfast han skulle hennes Köresven vara.

Tömmar af silke och selen af gull;
Kära du Hållfast, du Kör int' omkull!

Jungfrun hon åker till Kyrkan fram,
Och der möter hon sin fästeman.

Necken han rider till Kyrkan fram,
Han häktar sitt betsel på Kyrkokam.

Necken han gånger i Kyrkan in,
Och rådlös är Jungfrun för fästeman sin.

Prästen han framför altaret staor;
Hvad är-för en man, på gången der står?

Havr är du födder och hvar är du buren?
Eller hvar hafver du dina kläder väl skuren,

Digitized by Google

I hafvet, der är jag båd födder och buren,
Och der hafver jag mina hofkläder skuren.

Och folket gich ut och skyndale hem,
Och bruden hon stod qvar med Brudgummen än.

Och hvar har du Fader och hvar har du Moder?
Och hvar har du vänner och hvar har du fränder?

Min Fader och Moder ä' böljorna blå;
Mina vänner och fränder ä' stickor och strå.

Och det är så svårt uti hafvet att bo;
Der äro så många, som öfver oss ro.

Ja, det är så svårt uti hafvet att vara;
Der äro så många som öfver oss fara.

Necken tog Jungfrun i fager gulan lock,
Så band han henne vid sin sadelaknapp.

Och Jungfrun hon ropa' så sorgeligt rop,
Det hördes så vida till Konungens gård.

De sökte den Jungfrun allt öfver bro;
Der funno de hennes gullspända skor.

De sökte den Jungfrun allt upp efter fors,
Der funno de hennes liflösa kropp.

THE NECKEN.

The Necken he walks on the sea-strand so white,
Wake ye my merrie men up from sleep,
And he changes his shape to a gallant young knight,
Too long has the youth lain in slumber deep.

And into the tailor's house quickly he hies,
And dons him in robes of the finest blue dyes.

Then the Necken goes off to the far Isle away,
Where the lovely young villagers dance all the day.

He joins in the dance, and so gracefully moves,
Every maid as she looks on him feels that she loves.

And the Necken he takes up the shining gold band,
It becometh so sweetly the fair maiden's hand.

And hearken, fair maid, what I say unto thee,
In the churchyard, next Sunday, our meeting shall be.

Away to the church doth the fair maiden ride,
And Hållfast the driver he sat by her side.

The bridle was silk, and the shafts were of gold,
And Hållfast the driver was skilful and bold.

The Maid in her white wedding garment is cloth'd,
And she enters the church, and she meets her betroth'd.

The Necken he rode to the church tower so grey,
And he fastened his steed to the ancient church key.

Digitized by Google

And the Necken passed down thro' the old pillar'd aisles
And the fair maiden met him with tears and with smiles.

The priest at the altar with smooth solemn brow
Marks the air of the stranger—Sir Knight who art *thou?*

Where wert thou begotten and where wert thou born?
Where got thou the robes that thy person adorn?

And I was begotten and born, quoth he,
And mine, only mine, are the robes that you see.

Away to their homes are the villagers gone,
The Bride with the Bridegroom remaineth alone.

Thy father, thy mother, thy brother, thy friends?
Where be they?—I fear what thy silence portends.

My father and mother the blue billows be,
And my friends are the wild sedge that grows by the sea.

O God! must I dwell in the wild waves below
While the blithe-hearted fisherman over us row?

Yes—yes—in the billows so cold and so pale,
While the seamen so joyously over us sail.

The Necken took hold of her sweet yellow hair,
He bound to his saddle the maiden so fair.

And loudly she shrieked, and the heart-broken wail
Was born o'er the land on the wings of the gale.

They sought the fair maid in the highways all round,
And nought but her gold-buckled slippers they found.

They sought the fair maid in the waterfalls dark—
They found her—a corpse, pallid, withered, and stark.

LINDEN.

Och Jungfrun hon gångar i rosendelund,
Der fick hon se ståndande så fager en Lind.
Den allri'n'gen sorg fördrefva kunde.

"Här ståndar du Lind så fager du är,
Med förgyllande blader, som du också bär."

"Det är väl inte åt att du så rosar mig,
För lyckan är bättre för dig än för mig.

I morgon komma friare, som fria till dig;
Och då komma timmermän, som skåda uppå mig.

Så hugga de mig till en Altarespång,
Der mången grofver syndare skall hafva sin gång.

"Så hugga de mig till ett Altaretiä,
Des mången grofver syndare skall falla på knä."

"Och kära du Lind, emedan du kan tala;
Aer ingen i verlden till som dig kan hugsvala?

Och ingen är i verlden som mig kan hugsvala;
Förutan Kung Magnus, den jag aldrig med får tala.

Digitized by Google

Och Jungfrun hon satte sig neder att skrifva ;
Ack ! hade jag nâgon, som det brefvet kunde föra.

Shax kom det der fram en falk sâ grâ ;
Jag för väl det bref till Kung Magnus's gârd

Och Falken tog brefvet allt i sina klor,
Sâ lätt flyger han dit Kung Magnus han bor.

Kung Magnus tog brefvet ur Falkens klör,
Sâ hateliz läste han hvart endaste ord.

Kung Magnus han talte till tjenarena sâ,
J sadlen mig strax upp gângaren grâ.

J sadlen mig strax upp rinnaren röd,
För jag skall rid' och frälsa min stackers fästemö.

Kung Magnus han satte sig pâ rinnaren röd,
Sâ red han litet fortare än falken han flög.

Kung Magnus föll nod allt uppâ sina knä,
Sâ Kystte han den Jungfrun i Lindeträd.

Kung Magnus föll ned för Jungfruns fot,
Sâ kyoste han henne pâ Linderot.

Kung Magnus tog Linden allt uti sin famn,
Sâ fager en Jungfrun af henne upprann.

Kung Magnus lyfte Jungfrun pâ gângaren grâ,
Sao red han med henne allt uppâ sin gârd.

Kung Magnus han satte den Jungfrun pâ sitt knä,
Och guf'na gullkronan och fästningen med.

THE LINDEN.

And the maiden she walks where the red roses blow,
There sees she a Linden most beauteously grow.
Oh ! there's no one to cure me of sadness.

Here standest thou, Linden tree, blooming and fair,
With the gold-gleaming leaves which thy bright branches bear.
Oh ! there's, &c.

Ah ! maiden, sweet maiden, why praise ye me so ?
For thou art most happy, while I am in woe.

To-morrow come suitors to claim *thy* white hand ;
To-morrow come woodmen *my* life to demand.

They will hew me to pieces to make them a stairs
To the altar, where sinners gasp sorrowful prayers.

They will hew me to pieces to make them a shrine,
Where penitents kneeling seek mercy divine.

O Linden, dear Linden, and since thou canst speak,
Is there none on this broad earth whose aid thou wouldst seek ?

Oh ! there's none on this broad earth whose aid I could seek
But King Magnus, with whom I can ne'er hope to speak.

And the maiden sat down, and a letter she penn'd,—
Oh ! had I to bear it some trustworthy friend !

Digitized by Google

When straight there came flying a falcon so grey ;—
To the halls of King Magnus I'll bear it to-day.

Then away with the letter the grey falcon flew,
Till the halls of King Magnus rose up on his view.

The King took the letter and hastily read,
And his cheeks grew as pale and as cold as the dead.

Then out spake King Magnus—Up, saddle my steed
With the grey flowing mane and the fetlocks of speed.

The red-coated courser, quick, saddle for me,
Away, and away, till my true love is free.

King Magnus leaped up on his courser so red,
And fleeter by far than the falcon he fled.

King Magnus he came, and he fell on his knee,
And kiss'd the young maid in the fair linden tree.

King Magnus knelt down at the light maiden's foot,
And kiss'd her again in the linden tree's root.

Then the King to his heart the fair linden tree press'd,
And a Virgin most beautiful blush'd on his breast.

The King rais'd the Virgin upon his grey steed,
And bore her away to his castle with speed.

And she sat in her state on the knee of the King,
With a crown of red gold, and a gold wedding ring.

THE EMIGRANT.

One evening from a rocky height
I watched the sunbeams' parting light
Lingering o'er the distant sea,
Which then lay slumb'ring tranquilly ;
So calm the hour that on her breast
The breeze had sigh'd itself to rest,
And all around was stillness, save
The murm'ring of the ebbing wave.
Brightly had shone the summer's day ;
In golden clouds it passed away ;
When evening mild, with sombre hue,
Shed on the scene soft tears of dew,
In pity to the lovely flowers
Which droop'd beneath those sultry hours.
Soon night's fair queen rose o'er the main
Attended by her starry train,
A distant sail then caught my sight ;
Its outline in the pale moonlight

Digitized by Google

Reveal'd its purpos'd destiny :
'Twas bound to plough a foreign sea.
Strolling that morning on the strand,
I saw a boat put off the land
To join that vessel in the bay
Which for some time at anchor lay,
Crowded with emigrants. To sail,
She waited but a fav'ring gale ;
And while I gaz'd upon its form,
Soon doom'd perhaps to brave the storm,
I thought of that poor boy on deck,
Who clung around his mother's neck
So tenderly, at morning tide
While parting from the vessel's side :
She press'd him to her widow'd breast
Where he had often lull'd to rest.
She held him in a parting fold
To her sad heart, whose pulse was cold,
For he who warm'd it with his smile
Might ne'er again its care beguile.
She wildly kissed his youthful brow
And call'd on Heav'n by pray'r and vow
To take her William to its care
And guard him safe from every snare.
The boat appear'd all ready mann'd,
Its oars were striking off the land,
The youth upon his mother cast
One parting look ; it was his last.
A moment, and the bark was gone,
The wretched parent stood alone.
'Tis thus that many an Irish heart
Is doom'd with all it loves to part—
To leave that darling land of care,
Or stay and break, and perish there.

M. D.

Digitized by Google

FRAGMENTS OF FAMILY HISTORY.

Ancestry of Lord George Bentinck.

His lordship is second surviving son of the present Duke of Portland. His mother Henrietta, eldest daughter of the well-known General Scott, of Balcomie, in Fifeshire, derived, in the female line, from the families of the famous Scottish worthies, Balliol and Wallace. General Scott was of very eccentric notions. By his will, he prohibited any one of his daughters from marrying a nobleman; and provided that disobedience on this point should entail a forfeiture of the testamentary bequest. Despite, however, of this injunction, the three ladies, all became in the sequel peeresses, and by an arrangement amongst themselves preserved their fortunes: the eldest, who succeeded to the chief portion of her father's great wealth, married the Duke of Portland; the second, became the wife of Francis, Lord Doune; and the third, the widow of the Right Hon. George Canning, was elevated to the peerage in her own right, at the lamented decease of her distinguished husband. Under the guidance of that illustrious statesman, who was thus his uncle by marriage, Lord George Bentinck first entered on public life; but he did not long continue at that period to devote himself to political pursuits. The attractions of the turf engrossed his attention, and it was not until the great struggle that preceded the abolition of the corn laws that he gained the leading position he now holds in the parliamentary arena.

Lord George Bentinck was born 27th Feb. 1802, and is unmarried. He has sat in the House of Commons as member for Lynn Regis, in the representation of which borough he succeeded his uncle, Lord William Bentinck. The ducal house of which his lordship is a scion, was founded by William Bentinck, a Dutch noble, who enjoyed in an eminent degree the favour of King William III., and was created by his majesty Earl of Portland in 1689. His lordship had the command of the Dutch regiment of Horse Guards, and took a distinguished part, as Lieutenant-General, at the battle of Boyne. He was subsequently invested with the Order of the Garter, and at length died in 1709, leaving a large family: the eldest son Henry, second Earl, obtained in 1716, the highest grade in the peerage, being elevated to the Dukedom of Portland and Marquesate of Tichfield. His Grace died in Jamaica, of which he was Captain-General and Governor, 4th July 1726, leaving, with other issue, a son and successor, William second Duke, K.G., who added considerably to his fortune and influence, by marrying the Lady Margaret Cavendish Harley, only daughter and heir of Edward, second Earl of Oxford, by Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles, his wife, only daughter and heir of John, first Duke of Newcastle. The paternal grandfather of this richly portioned heiress, Robert Harley, was the illustrious minister of the reign of Queen Anne, and her maternal grandfather, the Duke of Newcastle had the reputation of being one of the richest subjects in the kingdom. From him has descended to the present Duke of Portland Welbeck Abbey, Notts, together with the valuable property of Cavendish Square, Holles Street, and its neighbourhood, so productive at the present day.

The son and heir of the marriage of the second Duke of Portland with the heiress of the Harleys, the Holles' and the Cavendishes, was William-Henry, third Duke, K.G., who filled the dignified office of Viceroy of Ire-

Digitized by Google

land in 1782, and was twice Prime Minister. He wedded Dorothy, only daughter of William, fourth Duke of Devonshire, and dying in 1809, was succeeded by his eldest son, William-Henry Cavendish, the present chief of the ducal house of Portland.

The House of O'Conor.

Our obituary of this month records the death of the O'Conor Don, a gentleman universally esteemed and beloved, in whom vested the representation of the ancient monarchs of Ireland. From the remotest period, his ancestors were Kings of Connaught, and in the twelfth century they became Sovereigns of all Ireland. Tordhellach O'Conor, who ascended the throne in 1136, reigned twenty years and died in 1156, leaving two sons, Roderick the last monarch of Ireland, and Cathal Croibh-dearg, or Cathal, of the Red Hand. Roderick's history is well known. In 1175, his Chancellor Lawrence O'Toole signed the Treaty of Windsor with King Henry II. of England, wherein Roderick resigned the supreme monarchy but reserved to himself Connaught as an independent kingdom. The treaty may be seen in Rymer's Fœdera. From Roderick's brother, Cathal, descended in a direct line, the late O'Conor Don. The singular title of "Don," so constantly used by the successive chiefs of the house, is variously explained. Some derive it from Tirlagh O'Conor, living *temp.* Richard II., who was surnamed *Don*, or *the dark*, while others carry up its adoption to the time of the invasion of Ireland, under Prince Don, the son of Milesius. Certain it is that for centuries, it has been the invariable designation of the head of the O'Conors; and was borne as such by the late O'Conor Don. Of the princely heritage that erst belonged to his royal ancestors, a small tract alone remained. Spoliation and persecution—the result of loyalty to the king, and devotion to the ancient faith—gave the final blow to the power of this illustrious house. Major Owen O'Conor, of Belanagare, governor of Athlone for James II., was taken prisoner by William of Orange, and confined in the Castle of Chester, where he died in 1692, and his nephew and eventual heir Denis O'Conor of Belanagare, was involved in the troubles and misfortunes which seemed at that period, the common inheritance of all who professed the Catholic religion. Suits were instituted for the sequestration of his paternal estates, and he was happy to preserve a portion by the sacrifice of the rest. Though thus left but a small fragment of the once broad domains of his forefathers—domains, which were guaranteed by several solemn and indisputable treaties,—he was still the supporter of all, whose virtues or distresses had a claim upon his bounty. The traditions of the country attest his unostentatious benevolence and hospitality, and the effusions of the bards record the virtues of his character. At Belanagare, it was that Carolan composed the most impassioned of his melodies, and felt the true poetic inspiration. "I think," said the bard on one occasion, "that when I am among the O'Conors, the harp has the old sound in it." Denis O'Conor's son and successor, Charles O'Conor, of Belanagare, a learned antiquary, early devoted his attention to elucidating the history of his country, and unfolding the long neglected records of her people; and collected, with indefatigable research and labour, the most valuable information regarding the annals and antiquities of Ireland. He also took a prominent place amongst those who first struggled for Catholic Emancipation. Of his grandsons, the eldest Owen O'Conor, of Belanagare, succeeded to the title of Don as head of the family at the decease of his kinsman Alex-

Digitized by Google

ander, O'Conor Don in 1820; and the second, Charles O'Conor, D.D., chaplain at Stowe, was the erudite author of "Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores," "Columbanus's Letters," &c. The former, Owen O'Conor Don, was father of the respected gentleman, whose decease has given rise to the foregoing remarks.

Edward Sixth Lord Digby.

Oh! Charity! our helpless nature's pride,
Thou friend to him who knows no friend beside,
Is there in morning's breath, or the sweet gale
That steals o'er the tired pilgrim of the vale,
Cheering with fragrance fresh his weary frame,
Aught like the incense of thy holy frame?
Is aught in all the beauties that adorn
The azure heaven, or purple lights of morn?
Is aught so fair in evening's ling'ring gleam,
As from thine eye the meek and pensive beam
That falls like saddest moonlight on the hill
And distant grove, when the wide world is still?
Thine are the ample views, that unconfined
Stretch to the utmost walks of human kind:
Thine is the Spirit, that with widest plan
Brother to brother binds, and man to man.

Among the many illustrious families of which our nobility is composed, that of Digby deserves a prominent position. In the reign of the first Charles, one of its descendants, the renowned Sir Kenelm, "the ornament of England," rendered the name famous throughout the Christian world, and, at all times, we may trace, in the pages of history, honourable mention of this eminent house. Edward, sixth Lord Digby, to whom the following interesting narrative refers, was son of the Hon. Edward Digby by Charlotte, his wife, sister of Henry, Lord Holland, (father of Charles James Fox), and succeeded to the peerage at the decease of his grandfather in 1752, being then just of age. The excellence of his disposition and the kindness of his heart won for him universal esteem; and few events were more deeply deplored than his untimely death. Of his active benevolence, a gentleman, who enjoyed his lordship's regard and friendship, has left the following anecdote on record:—

"Lord Digby came often to Parliament Street, and I could not help remarking a a singular alteration in his dress and demeanour, which took place during the great festivals. At Christmas and Easter he was more than usually grave, and then always had on an old shabby blue coat. I was led, as well as many others, to conclude that it was some affair of the heart which caused this periodical singularity. Mr. Fox, his uncle, who had great curiosity, wished much to find out his nephew's motive for appearing at times in this manner, as in general he was esteemed more than a well dressed man. On his expressing an inclination for this purpose, Major Vaughan and another gentleman undertook to watch his lordship's motions. They accordingly set out; and observing him to go to St. George's Fields, they followed him at a distance, till they lost sight of him near the Marshalsea Prison. Wondering what could carry a person of his lordship's rank and fortune to such a place, they enquired of the turnkey if such a gentleman (describing Lord D.) had not entered the prison? "Yes, Masters," exclaimed the fellow, with an oath, "but he is not a man, he is an angel;

Digitized by Google

for he comes here twice a year, sometimes oftener, and sets a number of prisoners free. And he not only does this, but he gives them sufficient to support themselves and their families till they can find employment. "This," continued the man, "is one of his extraordinary visits. He has but a few to take out to day."—"Do you know who the gentleman is?" enquired the major. "We none of us know him by any other marks," replied the man, "but by his humanity and his blue coat."

One of the gentleman could not resist the desire of making some further enquiries relative to the occurrence from which he reaped so much satisfaction. The next time, accordingly, his lordship had his alms-giving coat on, he asked him what occasioned his wearing that singular dress? With a smile of great sweetness, his lordship told him that his curiosity should soon be gratified, for as they were congenial souls, he would take him with him when he next visited the place to which his coat was adapted. One morning shortly after, his lordship accordingly requested the gentleman to accompany him on a visit to that receptacle of misery which his lordship had so often explored, to the consolation of its inhabitants. His lordship would not suffer his companion to enter the gate, lest the hideousness of the place should prove disagreeable to him; but he ordered the coachman to drive to the George Inn in the Borough, where a dinner was ordered for the happy individuals he was about to liberate. Here the gentleman had the pleasure of seeing nearly thirty persons rescued from the jaws of a loathsome prison, at the inclement season of the year, being in the midst of winter, and not only released from their confinement, but restored to their families and friends, with some provision from his lordship's bounty for their immediate support.

Lord Digby went, some few months after these beneficent acts, to visit his estates in Ireland, where he caught a putrid fever, of which he died in the dawn of life, November 30, 1757.

Well may we add with the poet;—

> O ye, who list to Pleasure's vacant song,
> As in her silken train ye troop along;
> Who, like rank cowards from affliction fly,
> Or, whilst the precious hours of life pass by,
> Lie slumb'ring in the sun!—Awake, arise—
> To these instructive pictures turn your eyes,
> The awful view with other feelings scan,
> And learn from Digby what man owes to man!

His Lordship died unmarried and was succeeded in his honour and estates by his brother Henry, father of the present Earl Digby.

The Veil of Mary Queen of Scots.

This Veil, said to be that with which the unfortunate Mary covered her head on the scaffold, after the executioner—whether from awkwardness or confusion is uncertain—had wounded the unhappy victim in the shoulder by a false blow still exists; and is still, we believe, in the possession of Sir John Stuart Hippisley, Bart., whose father, Sir John Cox Hippisley, had an engraving made from it, by Matteo Dioltavi, in Rome, 1818, and gave copies to his friends.

The Veil is embroidered with gold spangles by (as it is said) the Queen's own hand, in regular rows, crossing each other, so as to form small squares,

Digitized by Google

and edged with a gold border, to which another border has been subsequently joined, in which the following words are embroidered in letters of gold—

"Velum Serenissimæ Mariæ, Scotiæ et Galliæ Reginæ Martyris, quo induebatur dum ab Heretica ad mortem injustissimam condemnata fuit: Anno Sal. MDLXXXVI. a nobilissima matrona Anglicana diu conservatum et tandem, donationis ergo Deo et Societati Jesu Consecratum."

On the plate there is an inscription, with a double certificate of its authenticity, which states that this Veil, a family treasure of the expelled house of Stuart, was finally in possession of the last male representative of that Royal House, the Cardinal of York, who preserved it for many years in his private Chapel, among the most precious relics, and at his death bequeathed it to Sir J. C. Hippisley, together with a valuable Plutarch, and a codex with painted (illuminated) letters, and a gold coin struck in Scotland in the reign of Queen Mary; and it was especially consecrated by Pope Pius VII. in his Palace on the Quirinal, April 29th, 1818.

Sir J. C. Hippisley during a former residence at Rome, had been very intimate with the Cardinal of York, and was instrumental in obtaining for him, when he with the other Cardinals emigrated to Venice in 1798, a pension of £4,000 a year from the Prince of Wales (afterwards George the Fourth); but for which, the fugitive Cardinal, all whose revenues were seized by the French, would have been exposed to the greatest distress. The Cardinal desired to requite this service by the bequest of what he considered so valuable.

According to a note on the plate, the Veil is eighty-nine inches long, (English) and forty-three broad, so that it seems to have been rather a kind of shawl or scarf than a Veil. If we remember rightly, Melville in his Memoirs, which Schiller had read, speaks of a handkerchief belonging to the Queen, which she gave away before her death, and Schiller founds upon this anecdote the well-known words of the farewell scene, addressed to Hannah Kennedy.

> "Accept this handkerchief! with my own hand
> For thee I've work'd it in my hours of sadness
> And interwoven with my scalding tears:
> With this thou't bind my eyes."

Sir John S. Hippisley descends from John Hippisley, Esq. of Yattan, Recorder of Bristol in the reign of Edward VI., of a different family, we apprehend, from that of Camley, from which spring the Hippisleys of Stone-Easton, co. Somerset, the Hippisleys of Lamborne, Berks, and the Hippisleys of Stanton, Wilts. Robert Hippisley Trenchard, Esq., the late representative of the Stanton branch, married twice: by his first wife he had a son, who *d. s. p.* and a dau.: Ellen *m.* 1st to John Ashfordby, Esq., and 2ndly to John Long, Esq. of Preshaw: and by his second, he left a son, Gustavus Mathias Hippisley, Esq., who *m.* Ellen, dau. of Thomas Fitzgerald, Knight of Glin, and died in 1831, leaving issue, 1st, Gustavus Alexander Butler Hippisley; 2nd, Robert Fitzgerald Hippisley, Lieut. R.N. *d.* unm.; 3rd, Charles James Hippisley, Lieut. R.N.; 4th, Augustus John Hippisley; 1st, Ellen Georgiana; and 2nd, Jane Augusta, *m.* to W.J. Richardson, Esq.

Digitized by Google

THE OPERA.

Jenny Lind continues her career of unparalleled success at Her Majesty's Theatre, and of course the house is still crowded night after night to suffocation; thus, too, we think it would be, were the enchantress to remain for months and months to come. So powerful has been the attraction that no other place of dramatic entertainment in London has been able to make way except the French Theatre, which the genius of Rachel has now rendered great in public favour. This proves how true it is that talent—real, indisputable, surpassing talent, of whatever character or clime, is sure to reign triumphant over the mind of this mighty metropolis. We shall speak further of Rachel immediately; we now return to Jenny Lind. Her newest and latest wonder has been her performance in Verdi's opera composed expressly for her Majesty's Theatre, entitled "I Masnadieri." This lyric production was represented for the first time on the evening of Thursday the 22nd July, and met with complete success. Verdi himself conducted the orchestra, and his presence was hailed with rapturous applause.

"I Masnadieri," as its title infers, is a brigand story, and is founded on the Robbers of Schiller, the plot of which, the Italian libretto closely and cleverly follows. The cast of the principal characters is this:

Carlo Moor..... Gardoni.
Francesco Moor..... Coletti.
Massimiliano Moor..... Lablache.
Moser..... Bouché.
Arminio..... Corelli.
Amalia..... Jenny Lind.

The Times has given so remarkably clear and curiously elaborate an account of the course of the incidents and music in "I Masnadieri' that we cannot do better than extract it here.

"The opera" says the critic of the Times "commences with an instrumental prelude in which there is a violoncello solo. The curtain rises and discovers Carlo in a tavern on the confines of Saxony. He is reading Plutarch, and expresses his disgust at the degeneracy of his own age, in a recitative imitated from the same situation in Schiller. At this time he has written home for his father's forgiveness, and expresses in a tender cavatina ("Oh mio Castel Paterno") accompanied by the wind instruments, the joy he anticipates from revisiting the place of his birth. The troop of his comrades enter with a letter, which contains a refusal of the pardon. On beholding Carlo's despair, they agree to form a troop of robbers and elect him for their leader. The scene terminates with Carlo's *caballetta*, in which he vents his rage and despair, and is joined by the chorus. We are now removed to the castle of the Moor family, and find Francesco, the younger son, expressing his impatience at his father's long life now he has got rid of his elder brother. He sings an *aria* with violoncello accompaniments, followed by a spirited *cabaletta*, after he has plotted with Arminio (Italian for "Herman,") that the latter shall disguise himself as a soldier, and make a false statement of Carlo's death. The chamber of the old Count Massimiliano Moor is then discovered. He is sleeping, and his niece Amalia, the betrothed of Carlo, is watching. After a prelude of flute, oboe, and clarionet and a recitative accompanied by these instruments, comes a light cava-

Digitized by Google

tina by Amalia, "Lo aguardo avea," the words of which are taken from Schiller's *Schön ure Engel.* This is followed by a duet between Amalia and the older Moor; and the act terminates with a quartet, consequent upon the entrance of Francesco and Arminio with the news of Carlo's death. The parts taken by the several personages indicate their various characters; and the orchestral accompaniments are so distributed as to illustrate the different passions. The act drops upon the apparent death of the count, who is overcome with grief at the melancholy news. These incidents in the castle belong to Schiller's act.

"The opening portion of the second act of the opera is taken from Schiller's third, with considerable alteration. The first scene represents an enclosure near the castle chapel, where Amalia approaches the tomb of old Moor. A chorus behind the door indicates the joy of Francesco on succeeding to his father's estate, while Amalia, on the stage sings an aria, the adagio of which is accompanied by the harp solo, and is followed by a brilliant *cabaletta,* introduced by the news, brought by Arminio, that Carlo still lives. Then comes the offer of love by Francesco, and his rejection of Amelia, which forms the subject of a duet. A scene in the forest follows. It opens with the incidents connected with the rescue of Rolla, one of the band, and the destruction of Prague, all this part of the action being carried on by the chorus. A romanza, by Carlo, in which he sets forth his melancholy condition, comes in relief after the general excitement, and the act terminates with a *stretta,* consequent upon the arrival of the soldiers who have surrounded the band. Several incidents of the original play are here packed closely together.

"The third act likewise falls into two portions. First, we have the interview between Carlo and Amalia in the forest adjoining the castle, which gives occasion for a duet. Then we have the interior of the forest, with a robber chorus, founded on the celebrated *Stehlen, morden,* which once set all the German students into a blaze of fanaticism. The act ends with the rescue by the robbers of the old Moor, who, though supposed dead, is still living, having been imprisoned and concealed by Francesco. In the *finale,* the robbers swear that they will avenge the wrongs of their chief's father. The theme is proposed by Carlo, and every phrase is repeated by the chorus. This subject, which is first in the minor, goes with a crescendo into the major, accompanied by the whole force of the orchestra.

"The fourth act opens with the terror of the conscience-stricken Francesco after his horrible dream. He has a descriptive aria, and on the entrance of the pastor comes a duet, in which the reverend man utters his pious menaces, and Francesco prays, while the voices of the robbers who are attacking the castle are heard behind the scenes. The pastor is in unison with the trombones, and Francesco is accompanied by a tremolo on the violins, while the robbers are sustained by the whole mass of the orchestra. A duet between Carlo and his father, and a trio, in which the robbers join, and in which Amalia dies by the hand of Carlo, terminates the opera."

All the singers engaged exerted themselves with creditable energy and evident effect, but, as might be expected, Jenny Lind was the soul of this opera. The production has many inherent merits, but her unsurpassable voice at once achieved its prosperity.

Taglioni is now at Her Majesty's Theatre, and still maintains her preeminence as the divinity of dancing. The management appears determined to terminate, as spiritedly as it has carried on, this magnificent season.

Digitized by Google

THE FRENCH THEATRE.

Rachel.

Mlle. Rachel, the greatest of living tragedians, has, as usual with her, converted the St. James's Theatre, previously the arena of vaudeville and melodrama, into a temple of the strict and stately classic drama. The works of Corneille, Racine, Voltaire, and their modern imitators (a subject we discussed in last month's Patrician), now become as familiar with the public, as those of our own immortal Shakespeare. How admirably are those classic plays of France represented at the St. James's Theatre! The faults they undeniably possess sink unnoticed before the surpassing genius of Rachel. Length of speechifying, pomposity of diction, and want of action are no longer perceived, for, the enchantress has infused her spirit into the poetry; she may be compared to the sun bursting, in its glory upon the glassy expanse of some large and lordly lake: the aspect, though grand, was chill and inanimate before: it is now on fire, dazzling and sparkling in its brilliancy. Mlle. Rachel has appeared in *Les Horaces*, *Phèdre*, *Marie Stuart*, *Andromaque*, *Virginie*, and *Tancrède*. The style and excellence of her acting as the heroine in the four first of these tragedies is now well known: in the last, that of *Tancrède* by Voltaire, her performance is a novelty. This powerfully written play, to which the celebrated opera of "Tancredi" owes its libretto, is one of the *chef-d'œuvres* of its author: it is replete with beautiful verse, and is thoroughly chivalrous in sentiment and story. Of Tancrède, M. Schlegel, no friend to Voltaire and the classic drama, speaks thus in his celebrated lectures:

"Since the *Cid* no French tragedy had appeared, of which the plot was founded on such pure motives of honour and love without any ignoble intermixtures, and so completely consecrated to the exhibition of chivalrous sentiments, as *Tancrède*. *Amenaide*, though honour and life are at stake, disdains to exculpate herself by a declaration which would endanger her lover; and Tancred, though justified in esteeming her faithless, defends her in single combat, and seeks in despair the death of a hero, when the unfortunate error clears up. So far the piece is irreproachable, and deserving of the greatest praise. But it is weakened by other imperfections. It is of great detriment to its perspicuity, that we cannot at the very first hear the letter without superscription, which occasions all the embarrassment, and that it is not sent off before our eyes. The political disquisitions in the first act are tedious; Tancrède appears in the third act for the first time, and he is impatiently expected to give animation to the scene. The furious imprecations of Amenaide at the conclusion are not in harmony with the deep but soft emotion with which we are overpowered by the re-union of two lovers, who have mistaken each other, in the moment of their separation by death."

The imperfections M. Schlegel speaks of appeared not in the representation of the St. James's Theatre: had he listened to Rachel, he would no longer have complained of the imprecating language at the conclusion. The impassioned eloquence of Rachel gave to the passage exquisite effect. Her exclamation "Tancrède, cher Tancrède" as she threw herself on the body of the beloved and expiring knight will not be soon forgotten by those who heard it. Her acting throughout the whole tragedy was admirable: Amenaide is by her personified to the life—the high born damsel of an age of chivalry,

Digitized by Google

haughty and ardent, yet gentle and benevolent, unbending in her notions of honour, and boundless in her affection. At the beginning of the play where occurs the following speech, the tone of Rachel is replete with force and dignity :

Ah ! combats ces terreurs,
Et ne m'en donne point. Souviens-toi que ma mè
Nous unit l'un et l'autre à ses derniers momens.
Que Tancrède est à moi ; qu'aucune loi contraire
Ne peut rien sur nos vœux, et sur nos sentimens.
Hélas ! nous regrettions cette île si funeste,
Dans le sien de la gloire et des murs des Césars ;
Vers ces champs trop aimés qu'aujourd'hui je déteste ;
Nous tournions tristement nos avides regards.
J'étais loin de penser que le sort qui m'obsède
Me gardât pour époux l'oppresseur de Tancrède ;
Et que j'aurais pour dot l'exécrable présent
Des biens qu'un ravisseur enlève à mon amant.
Il faut l'instruire au moins d'une telle injustice,
Qu'il apprenne de moi sa perte et mon supplice,
Qu'il hâte son retour et defende ses droits.
Pour venger un héros je fais ce que je dois.
Ah ! si je le pouvais, j'en ferais davantage.
J'aime, je crains un père, et respecte son âge ;
Mais je voudrais armer nos peuples soulevés
Contre cet Orbasson qui nous a captivés.
D'un brave chevalier sa conduite est indigne.
Intéressé, cruel, il prétend à l'honneur !
Il croit d'un peuple libre être le protecteur !
Il ordonne ma honte, et mon père la signe !
Et je dois la subir, et je dois me livrer
Au maître impérieux qui pense m'honorer !
Helas ! dans Syracuse on hait la tyrannie.
Mais la plus exécrable, et la plus impunie,
Est celle qui commande et la haine et l'amour,
Et qui veut nous forcer de changer en un jour.
Le sorte en est jeté.

When she hears that Tancred, who has just slain in single combat her oppressor, nevertheless listens to the accusations against her, her burst of indignation is truly startling :

AMENAIDE.

Lui, me croire coupable !

FANIE.

Ah ! s'il peut s'abuser,
Excusez un amant.

AMENAIDE.

Rien ne peut l'excuser. . . .
Quand l'univers entier m'accuserait d'un crime
Sur son jugement seul un grand homme appuyé,
A l'univers séduit oppose son estime.
Il aura donc pour moi combattu par pitié !
Cet opprobre est affreux, et j'en suis accablée.
Hélas ! mourant pour lui, je mourais consolee ;

Digitized by Google

Et c'est lui qui m'outrage et m'ose soupçonner !
C'en est fait ; je ne veux jamais lui pardonner.
Ses bienfaits sont toujours présens à ma pensée,
Ils resteront gravés dans mon ame offensée ;
Mais s'il a pu me croire indigne de sa foi,
C'est lui qui pour jamais est indigne de moi.
Ah ! de tous mes affronts c'est le plus grand peut-être.

But Tancred is brought wounded to her presence, and in an instant her anger is forgotten. Rachel with heart rending eloquence, pours forth her whole affection, and agony : the very soul of a fond and despairing woman is in her voice :

Tancrède, cher amant, trop cruel et trop tendre,
Dans nos derniers instans, hélas ! peux-tu m'entendre,
Tes yeux appesantis, peuvent-ils me revoir ?
Hélas ! reconnais-moi, connais mon désespoir.
Dans le même tombeau souffre au moins ton épouse,
C'est-là le seul honneur dont mon ame est jalouse.
Ce nom sacré m'est dû, tu me l'avais promis ;
Ne sois point plus cruel que tous nos ennemis.
Honore d'un regard ton épouse fidele. . . .
(*il la regarde*).
C'est donc là le dernier que tu jettes sur elle !. . . .
De ton cœur généreux son cœur est-il haï ?
Peux-tu me soupçonner ?

M. de Voltaire nearly ninety years ago produced the tragedy of Tancrède with the approval of a court and the applause of a people who would tolerate nought but the classic drama. Little could he have dreamt that, in another age, in a foreign land—the very territory of Shakespeare, the same play would fill a theatre to suffocation, a monarch and her noblesse forming a portion of the audience. Such a result is owing to that high order of genius, the attribute of Mlle. Rachel, which overcomes all prejudice of time or country.

Since her performance in Tancrède, Mlle. Rachel has agreeably surprised the public by appearing in comedy ; her success has been equally striking. She played Celemene in the famous Misanthrope of Molière, a master-piece of wit and satire, from which Sheridan borrowed a great deal of his School for Scandal. Indeed, Lady Teazle has, in some points, a strong resemblance to the coquette Celemene.

In conclusion we would observe that Mlle. Rachel has been very ably supported by the other performers of the St. James's Theatre. Raphael Felix, Marius, and Mlle. Rabut are artists fully capable of appreciating, and expressing the fine verse of the great poets of France.

*** Among the English theatres now open, the Haymarket, the Princess's, and the Adelphi, of course take the lead. Mrs. Nisbett at the Haymarket, and Madame Vestris and Mathews at the Princess's are as excellent as ever. The new drama of "Title Deeds" at the Adelphi is eminently successful, and, in truth, fully deserves to be so.

Digitized by Google

EXHIBITIONS.

The British Institution, Pall Mall.

The collection of ancient masters contributed to this admirable institution, for 1817, is now open, and the display proves as interesting, and attractive as ever. It comprises sacred pictures, historical portraits, and landscapes, many of which are already known to fame throughout the world, and may be looked on with delight, again and again, for ever. Rembrandt, Rubens, Vandyke, Claude, Cuyp, Vander-Heyden, Reynolds and Lawrence are here in all their glory. Such paintings need no comment or description: they must be viewed.

Historical Prize Paintings, Chinese Exhibition Room, Hyde Park Corner. The Baptism of Christ.

Two years ago a public offer was made in the following terms:—One thousand Pounds are hereby tendered to the Artist who shall produce the best Oil Painting of the Baptism of Christ, by immersion in the river Jordan, to illustrate the statements made by the Evangelists:

Matthew iii. 13—17.

"Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan unto John, to be baptised of him."

"But John forbad him, saying, I have need to be baptised of thee, and comest thou to me?"

"And Jesus answering said unto him, Suffer it to be so now: for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness. Then he suffered him."

"And Jesus, when he was baptised went up straightway out of the water; and lo the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lightning upon him:"

"And lo a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Mark i. 9—11.

"And it came to pass in those days, that Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee, and was baptised of John in Jordan."

"And straightway coming up out of the water, he saw the heavens opened, and the Spirit like a dove descending upon him:"

"And there came a voice from heaven, saying, Thou art my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."

Luke iii. 21 and 22.

"Now when all the people were baptized, it came to pass, that Jesus also being baptized, and praying, the heaven was opened,"

"And the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape like a dove upon him, and a voice came from heaven which said, Thou art my beloved Son; in thee I am well pleased."

Digitized by Google

And the following lines from the 1st Book of Milton's "Paradise Regained"

——————————"I saw
The Prophet do him reverence, *on him rising*
Out of the water, heaven above the clouds
Unfold her crystal door, &c.—*Lines* 79—85.

Again, Line 288

————"As I rose out of the laving stream."

"It is required that the size of the work shall be not less than 12 feet by 12, nor greater than 15 feet by 12, and the two principal figures shall be at least as large as life; two years to be allowed for the completion and sending in of the pictures. The competition to be open to artists of all nations, and the £1000 to be paid to the successful Competitor, before the close of the Exhibition."

In consequence of this announcement, several paintings were forwarded to the Picture Gallery, (formerly the Chinese Exhibition Room) Hyde Park Corner, which was fitted up at great expense for the reception of them.

This exhibition which is now closed, was visited by Prince Albert, the nobility, and numbers of the public.

We now refer to it, wishing to call attention to the painting which has actually won the prize. Before doing so, however, we cannot but express our satisfaction at a custom which has recently sprung up, and which has been most creditably fostered by the government; we mean the plan of offering prizes of large value to the competition of artists. Little can people imagine the immense good that is done by this. Real talent is often modest and retiring to its own depression and ruin. Unless some public encouragement be given—some impetus employed, it may never come forward. The mind that might conceive, and the hand that might perform a master piece, how frequently, alas! for want of a field to dare in, linger and perish in obscurity. The simple means of offering prizes will put an end to this evil at once. Honour to the spirited individuals who combine to do so! Through their aid, genius is unbound, and like the freed eagle, straightways soars into those lofty regions, the home of its aspirations.

The present instance exemplifies what we say. Many inferior paintings of course came to this exhibition at Hyde Park Corner, but the one that achieved the premium is a magnificent production. It is the work of Mr. John Wood. This gentleman had already been successful in having a picture of his chosen as the altar piece at Bermondsey Church —the beautiful painting of "the Ascension" now there—and, no doubt, encouraged by that, he put his whole soul in the present struggle, and we do not hesitate to say that he has done a work of surpassing excellence. The boldness of design, the depth and richness of tone and colour, the correctness of drawing both in the landscape and the figures, and the majestic aspect of the whole, mark Mr. Wood's Baptism of Christ as emanating from a brain profoundly impressed with knowledge and appreciation of the mighty masters of the mightiest school—the immortal painters of Italy. Much of the manner and the mind of Raphael Urban, and Sebastian del Piombo hang about this picture of the Baptism.

Digitized by Google

To convey some idea of the grandeur of the composition, and the extent of Mr. Wood's labours, we give the following detailed description of his painting.

The point of time chosen in his representation of Christ's Baptism is immediately after John has suffered Jesus to be immersed by him, just as he is uttering the words of administration. The Saviour of mankind is represented in an attitude most favourable for the ceremony, and most according with the practice said by travellers to be still observed at baptismal rites by Oriental Christians. On the right of St. John, immediately behind the Saviour, are groups representing Joseph of Arimathea, Nicodemus, Peter and Andrew; and the more youthful figure of St. John the Evangelist. On the left of St. John are St. Luke, St. James the minor, St. Simeon, St. Matthew, St. Thomas, St. Jude and Judas. In the foreground are figures of persons who have just been baptized, or who are preparing to be so; and in the background is seen a crowd of spectators.

This painting by Mr. Wood is, or at least was recently to be seen at his residence in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square. We sincerely trust that its ultimate public destination—the adornment of a metropolitan church, —may be effected as speedily as possible.

Digitized by Google

LITERATURE.

Story of the Battle of Waterloo. By the Rev. G. R. Gleig, M.A. John Murray, Albemarle Street, 1847.

It was a happy idea of this well known and able writer, to throw into one small volume the actual events of the battle of Waterloo, so as to form a tale apart from the rest of history. In the ordinary perusal of the annals of the time, the reader becomes generally confused, and fatigued before he encounters the actual details—necessarily somewhat lengthy—of the fight at Waterloo; nor can a person easily himself detach that portion of the political narrative which relates to the battle alone. Here, however, the difficulty is admirably removed, for, in one small volume, almost at one view, we have the whole memorable event with every circumstance attached to it laid plainly before us. What really adds to the value of the book is the amazing clearness and simplicity of its style: a mere child might comprehend it. This is a boon of no small worth to civilians, when they would read about military matters, for, in general this portion of history, if at all elaborate, becomes unintelligible to any but the soldier. Mr. Gleig has indeed made a simple story of that legend of victory, which must ring in the ears, and warm the blood of generation after generation, until England is no more.

This account of the battle is so well knit together that it is rather difficult to separate any portion of it. The following extract may however be read with interest as describing, more minutely than usual, Napoleon's last day at Elba, prior to his alighting again, with the pride and rapidity of his own eagle, upon the land of France.

"His favourite sister Pauline, bringing other ladies in her train, paid him a visit. There was much hospitality, with great apparent politeness, at the palace; and much talk was held concerning the improvements which he meditated both in the form and size of his own residence and in the harbour and town. His guards also he frequently reviewed, and seemed to take as much pleasure in the exercise as if he had been passing a whole army before him. So passed the beginning of February, 1815, and on the 26th a grand entertainment was given at the palace. Sir Neil Campbell, the English resident in Elba, was not there, for he had gone in the only cruiser that observed the coast to Leghorn: but the representatives of Austria and Russia were present, and marked attention was paid to them. Napoleon walked through the several halls, saluting his guests; and then, leaving the ladies to do the rest, went about his own business. His guards, to the number of 1100, had been directed to parade near the quay at three in the afternoon. They stood under arms till half-past four, when Napoleon joined them; and he and they were all on board of ship by seven o'clock in the same evening. For this facility likewise of troubling Europe, the Allies had left him, that he had retained at his disposal, a flotilla more than sufficient to transport his troops to the Continent whenever the desire of doing so should become strong with him.

"How he bore himself during that brief voyage—commanding the respect of his followers by the calmness and self-possession of his manner—is a matter of history. He felt from the moment that his foot pressed the deck that the "die was cast;" and when, on baffling winds arising, and the little fleet making imper-

Digitized by Google

fect way, it was proposed to put back to Porto Ferrajo and await a more favourable opportunity, he scouted the idea—"Officers and soldiers of my Guard," he said, "we are going to France;" and the shout of enthusiasm with which the announcement was greeted, told how well he understood his followers. They went to France. They saw a French frigate at a distance, but it neared them not, and they passed. Napoleon himself answered the hail from the French brig, which sought to be informed how it fared with the exile of Elba; and finally he and all his people made good their landing on the beach of the gulf of St Juan, just as the topmasts of the vessels from which they had descended were described from the quarter-deck of a British sloop-of-war. So close was the run of this extraordinary man's fortune at the commencement of the last act in his public life, and so resolute the spirit which urged him to enter upon it, and to go through with it successfully.

Of the actual details of the engagement, the following portion has in its terrible truth quite the vivid colouring, and intense attraction of a romance.

"It will be necessary for a moment to look back to the proceedings of the Prussians, whom we left bringing their troops into action as rapidly as they could, and though repulsed in an attempt to take possession of Planchenoit, re-forming their masses and preparing again to push them on the village. It was not exclusively in this direction, however, that Blücher strove to bring support to his allies. Along the Wavre road his cavalry was advancing, and gradually falling in on the left rear of Best's brigade, while lower down, through Smohain and La Haye, other troops, some of them infantry, showed themselves. These materially strengthened the extreme left of the English line, and being comparatively fresh, soon entered into the battle. In particular the Prussian artillery proved of essential service, for the Hanoverian batteries in this direction had expended their ammunition, and, as the infantry and cavalry came up, they descended into the ravine, and prepared to move upon the right of the enemy's line. Thus, just at the moment when the English had repelled the final attack of the Imperial Guard, when D'Erlon's and Reille's corps were both completely disorganized, when the French cavalry, mowed down by the fire of infantry and cannon, were powerless to resist the rush which Lord Uxbridge was about to make upon them, the gallant Prussians came into play, and a defeat, already achieved, was converted into annihilation: for all means of rallying even a rear guard ceased. At the same time let it be borne in mind, to the honour of the French, that on the extreme right they still presented a firm and well-arranged front. Lobau's corps was unbroken, and though over-matched, it faced Bülow stoutly. In Planchenoit, likewise, the Young Guard maintained themselves in spite of Pirch's repeated and desperate efforts to dislodge them: indeed, the progress made in this direction was very slow, for the gallant assailants purchased every foot of ground at an expense of life which was fearful. Still, the knowledge that he was assailed on the flank and well nigh in the rear could not fail of extinguishing in the mind of Napoleon whatever ray of hope might have yet lingered there. He cast a hurried glance over the field of battle. He saw his Guards coming back in wild confusion, and strewing the earth with their dead He looked round for his cavalry, and beheld but broken squadrons fleeing for life, yet failing to secure it His guns were either dismounted or abandoned by the artillerymen, and there was no reserve on which to fall back. Then it was that the terrible words escaped him, which will be remembered and repeated as often as the tale of his overthrow is told. "Tout est perdu—sauve qui peut!" was his last order, and turning his horse's head, he galloped from the field."

"It was now eight o'clock in the evening, or perhaps a little later. The physical strength of the combatants on both sides had become well nigh exhausted, and on the part of the English there was a feverish desire to close with the enemy, and bring matters to an issue. Up to the present moment, however, the Duke had firmly restrained them. For all purposes of defensive warfare they were

Digitized by Google

excellent troops; the same blood was in their veins which had stirred their more veteran comrades of the Peninsula, but, as has elsewhere been explained, four-fifths of the English regiments were raw levies,—second battalions, to manœuvre with which in the presence of a skilful enemy might have been dangerous. Steadily therefore, and with a wise caution, the Duke held them in hand, giving positive orders to each of his generals that they should not follow up any temporary success, so as to endanger the consistency of their lines, but return after every charge to the crest of the hill, and be content with holding that. Now, however, the moment was come for acting on a different principle. Not by Adam and Maitland alone, but by the brigades of Omteda, Pack, Kempt, and Lambert, the enemy had been overthrown with prodigious slaughter, and all equally panted to be let loose. Moreover, from minute to minute the sound of firing in the direction of Planchenoit became more audible. It was clear, therefore, that even young troops might be slipped in pursuit without much hazard to their own safety, and the Duke let his people go. The lines of infantry were simultaneously formed, the cavalry mounted and rode on, and then a cheer began on the right, which flew like electricity throughout the entire extent of the position. Well was it understood, especially by those who, on a different soil and under a warmer sun, had often listened to similar music. The whole line advanced, and scenes commenced of fiery attack and resolute defence—of charging horsemen and infantry stern, such as there is no power, either in pen or pencil, adequately to describe.

"It might savour of invidiousness were I, in dealing with this part of my subject, to specify particular brigades or regiments, as if they more than others had distinguished themselves. The case was not so. Every man that day did his duty—making allowance, of course, for the proportion of weak hearts which move in the ranks of every army, and seize the first favourable opportunity that presents itself of providing for their own safety. And probably it will not be received as a stain upon the character of British troops if I venture to hazard a conjecture, that in the army of Waterloo these were as numerous as in any which the Duke of Wellington ever commanded. Accident, however, and their local situation in the battle necessarily bring some corps more conspicuously into view than others, and at this stage of the fight Adam's infantry, with Vivian's hussars, had the good fortune to take in some sort the lead. The former followed up their success against the Imperial Guard with an impetuosity which nothing could resist. They left the whole of their dismounted comrades behind them, and seemed to themselves to be completely isolated, when Vivian's hussars whom Lord Uxbridge had ordered on, swept pass them. For there was seen on the rise of the enemy's ascent a body of cavalry collected, which gathered strength from one moment to another, and threatened ere long to become again formidable. It was of vital importance that it should be charged and overthrown ere time was given to render it the nucleus of a strong rear guard; and against it, by the Duke's personal command, the hussar brigade was directed. Loudly these rivals in enterprise and gallantly cheered one another as the British horsemen galloped past, and both caught a fresh impulse from the movement.

"Adam's brigade moved steadily on; Maitland's marched in support of it; and down from their 'mountain throne' the rest of the infantry moved in succession. The cavalry came first into play. It was observed, as they pushed on, that at the bottom of the descent two squares stood in unbroken order. These were the battalions of the Guard which had been drawn up to support the advance of the French columns; and, though, grievously incommoded by the swarms of fugitives which rushed down upon them, they still kept their ranks. A portion of the cavalry wheeled up and faced them. It is a serious matter to charge a square on which no impression has been made, and probably Vivian, with all his chivalry, would have hesitated to try the encounter, had he not seen that Adam was moving towards the further face of one of these masses with the apparent design of falling upon it. He did not therefore hesitate to let loose a squadron of the 10th, which, headed by Major Howard, charged home, and strove, though in vain, to penetrate. The veterans of the French Guard were not to be broken. They received the hussars on their bayonets, cut down many

Digitized by Google

with their fire, and succeeded in retreating in good order, though not without loss. Moreover, just at this moment one battery, which had escaped the general confusion, opened upon the flank of Adam's brigade, while another came galloping across the front of the 18th Hussars, as if seeking some position whence they in like manner might enfilade the line of advance which the British troops had taken. But these latter were instantly charged, the gunners cut down, and the pieces taken; while the former soon fell into the hands of the 52nd regiment, which changed its front for a moment, and won the trophy.

"Darkness now began to set in, and the confusion in the French ranks became so great as to involve, in some degree, the pursuers in similar disorder. The more advanced cavalry got so completely intermingled among crowds of fleeing men and horses, that they could neither extricate themselves nor deal their blows effectually. Moreover, as the night deepened, and the Prussians began to arrive at the scene of action, more than one awkward rencounter took place, which was with difficulty stayed. Nevertheless, the pursuit was not checked. Down their own slope, across the valley, up the face of the enemy's hill, and beyond the station of La Belle Alliance, the British line marched triumphant. They literally walked over the dead and dying, the numbers of which they were continually augmenting. Guns, tumbrils, ammunition waggons, drivers—the whole matériel, in short, of the dissolved army, remained in their possession. Once or twice some battalions endeavoured to withstand them, and a particular corps of 'grenadiers à cheval' contrived, amid the wreck of all around, to retain their order. But the battalions were charged, rolled up, and dissolved in succession, while the horsemen effected no higher triumph than to quit the field like soldiers. Still the battle raged at Planchenoit and on the left of it, where Lobau and the Young Guard obstinately maintained themselves, till the tide of fugitives from the rear came rolling down upon them, and they too felt that all was lost. Then came the Prussians pouring in. Then, too, the Duke, feeling that the victory was won, caused the order for a general halt to be passed; and regiment by regiment the weary but victorious English lay down upon the position which they had won.

"It is well known that throughout this magnificent advance the Duke was up with the foremost of his people. Nothing stopped him—nothing stood in his way. He cheered on Adam's brigade, and halted beyond its front. He spoke to the skirmishers, and mingled with them; till at last one of his staff ventured to remonstrate against the manner in which he was exposing himself. 'You have no business here, sir,' was the frank and soldier-like appeal; 'we are getting into inclosed ground, and your life is too valuable to be thrown away.' 'Never mind,' replied the Duke; 'let them fire away. The battle's won, and my life is of no consequence now.' And thus he rode on, regardless of the musketry which whistled about him. The fact is, that though he had put a machine in motion which no resistance could stop, he was still determined to superintend its working to the last moment; and the further the night closed in, the more determined he was to observe for himself whatever dispositions the enemy might have made. Accordingly, keeping ahead of his own line, and mingling, as has just been stated, with the skirmishers, he pushed on till he passed to a considerable distance beyond La Belle Alliance, and there satisfied himself that the route was complete. At last he reined up his horse, and turned him towards Waterloo. He rode, at this time, well nigh alone. Almost every individual of his personal staff had fallen, either killed or wounded. Col. De Lancey, Quartermaster-General, was mortally wounded; Major-Gen. Barnes, Adjutant-General, was wounded; Lieut.-Col. Lord Fitzroy Somerset, Military Secretary, 'had lost his right arm; and of his Grace's Aides-de-camp two, namely, Lieut.-Col. the Honourable Alexander Gordon and Lieut.-Col. Canning, were both struck down. The latter died on the spot, the former survived his mortal hurt only long enough to learn from the chief whom he served and dearly loved, that the battle was going well. Indeed, the losses that day to England, and to the best of English blood, were terrible. Lord Uxbridge, as is well known, was struck by one of the last shots fired, and suffered amputation of the leg. Picton, the hero of a hundred fights, was gone whither alone his glory could follow him. But it is as useless to enumerate the

Digitized by Google

brave who purchased with their lives this day a renown which can never perish, as it would be idle to attempt a description of the feelings of the survivors.

May every one, who doats on England's fame, be he in his school, his manly, or his slippered days, read and re-read this story of Waterloo.

WAYFARING SKETCHES AMONG THE GREEKS AND TURKS, and on the Shores of the Danube. By a Seven Years' Resident in Greece. Chapman and Hall. 186, Strand. 1847.

WE must confess we have a predilection for an Eastern book. Let oriental narratives and descriptions multiply as they may, there is ever something new to tell, something marvellous to hear about the land of the cypress and myrtle. The author of the work before us has the advantage of a long residence amid the Greeks and Turks; and he evidently speaks with the firm tone and clear conception of one who is thoroughly conversant with his subject. The work contains a fund of entertainment and instruction. There pervades too a religious feeling throughout which leads to some very impressive writing about the present moral degradation of the Turks. The religion of the Mussulman is thus deprecated:

"Mahomedanism is hourly opening out into a new aspect before me. I had imagined it but a low, degraded creed, one of the numerous offsprings of prolific error and ignorance, which, as a substitute for the truth that has not yet dawned upon them, could not have a better or a worse effect in its moral influence, on the great multitude, than any other vain superstition; but from the conversation of those whom I meet here, and who are well qualified to judge, and from a closer view of its palpable working, not as seen in the history of past ages, but on the hearts and minds of the individuals with whom I am actually in contact every day, I cannot but think, that it was originally a deeply-laid scheme, carried out with an almost fiend-like knowledge of the human heart, for enthralling the people by working solely on their evil passions. Most other religions, however much they may have fallen from their common origin in man's instinctive consciousness of the Supreme, have at least for their ultimate aim and end the moral improvement of man; whereas the system of Islamism would seem in every doctrine and in every law to foster and bring forth their worst propensities, presenting even the heaven for which their purer spirit is to strive under images so earthly, that the very hope itself degrades them to the lowest level of mankind; and satisfying the conscience that goads their fallen nature to arise, with a few material and unmeaning observances, strong only in their strictness.

"It is thus at least that Mahomedanism appears in this country; elsewhere it may be, and I have heard that it is, otherwise; a religion not divine must necessarily have different results according to the character and peculiarities of the people on whom it acts, like the practical working of any other system. Assuredly it has found here a fair field, if its object were to brutalize the people and paralyse their higher faculties; for I become daily more convinced than in none have the last traces of that image in which man was created been more utterly effaced than in the Turks, notwithstanding the strong prepossession in favour of this people which exists in Europe, and which I fully shared till I found myself face to face with them in their own country, and in their true colours."

Some of the writer's adventures are related with much animation. The following account of a stormy night on the Black Sea is well told:—

"We were destined, however, to a yet more unfavourable reception. As we got fairly out of sight of land, every thing grew ominous of coming warfare. Just at nightfall a vivid flash of lightning suddenly tore asunder the huge black curtain which seemed to hang motionless against the sky, and from the vast rent

Digitized by Google

the liberated tempest came thundering forth, all fire and fury, and rushed howling over the agitated sea, maddening the convulsed waters till spray, and foam, and rain, became one wild confusion, and our little vessel shook and shivered as the billows wreathed themselves around it, and dashed down raging on its deck. A scene more fiercely desolate could not well be conceived; the mournful howling of the wind, and the roaring of the ocean, whose breast it was tearing up, made a savage music altogether which was as awful as it was sublime; and the violent pitching of the ship rendered it scarce possible to distinguish the black flying rack above from the yet blacker mass of surge below When matters came to this crisis, of course all went below, excepting the motionless Turks; and certainly if the storm were sublime above, it was most ludicrous in its effects down stairs. There was a continued and involuntary polka dancing on the part of the most sedate passengers, chairs and tables careering frantically to and fro with a confused din, consisting of lamentations in Turkish, anathemas in Greek, angry mutterings of misery in French, abrupt and comprehensible groans in German, and over all the piteous voice of Kentucky, giving a pretty good guess that he had never been so wretched before.

"From the ladies' cabin (which I entered head foremost, after having been thrown down stairs by one lurch of the vessel, violently flung under the table in the saloon by another, and jerked out again before any one had time to help me), every article of furniture had been removed; and mingled invocations to St. Nicholas and the prophet, rose from various agitated heaps in the several corners. After knocking my head on the four sides of the room, I was precipitated into a berth, where I was destined to pass the night, clinging to the wall lest I should fall out, and be compelled to continue this violent exercise.

"The storm never abated during the interminable hours, till daylight, and although I do not suppose any one slept in the whole vessel, the sufferers at last became quite passive, and nothing was to be heard but an occasional groan; directly below me, an unfortunate lady was extended on a mattress on the floor, which was inlaid with polished wood; every time the vessel rolled, the mattress and its burden slid down the room to the opposite wall, where the lady received a violent blow on the head, and then, as the ship righted again, returned slowly to their place. There was a species of fascination in this slow torture, which occupied me the whole night; and such was the state to which we were all reduced, that although the lady who thus helplessly acted the part of a living pendulum, was my own mother, I lay composedly watching her sail away to the other side, and waited till she should come back and knock her head, without even making an effort to relieve her. Daylight brought no improvement in our position, and I alone had strength enough left to creep up on deck. I managed to crawl round to offer my assistance to the inmates of the respective berths before I left the room; but I received no other answer from any, than an entreaty that I would put a speedy termination to their existence. I could not adopt so violent a measure, though I felt that my own demise would have been a relief, so I left them to their miseries, and with much difficulty crept up on deck, where I was dragged to a pile of cushions laid out for me by a sailor, and there I sunk to move no more all day, catching a glimpse in my passage across the deck of the compact mass of turbans waving to and fro, with an instinctive consciousness that each individual Turk was sea-sick.

"The scene was not the less dreary that the light of day had risen over it, and a cold, piercing blast shriek most dismally among the sails, which they had vainly put up to try and steady the sh p. Throughout the whole of that long day it continued thus. None of the other passengers came from below, and as I lay half asleep, half awake, on the deck, every now and then the scenes we had been in the midst of, only yesterday, rose up before me; the golden city sparkling in sunshine, the bird peopled gardens, the soft rippling waters; till a great cold wave, plunging into the vessel, and drenching me with foam, recalled me to the contrasted reality, and showed me the black, boiling sea, and wild tempestuous sky.

"In the afternoon, we lay to for half an hour, opposite to the town of Varna, so celebrated in the Balkan war, as having stood a siege of six months against an enormous Russian force. It is so stormy a roadstead that I could only obtain a glimpse of it by clinging to the side of the ship for a few minutes as we reeled

Digitized by Google

to and fro, but this cursory glance was sufficient to show me so poor and wretched-looking a town, that I could not conceive how a single troop of cavalry should not have been sufficient to demolish it at once; yet I am told that this immense army, which though it sustained considerable loss in the march across the Balkan, had yet an enormous force, sat down before it for many months.

"There were several Russian vessels lying round us, with all their rigging seemingly in the trimmest order, but I knew how far to trust to the flourishing appearance which Russia gives to all her naval appurtenances, from a little circumstance which occurred not long since in Athens. We had gone on board of a Russian corvette, and had greatly admired, not only the neatness and order everywhere displayed, but the attention which seemed to be bestowed on the comfort of the sailors, as their neat hammocks were all ranged round the deck just as in an English ship. Shortly after, a Russian lady, a friend of ours, went a voyage in this same ship, and returned long before the time she had originally intended, because she was so utterly disgusted with the misery and ill-treatment of the unfortunate crew. The hammocks were a mere sham got up for show, and her description of the want of cleanliness and comfort, and the barbarous punishments daily administered, was most dreadful. The wind became favourable as soon as we left Varna, but the night was not the less tempestuous? and I was very glad there was nothing to be seen before the darkness set in, as it was quite impossible to stand upright.

This volume is a valuable addition to the many, but not too many books already written about the East.

THE TRUE STORY OF MY LIFE: a Sketch by HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Translated by MARY HOWITT. Longman & Co. 1847.

A DELIGHTFUL little book, written with the whole fine soul, and sterling sentiment of that excellent author, Andersen the Dane. The translation, like indeed all those of Mrs. Howitt, is most gracefully done. She thus dedicates the work:

"To JENNY LIND, the English Translation of the True Story of her Friend's Life is inscribed in admiration of her beautiful talents and still more beautiful life, by MARY HOWITT.

We pass at once over the other parts of this interesting book, to present from it the following account of the Swedish Nightingale, which must prove acceptable to every reader:

"At this period of my life, I made an acquaintance which was of great moral and intellectual importance to me. I have already spoken of several persons and public characters who have had influence on me as the poet; but none of these have had more, nor in a nobler sense of the word, than the lady to whom I here turn myself; she, through whom I, at the same time, was enabled to forget my own individual self, to feel that which is holy in art, and to become acquainted with the command which God has given to genius.

"I now turn back to the year 1840. One day in the hotel in which I lived in Copenhagen, I saw the name of Jenny Lind among those of the strangers from Sweden. I was aware at that time that she was the first singer in Stockholm. I had been that same year, in this neighbour country, and had there met with honour and kindness: I thought, therefore, that it would not be unbecoming in me to pay a visit to the young artist. She was, at this time, entirely unknown out of Sweden, so that I was convinced that, even in Copenhagen, her name was know only by a few. She received me very courteously, but yet distantly, almost coldly. She was, as she said, on a journey with her father to South Sweden, and was come over to Copenhagen for a few days in order that she might see this city. We again parted distantly, and I had the impression of a very ordinary character which soon passed away from my mind.

"In the autumn of 1843, Jenny Lind came again to Copenhagen. One of my

Digitized by Google

friends, our clever ballet-master, Bournonville, who has married a Swedish lady, a friend of Jenny Lind, informed me of her arrival here and told me that she remembered me very kindly, and that now she had read my writings. He entreated me to go with him to her, and to employ all my persuasive art to induce her to take a few parts at the Theatre Royal; I should, he said, be then quite enchanted with what I should hear.

"I was not now received as a stranger; she cordially extended to me her hand, and spoke of my writings and of Miss Fredrika Bremer, who also was her affectionate friend. The conversation was soon turned to her appearance in Copenhagen, and of this Jenny Lind declared that she stood in fear.

"'I have never made my appearance,' said she, 'out of Sweden; every body in my native land is so affectionate and kind to me, and if I made my appearance in Copenhagen and should be hissed!—I dare not venture on it!'

"I said, that I, it was true, could not pass judgment on her singing, because I had never heard it, neither did I know how she acted, but nevertheless I was convinced that such was the disposition at this moment in Copenhagen, that only a moderate voice and some knowledge of acting would be successful; I believed that she might safely venture.

"Bournonville's persuasion obtained for the Copenhageners the greatest enjoyment which they ever had.

"Jenny Lind made her first appearance among them as Alice in Robert le Diable—it was like a new revelation in the realms of art, the youthfully fresh voice forced itself into every heart; here reigned truth and nature; every thing was full of meaning and intelligence. At one concert Jenny Lind sang her Swedish songs; there was something so peculiar in this, so bewitching; people thought nothing about the concert room; the popular melodies uttered by a being so purely feminine, and bearing the universal stamp of genius, exercised their omnipotent sway—the whole of Copenhagen was in raptures. Jenny Lind was the first singer to whom the Danish students gave a serenade: torches blazed around the hospitable villa where the serenade was given: she expressed her thanks by again singing some Swedish songs, and I then saw her hasten into the darkest corner and weep for emotion.

"'Yes, yes,' said she, 'I will exert myself; I will endeavour, I will be better qualified than I am when I again come to Copenhagen.'

"On the stage, she was the great artiste, who rose above all those around her; at home, in her own chamber, a sensitive young girl with all the humility and piety of a child.

"Her appearance in Copenhagen made an epoch in the history of our opera; it showed me art in its sanctity—I had beheld one of its vestals. She journeyed back to Stockholm, and from there Fredrika Bremer wrote to me:—'With regard to Jenny Lind as a singer, we are both of us perfectly agreed; she stands as high as any artist of our time can stand; but as yet you do not know her in her full greatness. Speak to her about her art, and you will wonder at the expansion of her mind, and will see her countenance beaming with inspiration. Converse then with her of God, and of the holiness of religion, and you will see tears in those innocent eyes; she is great as an artist, but she is still greater in her pure human existence!'

"In the following year I was in Berlin; the conversation with Meyerbeer turned upon Jenny Lind; he had heard her sing the Swedish songs and was transported by them.

"'But how does she act?' asked he.

"I spoke in raptures of her acting, and gave him at the same time some idea of her representation of Alice. He said to me that perhaps it might be possible for him to determine her to come to Berlin.

"It is sufficiently well known that she made her appearance there, threw every one into astonishment and delight, and won for herself in Germany a European name. Last autumn she came again to Copenhagen, and the enthusiasm was incredible; the glory of renown makes genius perceptible to every one. People bivouacked regularly before the theatre, to obtain a ticket. Jenny Lind appeared still greater than ever in her art, because they had an opportunity of seeing her

Digitized by Google

in many and such extremely different parts. Her Norma is plastic; every attitude might serve as the most beautiful model to a sculptor, and yet people felt that these were the inspiration of the moment, and had not been studied before the glass. Norma is no raving Italian; she is the suffering, sorrowing woman—the woman possessed of a heart to sacrifice herself for an unfortunate rival—the woman to whom, in the violence of the moment, the thought may suggest itself of murdering the children of a faithless lover, but who is immediately disarmed when she gazes into the eyes of the innocent ones.

"'Norma, thou holy priestess,' sings the chorus, and Jenny Lind has comprehended and shows to us this holy priestess in the aria, *Casta diva*. In Copenhagen she sang all her parts in Swedish, and the other singers sang theirs in Danish, and the two kindred languages mingled very beautifully together; there was no jarring; even in the Daughter of the Regiment, where there is a deal of dialogue, the Swedish had something agreeable—and what acting! nay, the word itself is a contradiction—it was nature; anything as true never before appeared on the stage. She shows us perfectly the true child of nature grown up in the camp, but an inborn nobility pervades every movement. The Daughter of the Regiment and the Somnambule are certainly Jenny Lind's most unsurpassable parts; no second can take their places in these beside her. People laugh,—they cry: it does them as much good as going to church; they become better for it. People feel that God is in art; and where God stands before us face to face there is a holy church.

"'There will not in a whole century,' said Mendelssohn, speaking to me of Jenny Lind, 'be born another being so gifted as she;' and his words expressed my full conviction; one feels as she makes her appearance on the stage, that she is a pure vessel, from which a holy draught will be presented to us.

"There is not any thing which can lessen the impression which Jenny Lind's greatness on the stage makes, except her own personal character at home. An intelligent and child-like disposition exercises here its astonishing power; she is happy; belonging, as it were, no longer to the world, a peaceful, quiet home, is the object of her thoughts—and yet she loves art with her whole soul, and feels her vocation in it. A noble, pious disposition like hers cannot be spoiled by homage. On one occasion only did I hear her express her joy in her talent and her self-consciousness. It was during her last residence in Copenhagen. Almost every evening she appeared either in the opera or at concerts; every hour was in requisition. She heard of a society, the object of which was, to assist unfortunate children, and to take them out of the hands of their parents by whom they were misused, and compelled either to beg or steal, and to place them in other and better circumstances. Benevolent people subscribed annually a small sum each for their support, nevertheless the means for this excellent purpose were small.

"'But have I not still a disengaged evening?' said she; 'let me give a night's performance for the benefit of these poor children; but we will have double prices!'

"Such a performance was given, and returned large proceeds; when she was informed of this, and, that by this means, a number of poor children would be benefited for several years, her countenance beamed, and the tears filled her eyes.

"'It is however beautiful,' said she, 'that I can sing so!'

"I value her with the whole feeling of a brother, and I regard myself as happy that I know and understand such a spirit. God give to her that peace, that quiet happiness which she wishes for herself!

"Through Jenny Lind I first became sensible of the holiness there is in art; through her I learned that one must forget oneself in the service of the Supreme. No books, no men have had a better or a more ennobling influence on me as the poet, than Jenny Lind, and I therefore have spoken of her so long and so warmly here."

It is rather singular that the author also describes another acquaintance,—no less a person than Mademoiselle Rachel, whose genius, as well as that of Jenny Lind happens just now to have shed its brilliant influence over the metropolis.

Digitized by Google

"I also have to thank him for my acquaintance with Rachel. I had not seen her act, when Alexander Dumas asked me whether I had the desire to make her acquaintance. One evening, when she was to come out as Phedra he led me to the stage of the Théatre Français. The representation had begun, and behind the scenes, where a folding screen had formed a sort of room, in which stood a table with refreshments, and a few ottomans, sate the young girl who, as an author has said, understands how to chisel living statues out of Racine's and Corneille's blocks of marble. She was thin and slenderly formed, and looked very young. She looked to me there, and more particularly so afterwards in her own house, as an image of mourning; as a young girl who has just wept out her sorrow, and will now let her thoughts repose in quiet. She accosted us kindly in a deep powerful voice. In the course of conversation with Dumas, she forgot me. I stood there quite superfluous. Dumas observed it, said something handsome of me, and on that I ventured to take part in the discourse, although I had a depressing feeling that I stood before those who perhaps spoke the most beautiful French in all France. I said that I truly had seen much that was glorious and interesting, but that I never yet had seen a Rachel, and that on her account especially had I devoted the profits of my last work to a journey to Paris; and as, in conclusion, I added an apology on account of my French, she smiled and said, 'When you say any thing so polite as that which you have just said to me, to a Frenchwoman, she will always think that you speak well.'

"When I told her that her fame had resounded to the North, she declared that it was her intention to go to Petersburgh and Copenhagen; 'and when I come to your city,' she said, 'you must be my defender, as you are the only one there whom I know; and in order that we may become acquainted, and as you, as you say, are come to Paris especially on my account, we must see one another frequently. You will be welcome to me. I see my friends at my house every Thursday. But duty calls,' said she, and offering us her hand, she nodded kindly, and then stood a few paces from us on the stage, taller, quite different, and with the expression of the tragic muse herself. Joyous acclamations ascended to where we sate.

"As a Northlander I cannot accustom myself to the French mode of acting tragedy. Rachel plays in this same style, but in her it appears to be nature itself; it is as if all the others strove to imitate her. She is herself the French tragic muse, the others are only poor human beings. When Rachel plays people fancy that all tragedy must be acted in this manner. It is in her truth and nature, but under another revelation to that with which we are acquainted in the north.

"At her house every thing is rich and magnificent, perhaps too *recherché*. The innermost room was blue-green, with shaded lamps and statuettes of French authors. In the salon, properly speaking, the colour which prevailed principally in the carpets, curtains, and bookcases was crimson. She herself was dressed in black, probably as she is represented in the well-known English steel engraving of her. Her guests consisted of gentlemen, for the greater part artists and men of learning. I also heard a few titles amongst them. Richly apparelled servants announced the names of the arrivals: tea was drunk and refreshments handed round, more in the German than the French style.

"Victor Hugo had told me that he found she understood the German language. I asked her, and she replied in German, "ich kann es lesen; ich bin ja in Lothringen geboren; ich habe deutsche Bücher, sehn Sie hier!' and she showed me Grillparzer's 'Sappho,' and then immediately continued the conversation in French. She expressed her pleasure in acting the part of Sappho, and then spoke of Schiller's 'Maria Stuart,' which character she has personated in a French version of that play. I saw her in this part, and she gave the last act especially with such a composure and tragic feeling, that she might have been one of the best of German actresses; but it was precisely in this very act that the French liked her least.

"'My countrymen,' said she, 'are not accustomed to this manner, and in this manner alone can the part be given. No one should be raving when the heart is almost broken with sorrow, and when he is about to take an everlasting farewell of his friends.'

Digitized by Google

"Her drawing-room was, for the most part, decorated with books which were splendidly bound and arranged in handsome book-cases behind glass A painting hung on the wall, which represented the interior of the theatre in London, where she stood forward on the stage, and flowers and garlands were thrown to her across the orchestra. Below this picture hung a pretty little book-shelf, holding what I call 'the high nobility among the poets,'—Goethe, Schiller, Calderon, Shakspeare, &c.

"She asked me many questions respecting Germany and Denmark, art, and the theatre; and she encouraged me with a kind smile around her grave mouth, when I stumbled in French and stopped for a moment to collect myself, that I might not stick quite fast.

"'Only speak,' said she. 'It is true that you do not speak French well. I have heard many foreigners speak my native language better; but their conversation has not been nearly as interesting as yours. I understand the sense of your words perfectly, and that is the principal thing which interests me in you.'

"The last time we parted she wrote the following words in my album: 'L'art c'est le vrai! J'espère que cet aphorisme ne semblera pas paradoxal à un écrivain si distingué comme M. Andersen.'

THE LITTLE COURIER OF THE HOTEL DU GRAND MONARQUE. Printed at Cologne.

TO TRAVELLERS, and many will be travellers now, this pamphlet-shaped book affords a fund of information upon German railways. Evidently the production of mine host of the famous hotel of the "Grand Monarque" at Aachen, he, of course holds forth his own hostelry to public approbation; yet as the following account may prove really useful, we do not hesitate to extract it:

"Aix-la-Chapelle, founded by Charlemagne, famous for the efficacy of its mineral waters, as well as for the loveliness of its neighbourhood, affords so agreeable a sojourn to the traveller, that he would regret, not to have spent at least one day there. As there are every day five trains for Cologne and four for Belgium, travellers who are in a hurry, may on their arrival at twelve o'clock see the curiosities of the town before a quarter past one; when an excellent table d'hôte is served at Mr. Dremel's Hôtel du grand Monarque; there is another table d'hôte at five o'clock, with the best attendance. Travellers, who arrive in the afternoon, tired by a long railroad journey, may pass a most delightful evening at Aix-la-Chapelle. After the table d'hôte at five o'clock, the Louisberg, a hill, about an English mile far from the town, is the rendezvous of all foreigners.—From the lofty terraces of the castle, which is built in the modern style, the most magnificent view of the town and its picturesque neighbourhood charms the visitor's eye.—Good roads pass through the whole park, which is shaded by trees, and offers every inducement for walking, or driving and riding. A band plays there every day.—On Thursday, there is great assembly and concert by the military band. It is not unusual to see two thousand visitors circulate in the spacious saloons, galleries and charming forests of the Louisberg.

"Through all the season a *Bal paré* is given every Saturday night at the *grand Redoute;* every night grand opera or concert, either at the theatre, or in the large saloons of the society called *Erholung;* or at the salle of the grand Redoute, the pure and grand style of which is justly admired by all travellers.

"Every evening there are supper á la carte and concert at the Hôtel du grand Monarque. After supper, society meets again at the Redoute, where Trente and Quarante and Roulette is played. An elegant reading room, with all German, English, French, Belgian and Dutch papers, affords entertainment to the visitors. A fine garden belonging to this establishment is a favourite walking-place, where shelter is to be found under covered galleries, during rainy weather.

"Concerts, balls, festivals of all kind, follow without interruption.—From seven

Digitized by Google

to eight every morning the band plays at the Elisenbrunen, usual gathering place for drinkers of mineral waters. The military band plays at noon at the theatre square. The cathedrale, the hôtel de ville are monuments of the time of Charlemagne, and number amongst the most remarkable edifices on the borders of the Rhine."

DIRECTIONS FOR PLAIN KNITTING: with additions and corrections for the working Classes and Schools. By RACHEL JANE CATTLOW. Third Thousand. Darton and Clarke, Adams and Co., London. Hyde and Crewe, Newcastle under Lyme, 1847.

EVERY lady, who has the graceful and time-honoured taste of Penelope should favour this little but valuable publication. We of course are not professed in the ancient mystery and most useful handicraft of knitting; but the least learned on the subject may perceive the intrinsic merits of this pleasing production. Its sale has, too, already reached a third thousand —a strong proof of its ability; it fully deserves to number thousands and thousands to come, for one feature of it is that it adapts itself to the working classes, and in these industrious days, no cottager ought to be without it. How many ladies now vie with each other in ornamental work, and, armed with their needles, perform wonders in the production of fanciful decoration. They too may not deem a little knitting unworthy their attention, though of plain and homely character, for its utility is great indeed. To them this book will be of service also.

We touch not on its feminine contents, further than extracting the following quaint address with which the skilful lucubration commences:

FROM A DAME TO HER SCHOLARS.

"'Tis seventy years, or thereabouts,
Since I was taught to knit;
And on a cricket I was placed
By our good dame to sit.

My needles were of wire that bent,
Not like your steel so polished;
And to my frock a sheath was pinned,
Which now is quite abolished.

A bit of worsted served my turn,
Which twirled and twisted sadly;
Strutt's good brown cotton, in those days,
Would have been hailed most gladly.

Now your old dame gives this advice
To the rising generation,
That, whilst children are young, they learn to knit,
Whatever may be their station.

I think, if you will give good heed
To the following explanations,
You'll find that your stockings, and socks, and gloves
Will answer your expectations."

Digitized by Google

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

Births.

Allfrey, Mrs. Frederick Wm. of a dau. 19th June.
Anson, Mrs. wife of the Rev. T. Anchitel Anson, of a dau. 2nd July.
Arkwright, Mrs. Edward, of a dau. at Cliffe House, Warwick, 11th July.
Ashmore, Mrs. wife of the Rev. Paul Ashmore, of a son, at Nottingham House, Eltham, 5th July.
Atkinson, Mrs. wife of Robt. James Atkinson, Esq. Assistant Surgeon of Bengal Light Cavalry, of a dau. at Cawnpore, 2nd May.
Austen, Mrs. Fred. Lewis, of a dau. at Hyde Park-square, 19th June.
Aylward, Mrs. A. F. of a dau. at Chesham Vicarage, 6th July.
Barlow, Mrs. wife of the late George Barne Barlow, Esq. of a son, at Great George-street, Westminster, 19th June.
Beaumont, Mrs. John, of a dau. at West Hill, Putney, 9th July.
Bedale, Mrs. John, of a dau. at Clapham New Park, 19th July.
Bell, Mrs. Jacob, of a dau. at Hull, 20th June.
Bergman, Mrs. John George, of a dau. at Formosa, Cookham, Berks, 16th July.
Best, Mrs. H. P. of a son, at the Castle House, Donnington, Newbury, 27th June.
Birchall, Mrs. wife of Wm. H. Birchall, Esq. of a son and heir at Burley Grange, Leeds, 18th July.
Black, Mrs. wife of Patrick Black, Esq. M.D. of a son, in Bedford Square, 22nd June.
Blakesley, Mrs. of a son, at Ware Vicarage, Herts, 8th July.
Bogie, Mrs. of Rosemount, co. Ayr, of a son, 1st July.
Bonner, Mrs. Charles F. of a son, at Spalding, 4th July.
Bowyer, Mrs. wife of the Rev. Wentworth Bowyer, of a dau. at Edinburgh, 16th July.
Braithwaite, Mrs. Isaac, of Mechlenburgh Square, of a son, 18th July.
Bridgman, Mrs. Frances O. H. of a dau. at Munich, 29th June.
Bristow, Mrs. of a dau. at Brotmore Park, Wilts, 16th July.
Brown, Mrs. John, of a son, at Marlborough, Wilts, 18th June.
Bryant, Mrs. Walter, of a dau. at Bathurst-street, 13th July.
Brymer, Mrs. John, of a son, at Burgate House, Hants, 16th July.
Butler, Mrs. wife of the Rev. Weeden Butler, of a dau. at the Vicarage, Wickham-market, Suffolk, 13th July.
Butler, Mrs. Walter, of a dau. at Maida-hill, 20th June.
Campbell, Mrs. Walter F. of Islay, of a dau. at Edinburgh, 20th July.
Carey, Mrs. Adolphus F. of a son, at Burbage Hinckley, co. Leicester, 18th July.
Cavendish, the Hon. Mrs. Richard, of a dau. 3rd July.
Chapman, Mrs. George, of a son, at Arundel-street, 14th July.
Coape, Mrs. James, of a dau. at Mirables, Isle of Wight, 1st July.
Clarke, Mrs. H. B. of St. John's Wood Road, of a son, 30th June.
Collet, Mrs. wife of the Rev. W. Lloyd Collet, A.M. of a dau. 3rd July.
Compton, Lady Wm. of a dau. 1st July.
Corbett, Mrs. Edward, of a dau. at Longnor Hall, Salop, 1st July.
Cotton, Mrs. wife of the Rev. George Cotton, of a son, at Rugby, 29th June.
Cox, Mrs. wife of the Rev. J. M. Cox, of a son, at East Stoke Rectory, 17th June.
Crokat, Mrs. Charles, of a dau. at Albion-street, Hyde Park, 21st June.
Crowdy, Mrs. G. F. of a son, at Farringdon, 2nd July.
Cumming-Gordon, Mrs. Alex. P. of Altyne, of a son, 16th June.
Dacres, Mrs. wife of Captain Sydney C. Dacres, R.N. of a son, 17th July.
Dale, Mrs. wife of the Rev. H. Dale, of a dau. at Blackheath, 4th July.
Dallas, the Hon. Lady, of a son, 14th July.
Dalrymple, Mrs. Elphinston, of a dau. at West Hall, co. Aberdeen, 17th July.
Daniel, Mrs. wife of Dr. Wythe Daniel of Park House, Southall, of a dau. 3rd July.
Day, Mrs. John, of a dau. at Newick Lodge, 19th July.
Deane, Mrs. Francis Henry, of a dau. at Westborne Villas, 4th July.
Dent, Mrs. Thomas of Hyde Park-terrace, of a dau. 9th July.
Donaldson, Mrs. W. Leverton, of a son, 15th July.
Eehalaz, Mrs. Fred. A. of a dau. 12th July.
Eck, Mrs. F. A. of a dau. at Valparaiso, 15th Apl.
Edmunds, Mrs wife of E. Edmunds, jun., Esq. of Bradford, Wilts, of a dau. 13th July.
Farquhar, Lady Mary, of a dau. 13th July.
Faulconer, Mrs. Thomas, of a dau. at Westbourne-terrace, 11th July.
Fletcher, Mrs. James, of a dau. at Chester Square, 29th June.
Forrest, Mrs. wife of James Archibald Forrest, Esq. 5th Fusileers, of a dau. 30th June.
Fowler, Mrs. wife of Lieut. G. C. Fowler, R.N. of a son, at Woolwich, 21st July.
Francis, Mrs. S. R. Green, of a son, at Cranham Place, Essex, 19th July.
Frederick, Mrs. Major General, of a son, at Shawford, near Winchester, 15th July.
Freebairn, Mrs. J. C. of a son, at Boath near Naine, 14th June.
Freeman, Mrs. Williams, of a son, at Fawley Court, 20th June.
Gage, the Hon. Mrs. of a dau. at Whitehall Yard, 9th July.
Gallini, Mrs. wife of A. Gallini, Esq. of a son at Donnington Castle Cottage, 10th July.
Gamble, Mrs. wife of Dr. Gamble, of a son, 2nd July.

Digitized by Google

Giles, Mrs. James, of a son, at Haling Park, Croydon, 17th July.
Gladstone, Mrs. William, of a dau. at Fitzroy-park, Highgate, 17th July.
Godby, Mrs. wife of the Rev. C. H. Godby, 2nd July.
Griffin, Mrs. Alfred, of a son, 2nd July.
Gunnell, Mrs. Burgess, of a son, at Hanwell, 8th July.
Hamilton, the Lady Claude, of a dau., 3rd July.
Hamilton, Mrs. wife of the Rev. W. K. Hamilton, M.A. of a son, 7th July.
Harden, Mrs. wife of the Rev. J. W. Harden, of a dau. 23d June.
Harford, Mrs. C. R. jun., of a son. 18th June.
Haygarth, Mrs. J. S. of a son, at Redmaston Rectory, near Cirencester, 9th July.
Hewitt, Mrs. B. B. of a son at Weymouth-street, 22nd July.
Holden, Mrs. Edward A. of Aston Hall, co. Derby, of a son, 27th June.
Holden, the Hon. Mrs. Drury, of a son, 1st July.
Holland, Mrs. Henry Lancelot, of a dau. 5th July.
Hopper, Mrs. wife of the Rev. E. H. Hopper, of a dau. at Old Windsor, 26th June.
Horne, Mrs. H. of Montague Sq., of a son, 7th July.
Hughes, Mrs. wife of the Rev. Henry Hughes, of a son, at Gordon Street, 21st July.
Irvine, Mrs. wife of Lt. Col. Irvine, C. B. of a son, at Kensington, 2nd July.
Jenner, Mrs. Edward F. of a son, at Lowndes St. 25th June.
Johnson, Mrs. Henry, of a dau. at Woodford, Essex, 19th July.
Jones, Mrs. D. of Pontglase and Penlar, co. Carmarthen, of a dau. at Baden, 16th July.
Kennaway, Mrs. wife of the Rev. C. E. Kennaway, of a son, 3rd July.
Kennedy, Mrs. Langford, of a son, 1st July.
King, Mrs. Charles, of a son, at New Cottage Farm, near Potter's-bar, 17th July.
Kerby, Mrs. George Goldsmith, of a son, at Kensington, 22d June.
Kuper, Mrs. the wife of Capt. Kuper. C.B. R.N. of a son, 27th June.
Langmore, Mrs. wife of J. C. Langmore, M.B. of a dau. 8th July.
Lee, Mrs. G. Maclean, of a dau. at Esher, 7th July.
Lee, Mrs. Valentine, of a son, 2nd June.
Lewis, Mrs. Edward, of a son, 15th July.
Lewis, Mrs. Henry, of a son and heir, at Pantgwynlas, co. Glamorgan, 21st July.
Little, Mrs. Thomas Selby, of a son, at Worcester, 17th July.
Lovett, Mrs. wife of the Rev. Robert Lovett, of a dau. 19th July.
Macleane, Mrs. wife of the Rev. A. J. Macleane, of a dau. at Brighton, 20th July.
Mansfield, Mrs. J. of a dau. at St. Mark's Parsonage, Swindon, 3rd July.
Martin, Mrs. wife of the Rev. Chancellor Martin, of twins, a son and a dau. the latter survived only a short time, at the Close, Exeter, 5th July.
Marryatt, Mrs. Horace, of a son, at Hampton Court Palace, 18th July.
Milward, Mrs. George, of a son, at the Manor House, Lechlade, 3d July.
Mitchell, Mrs. John, of Foreett Hall, co. York, of a son and heir, 12th July.
Montrose, the Duchess of, of a son and heir, 22nd June.
Murdoch, Mrs. wife of Clinton Murdoch, Esq. of a dau. 6th July.
Newington, Mrs. wife of C. E. Hayes Newington, M.D. of a son, 12th July.
Newton, Mrs. Charles, of a son and heir, at Dalston, 25th June.
Noad, Mrs. David Innes, of a son, at Herne Hill, 12th July.
Norton, Mrs. Henry E. of a son, at Woburn Sq. 21st June.
Ogilvie, Mrs. wife of G. M. Ogilvie, Esq. of a dau. at Kensington Garden Terrace, 9th July.
Palmer, Mrs. J. Carrington, of a son, 7th July.
Peacock, Mrs. Anthony, of a son, at Ranceby Hall, co. Lincoln, 13th July.
Pearse, Mrs. John, of a dau. at Dunstable, 21st June.
Pennant, the Lady Louisa Douglas, of a dau. 13th July.
Petley, Mrs. Charles R. C. of a dau. at Riverhead, Seven Oaks, 15th July.
Peto, Mrs. S. Morton, of a dau. 26th June.
Phipps, Mrs. wife of Lt. Col. the Hon. C. B. Phipps, of a son, 14th July.
Place, Mrs. wife of Lionel R. Place, Esq. R.N. of a son, 10th July.
Playfair, Mrs. Lyon, of a dau. at Barnes, 8th July.
Plunkett, Mrs. James, of a son, at Tavistock Square, 6th July.
Ricardo, Mrs. Percy, of a dau. at Westborne Crescent, 24th June.
Robertson, Mrs. wife of Capt. J. E. Robertson, 6th Royal Regt., of a son. 24th June.
Robertson, Mrs. E. L. of a son, at Norfolk Crescent, 24th June.
Robinson, Mrs. W. S. of a dau. at Dyrham Rectory, Gloucestershire, 11th July.
Russell, Mrs. wife of the Rev. A. B. Russell, of a son, at the Vicarage, Wells, 11th July.
Salt, Mrs. wife of the Rev. Joseph Salt, of a son, at Standon Rectory, 29th June.
Saxton, Mrs. Edward, of a dau. at Highbury Park, 18th June.
Sheriff, Mrs. Francis, of a dau. at Calverley Park, 20th July.
Smith, Mrs. H. J. of a dau. at Worthing, 19th July.
Smith, Mrs. D. Scott, of Devonshire-street, of a dau. 19th July.
Smith, Mrs. Major, of a son, at Plympton Lodge, 13th July.
Smith, Mrs. wife of the Rev. Samuel Smith, of a son, at Camberwell, 16th July.
Somerville, Mrs. James Curtis, of a dau. at Wells, 17th July.
Spriggs, Mrs. H. of a son, at Hornsey, 10th July.
Stephenson, Mrs. George Robert, of a dau. at Blackheath Park, 15th July.
Sumner, Mrs. Robert, of a dau. at Colbourne Rectory, Isle of Wight, 25th June.
Swifte, Mrs. Edmund Leathol, of a dau. at the Tower, 14th July.
Synnot, Mrs. Robert, of a dau. at Cadogan Terrace, 16th July.
Tait, Mrs. wife of the Rev. Dr. Tait, of a dau. at Rugby, 20th June.
Tomkins, Mrs. Samuel, jun. of a son, at Albert-road, Regent's Park, 20th July.
Torkington, Mrs. L. I. of a son, at Tunbridge Wells, 20th July.
Tweedy, Mrs. John Newman, of a son, at Portu au Prince, Hayti, 17th May.
Ullathorne, Mrs. G. Hutton, of a son, at Nottinghill, 5th July.
Vigne, Mrs. wife of the Rev. Henry Vigne, of a dau. at Sunbury Vicarage, 12th July.
Wake, Mrs. W. of a dau. at Southampton, 4th July.
Watson, Mrs. Henry, of a son, at Wellingborough, 9th July.
Watson, Mrs. T. S. of a son, at Kew Green, 4th July.
Watt, Mrs. wife of Captain Watt, Bengal Cavalry, of a dau. at Lea, Kent, 23rd June.
Watts, Mrs. Richard, of a dau. at Langford Vicarage, Lechlade, 22nd July.
Willink, Mrs. W. W. of a son, at Barntley, near Liverpool, 10th July.
Wood, Mrs. W. Charles, of a son, at Fiddington House, near Devizes, 23d June.
Wroughton, Mrs. Philip, of a son, at Ibstone House, 19th July.
Wyllie, Mrs. John, of a son, at Fulham, 10th July.
Yonge, Mrs. wife of Captain Gustavus Yonge, 2nd Queen's Royals, of a son, 14th July.
Young, Mrs. James H. of a dau. at Lee, Kent, 20th July.

Digitized by Google

Marriages.

Alcock, Joseph Locker, Esq., eldest son of Samuel Alcock, Esq., of Ellier-house, Cobridge, Staffordshire, to Susannah, eldest daughter of the late William Burbridge, Esq., of Hatton-garden, London, 24th June.

Anderson, W. D., Esq., of Sherrington, Wilts, to Marianne, eldest daughter of the late Rev. Thos. Harrison, incumbent of Holy Trinity, Whitehaven, and rector of Corney, Cumberland, 8th July.

Andrews, Stanley, Esq., of St. Paul's-place, Islington, to Louisa, youngest daughter of the late J. D. Welch, Esq., of Holyfield, Essex, 16th June.

Arkwright, the Rev. Henry, to Ellen Home Purves, daughter of the late Viscountess Canterbury, 1st July.

Bailey, Edward, eldest son of Edward Savage Bailey, Esq., of Berners-street, to Maria, second daughter of James Coles, Esq., of Old-park, Clapham common, 24th June.

Bass, James, Esq., of Champion-hill, Camberwell, to Ann, fourth daughter of Benjamin Standring, Esq., of the Minories, 1st July.

Barker, Bradshaw, Esq., youngest son of the late John Barker, Esq., of Langshaw, Dumfriesshire, North Britain, to Rebekah Maria, eldest daughter of Colonel R. E. Burrows, K.H., Blackwell-house, Somersetshire, 20th July.

Barker, John, Esq., of Langshaw, Dumfriesshire, of the Madras Medical Service, to Isabella Hutchinson, daughter of the late Major Campbell, of Walton park, H.E.I.C.S., 22nd June.

Barker, Joseph, Esq., of Coleshill, Warwickshire, to Harriet, youngest daughter of the late Edward Woolls, Esq., of Wingchester, 8th July.

Barnard, Henry, eldest son of the late William Barnard, Esq., of Kennington, to Elizabeth Jane, eldest daughter of the late Captain Henry Hamby, 17th July.

Barnes, Robert, M.B., of Park-road, Nottinghill, and Gloucester-terrace, Hyde-park, to Eliza, eldest daughter of John Fawkener, Esq., of Norland-place, Nottinghill, 19th June.

Bathe, William P., Esq., of 12, South-street London, to Ann Maria, eldest daughter of the late David Cameron, Esq., of Northaw-place, Herts, 22nd June.

Beckwith, Wm. Andrews, Esq., of Wells, Somerset, to Mary Ann, youngest daughter of the late James Baker, Esq., of Creeksea-place, Essex, 13th July.

Benson, Samuel, fourth son of Rev. J. Benson, rector of Norton, Somerset, to Philippa, youngest dau. of James Bourne, of Somerset street, Portman-square, 29th June.

Berresdale, Lord, son of the Earl of Caithness, to Louisa Georgiana, youngest daughter of G. R. Phillips, Esq., M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. Phillips, 10th July.

Blake, the Rev. Henry Bunbury, eldest son of Sir Henry Blake, Bart., of Langham, Suffolk, to Frances Marian, only daughter of Henry James Oakes, Esq., of Nowton-court, and High Sheriff of the county of Suffolk, 1st July.

Bligh, Richard, Esq., eldest son of the late Richard Bligh, Esq., barrister of the Inner Temple, and grandson of the late Admiral Wm. Bligh, to Maria Isabella, daughter of the late Captain Fennell, Aide-de-Camp to Sir Thomas Brisbane, Bart., then Governor of New South Wales, 16th Feb.

Blundell, Mr. Henry Caslon, of the Commissariat, third son of Thomas Leigh Blundell, M.D., of 39, Lombard-street, to Elizabeth, daughter of Joseph Taylor, Esq., of Port Frances, 28th April.

Bond, Edward Augustus, Esq., to Caroline Frances, daughter of the late Rev. R. H. Barham, rector of St. Faith's, London, 16th July.

Bowdoin, James Temple, Esq., late Captain of the 4th (Royal Irish) Dragoon Guards, only son of the late James Temple Bowdoin, Esq., and grandson of Sir John Temple, Bart., to Elizabeth, third daughter of Sir William Clay, Bart., M.P., of Fulwell-lodge, in the county of Middlesex, 26th June.

Bradley, the Rev. Edward, of Brighton, to Sarah, the youngest daughter of Mr. John Torey, of Gibson-square, Islington, 25th June.

Buckingham, Wm., Esq., of Exeter, to Elizabeth Heath, third daughter of the late John Herman Merivale, Esq., 24th June.

Burrowes, John, third son of the late Thomas Burrowes, Esq., of Limehouse, to Fanny, fourth daughter of Charles Rich, Nelson, Esq., of Twickenham-common, Middlesex, 14th July.

Campbell, Captain Colin Yorke, R.N., eldest son of Rear-Admiral D. Campbell, of Barloreck, Argyleshire, to Elizabeth, second daughter of James Hyde, Esq., of Apley, Isle of Wight, 1st July.

Champ, Charles, Esq., of Camden-road-villas, Camden New-town, to Eliza, youngest daughter of the late C. Woolfrey, Esq., of Lulworth, Dorsetshire, 23rd June.

Champion, Henry, youngest son of the late Chas. Champion, Esq., of Blyth, Notts, to Miss Rogers of Ranley-house, near Retford, Notts, 10th July.

Champneys, the Rev. Dr., head-master of the Collegiate School, Glasgow, to Sarah Leake, eldest daughter of the late Rev. T. H. Walpole, vicar of Winslow, Bucks, 15th July.

Chapman, Wm. Danie, Esq., youngest son of Wm. Chapman, Esq., of Newcastle-on-Tyne, to Janet, fifth surviving daughter of the Rev. H. T. Hare, of Ducking-hall, Norfolk, 8th July.

Charles, Robert, eldest son of Robert Charles, Esq., of Endsleigh-terrace, Tavistock-square, to Henrietta Keddey, daughter of Joseph Fletcher, Esq., of Union-dock, Limehouse, 29th June.

Colgrave, Francis Edward, son of Wm. Colgrave, Esq., of Bryanston-square, London, and Bracebridge and Mere-hall, Lincolnshire, to Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Robert Bruce Chichester, Esq., of Lower Seymour-street, Portman-square, and niece of Sir Bruce Chichester, Bart., of Arlington-court, Devon.

Collin, Count du, Baron de Barizien, Viscount de Cury, to the Countess Cofinar, daughter of his Royal Highness the Duke of Brunswick, 10th July.

Comins, Richard, Esq., of Tiverton, to Catherine Mack, youngest daughter of John Shuckburgh How, Esq., of the Lodge, near Tiverton, 24th June.

Cooper, Wm., jun., Esq., of Upper Holloway, to Catherine, second daughter of James Simms, Esq., of Haslemere, Surrey, 14th June.

Co ter, Pownoll Pellow, Esq., R.N., to Harriett Emma, second daughter of the late John Haile, Esq., Paymaster and Purser, R.N., of Albany-road, Camberwell, 20th July.

Davenport, Sam. Skurray, Esq., of Bahia, to Anna Cecilia, eldest daughter of Frederick Grigg, Esq., late of Rio de Janeiro, 30th June.

Deane, Joseph, late Captain Carabineers, son of the late W. Browne, Esq., and the Lady Charlotte, of Browne's-hill, Carlow, to Georgiana Charlotte, only child of the late Lieut.-Col. Thursby, of the 53rd Regiment, 23rd June.

Dolan, Henry, Esq., of Isleworth, to Anne Con-

Digitized by Google

stantia, daughter of John Rees, Esq., of Melbury-terrace, Harewood-square, 7th July.

Domville, the Rev. David Edward, M.A., of Semington, Wiltshire, to Mary Jane, daughter of Ewen Staith, Esq., of the Retreat, South Lambeth, 13th July.

Drake, John, Esq., of Regent's-park, to Eliza, youngest daughter of the late John Bellamy, Esq., of Woburn-square, 1st July.

Driffield, Charles Edward, of Prescot, solicitor, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Peter Millett, Esq., of Prescot, 6th July.

Dunn, Richard Marsh, Esq., eldest son of Captain James C. Dunn, Royal Navy, to Eliza Helen, younger daughter of James Bower, Esq., of Weymouth and Melcomb Regis, 20th July.

Dunne, Charles Augustus, third son of the late Simon Dunne, Esq., R.N., commander of her Majesty's cruiser, Castle Coote, to Maria, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Dyson, of London, 21st June.

Dutton, Wm. Quinton, Esq., of Twickenham, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Wm. Dutton, Esq., of Bampton, Oxfordshire, 16th June.

Eastwick, Edward B., Esq., of Haleybury, to Rosina Jane, only surviving daughter of the late James Hunter Esq., of Hafton, 25th June.

Edwardes, John, Esq., youngest son of Vincent Edwardes, Esq., of Farmcote, Staffordshire, to Jemima, daughter of the late Rev. John Marten Batt, M.A., vicar of East Garston, Berks, 26th June.

Emmott, Christopher Browning, Esq., M.D., of Hounslow, to Caroline, youngest daughter of Robert Teneh, Esq., of Ludlow, 30th June.

Erwin, Alfred Stevens, Esq., of Bognor, to Emily Maitland, second daughter of Capt. Addison, H.E.I.C.S., 29th June.

Fisher, the Rev. Robert Bailey, vicar of Basildon, to Louisa, third daughter of the late Isaac Currie, Esq., of Bush-hill, Middlesex, 21st July.

Frost, Thomas, Esq., Gravel-pits, Shere, Surrey, to Julia Caroline, third daughter of Captain Fyner, East Sandfield-house, Guildford, 8th June.

Gardiner, James Spalding, Esq., of Manor-house, Great Wymondly, Herts, to Mary Ann, only child of the late George and Mary Ann Haywood, and granddaughter of the late Wm. Porthouse, Esq., of Balham-hill, Surrey, 19th June.

Gell, Inigo, son of Francis Harding Gell, Esq., coroner for the county of Sussex, to Anne, dau. of Edward Prichard, Esq., banker, Ross, 6th July.

Gurney, Francis Hay, eldest son of Daniel Gurney, Esq., of North Runcton, and the late Lady Harriet Gurney, to Margaret Charlotte, eldest daughter of Sir Wm. Browne Folkes, Bart., 8th July.

Halhead, Francis, of the Middle Temple, Esq., son of the late John Halhead, Esq., of Yately-house, Hants, to Mary Anne, daughter of the late James Powell, Esq., of Clapton-house, Middlesex, 1st July.

Hammet, James Palmer Francis, eldest son of the late James Esdaile Hammet, Esq., to Jocosa Jane, second daughter of Swynfen Jervis, Esq., of Whitehall-place, and Darlaston-hall, Staffordshire, 1st July.

Hammond, Charles Eaton, Esq., banker, of Newmarket, to Emily Law Wilson, second daughter of the Rev Plumpton Wilson, vicar of Thorpe, Arnold, 1st July.

Hammond, the Rev. Egerton Douglas, second son of Wm. Osmond Hammond, Esq., of St. Alban's-court, Kent, to Elizabeth Katherine, elder dau. of Robert Whitmore, Esq., of Portland-place, London, 6th July.

Hartley, the Rev. Wm. Samuel, B.A., vicar of Laughton, Yorkshire, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the Rev. Henry Boyce, M.A., of the Abbey-road, St. John's-wood, 1st July.

Harwood, James, Esq., to Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late John Trayton Fuller, Esq., of Ashdown-house, in the county of Sussex, 13th July.

Hatton, George Sydney, Esq., Albert-villas, St. John's, Fulham, to Anne, second daughter of Henry Wilkinson, Esq., Brompton-square, 17th July.

Healey, George, of Watford, to Elizabeth Whittingstall, only daughter of John Beaumont, Esq., of St. Alban's, 24th June.

Henderson, Edward, Esq., of the Bombay Military Service, second son of John P. Henderson, Esq., of Manchester-square, to Judith Hutton, eldest daughter of the late Dr. Wm. Cookson, M.D., of Lincoln, 17th July.

Hinde, Wm. Esq., of Cleobury Mortimer, Salop, to Mary Frances, second daughter of Thomas Williams, Esq., of Warfield lodge, Berks, and of Adelaide, South Australia, 8th July.

Hockin, John, Esq., of Dominica, third son of the Rev. Wm. Hockin, rector of Phillack, Cornwall, to Mary, second daughter of Wm. Hickens, Esq., of Camberwell-grove, 24th June.

Hodgson, the Rev. O. A., minor canon of Winchester Cathedral, to Eleanor Lucy, second daughter of Wm. Mitchell, Esq., of Petersfield, 1st July.

Hore, Lieutenant E. G., second son of the late Captain Hore, R.N., of Pole-Hore, in the county of Wexford, Ireland, to Maria, second daughter of Lieut.-Col. Reid, Governor of the Windward Islands, 17th June.

Huggins, Edward, Esq., of Bellina-villa, Kentish-town, to Ellen, eldest daughter of John Meacock, Esq., of Little Ealing, 2nd July.

Hughes, the Rev. John Young, B.A., to Justina Merey, only child of Richard Rhodes, Esq., of Greenwich, 15th July.

Inglefield, S. H. S., Lieutenant Royal Artillery, second son of Rear-Admiral Inglefield, C.B., Commander-in-Chief of the East India and China Station, to Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late Colonel Coore, of Scrutton-hall, in the same county, 28th June.

Illingworth, the Rev. Edward, M.A., of Edgbaston, only son of A. Illingworth, Esq., surgeon, R.N., of Fowey, Cornwall, to Louisa, daughter of the late Dr. Perey, of Bedworth-hall, Warwickshire, and niece of Miss Piercy, of Priory-place, Edibaston, 17th June.

Jackson, Henry, Esq., of St. Helen's-place, London, to Emily, daughter of the late David Cameron, Esq., of Northaw-place, Herts, 15th July.

Janson, Henry, Esq., of Clapton-terrace, to Caroline, only daughter of the late Thos. Horne Janson, Esq., of Hurstperpoint.

Jones, Alban Thomas, Esq., of Bilbao, to Marie Margarita de Yuehaustegui, of Albia, Biscay, 23rd June.

Key, John Binny, Esq., of the firm of Binny and Co., Madras, to Annabella Homeria, widow of the late John Hareourt, Esq. surgeon H.M.S. and eldest daughter of Major-General Sir George Pollock, G.C.B. 27th Feb.

Knipe, George Marshall, Esq., 89th regt., second son of G. M. Knipe, Esq., of Belturbet, county of Cavan, to Jessie Maria, daughter of the late Sir Simon Howard, of Carlisle, many years President of the Medical Board at Madras, 20th July.

Kynvett, Frederic, Esq., Captain, Madras Army, to Laura Frances, second daughter of the late Major d'Arley, 28th June.

Lambert, Benjamin, second son of Daniel Lambert, Esq., of Banstead, to Margaret Anne, eld. daughter of P. N. Tomlins, Esq., of Painter's-hall, London, and Dulwich, Surrey, 10th July.

Landon, the Rev. James T. B., M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, to Sarah, second dau. of the late Francis Watt, Esq., of Beverley, Yorkshire, 13th July.

Langton, W. F., Esq., of Bryfield, county of Devon, to Ellen Laura Elizabeth, third daughter of the late Lieutenant Colonel Shakleworth, of Lea Grange, 15th July.

Last, Charles Henry, Esq., of Hadleigh, Suffolk, t

Digitized by Google

Louisa, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Job Marple Wallace, rector of Great Braxted, Essex, 14th July.

Leckie, Charles Taylor, Esq., Royal Navy, to Elizabeth Binning, second daughter of Major Shairp, of Houstoun, 16th June.

Llord, Francis, Esq., Beaufort-lodge, Chelsea, to Marian Sadler, eldest daughter of the late Edw. Sadler, Esq., of Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, 22nd June.

Lomas, Holland, eldest son of George Lomas, Esq. of Birch-hall, Lancashire, to Nony Hardy, second daughter of Samuel Johnston, Esq., of Olinda Liscard, Cheshire, 22d June.

Low, Archibald M'Arthur, Esq., of Chancery-lane, London, solicitor, to Caroline Anne, eldest dau. of George Hewlett, Esq., of Kniller's-court, near Fareham, 10th July.

Lucas, Richard Bland, of South Audley-street, to Eliza, daughter of Mr. Richard Edwards, of Batshanger, in the county of Kent, 17th June.

Lupton, Francis, Esq., of Leeds, to Frances Elizabeth, only daughter of T. M. Greenhow, Esq., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1st July.

Luscombe, J. H., Esq., of Forest-hill, Sydenham, to Clara, eldest daughter of James Bristow, Esq., of Ifield-court, in the county of Sussex, 22d July.

Lyte, John Walter Maxwell, of Berry Head, Devon, to Emily Jeannette, eldest daughter of the late Colonel Craigie, Bengal Army, 24th June.

MacDonnell, Richard Graves, L.L.D., eldest son of the Rev. Dr. MacDonnell, Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, to Blanche Anne, third daughter of Francis Skurray, Esq., of Brunswick-square, Brighton, 10th July.

Maddock, William, Esq., of Liverpool, to Elizabeth, second daughter of the Rev. Edward Whitley, of Wandsworth, 23rd May.

Marke, Sedley Bastard, Esq., of Liskeard, in the county of Cornwall, and of the Crescent, Plymouth, to Ann Eliza, eldest daughter of the Rev. Henry Addington Simcoe, of Penheale, Cornwall, and granddaughter of the late Lieutenant-General Simcoe, of Wolford-lodge, Devon, 22d June.

Meadows, the Rev. J. C., M.A., only son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Meadows, 15th Regiment, and grandson of the Very Rev. Dr. Duppé, formerly Dean of Jersey, to Isabella, second dau. of Captain Edward Sutherland, the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, 14th July.

Meeham, Maunsell, Esq., to Harriett Fairfax, relict of Edward Fairfax, Esq., R.N., 15th July.

Mercer, Arthur Hill Hasted, Esq., 60th King's Royal Rifles, son of Colonel Mercer, R.M., Commandant, Plymouth, to Elizabeth Anne, daughter of the late Major Robert Hutchinson Ord, R.A., K.H., a Deputy-Lieutenant for the county of Essex, 10th July.

Merest, James Drage, Esq., of the Abbey, Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk, to Maria Billington, third daughter of the late William Hawes, Esq., of the Adelphi terrace, London, 19th July.

Miles, Geo., Esq., of Lee, Kent, to Fanny, youngest daughter of the late Edward Augustus Gilbons, Esq., of the Wandsworth road, 1st July.

Miller, Arthur Octavius, son of the late Richard Miller, Esq., of Kensington-lodge, Harrow, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Lieutenant W. L. Brake, R.N., of the Priory, Wandsworth-road, 22d July.

Mitchison, William Anthony, Esq., of Sunbury, to Harriett Jane Stovin, daughter of Richard Stovin Maw, Esq., of Ashford house, Middlesex, and of Withern, Lincolnshire, 1st July.

Moffatt, Cornelius William, Esq., M.A., of the Middle Temple, son of William Moffatt, Esq., of Weymouth, to Catherine, second daughter of the late R. F. Roberts, Esq., of Burton Bradstock, Dorset, 30th June.

Mogridge, John, Esq., of Simonsbath, Devonshire, to Mary Ann, younger daughter of the late Mr. William Bowley, of Bishopsgate-street, 17th June.

Murray, John, Esq., of Albemarle-street, London, to Marion, third daughter of the late Alexander Smith, Esq., of Edinburgh, 6th July.

Napier, John Moore, only son of Major-General Wm. Napier, C.B., to Bessie Henrietta, youngest daughter of Major Charles Alexander, R.E., 22nd June.

Norton, Thomas, Esq., of Shrewsbury, only son of Francis Collings Norton, Esq., to Ellen, only child of the late George Humphreys, Esq., of Newport, Shropshire, 29th June.

Nunes, John, Esq., of Croydon, to Grace Isabella Le Neve, eldest daughter of the late Peter Le Neve Forster, Esq., of Lenwade, Norfolk, 22nd July.

Ord, Mark, Esq., of Hurworth-grange, to Elizabeth Dixon, daughter of T. D. Walker, Esq., of Hurworth, 1st July.

Palmer, Captain N. H., of the Emerald Isle, second son of Nathaniel Palmer, Esq., Recorder of Great Yarmouth, to Martha Mealing, eldest dau. of Robert Mills, Esq., of that city, 8th July.

Parker, Charles Abraham, eldest son of George Parker, Esq., Church-hill-house, Handsworth, Staffordshire, to Fanny, eldest daughter of Griffeth Briscoe, Esq., Doncaster, and granddaughter of the late Robert Tomlin, Esq., of Edith Weston, Rutland, 7th July.

Phillips, Barnet S., Esq., of Chester-terrace, Regent's-park, to Philippa, daughter of Phillip Samuel, Esq., of Bedford-place, 29th June.

Pinney, Francis, Esq., of Tyndwr Llangollen, to Dorothy, fourth daughter of Henry Gisby, Esq., of Hollycurdane, Thanet, 28th June.

Plowden, Charles, Esq., of Florence, to Anne Eliza, daughter of the late George Bryan, Esq., of Jenkinstown, county of Kilkenny, 12th July.

Quicke, John, Esq., eldest son of John Quicke, Esq., of Newton St. Cyres, in the county of Devon, to Mary Elizabeth, only daughter of the late Thomas Wentworth Gould, Esq., of Bathealton-court, Somerset, 24th June.

Randolph, the Rev. William, third son of the Rev. Herbert Randolph, late rector of Letcombe Bassett, Berks, to Anne, the widow of the Rev. Edmund Burke Lewis, late rector of Toddington, Bedfordshire, 29th June.

Reece, Robert, Esq., jun. of Exeter College, Oxford and of the Inner Temple, to Louisa, eldest daughter of Joseph Kirkman, Esq., 19th July.

Reynolds, Charles William, Esq., late Captain in the 16th Lancers, to Charlotte Mary, only dau. of the Rev. R. P. Butler, 24th June.

Robinson, the Rev. Gilbert William, M.A., incumbent of Walmley, Warwickshire, to Frances Sarah, youngest surviving daughter of the late Michael Russell, Esq. of Wimbledon, 14th July.

Routh, Edward, Esq. of Blackheath, to Elizabeth Skardon Taylor, only daughter of the late William Cress Taylor, Esq., of Blackheath, 26th June.

Rowland, George, Esq., of Holly-lodge, Heacham, Norfolk, to Eliza, third daughter of the late Rev. James Wright, rector of East Harling and Hinderclay, in the same county, 19th June.

Saunders, Edward, Esq., 2nd Dragoon Guards, youngest son of Richard Saunders, Esq. of Largey, county of Cavan, to Caroline, second daughter of John Weldale Knollys, Esq. of Reading, Berks, 29th June.

Scholey, Alfred, second son of George Scholey, Esq., to Fanny, second daughter of George Baker, Esq., both of Westbourne terrace, Hyde-park, 22nd July.

Schofield, Henry Daniel, M.D., of Birkenhead, to Myra Caroline, only daughter of the late James Taylor, Esq., Bombay Civil Service, and granddaughter of the late Major-General R. Lewis, 15th July.

Sercombe, Rupert C., Esq., of Carlton-villas, Maida-vale, to Louisa, third daughter of William

Digitized by Google

Henry Smith, Esq., of Kilburn house, Middlesex, 15th July.

Shrubsole, John, youngest son of William Shrubsole, Esq., to Sarah Alicia Eliza, eldest daughter of C. J. Fenner, Esq., of Hampton wick, Middlesex, 8th July.

Simmons, Lieutenant-Colonel, C.B., late of the 41st Regiment, to Frances, relict of Alexander Munro, of Trinidad, and eldest daughter of J. Townshend Pasea, of Streatham-lodge, 8th July.

Skinner, Captain H., of the Nizam's Cavalry, to Rose Ann, eldest daughter of Samuel Cardozo, Esq., of Redruth, Cornwall, 12th July.

Sloss, Angiolo Robson, Esq., to Emily, youngest daughter of John Sherborn, Esq., of Ladbroke-square, 6th July.

Smith, William, Esq., of Blandford, to Sophia, eldest daughter of the late John Whittle, Esq., 15th June.

Smith, William Hornsby, eldest son of the late Charles Smith, of Milton next Sittingbourne, Kent, to Bridget Lavinia Cottenburgh, daughter of the late John Llanwarne, Esq., and Mrs. Lynch, of Somerset-street, Portman-square, 20th July.

Stafford, William Jones, Esq., of Liverpool, to Sophia Farrington, only daughter of the late Dr. Nagle, R.N., 23rd May.

Street, James, C., Esq. of Milton-street, Dorset-square, London, eldest son of the late James Barkshire Street, Esq., Chichester, Sussex, to Bessie, eldest daughter of the late George Smith, Esq., of Salisbury, 7th July.

Taylor, Skinner, Esq., eldest son of the late Wm. Taylor, Esq., of Brixton-place, in the county of Surrey, to Anne Jenner Buss, of Maidstone, in the county of Kent, spinster, 10th July.

Tillard, the Rev. Richard H., of St. John's College, Cambridge, to Anna, second daughter of the Rev. Joseph Cotterill, rector of Blakeney, 24th June.

Towgood, John, Esq., of Chancery-lane, barrister-at-law, to Mary Phillips, daughter of Mr. Robert Rickards, of Chiswell-street, Finsbury-square, 8th July.

Valmer, Charles Auguste Pinon Duclose de, only son of the Vicomte de Valmer, of La Barre, France, and of Ozleworth-park, Gloucestershire, to Julia Eliza, only child of Thomas Burslem, Esq., and step-daughter of Benjamin Jackson, late of Youghal, 21st July.

Varden, Richard, Esq., Civil Engineer, of Worcester, to Elizabeth Susannah, only daughter of T. P. Medwin, Esq., of Stourbridge, 8th July.

Villiers, W. G. Villiers, eldest son of the late G. W. Villiers Villiers, to Norah Frances Sheridan Power, youngest daughter of the late Tyrone Power, Esq., 30th June.

Waller, James, Esq. of Luton, to Eliza, eldest dau. of Joseph King Blundell, Esq., of the same place, 21st July.

Ware, Samuel, Esq., of Fitzroy-square, to Isabella, second daughter of the late Lancelot Hare, M.D. of Upper Gower-street, 1st July.

Watson, the Rev. Thomas M.A., of Caius College, Cambridge, and assistant chaplain in the Hon. East India Company's Service, to Caroline, third daughter of the late Francis Gibbes, Esq., of Harewood, 8th July.

Watson, John, Esq., of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, younger son of the late Richard Watson, Esq., of Lutterworth, in the county of Leicester, to Anne, second daughter of Charles Blayney Trevor Roper, Esq., of Plas Teg-park, in the county of Flint, 24th June.

Weller, Charles Grainger, Esq., son of Captain Weller of Leisham, to Lucy Harriett, eldest dau. of William Mellet Hollis, Esq., of the same place, 15th July.

Whitworth, the Rev. T., rector of Addlethorpe, and vicar of Thorpe, Lincolnshire, to Emma, youngest daughter of the late John Pulley, Esq., of Bedford, 17th June.

Wilkinson, Alexander, fourth son of the late James Wilkinson, Esq., of Leadenhall-street, to Caroline Stewart, only daughter of the late John Lamb, Esq., of Edinburgh, 17th July.

Willans, O., Esq., jun., of Askitt-hill, Roundhay, near Leeds, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of William Tetley, Esq., of Asenby-lodge, near Thirsk, 14th July.

Willes, Charles Thomas, Esq., fourth son of the late Rev. Wm. Snippen Willes, of Astrop house, county of Northampton, to Mary Patience, second daughter of the Rev. Henry Wise, of Off church, and the Priory, Warwick, 20th July.

Willock, the Rev. Charles Wm., of Balliol College, Oxford, son of the late A. C. Willock, Esq., Royal Artillery, to Maria, daughter of Richard Gosling, Esq., of North Cray, 23rd June.

Wilts, the Venerable the Archdeacon of, to Frances Laura, daughter of the late W. Dawson, Esq., of Wakefield, Yorkshire, 20th July.

Wolley, William F., Esq., to Jane, eldest daughter of the late Henry Coape, Esq., 21st June.

Wright, Edward, Esq., of Kennington, only son of Charles Wright, Esq., to Rose Mary, youngest daughter of Thomas Trew, Esq., of Woburn-place, and Newark-house, St. Peter's, Thanet, 17th July.

Yates, William, Esq., of Lincoln's inn, to Mary Cowlard, eldest surviving daughter of the late James Arundell, Esq., and niece of the late William Whitton, Esq., of Stonewall, Kent, 1st July.

Annotated Obituary.

Alexander, Louisa Augusta, daughter of the late Lesley Alexander, Esq. of Newtown Limvaddy, co. Londonderry, at Neuwied, on the Rhine, 26th June.

Allan, Captain Robert, formerly of Calcutta, at No. 47, Brompton crescent, in the 60th year of his age, 30th June.

Alston, Mrs. James, of Bryanston square, 1st July.

Anderton, Lieutenant W. F. of the 9th Lancers, eldest son of Captain Anderton, late of the 1st Life Guards, on board the Glendaragh, on his passage from Calcutta to England, 16th March.

Askew, Lieut.-General Sir Henry, C.B. This gallant officer died on the 25th June, at Cologne, in his 73rd year, having been born 7th May, 1775. He was third son,

Digitized by Google

by Bridget, his wife, daughter and heiress of John Watson, Esq. of Goswick, co. Durham, of the late John Askew, Esq of Pallinsburn, fourth son of Dr. Adam Askew, of Storrs Hall, and succeeded to the representation of this branch of the Askews of Redheugh, co. Durham, on the decease of his elder brother in 1838. Sir Henry entered the army, as Ensign in the 1st Foot, in 1793, and served in Holland and Flanders, Sicily, the Mediterranean, the Expedition to Walcheren in 1809; and in the Peninsula and South of France from 1812 to 1814. He participated in the brilliant operations of 1815, was wounded at Quatre Bras, and received a Waterloo Medal, as well as one for his services at Nive. He was knighted in 1821, and attained the rank of Lieutenant-General in 1837.

Aspinall, James, Esq. This highly respectable gentleman was a member of the Corporation of Liverpool, and had filled the office of Mayor of that important town. He was also a magistrate for the county of Lancaster. The death of Mr. Aspinall was awfully sudden. While in Vauxhall Gardens on the night of Thursday the 17th June, with a party of friends, he fell down and at once expired. The cause was apoplexy, brought on no doubt by his excessive corpulency. Mr. Aspinall, though only forty-two years of age at his decease, weighed 21 stone.

Badderston, Elizabeth, relict of Thomas Francis Badderston, Esq. late of Baddow Lodge, Essex, aged 50, 26th June.

Baker, Louisa, second daughter of the late Sir Robert Baker, Bart. of Dunstable house, Richmond, Surrey, aged 54, 20th July.

Barclay, Louisa, youngest dau. of Robert Barclay, Esq. of Lombard street, banker, at Leyton, Essex, aged 13, 4th July.

Barlow, Capt. Frederick, late of the 61st Regiment, aged 37, 8th July.

Barton, Anne, wife of James Barton, Esq. of Buenos Ayres, South America, and daughter of the late John Mackinlay, Esq. at Edge-hill, Liverpool, 6th July.

Barwise, Lieut. John, Madras Artillery, at Octacamund, aged 23, 15th May.

Bazalgette, Frances, widow of L. Bazalgette, Esq. late of Eastwick-park, co. Surrey, at her residence in Gloucester-place, Portman square, in her 79th year, 3rd July.

Bedwell, Percival, Esq. of the Registrar's-office of the High Court of Chancery, suddenly, aged 38, 29th July.

Bell, George Joseph, M.B. Balliol; K.C.L.S. Radcliff travelling fellow of Oxford; and Physician to Her Majesty's Mission in Persia; second son of the late Professor George Joseph Bell, of Edinburgh, at Erzeroom, on his way from Persia, in the 34th year of his age, 20th May.

Bennett, Mary, the wife of Charles Bennett, at Stanhope-lodge, Hyde-park, in her 74th year, 22nd June.

Berney, Miss, only daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth Berney, formerly of Bracon Ash, Norfolk, at Bracon-hall, 25th June.

Bingley, Robert, Esq. F.R.S. at Higham Lodge, Woodford, Essex, aged 82, 17th July.

Bishop, Deputy-Assistant-Commissary-General Alfred, second son of Sir Henry Bishop, at Bermullet, co. Mayo, Ireland, of fever, 17th June.

Bland, Judith Selina, daughter of the late T. D. Bland, Esq. of Kippax-park, at Hundhill, near Pontefract, 16th July.

Blunt, Sir Walter, Bart. 13th July.

Bouchette, Adelaide, relict of the late Colonel Bouchette, Her Majesty's Surveyor-General of the province, at Montreal, Canada, 10th June.

Boulton, Hugh William, Esq. of the 1st Life Guards, second son of the late Matthew Robinson Boulton, Esq. of Soho, Staffordshire, and Tew-park, Oxfordshire, aged 25, 18th July.

Bouverie, Charles, only son of the late Charles Henry Bouverie, Esq. of Oxford-house, Great Marlow, at Islington, aged 23, 9th July.

Brabazon, William John, Esq. of Brabazon-park, Mayo, died recently at Malta. Mr. Brabazon was elder son of Hercules Sharpe, Esq. of Oaklands, Sussex, by Anne Mary his wife, eldest daughter of the late Sir Anthony Brabazon, Bart. of Brabazon Park, co. Mayo, and grandson of Cuthbert Sharpe, Esq. of Sunderland, by Susanna his wife, sister of Brass Crosby, M. P. for Honiton, the distinguished Lord Mayor of London in 1771, who made in that year a successful struggle for the free publication of the parliamentary debates, and suffered imprisonment in the Tower of London. Mr. W. J. Brabazon changed his patronymic Sharpe for the surname of Brabazon, by royal licence, on succeeding to the estates of his uncle, Sir Wm. John Brabazon, Bart. M. P. His uncle, Sir Cuthbert Sharpe, F.S.A. is an eminent antiquarian writer.

Brandon, Joshua J. Esq. late of Harley-street, at Paris, 23rd June.

Brodhurst, Eleanor, third daughter of John Edward Brodhurst, Esq. at Crowhill, Mansfield, 25th June.

Bull, the Rev. John Garwood, A.B. vicar of Godalming, Surrey, at York, aged 55, 8th July.

Butler, Cornelius Haynes, Esq. of Ingatestone, Essex, aged 35, 28th June.

Buttanshaw, Major W. late of the Bengal

Digitized by Google

Army, at Lee-park, Blackheath, in the 56th year of his age, 17th June.

Buxton, Charles, Esq. at Bellfield, near Weymouth, aged 88, 16th July.

Cambridge, Charles Owen, Esq. of Whitminster-house, co. Gloucester, in his 95th year, 29th June.

Capel, Lady Caroline. This lady, who died on the 9th July, aged 74, was eldest sister of the present Marquis of Anglesey, being daughter of Henry, first Earl of Uxbridge, by Jane his wife, daughter of the Very Rev. Arthur Champagné, Dean of Clonmacnoise. Her ladyship married 2nd April, 1792, the Hon. John Thomas Capel, son of the fourth Earl of Essex, and was left a widow in 1819 with three sons and eight daughters; the eldest of the former succeeded to the hereditary honours of his family at the decease of his uncle in 1839, and is the present Earl of Essex.

Cardew, Harriet, wife of Captain Cardew, 74th Highlanders, and eldest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Fenwick, Royal Engineers, at Glasgow, aged 25, 13th June. Also, a few hours previously, Thomas Howard, infant son of the above Captain and Harriett Cardew.

Chambers, Emma Catherine, relict of David Chambers, Esq. and daughter of the late John Weyland, Esq. of Woodeaton, Oxfordshire, in Glocester-terrace, Regent's-park, in her 66th year, 18th June.

Chambers, Mary, only daughter of the late Rev. Thomas Chambers, aged 61, 12th July.

Cheere, Mrs. Emma, at Montague-square, 29th June.

Chisholm, Mrs. Susanna Stewart, wife of Alexander Chisholm, Esq. artist, 17th June.

Clarke, his Excellency Andrew, Esq. K.H. at Government-house, Perth, Western Australia, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of that colony, and late Lieutenant-Colonel in the 40th Regiment, aged 54, 11th Feb.

Clayton, Michael, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, and Charlwood Park, Surrey, aged 53, 11th July.

Coates, Henry, Esq. of dysentery, at Pernambuco, having landed at that port three days previously from H.M. packet, Swift, during nearly 30 years an eminent medical practitioner in Rio de Janeiro, 4th May.

Cogswell, the Rev. William, A.M. at Halifax, Nova Scotia, aged 37, 5th June.

Colquit, Rear-Admiral, at Bishopstoke, aged 61, 10th July.

Cooper, Jane, third daughter of John Cooper, Esq. of Her Majesty's Ordnance, at the Tower, 5th July.

Cotes, Thomas Durell, Esq. of Bath, aged 55, 20th July.

Crowdy, Lieutenant John Craven Lewis, 36th Native Infantry, Madras Presidency, son of Captain Crowdy, R.N. of cholera, after a short illness, at Dieppe, 20th July.

Cunliffe, Jane Hall, the wife of John Cunliffe, jun Esq. and youngest daughter of the late John Woodburne, Esq. Thurstonville, Lancashire, at Bank-parade, Preston, 3rd July.

Curtis, George Rix, Esq. late of Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, at Bruges, in Belgium, in the 69th year of his age, 20th June.

Dalzell, Sarah, relict of the late John Thomas Robert Dalzell, Esq. at Wallingford, Berkshire, in the 83rd year of her age, 11th July.

Daniel, G. R. Esq. Q.C. of Landsdown-place, Cheltenham, and co. Westmeath, Ireland, in London, 19th June.

Dansey, James Cruikshank, Esq. of Great Milton, Oxfordshire, eldest son of Colonel Dansey, C.B. at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, in his 30th year, 18th July.

Delafosse, Margaret Teresa, eldest surviving daughter of the late Major Henry Delafosse, C.B. of the Bengal Artillery, and Principal Commissary of Ordnance, after a few days' illness, at Marlborough, in the 18th year of her age, 17th June.

Dewdney, the Rev. Edmund, incumbent of St. John's Chapel, Portsea, at Florence, 18th June.

Dobinson, Joseph, Esq. Ensign in the 15th Madras Native Infantry, youngest son of Joseph Dobinson, Esq. of Egham-lodge, Egham, Surrey, at Bangalore, in the 20th year of his age, 28th April.

Donne, Thomas, Esq. of Welch Street, Donatts, co. Glamorgan, 10th June.

Douglas, Colin, Esq. of Maino, Lieut. R.N. at Aberdeen, 16th July.

Downes, Matilda Granville, youngest dau. of the late Major Charles and Frances Downes, of Edinburgh, at West Leigh, Havant, Hants, aged 19, 25th June.

Du Cane, Alice, the only surviving daughter of the late Major Du Cane, of the 20th Light Dragoons, at Witham, Essex, after a short illness, in the 24th year of her age, 17th June.

Dunlop, Margaret, relict of the late James Dunlop, Esq. of Glasgow, 17th June.

Dupuis, Seymour, eldest son of the Rev. Charles Dupuis, Rector of Brixton, co. Warwick, drowned off the Lizard, aged 18, 7th July.

Edgeworth, Major Thomas, formerly of the 35th Regiment, at Hawthorne, Berks, 20th July.

Egan, Alice, relict of the late Edward Egan, Esq. at St. John's Wood, 6th July.

Ewart, Eliza, daughter of Colonel Cheney, C.B. and relict of the late John Ewart, Esq. of Liverpool, at Deesin's Hotel, Calais, 2nd July.

Digitized by Google

Fallow, the Rev. T. M. Incumbent of St. Andrews, Marylebone, 16th July.

Fisher, Susanna, second daughter of the late Captain Peter Fisher, R.N. of Walmer, Kent, at Newport, Barnstaple, Devon, of consumption, 3rd July.

Fitchett, Stephen, Esq. of Fareham, aged 86, 25th June.

Forbes, Caroline Maria, wife of Robert Forbes, Esq. and daughter of Charles Rooke, Esq. of Westwood-house, Essex, in Glocester-place, Portman-square, 4th July.

Forbes, Mrs. relict of the late Capt. Robert Forbes, aged 87, 10th July.

Forester, Sophia, relict of the Rev. Henry Forester, late of Fifehead, Dorsetshire, at Fareham, Hampshire, in the 86th year of her age, 28th June.

Foster, John, Esq. at Beaumont-close, Biggleswade, aged 83, 7th July.

Frankland, Harry Albert, naval cadet of Her Majesty's ship Alarm, on board Her Majesty's steam-sloop Hermes, off Vera Cruz, of yellow fever, in the 17th year of his age, 9th May.

Gaff, Major John, late of the 76th Regiment, at Pimlico, aged 70, 25th June.

Galloway, Jannett, only daughter of the late Thomas Galloway, Esq. aged 64, 15th July.

Garnier, Brownlow North, second son of the late Rev. William and Lady Harriett Garnier, of Rookesbury, Hants, at St. Margaret's, near Tichfield, in his 44th year, 28th June.

Gibson, Thomas, Esq. at Putney, aged 29.

Gilbert, William, Esq. at Cranbrook, Kent, aged 71, 19th July.

Gilpin, Ellen, wife of the Rev. Bernard Gilpin, jun. of Aldborough, Yorkshire, and the eldest daughter of James Kendle, Esq. at Weasenham, Norfolk, in the 35th year of her age, 15th July.

Gosset, the Rev. Thomas Stephen, M.A. one of the senior fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge, at his residence, Cornwall-terrace, Regent's-park, in his 57th year, 22nd July.

Gunner, William John, Esq. second son of R. W. Gunner, Esq. of Enfield Lock, aged 20, 25th June.

Hall, Lucy, the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Jasper Hall, and eldest daughter of the late William Alves, Esq. of Enham-house, Hants, at Biebrich, on the Rhine, 30th June.

Hall, Jessie, relict of the late James Stuart Hall, Esq. of Bittern Manor, Hants, 11th July.

Hamilton, Robert, Esq. of Norwood, aged 72, 14th July.

Hamilton, Jessie, wife of T. M. M'Niell Hamilton, Esq. of Raploch, Lanarkshire, N. B. in Hamilton, aged 21, 26th June.

Hamilton, John, youngest son of Major John Hamilton, late of the 77th Regiment of Foot, at the residence of his father, 6, Camden-street North, Camden-town, aged 14 years, 9th July.

Hammack, Arthur Wellesley, youngest son of John George Hammack, Esq. of Essex-house, Bow-road, in his 20th year, 19th July.

Hanmer, Sarah Serra, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel Hanmer, the only child of the late Sir M. Ximenes, of Bear-place, Berks, in Devonshire-place, 29th June.

Hardcastle, the Rev. C. of fever, at Waterford, 1st July.

Harden, John, Esq. of Crea, King's County, Ireland, at Miller-bridge, near Ambleside, in the 76th year of his age, 1st July. Mr. Harden, only son of William Harden, Esq. of the county of Tipperary, by Jane his wife, daughter and coheir of Joseph Webster, Esq. of Crea, King's County, was *b.* 7th March, 1772, and *m.* 1st Jan. 1803 Jessie, 2nd dau. of the late Robert Allan, Esq. Banker, of Edinburgh, by whom he has left issue; Robert Allan, late of the Madras Native Infantry; Joseph Webster, M.A. Vicar of Condover; John William, Judge of the County Court at Warrington; and two daughters.

Harman, Anna Maria Brisco, second dau. of John Harman, Esq. of Sussex-square, 18th July.

Harrison, R. Esq. Barrister-at-Law, at Twickenham, 12th July.

Hart, Major Lockyer Willis, 22nd Regiment B. N. I. at Paris, in the 43rd year of his age, 27th June.

Harvey, William Gilmore, Esq. formerly of Battle, Sussex, at his residence, North-end, Fulham, in his 89th year, 28th June.

Hawkes, Elizabeth, relict of Robert Hawkes, Esq. of Norwich, 2nd July.

Henville. Grace, wife of Charles B. Henville, Esq. of Winterborne, Dorset, aged 36, 11th July.

Heywood, Anne, relict of the late Nathaniel Heywood, Esq. and daughter of the late Thomas Percival, M.D. F.R.S. at Acresfield, near Manchester, in the 80th year of her age. 13th June.

Hicks, William Frederick, Esq. Ceylon Civil Service, second son of George Hicks, Esq. formerly of Somerset-street, Portman-square, at the Cape of Good Hope, aged 26. 29th April.

Higham, R. P. Esq. at Eltham-place, Lee Green, Kent, aged 67, 23rd June.

Hindley, Susan, the younger daughter of Charles Hindley, Esq. M.P. at Brighton, aged 12 years, 21st June.

Hoare, Mrs. Charles, at Maidstone, aged 57, 29th June.

Holbech, Edward, Esq. late of the Inniskillen Dragoons, 24th June.

Digitized by Google

Hollingworth, Francis, Esq. at West Hackney, 14th July.

Horden, Henry William, Esq. at Stamford, aged 25, 23rd June.

Horsford, Amelia, wife of the Hon. Paul Horsford, member of her Majesty's Council of Antigua, at Marine-place, Dover, in the 79th year of her age, 2nd July.

Howes, John Baron, the eldest son of John Baron Howes, Esq. of Irthlingborough-grange, Northamptonshire, accidentally drowned in the river near that place, aged 16 years, 1st July.

Hudleston, Harriet, wife of Lieut.-Col. R Hudleston, H.E.I.C. and second dau. of the late Rev. Samuel Farewell, of Holebrock-house, Somerset, at Ramsgate, after a lingering illness, 22nd June.

Husband, Thomas, Esq. at Devonport, for many years a banker and magistrate of that town, and one of Her Majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Devon, aged 86, 16th July.

Jeaffreson, Mrs. John, at Islington, aged 65, 29th June.

Kelly, Dr. of Parsonstown, 14th July. This gentleman was a very eminent physician, and for a long series of years enjoyed one of the most extensive practices in the central part of Ireland. His skill in cases of midwifery was universally acknowledged. Dr. Kelly, however, was not famed for knowledge alone; his charity, benevolence, and hospitality, had obtained him general regard and affection. The residence of Dr. Kelly was at Parsonstown, in the King's County, a place of continual resort to travellers, in consequence of being the locality of Lord Rosse's wonderful telescope. Visitors thither will have cause to regret the Doctor's death, for at his social and intellectual home many a stranger met a cordial and agreeable welcome. Indeed there are stories told on good authority of how, on more than one occasion, the worthy Doctor being called to travellers taken ill at the inn in his town, has invited them to his house, and never allowed them to depart until he restored them to health; on such occasions he refused all pecuniary reward for his services, as he then esteemed the patients his guests. Dr. Kelly died at Parsonstown, after a short illness, at a very advanced age. He leaves behind him a numerous family. One of his sons is Edmund Meares Kelly, Esq. a member of the Irish bar, and the author of a well-known work on the law relating to Scire Facias.

Kelly, Captain Waldron Barrs, Staff Officer of Pensioners, and late of the 22nd Regt. youngest son of Lieutenant-Colonel Kelly, of Tilbury Fort, at Sligo, Ireland, of fever, 12th July.

Lane, Emma, eldest daughter of Brevet Lieut. Colonel John Theophilus Lane, C.B., of the Bengal Artillery, and granddaughter of the late Commissioner Lane, of the Royal Navy, in her 21st year, at Paris, on the 16th July.

Lanesborough, Earl of, Brinsley Butler, fourth Earl of Lanesborough, died recently, at Brislington, near Bristol. His Lordship was only surviving son of Robt. Henry, third Earl, by Elizabeth, his wife, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. David La Touche, and grandson of Brinsley, second Earl of Lanesborough, by Jane, daughter of Robert, first Earl of Belvedere. The deceased peer was born 22nd October, 1783, and had, consequently, completed his 64th year. Never having married he is succeeded in his honours and estates by his cousin, George John Danvers Butler Danvers, Esq., of Surthland Hall, Leicestershire, now fifth Earl of Lanesborough, who is eldest son of the late Honourable Augustus Richard Butler, by Elizabeth, his first wife, daughter and heir of Sir John Danvers, Bart. The new peer was born in 1794, and married 29th August, 1815, Frances Arabella third daughter of the late Colonel Stephe, Freemantle. The noble house of Lanesborough was founded by Sir Stephen Butler, Knt., who settled in Ireland *temp.* James I. He was one of the undertakers for the plantation of the province of Ulster; and, having obtained grant of two thousand acres of land in the county Cavan, erected a baronial castle of great strength there. Sir Stephen and his co-undertakers of the precinct of Lóghtee commenced, according to their agreement, the plantation of a town, at Belturbet; and, in his time, thirty-five houses were erected, all inhabited by British tenants, most of whom were tradesmen, each having a house and garden-plot, with four acres of land, and commons for a certain number of cattle.

Lawford, Rev. John Grant, second son of the late William Robinson Lawford, Esq. of Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire, at Brussels, in the 35th year of his age, 23rd June.

Leahy, David, Esq. Mr. Leahy, by birth an Irishman, was called to the English bar by the Hon. Society of Gray's Inn. The learned gentleman joined the Western Circuit: but, though in some practice, his success was not commensurate with the great ability he undoubtedly possessed. As a writer on literary, political, and legal subjects, Mr. Leahy was, however, actively and continually employed; and he was esteemed to possess such deep rooted forensic and constitutional knowledge, that he was chosen as one of the counsel

Digitized by Google

in the defence' of Mr. O'Connell. The soundness of his arguments on that occasion was afterwards recognised by the judgment of the House of Lords. The volume he subsequently published relative to the trial added much to his reputation. On the recent establishment of the Local Courts, Mr. Leahy was appointed the Judge for the Greenwich and Lambeth districts; and it is much to be lamented that he has been snatched away just as he had attained that position which his talents entitled him to hold. Mr. Leahy died on the 21st June, at his Chambers, in Mitre-Court buildings. The demise of this excellent person is the subject of deep regret to a very wide circle of friends, to whom his high social, as well as mental qualifications, had endeared him.

Littleton, the Hon. Hiacinthe Anna, eldest dau. of Lord Hatherton, in the 34th year of her age, 10th July.

Lynch, Dr. Jordan Roche, of Farringdon street. Distinguished for his advocacy of Sanitory Regulations, 24th June.

Macdonell, Hugh, Esq., for many years British Consul-General at Algiers, at Florence, on the 3rd June.

Mac Neill, Catherine Alicia L. J. eldest surviving dau. of Jane Mac Neill Hamilton, and the late D. H. Mac Neill Hamilton, Esq. of Newgrove, county Down, Ireland, and Raploch, Lanarkshire, N.B. aged 22, on the 19th June.

Maclean, General Sir Fitzroy, Bart. This gallant officer, a General in the Army, and Colonel of the 45th Regiment of Foot, at his residence in Cadogan place. Sir Fitzroy succeeded to the Baronetcy and the Chieftainship of the Macleans at the decease, in 1818, of his elder brother, Sir Hector Maclean. He was twice married: first, to Mrs. Bishop, relict of J. Bishop, Esq. of Barbadoes, and secondly to Frances, widow of Henry Champion, Esq. of Maling Deanery, Sussex. By the former he had two sons, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Fitzroy Maclean, the present Baronet of Morvaren; and Donald, of the Chancery Bar, late M.P. for Oxford. Sir Fitzroy was a full General, and wore a medal for his services at Guadaloupe. The family, of which he was the representative, claimed remote antiquity. Gaelic Antiquaries assert that its surname was originally Mac Gillian, and that it was derived from the celebrated Highland warrior Gillian, who was denominated Gillian-ni-Tuoidh, from his ordinary weapon, a battle axe, which some of his descendants wear to this day in their crest, betwixt a laurel and cypress branch. He died on the 5th July.

Murray, Captain James, formerly on the Bengal Establishment, and during the last twenty-eight years, superintendent for the London district of the recruiting staff of the Hon. East India Company, at Quatre Bras, near Dorchester, in his 67th year, 22nd June.

Nicholl, Lieut.-Colonel Edward, late of the 84th Regiment of Foot, in which he served for forty years in the East and West Indies, as well as in various other countries, at Adamsdown, the residence of his brother, near Cardiff, in his 71st year, 28th June.

O'Conor Don, M.P. for the co. of Roscommon, and one of the Lords of the Treasury, of disease of the heart. This respected gentleman was born in May 1794, the elder son of the late Owen O'Conor Don, of Belanagare and Clonalis, by Jane his wife, dau. of James Moore, Esq. of Mount Browne, co. Dublin. He married 27th August, 1824, Mary, dau. of Maurice Blake, Esq. of Tower Hill, co. Mayo, and has left two sons, and five daughters. Of his illustrious ancestry, we have given particulars under this Month's "Fragments of Family History." 21st July.

Peacock, Mary, wife of Wilkinson Peacock, Esq. and eldest dau. of the late Colonel Affleck, of Cavendish Hall, Suffolk, at Thorpe Tylney, Lincolnshire 8th July.

Peters, James, jun. Esq. barrister-at-law, St. John's, eldest son of the Hon. Chas. Jeffrey Peters, Her Majesty's Attorney General for the province of New Brunswick, at the residence of Robert Bell, Esq. Fountain-Bridge, Edinburgh, 3rd July.

Phillips, Mary Anne Hawkes, wife of Phillip Lovell Phillips, Esq. M.D. of fever, at Arezzo, in Tuscany, on route from Rome to Florence, aged 33, 7th June.

Pollock, Sir David, Knt. Chief Justice of Bombay, in May last, at Bombay, of liver complaint, after a sojourn only of eight months in India, where he was appointed last year as Chief Judge at the Presidency of Bombay, in succession to Sir Henry Roper. Sir David Pollock who was elder brother of Chief Baron Pollock, of General Sir George Pollock, and of Mr. J. H. Pollock, was born in 1780, and educated at Edinburgh College. In 1802, he was called to the Bar, and for many years went the Home Circuit. Besides parliamentary business, in which at one time he had extensive practice, Sir David Pollock devoted considerable time to the Insolvent Debtor's Court, and some three or four years ago was appointed a Commissioner of that Court, which he continued to fill till last year, he was nominated to the Chief Justiceship of Bombay, in succession to Sir Henry Roper; and few judges have given such universal satisfaction to all classes, both Native and European, or become so revered even in a short sojourn of eight months as the learned gentleman. Prayers were offered up by the native population

Digitized by Google

for his restoration to health, and his funeral which took place on the 22nd was attended by the Governor of Bombay, the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Erskine Perry, the Hon. J. P. Willoughby, the Advocate-General, and Dr. Larkworthy, as pall-bearers, besides many hundreds of sorrowing friends. Sir David was in his 68th year, was a Queen's Counsel, and a Bencher of the Middle Temple.

Quillinan, Mrs. wife of Edward Quillinan, Esq. This lady was the author of a "Journal of a few Months' Residence in Portugal," &c. recently published. She died of a rapid decline at Rydal Mount, Ambleside, at the house of her father, William Wordsworth, Esq. (the laureate), 9th July.

Radcliffe, Mary, dau. of John Radcliffe, Esq. of Cheltenham, 16th June.

Reay, Lord, after a short illness aged 74, on the 8th July. His lordship, who died at his seat, Goldings, Herts, was eldest son of the Hon. George Mackay, of Skibo, M.P. Master of the Mint of Scotland, by Anne, his wife, daughter of Eric Sutherland, only son of the attainted Lord Duffus, and inherited the family honours at the decease of his cousin, Hugh, sixth Lord, in 1797. He was never married, and is, consequently, succeeded by his next brother, the Hon. Alexander Mackay, Barrack Master at Malta, who married, in 1809, Mrs. Ross, widow of David Ross, Esq. of Calcutta, and has Eric, and several other children. The very ancient family from which derived the nobleman whose death we record held possessions in the north of Scotland seven centuries ago, which possessions were originally denominated Strathnaver, but more recently Lord Reay's country. The great influence, however, of the Mackays may be attributed to the celebrated Donald Mackay, characterised by historians as "a great general, and a wise and political gentleman." This personage was at the battle of Solway Moss, and returned with the King to Edinburgh three days after the conflict, when his Majesty bestowed upon him, in requital of his faithful services, the forfeited lands of several individuals, by charter dated 28th Nov. 1845. Sir Donald Mackay, of Far, the first Lord Reay, was a distinguished soldier of his time, and took an active part during the civil war, in favour of Royalty; but, being one of those excepted from pardon in the treaty between the Covenanters and King Charles, he was obliged to retire to Denmark, where he died, in 1649.

Rudyerd, Colonel Samuel, of the Royal Artillery, at the residence of his brother-in-law, C. Richardson, Esq. Field House, Whitty, Yorkshire, 19th July. This distinguished officer, who served most gallantly under the Duke of Wellington in all his campaigns from India to the plains of Waterloo, descended lineally from the anicent family of Rudyard, of Rudyerd hall, near Leek, in Staffordshire, where they were seated long before the Conquest, and of undoubted Saxon origin, and was connected with almost all the ancient barons and nobility of Great Britain, through their marriages with the Harringtons of Exton, &c., &c. Colonel Rudyerd was the son of the late General Rudyerd, of the Royal Engineers, and cousin of the late General Sir Charles Shepley, of the same corps, whose mother, Miss Jane Rudyerd, who married Captain Richard Shipley, of Copt hall, Luton, Beds, became heiress of that branch of the family, descending from Sir Benjamin Rudyerd, the celebrated poet and speaker in the long parliament, who was the last surveyor of the court of wards and liveries) upon the death of her only brother Captain Benjamin Rudyerd, of the Coldstream Guards, aid-de camp to Lord Stair at the battle of Dettingen. Colonel Samuel Rudyerd, whose death we now record, being a descendant of Benjamin Rudyerd, Esq., of Westwoodhay, in Berks, the grand son of Benjamin Rudyerd, by his second marriage with Miss Beaumont of Yorkshire; his first wife, from whom the late Sir Charles Shipley descended, having been the eldest daughter and co-heiress of Sir Benjamin Maddox of Wormley, in Herts, Bart.

Slaney, Eliz. wife of Robt. A. Slaney, Esq., of Walford-manor, Shropshire, aged 62, 20th July. Mrs. Slaney was only child of William Hawkins Muccleston, M.D., and sole heiress of her uncle, Joseph, Muccleston, Esq. of Walford, High Sheriff of Shropshire, in 1788. Her marriage took place in 1812: and its issue was three daughters, Elizabeth Frances, wife of Thomas Campbell Eyton, Esq., Mary, *m.* to Wm. Watkin Edw. Wynne, Esq. of Peniarth, and Frances Caroline.

Stopford, Admiral, the Hon, Sir Robert, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., Vice-Admiral of the United Kingdom and Governor of Greenwich Hospital, in the 80th year of his age, 25th June. This distinguished officer, died on Friday morning, the 25th June, at Richmond, Surrey, whither he had removed for change of air. He was third son of James, second Earl of Courtown, and uncle of the present peer. The deceased admiral was born in 1768. Entering the navy at an early age, he served as midshipman in the *Prince*

Digitized by Google

George in Rodney's actions, and obtained his commission as Lieutenant in 1785. He subsequently commanded successively the *Lowestoff*, the *Aquilon*, and the *Phæton*, under Lords Howe and Cornwallis, and performed many gallant and important services to his country. In 1803, he was appointed to the *Spencer*, and was employed off Ferrol and Corunna; the following year he was nominated Colonel of Marines; and, in 1806, participated in Sir John Duckworth's brilliant action off St. Domingo, where he was severely wounded. Captain Stopford's next service was in the Exhibition against Copenhagen, under Admiral Parker and Lord Nelson. Having been advanced to the rank of Rear-Admiral, in 1808, he was appointed to command the Channel Fleet, during which he blockaded a French squadron in Aix Roads; for which exploit, and his conduct in an attack upon the enemy, he received the thanks of parliament. In 1810, Admiral Stopford was nominated to the command of the squadron at the Cape. Subsequently, he commanded the naval forces at the capture of Java. In 1813, the gallant officer returned to England—was made a K.C.B. in 1815, and became Full Admiral in 1825, and a G.C.B. in 1831. Admiral Stopford continued to serve his country in the Mediterranean, where he held the naval command for some time, and was engaged at the capture of St. Jean d'Acre, in 1840. For his services on this occasion he was a second time honoured with the thanks of parliament. After retiring from the command in the Mediterranean, Sir Robert was appointed Governor of Greenwich Hospital, which office he held up to the time of his decease. Besides the British honours conferred upon the gallant Admiral, he received from the Emperor Nicholas the Order of St. George, Second Class; from the King of Prussia, the Grand Cross of the Red Eagle; and was nominated a Knight Commander of the Order of Maria Theresa, in 1841. Sir Robert Stopford married, 29th June, 1809, Mary, dau. of Robert Fanshawe, Esq., by which lady he leaves three sons, viz.—Robert Fanshawe, Captain in the Navy; James John, also a Captain in the Navy; and Arthur Fanshawe; and several daughters of whom the eldest, Christiana Fanshawe, is married to the Rev. William F. Douglas, third son of Sir H. Douglas, Bart.; and the third, Henrietta Maria, is widow of Lord Henry Russell, R.N., who died in 1842.

Stratton, William, Esq. at Aberdeen, aged 87, 13th July.

Target, Madame S. M. widow of the late Col. Target, at Caen, France, 24th June.

Tatham, Mrs. Sarah, of Bedford Place, 4th July.

Temple, Sir Grenville, formerly Lieutenant Colonel of the 15th Hussars, died at Constance, in Switzerland, aged 48, on the 7th June. He was the eldest son of the late Sir Grenville Temple, 9th Baronet, whose father, Sir John Temple, succeeded to the title in 1786, at the decease of his kinsman, Sir Richard Temple. The Baronet just deceased was born 20th July, 1799, married 5th May, 1829, Mary, daughter of George Baring, Esq., brother of Lord Ashburton, by whom he leaves a large family, the eldest son of which is the present Sir Grenville Leofric Temple, Bart., an officer in the Royal navy, born in 1830. The ancient family of Temple derives its surname from the manor of Temple, co. Leicester, and deduces its descent from Leofric, Earl of Chester, who lived in the reign of Edward the Confessor. The Leofric married the celebrated Godiva, of Coventry notoriety, who is said to have appeased the wrath of her offended lord, and to have obtained a restitution of privileges for the good citizens of Coventry, by exhibiting on horseback, in the simple habiliments of Eve, to the confusion of an unlucky knight of the needle, whom tradition hath stricken blind for presuming to peep. Certain it is that pictures of the earl and his countess were set up in the south window of Trinity Church, in that ancient city, about the reign of Richard II., more than three centuries after the occurrence of the supposed event; his Lordship holding a charter in the right hand, with the words,

> I, Lurick, for love of thee
> Do set all Coventry toll-free.

And there is still a yearly procession of a naked figure observed by the grateful citizens on Friday after Trinity Sunday.

Walker, Reginald John, Esq. a Lieut. in the Bengal Engineers, and Assistant Surveyor in the great trigonometrical survey of India. He was the fifth son of the late John Walker, Esq. of Purbrook-park, Hants, at Bernangora, near Darjeling, in the East Indies, aged 24, 24th April.

Walton, Mr., the Stage Manager of the Princess' Theatre, and an actor of more than ordinary merit there. His death, which occurred on the 17th instant, happened under melancholy circumstances. He had been suffering from a painful disease, and he was in the habit of taking laudanum and morphia to allay the torment. An over dose proved fatal to him: he died in his 48th year.

Yates, John Henry, Esq. at Woburn-square, aged 37, 21st June.

Digitized by Google

THE PATRICIAN.

THE SCROPE AND GROSVENOR CONTROVERSY.

(Continued.)

The theory of the law is, that surnames, like air or light, are publici juris, subjects in which even occupation and possession do not give exclusive property; the claim to bear peculiar cognizances or arms was, it is probable, in the origin of the practice, similarly regarded.

The assumption or change of a surname is at the present day, and has been always, notwithstanding a vulgar notion to the contrary, a matter of common law right; nor is it restricted by anything but the potent influence of public opinion, which has very properly always attached a certain degree of discredit to any attempt to confuse identity, or obliterate the traces of a past career. Whenever, therefore, upon just cause a British subject seeks to take a surname, not his by birth, he for the most part does so by adopting a course in itself of the highest notoriety; in other words, he obtains the license of the Crown, which is gazetted in due form, or he obtains an Act of Parliament.

"Welsh families," says Mr. Grimaldi *, "are more known by their arms than by their names, and even in English families, many persons of the same house can only now be classed with their proper families, by an inspection of the arms they bore on their seals, shields, and the like." So in the popular commotions at Florence, the cry of the adherents of the Medici was taken, not from the surname but the arms, of that family, "Palle, Palle."

At first, armorial bearings were probably like surnames, assumed by each warrior at his free will and pleasure; and as his object would be to distinguish himself and his followers from others, his cognizance would be respected by the rest, either out of an innate courtesy or a feeling of natural justice, disposing men to recognise the right of first occupation, or really from a positive sense of the inconvenience of being identified or confounded with those to whom no common tie united them; where, however, remoteness of stations kept soldiers aloof, and extensive boundaries, and different classes of enemies from without, subdivided the force of a kingdom into many distinct bands and armies, opportunities of comparing and ascertaining what ensigns had been already appropriated would be lost, and it well might happen, even in the same country, that various families might be found unconsciously using the same arms.

* Origines Genealogicæ, p. 82.

Digitized by Google

And so it was with the three English families of Carminow, Scrope, and Grosvenor, the members of each of which were probably ignorant that there were any rival claimants to their heraldic honours, until by the French and Scottish wars they were brought together, and confronted upon the same field and in the same encampment.

The Court of Chivalry, it may be presumed, offered the first barrier to a party assuming the martial cognizances of another, but the assumption of *new arms* by one who never before had borne any, received its first check, as far as we know, from the writ of Henry V., which regulated coat armour, and prohibited their use, except where justified by ancestral right and use, (jure antecessorio), or by grants from competent authority. It appears from the commencement of that writ, that many persons had assumed these insignia, who neither by themselves nor their ancestors had previously enjoyed them. There is nothing to show what sense was attached to the vague expression jus antecessorium, or by what evidence it was expected to be supported.

Our neighbours on the Continent appear to have preceded, or, at least, excelled, us in the martial exercises of the tourney and joust, and an early chronicle records of Prince Henry, the son of Henry I., who was afterwards drowned at sea, that he was in the habit of visiting France every third year, in order to take part "in conflictibus Gallicis." It was Richard I. who perceiving the inferiority of his subjects in such encounters, rectified the evil by his ordinances for jousts and tournaments.

The subsequent prevalence of these fashionable recreations, mimicking "War's magnificently stern array," was not unlikely to bring into frequent use one of the functions of this Court of Chivalry, that which respected the regulating and marshalling of coat armour.

Armorial bearings are to the eye what names are to the ear; in the first assumer or grantee, they may be taken to resemble Christian names, suggestive merely of the personal history and private qualities of the bearer; in their descent, however, they are quasi surnames and additions of honour, and become the external expression, not merely of individual but of collective worth and prowess, and of connexion with an ancestry, which could in no other mode be so becomingly and inobtrusively presented to observation, as by those silent yet eloquent mementos of an extant or a bygone race, crests and quarterings.

The bearing of coats of arms has been most whimsically styled "that extraordinary phrenzy of the human mind." Would we know the martial purpose of the invention? It is at hand. "The end of heraldic insignia," says Borghini, "is to distinguish the bearer from his enemies, and make him recognizable by his friends." A good custom may survive its utility, but no custom ever became universal that was not founded upon some general principles of public convenience. In this respect a custom differs from a law, which may in particular cases have originated in the tyranny, the lust, the shame, the malignity of a despot. A custom is a different thing; it must have originated in necessity, and been sanctioned by general consent. Why, however, do we find so high a degree of importance attached to the preserving intact a right to bear particular arms? Those arms were an evidence, popularly speaking, almost conclusive, not merely of descent but of nobility. This was one reason; another was, that in the earlier period of our history, a right to coat armour carried with it important privileges as to the use of offensive and defensive arms in the case of

Digitized by Google

trials by battle; it gave also the solid advantages of "honour, reputation, and place," and these are the very terms used in the Statute of Precedence passed in the reign of King Henry VIII. "There was one James Parker, a servant in court to King Henry VII., that had accused Hugh Vaughan (one of the gentleman ushers of the said king), unto the king of some undutiful words spoken by him of the said king. Whereupon the person accused challenged combat with the accuser; and because he was not a coat armour gentleman, Sir John Wriotheslye, then principal king-at-arms, gave unto the said Hugh Vaughan a coat armour, with helm and timber, the 14th of October, 1490, anno 6 Hen. VII. Whereupon the said king sent for the said Garter, and demanded of him, whether he had made any such patent or no? who answered, that he had made such arms. Whereupon the king's highness, in his most royal person, in open justice at Richmond, before all his lords, *allowed and admitted* the said grant made by Garter, and likewise allowed the said Hugh Vaughan to run with the said James Parker, who was at the said time slain by the said Vaughan in the said jousts."* Had this grant of arms not been allowed, it would rather seem that Vaughan would have had to meet his steel-clad opponent in a simple buff jerkin, and with inferior weapons.

No doubt, in the present day, all the advantages of the institution have not survived

> "The old world changeth, yielding place to new,
> And God fulfils himself in many ways,
> Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."
> TENNYSON'S *Morte d'Arthur.*

This is an age of pictorial illustration, and when we appreciate the advantages of being made to comprehend at a glance what it would otherwise require hours of steady attention, as listeners or as readers, to obtain an idea of, no wonder that heraldry has again become in some measure a popular study; not only does it breathe the spirit of a bygone, a generous age, and powerfully suggest its influence, which to appreciate is to share; but its devices are a compendious mode of conveying information upon an interesting subject.

> "Would that I were a painter, to be grouping
> All that the poet drags into detail."—BYRON.

How much historical description and genealogical narrative does a little herald painting save us! But it is not merely on this score that the present practice is to be vindicated. The genealogical utility of ancient armorial bearings and quarterings has long been recognized by our lawyers. "I know three families," says Bigland†, "who have acquired estates by virtue of preserving the arms and escutcheons of their ancestors." So in the Huntingdon peerage case (p. 359), a very old armorial shield, emblazoned with the armorial ensigns of the Earls of Huntingdon, which included those of Stanley, was received as evidence of a marriage between the two families. But if this utility is thus admitted at the present day, what greater importance must have been attached to such evidences at a time when the heralds were still unincor-

* Hearne's Collections, vol. ii. p. 168. † Bigland on Parochial Registers, 1767.

Digitized by Google

porated, and no such thing as parochial registers existed, when all knights could not read, nor all nobles write?

When Sir William Scrope saw a Frenchman in his bearings, well might that doughty knight feel touchy on the subject: the force of this very natural feeling was admitted by Cromwell, Earl of Essex, at a much later period. He had no paternal shield of arms, and when some obsequious heralds would have entitled him to the arms of Cromwell of Lincolnshire, extinct long before, his answer was, "He would not wear another man's coat, for fear the owner should pluck it off his ears;" and he took a fresh grant of arms.

The question, What's in a name? implies a sophism that the blindness of passionate love could alone overlook. What's in an armorial bearing? exclaims many a man who does not scorn to bear, without right, the thing that he affects to despise. Is he curious to learn the answer of Anglo-Norman antiquity, let him consult the roll in the case of Scrope and Grosvenor.

Although some inaccuracies have crept into the accounts of the early branches of the family of Grosvenor, owing to genealogists having occasionally confounded the Latin patronymics of the two distinct families of Venables and Grosvenor, (Venatores and Grossovenatores), there is still light enough to enable us to distinguish the remote antiquity of either stock. The family of Grosvenor at a very early date, long before the right of Sir Robert Grosvenor to bear the arms "azure a bend or" was challenged by Sir Richard Scrope, had become divided into the branches of the Grosvenors of Hulme (of which was Sir Robert the defendant in the suit) and the Grosvenors of Budworth. The antiquity of the latter branch is undeniable; its founder Robert le Grosvenor appears in an ancient charter as the grantee of the manor of Budworth from Hugh Kevelioc Earl of Chester 1160—1181. At the time of the controversy now under review, this branch had no longer a male lineal representative, but its honours had descended upon coheiresses who had intermarried into some of the oldest houses in Cheshire, the Venables of Bradwall and Alvanley, the Bromleys and the Del Meres. The precise point of connexion between the Budworth and the Hulme branches, is by the confession of family and county historians not now discoverable.* But that the connexion did once exist is evident by the whole tenor of the Grosvenor depositions in the suit of arms.

According to the pedigree of the Grosvenors of Hulme, compiled by Sir Peter Leycester, which as it accords with the depositions of the Abbot of Vale Royal in this cause, Leycester probably drew from the same source, their first progenitor was Gilbert le Grosvenor a nephew of Hugh Lupus, first Earl of Chester, himself a nephew of the Conqueror. Of Gilbert a Robert was son and heir, to whom succeeded his son Henry, who had a son upon whom the representation of the Hulme branch devolved.

There appears some confusion as to the name of this the fourth personage in descent, the Abbot of Vale Royal says Raufe; an ancient deed terms his son Richard, the son of *Randle* (filius Ranulfi Grossovenatoris.) Sir Peter Leycester says Raufe or Randle Grosvenor; Collins falls into palpable error here, introducing an unauthorized Robert; Ormerod suggests that Ralph and Randle may have been grandfather and father of Richard

* See Ormerod's Cheshire, vol. ii. p. 115, note c.

Digitized by Google

who died about 1269, and from whom the descent is clear; but the conjecture, however plausible, cannot be presumed to be accurate in opposition to the positive deposition of a witness so near the time and so likely to be well informed as the Abbot of Vale Royal.

Raufe or Randle is said by one of the deponents to have been engaged in 1141, on the part of his kinsman and local prince Randle II., in the battle of Lincoln where he wore the arms before mentioned, and to have been also engaged in the battle in which the said earl was taken prisoner in 1143. That he wore the bearings in question in the battle of Lincoln, may be believed by those who esteem heraldic devices as of that antiquity, but the character of human testimony being substantial truth under circumstantial variety, the whole evidence of the witness is not to be altogether disbelieved because in this particular questionable or inaccurate. For if so, to be consistent we must also discredit the evidences of the Scrope witnesses who, anxious to speak for the antiquity of the arms, refer their origin to the reign of a fabulous Prince (Arthur.)*

Richard le Grosvenor (the son of Ralph or Randle) from whom the descent is clear, lived 1269, and left a son,

Robert, who was sheriff of Cheshire 12, 13 and 14 Edward I., he died 1284: by his wife Margery he left a son,

Robert Grosvenor, of Ruddeheath, under age 21 Edward I.; according to the evidence of Leycester he had served and borne the arms in question in Scotland temp. Edward II. He died about 1342, having been twice married; by his second wife, Emma, daughter of William Mobberley, coheiress to her mother and to Sir Raufe Mobberley, he left a son Raufe Grosvenor, Esq., who died about 30 Edward III., 1356, and was buried in Nether Peover; by his wife Joan he left a son, the defendant in the cause of arms.

Sir Robert Grosvenor, Knight, was under age at the time of his father's death, and became ward of Sir John Daniell, who married him to his daughter Joan. She either died before he came to maturity or before she had any issue by him, and he subsequently married Joan, daughter of Sir Robert Pulford and sister and heiress of John Pulford and widow of Thomas son of John de Belgrave, a match which appears to have occasioned some little stir, for we find one of the adverse witnesses (Sir Matthew Redman) deposing that the first time he heard speak of Sir Robert was when some one observed that he was to marry the Lady of Pulford.†

There is good ground for supposing that this marriage and that of Sir Robert's grandfather with the heiress of Mobberley, coupled with the failure of the male line of the Grosvenors of Budworth, were the chief cause of the prominence of the Hulme branch.

The direct line of the Grosvenors of Hulme terminating also in coheiresses, the inheritance of the name remained with Ralph Grosvenor Esq. of Eaton, jure uxoris the lineal descendant of the defendant in the suit of arms and the progenitor of the present noble house of Grosvenor.

In the year 1395, John Lord Lovel challenged the arms of Thomas Lord Morley, and in the first instance by word of mouth; the defendant complaining of this course, the Court directed the claimant to reduce his

* See deposition of Sir Thomas Fychet, vol. ii. p. 62. † Vol. ii. p. 465.

Digitized by Google

challenge to writing.* All the proceedings in the Scrope case seem to have been in writing, with a single exception, for from a memorandum of the proceedings in a MS. in the Lansdowne Collection, 85, pl. 758, it appears that in the first instance Sir Robert Grosvenor appealed from the sentence of the Constable to the king orally (sub certa forma verborum viva voce) the appeal was afterwards embodied in a more regular form in writing. In that first mentioned case the parties consented to the following mode of proofs. "Sepultures Testimonies of Abbots and other ecclesiastical persons and other honourable witnesses who have had notice of their ancestors and antiquity, and paynted tombs, testaments and other evidences, besides the testimonies of Lords, Knights, Esquires of honour and gentlemen having knowledge of arms, and no other men of common or lower estate, and all the witnesses to be sworn except the Dukes of Lancaster, York, and Earl of Derby."

In the Scrope and Grosvenor case a somewhat similar course seems to have been adopted, nor do we believe that of the 400 witnesses who made depositions even one was of lower estate than "a gentleman having knowledge of arms." The first and most puissant witness for Scrope was John of Gaunt,—we give the deposition entire.

"John, by the grace of God, KING OF CASTILE AND LEON, DUKE OF LANCASTER, being prayed, and, according to the Law of Arms, required, by the proctor of Sir Richard le Scrope, to testify the truth between the said Sir Richard and Sir Robert Grosvenor in a controversy between them concerning the arms 'Azure a bend Or,' do verily testify, that at the time when We were armed in battles and other journeys† in divers countries, We have seen and known that the said Sir Richard hath borne his arms 'Azure, a bend Or;' and that many of his name and lineage have borne the same name and arms, on banner, pennon, and coat armour; and that We have heard from many noble and valiant men, since deceased, that the said arms were of right the arms of his ancestors and himself at the time of the Conquest and since. And, moreover, We say and testify, that at the last expedition in France of our most dread lord and father, on whom God have mercy, a controversy arose concerning the said arms between Sir Richard le Scrope aforesaid, and one called Carminow of Cornwall, which Carminow challenged those arms of the said Sir Richard, the which dispute was referred to six knights, now as I‡ think, dead, who upon true evidence found the said Carminow to be descended of a lineage armed 'Azure a bend Or,' since the time of King Arthur; and they found that the said Sir Richard was descended of a right line of ancestry armed with the said arms, 'Azure a bend Or,' since the time of King William the Conqueror; and so it was adjudged that

* See the proceedings Harl. MS. 4268. One question raised by the replication in this cause was whether a man can grant or sell his arms to the prejudice of his posterity.

† In the original "journée." This word is generally used to describe an action with the enemy in the field, of rather less importance than a general battle. It has been anglicized by "journey." William of Worcester, speaking of the battle of St. Albans in 1455, says, "All the lords that died at the *journey* are buried at St. Albans." Paston Letters, i. 109.—"Anno 12 Henry VI. This same yere aboughte Witsontyd, the Lollardes of Prage were distroyd, for at too *journeys* there were sclayn of them mo thane xx^ti M^l with there cheveteynes."—Chronicle of London, 4to. 1827, p. 120. The word *journey* also frequently occurs in another chronicle of the sixteenth century, where an account is given of the "*journies* that were done after the Kyng landid at Caleis," (anno 8 Hen. VI.) whence its import may be fully understood. Ibid. p. 170.

‡ It is remarkable that in this part of his deposition, Lancaster is made to speak in the first person singular.

Digitized by Google

both might bear the arms entire. But We have not seen or heard that the said Sir Robert, or any of his name, bore the said arms before the last expedition in Scotland with our lord the King."

The evidence of the ecclesiastics, Abbots and Priors, on each side is most important upon the point of descent, but this we must pass over. Neither have we space for any comment upon the interesting testimony of Chaucer.

"Geoffrey Chaucer, Esq., of the age of forty and upwards, armed twenty-seven years, being asked whether the arms, Azure, a bend Or, belonged to Sir Richard Scrope, said yes, for he saw him so armed in France before the town of Retters, and Sir Henry Scrope armed in the same arms with a white label, and with banner; and the said Sir Richard armed in the entire arms, and so during the whole expedition, until the said Geoffrey was taken. Being asked how he knew that the arms appertained to Sir Richard, said that he had heard old knights and esquires say that they had had continual possession of the said arms; and that he had seen them displayed on banners, glass, paintings, and vestments, and commonly called the arms of Scrope. Being asked whether he had ever heard of any interruption or challenge made by Sir Robert Grosvenor or his ancestors, said no, but that he was once in Friday Street, London, and walking through the street, he observed a new sign hanging out with these arms thereon, and inquired 'what inn that was that had hung out these arms of Scrope?' and one answered him, saying, 'They are not hung out, Sir, for the arms of Scrope, nor painted there for those arms, but they are painted and put there by a Knight of the county of Chester, called Sir Robert Grosvenor;' and that was the first time that he ever heard speak of Sir Robert Grosvenor, or his ancestors, or of any one bearing the name of Grosvenor."

Thomas de Horneby, called by Grosvenor, said that he knew neither Sir Robert Grosvenor nor his ancestors, not being himself of the county of Chester.*

William Hesilrigg, Esq. had seen Scropes armed in the army at Cressy, where there were many good knights of the county of Chester, and many good archers, who neither at that time nor afterwards gainsaid the said arms.

Sir Andrew Luttriell, senior, Knight, had never heard any good or ill of Grosvenor or his ancestors.

Amongst the deponents, of whom notices are reserved by Sir Harris Nicolas for a future and concluding volume, is Johan de Holand, Esquier. We conclude this individual to have been the John de Holand whose singular adventures with a Frenchman of the name of Roye is mentioned by Froissard. Engaged together in a joust of arms, John de Holland's lance three times bore away the helmet of his antagonist, leaving him bareheaded but without injury; upon examination it was discovered that the Frenchman designedly omitted the usual fastenings that attached the casque to the armour. Complaint was made of this proceeding as unfair, but John of Gaunt, in whose presence the matter occurred, refused to interfere, although he seems to have deemed it an improper use of the defensive arms; and from a subsequent passage in Froissard one is led to believe that the trick was several times afterwards practised.

Sir John Gyldesburgh deposes that when he was twelve years old and

* Vol. ii. p. 303.

Digitized by Google

went to school at Oxenford he saw there the *commencement* of a clerk bearing the name Le Scrope, and that there were trumpeters there having attached to their trumpets pennoncels with the said arms, and the clerks demanded whose arms these were, when it was stated that they were the arms of Le Scrope.

Another of the Scrope witnesses was John Lord Lovel, already referred to, as himself engaged in a similar cause of arms.

Another deponent is a Sir Ralph Vernon, Knight, perhaps the illegitimate son, who yet succeeded to his father's interest in the barony of Shipbrooke by grant from his father and sister, he survived to the age of 150 years, and is styled in Cheshire collections, the long liver and *Old Sir Ralph.* He outlived sons, grandsons, and great grandsons; his great-great-grandson Sir Ralph Vernon, Knight, called young Sir Ralph, succeeded him in his estates. Old Sir Ralph the deponent, it is presumed, had for his second wife, (some say concubine,) Maud Grosvenor, by several pedigrees made the sister of Robert Grosvenor of Budworth.

According to an entry of Augustine Vincent preserved in Woodnoth's Collections, p. 58, b., the age would seem as correctly given.

"This was s^r Raufe Vernon yo Olde, the quick levet $\frac{xx}{vii}$ years and ^{x} yeare; and he had to his first wife one Mary yo lords doghter of Dacre, and he had issue by her on s^r Raufe yo Vernon of Hanewell, Maister Richard persone of Stockport, oy two sonnes Nicholl and Hugh yo quick were both freres and two daughters Agatha and Rose. Then deghet the foreset Mary and after her death yo foreset s^r Raufe tooke to pa'neore one Maude yo Grosvenor and had issue by her Richard and Robert, bastards."

We have not been able to find any other knight of the family of Vernon whose Christian name coincides, that would better correspond with the deponent Raufe Vernon, Chival^r. It is remarked in the particular instance of Chaucer, that his age in the deposition was not given with accuracy; the same may be true of Vernon, who, if he was the party in question, must then have been much older than forty-six years, and would hardly have been justified in styling himself as de l'age de 46 et plus, when he must have completed double that period: very old gentlemen are, however, sometimes loth to admit the precise day of their birth, and, perhaps, this shrewd old knight, knowing that a date frequently fixes a fact, wished the illegitimacy of his origin to be lost in the mist of years: vain hope, stands it not recorded in judicial records and county collections!

The deposition of John Thirlewalle is so remarkable in many respects, that we cannot omit, even at the risk of an almost unreasonable prolixity, to give a portion of it at length. His father, if his testimony or the fidelity of the copyist of the roll be not impeachable, attained so advanced a period of life as to make him a worthy competitor with "Olde Sir Ralph Vernon," already alluded to, in the race of longevity; but it must be remembered, that in a case of this kind, it would be the object of a party to procure the evidence of the oldest witnesses—their greater age lending an additional value to their testimony.

"John Thirlewalle, of the age of fifty-four, armed thirty-two years and more, being asked whether the arms Azure, a bend Or, belonged to Sir Richard Scrope, said, certainly, and that he would well prove it by evidence; for the grandfather of the said Sir Richard, who was named William Le Scrope, was made a knight at Falkirk in Scotland under the banner of the good King Edward with the Longshanks, as his (the De-

Digitized by Google

ponent's) father told and shewed him before his death, for his father was through old age bedridden, and could not walk for some time before his decease; and whilst he so lay he heard some one say that people said that the father of Sir Richard was no gentleman because he was the King's Justice; and his (Deponent's) father called his sons before him, of whom he the said John was the youngest of all his brethren, and said, 'My sons, I hear that some say that Sir Henry Scrope is no great gentleman because he is a man of the law, but I tell you certainly, that his father was made a knight at Falkirk in these arms, Azure, a bend Or, and they are descended from great and noble gentlemen; and if any one say otherwise, do ye testify that I have said so of truth, upon faith and loyalty; and if I were young I would hold and maintain my saying to the death.' And his (the Deponent's) father, when he died, was of the age of seven score and five, [$\frac{xx}{vij}$ ans & v.] and was when he died the oldest esquire of all the North, and had been armed during sixty-nine years, and has been dead forty-four years."

Here we have another indication of the military feeling, so prevalent in that age, that prompted men to disparage the law, as if gentle blood and that profession were hardly compatible; men said, "Sir Henry Scrope is no gentleman, *because* he is a man of the law." "He is not a gentleman, but the King's Justice." And yet, perhaps, in the particular instance, it was only an exemplification of the coxcombry of the young "bloods" of the time, which received a fitting rebuke from the dying lips of the aged warrior, the veteran esquire, "the oldest of all the North," who had seen Scrope wielding with credit both the pen and the sword, and, perhaps, had heard him priding himself, in spite of the sneers of his illiterate comrades, on the rare union of these opposite accomplishments, and mentally ejaculating with Dante's hero,

"Assai con senno feci e con la spada."

And so even in this age (how different!) our young cocks, to borrow an expression of Sir Walter Scott, in a letter to his son, crow after the same fashion, and the man of action derides the man of contemplation, "the patient bookworm," and sneers at the process

"Slow, exhausting thought
And hiving wisdom with each studious year."—BYRON.

Not so the truly wise. In a later but not an unchivalrous age, that hero whose ashes still lie (shame to Scotland) in a nameless grave, upon whose shoulders the mantle of loyal and chivalrous feeling descended, as to a legitimate self-elected champion, the great Montrose, scorned not the double grace, and thus addressed the object of his affections:

"For if no faithless action stain,
Thy truth and plighted word,
I'll make *thee famous with my pen,*
And *glorious with my sword.*"

To return. Little did those scornful men foresee, that it would not be long before members of the profession of which they affected to think so lightly would be self-dubbed, and without question, "Esquires by office;" nay, would be entitled to take rank, by the sanction of the Earl Marshal himself, with their military rivals: a consideration calculated to make those sturdy soldiers now turn round in their graves!

On the Continent, it appears from Selden (Titles of Honor), that it

Digitized by Google

was at one time much doubted, whether a civilian could be invested with the gold spurs of knighthood; until Bartolus or Baldus, we forget which, settled it in the affirmative. It might be interesting to learn the reasons that swayed him in so deciding.

The questions proposed to the deponents of Sir Richard Scrope would seem to have been the following:—

Do the arms az. with a bend or belong, or ought they of right to belong, to Sir Richard Scrope? Have you heard or seen that the ancestors of Sir Richard have borne the said arms; and if so, have you heard by what title or right they have borne them? Have you heard who was the first ancestor of Sir Richard Scrope who used them? Sometimes is superadded the question, where the witness is supposed to incline to the defence, Are you of the affinity or blood of Sir Robert Grosvenor?

Some witnesses said, that Scrope's ancestor came over with William the Conqueror; others, that he was temp Edward the Confessor; others, that he came with Robert de Gant at the Conquest; others, that he had borne the arms from King Arthur. Lord Grey de Ruthen said, that he knew nothing of the Grosvenors, but that he had once purchased from "one Emma Grovenour a black mare for twenty-two pounds." This Emma Grosvenor was, as we have seen, the heiress of Mobberley, who married the grandfather of the defendant.

When Sir William Brereton was called on behalf of Sir Richard Scrope, and sworn, neither the entreaty of the proctor nor the admonition of the commissioners could induce him to open his lips to give testimony; silence, says Sir Harris Nicolas, explained by his relationship to the Grosvenors. He was fined 20*l.* for his contumacy.

With John Leycester, Esquier, we confess we think that the author deals somewhat harshly, in attributing to him any undue feeling, in his protestations of ignorance to the questions proposed to him; for those questions respected, as we have shown, merely the right of Sir Richard Scrope, nor do we see why his admission, when examined for the defendant, that he was his cousin in the third or fourth degree, should make us conclude that the deponent had wilfully swerved from the truth in his first examination.

The Scrope witnesses, for the most part, speak not merely to the rights of Sir Richard Scrope, but to their ignorance, not only of the rights but of the existence, either of Sir Robert or his family. There is, however, one notable exception in the person of a member of the illustrious house of Percy, Sir Thomas Percy, afterwards Earl of Worcester, brother of the Earl of Northumberland, who, although he gives strong testimony to the Scrope right, yet admits that he has heard 'that Sir Robert Grosvenor was a gentleman of high degree (grants gentilx home). On the Grosvenor side, the negative evidence as to Scrope's rights was almost equally strong, and some of the deponents even went so far as to say, they had never heard of Sir Richard, a species of retaliation somewhat amusing, but which, from the distinguished position of the noble plaintiff, must have almost argued themselves unknown.

Robert de Stanlegh, Esquire, had heard since the suit, that the said Sir Richard Scrope, and Henry his father, had borne the said arms, but no other of their progenitors before them.

Richard Talbot says, that he had heard many say that Sir Richard Scrope was only the third in the line of his ancestors who had borne the said arms.

Digitized by Google

In one instance, that of Sir Thomas Mandevill, whose name is not upon the roll of witnesses, the evidence of a witness was sent to the Constable and Marshal in the form of a letter, which Sir Harris Nicolas found in the Harleian Collection. We give another similar testimonial of the Earl of Oxford at length, from a transcript also in one of the Harleian MSS., 1178, 436, not because any new fact is stated, or any additional light thrown upon the question litigated, but because it illustrates the loose course of proceeding in the Court of Chivalry, which admitted, it would seem, "all evidence of an honourable and authentic nature except battle, which was in this case expressly excluded," the reason being, that the dispute was susceptible of establishment by oral and written testimony, and therefore battle, which was an appeal to the decision of God on the failure of human evidence, could not, upon the customary rules, be resorted to; but the chief reason why we insert this document is, because Sir Harris Nicolas has neither given it in his notes, nor even alluded to its existence.

It is entitled "A letter testimoniall," but is somewhat strangely described in the Harleian Catalogue as "Literæ Patentes Alberici de Veer Com. Oxoniensis, quibus testimonium rogatus adhibuit suum, in causa Armorum ventilata, inter Ricardum le Scrope et Robertum Grosvenour, dat. 11 die Martij, ann. 14 R. K. Richardi II."

It commences—

"As honorables Srs Constable et Mareshall d'Engleterre Aubry de Veer hono^rs et reverence. Pur ceo q. Mon^sr Richard le Scrôp a chalenge Monsr Robert Grovenour en la viage nostre S^r le Roy darrein fait en Escoce portant ses armes d'azure ove bende d'ore, et a poursue contre le dit Monsr Robert en vre. honorable Court de Chivalrie, come ley et raison de armes demaunde selon l'ordinance roial fait devant le dit Chivalrie tanq' au temps q. vous lui avez ajuge de *faire son prove contre le dit Monsr Robert par tous proves honorables et autentiques forsprist le bataille q. vous eschuez en tous cases ou vous pouvez avoir autre prouve.* Et sur ceo m'a requis de vous certifier la conissanz que je ay en la dite matiere. Si vous certifie et tesmoigne a verite par certes mes lettres ouertees, exselees de mon seal q. en la temps que jay este arme en batailles et autres journées jay voir et conu q. le dit Monsr Richard a porte ses ditz armes d'azure ove une bend d'ore et plusieurs de son nom et linage qui ont portez mesme les armes ove differences come braunches de mesme les nom et armes et si en band, penon et cotearmure, et ny oie de mes auncestres q. en mesme le maniere ses armes susditz ount este portez en leur temps par les auncestres de dit Monsr Richard. Et Unques en mon temps n'ay ven le dit Monsr Robert Grovenor, ne nul de son nom porter le ditz armes devant la darneyr chivache Monsr S^r le Roy susdit ne ay oie q. ses auncestres ont fait devant. Done a Londres le onzieme jour de Marse, l'an du regne le Roy Richard second puis le conquest noevisme."

The above is inserted in a miscellaneous collection made by the Herald Lennard.

In the Scrope cause of arms, trial by battle was, we have seen, expressly excluded; but in the cause of Grey de Ruthyn against Hastings, the proceedings became even more dramatic, the lie was given by the defendant to the plaintiff in open court, and an appeal to the arbitrement of arms (not however even there allowed it would seem,) made. After calling upon Grey to abandon the use of the arms in dispute; in

Digitized by Google

the event of his refusal, Hastings (following probably a formula of words) thus concludes :—

"I require thee, by vertue of thy knighthood, that thou stand by thy word in thy proper person, till it be determined by our bodies as knighthood will, the which worde thou hast replied by thine owne mouth, against the word of answeare given by my mouth and written with my hand, and ensealed with my seal in the same court, and that thou pursue deligently withouten feintis by thee and thy frendes, that the worde be admitted for full proof, the which worde as thy partie ben there in substance. Thou lyes falsely lewed knight, and that I am ready to prove with my bodye against thy body, and therefore here is my glove to wedde, and I aske day and place."*

If one counsel demurred to another counsel's law, this was said some years ago to have been good ground for a duel in Dublin, a mode of proceeding not unreasonable if viewed in analogy to the chivalrous practice wherever the legal point involved such difficulties in its decision as to transcend human abilities or ingenuity to unravel!! Then was the knot deo vindice nodus, proper to be left to the decision of God, made manifest by the result of a duel!!!

"On the part of Sir Richard Grosvenor (says Ormerod) were examined nearly all the knights and gentlemen of Cheshire and Lancashire, with several of the Abbots and other clergy, all of whom deposed to the usage of the arms by the Grosvenors, and to having seen them painted on windows, standards, and monuments in twenty four churches, chapels and monasteries in Cheshire; the family charters and deeds, with seals appendant, exhibiting the same bearing, were produced before the court, and it was stated on the authority of chronicles and monastic records that all the ancestors of Sir Robert had used the same coat from time immemorial, and more particularly that it was used by Gilbert le Grosvenor, at the Conquest; by Ranfe le Grosvenor, at the battle of Lincoln; by Robert le Grosvenor, in the crusade under Richard I.; by Robert le Grosvenor, in the Scotch wars under Edward II.; by another, Robert, at Cressy, and in other battles under Edward III., and by the claimant, Sir Robert himself as harbinger to Sir Thomas d'Audley, lieutenant to the Black Prince, and in Berry Algayne, at the tower of Brose, at the siege of Rocksivier, in Poictou, in Guienne, at Viers, in Normandy, at the battle of Poictiers, at the battle of Najara in Spain, in 1367, and lastly, at the battle of Limoges, in 1370, in the service of the Black Prince." After this powerful and stringent evidence for the defence, the weight of which the Lord High Constable himself acknowledges in his sentence "de la partie du dit Robert nous avous trouves grandes evidences et presumptions semblables en sa defence des dits armes," Sir Peter Leycester may well have said without incurring any suspicion of a local or family prejudice, "both the said partyes proved their auncestores had successively borne the same coate of armes from the tyme of the Norman Conquest to that present, but Sir Richard Scrope overweighing the other with powerful friends, had the coate avarded to him. But although the sayd Sir Robert Grosvenor had this coat also awarded to him, with the difference of a bordure, yet he refused the same and took unto him the coate of azure une garbe d'or;

* See a MS. transcript of proceeding in the case of Ruthen against Hastings, Harl. MSS., 1178, fol. 36.

Digitized by Google

which coate his heyres and successoures have ever since borne to this moment, *scorning to beare the other coate with a difference.*" It will be seen, however, that a note which will be subsequently given, as cited by Sir Harris Nicholas, from a Harleian MS., affords a somewhat different account of the sequel of the proceedings.

On the side of Scrope were examined parties still more numerous, still more illustrious for rank, military fame, and genius, Edmund of Langley, Duke of York, John of Gaunt, King of Castile and Leon, both uncles of the king, Sir John Holand, afterwards Duke of Exeter, he was brother to the king, the Earls of Derby, Arundel, and Northumberland, the Lords Poynings, Basset, Clifford, Dacre, Darcy, Grey of Ruthven, and Scales, besides many abbots, and knights, esquires, and gentlemen, among whom stands clearly forth, Harry Percy (Hotspur), whose spur was so soon to become "cold." He had a subsequent connexion with the county of Chester, by reason of his appointment of Judge of Chester, in which office, singularly enough, he succeeded William le Scrope, Earl of Wiltshire, the unfortunate son of the plaintiff, Sir Richard. He was judge "eo modo quo Willielmus le Scrop habuit," and he had power to act by deputy.* But his father-in-law, Owen Glendower, from his residence on the Welsh borders, must have known more of the bearings of Cheshire families, and Glendower is one of the Grosvenor witnesses. But let us haste to the issue of these accumulated proceedings; we give it in the words of the note cited by the learned author, from a Harleian MS.

"The Constables Judgment dyd gyve Mr Scroope thole Armes, & Mr Grosvenor a bordre whyte to yt and Grosvenour to paye the costs synce he toke daye of excepc'ons agenst the wytnes, but he apealyd to the Kinge, & uttrelye refusyd the newe apoyntyd armes and Judgment, wherfor the King gave Judgement as followeth

27 Maij A° 13, 1390, A° p^l^mo

Bonifacij noni pape.

The K's Judgement geven in the great chambre of P'liament w^th^in his palyce Royall at Westm' present wth ym his uncles the Dukes of Gwyen & Glowcestre, the Bishope of London, the Lords John Roos, Raufe Nevyll & John Lovell, John Dev'eux Steward of his howsse, his Vycechamb'layne Henrye P'cye the sone, Mathewe de Gourney, Hugh Zowche, Bryan de Stapleton, Rychard Addreburye & Willm de Farringdon Knights & others, that tharmes shuld whollye remayne to Sr Rychard Scroope & his heyres, & Mr Grosvenour to have no p'te therof bycawsse he was a stranger vnto the same.

And for the byll of thexpenes amountynge to iiij^c^ lxvj^li^ xiij^s^ iiij^d^ spent betwene the 9th of Octobre A° 11 Rich'i ij^di^, wch was the daye that the seid Roberte had taken excepc'ons agenst the wytnesses untyll the 27 of Maye A° 13 wch daye the Kinge gave Judgement & by the Comyssaryes vid^z^ the Busshoppe of London, the Lord Cobh^a^m, Mr John Barnet, & Rychard Rouhale, hyt was ceassyd to L m'kes, but aftre for that the seid Roberte wold not appeare but was obstynate hyt was agayne ceassyd by the Kinge to v^c^ m'kes, beinge on Munday the fyrst day of the P'lyament 3rd of Octobre A° 15 Rich'i ij^di^, these beinge present, the Duke of Gwyen, the Archebusshoppe of Dyvelye, the Busshopps of London Chestre & Chychestre, the Erles of Darby Rutland M'che Arundell Huntyngton & Northumb'land, the Lords Roos Nevyll & Cobh^a^m & other.

* See Ormerod's Cheshire, vol. i. p. 58.

Digitized by Google

W^h seid Som' of v^e m'kes the seyd Sr Roberte Grosvenour requestyd the seyd Sr Rychard Scroope to forgive hym, who agayne answeryd that he had so ivell usyd hym & belyed hym in his Awnsweres, that he des'vyd no courtesye; who agayne aunsweryd hyt was not his doings but his Counsellors to make his mattre seame the bettre, and that he knewe he dyd not well nor seyd trewlye therin, wheruppon he agayne answeryd that yf he wolde so openlye declare p'fesse & confesse & be content hit shuld so be enteryd of recourde, wch he requestyd the Kinge hit myght be, that then he wold forgyve hym, wch was done accordinglye and the Som' forgeven & they made frynds afor the Kinge in the P'lyament howsse."

It needs only to peruse the sentence of the Lord High Constable, delivered by the advice of the marshal and the "conseille de chivalrie" to be certain that the less powerful and influential of the two parties was hardly dealt with. For, although in a cause of arms, each was quasi an actor or plaintiff, and therefore the important principle of the civil law (adopted from its essential propriety into every modern system of jurisprudence), potior est conditio defendentis; might be considered as inapplicable, still no law of justice or principle of reason could possibly require that a defendant should, under any circumstances, have entailed upon him the necessity of a greater amount of proof than a plaintiff, and yet what says the Lord High Constable in his sentence?* "That the said Sir Richard Scrope, Knight, party actor, has fully and sufficiently proved his claim, touching the said arms by witnesses, chronicles, and other sufficient evidences, and *that the said Sir Robert has not in any respect disproved the proofs of the said Sir Richard,* and therefore he awarded, pronounced, and declared that Scrope should bear the entire arms, &c." So that the Cheshire knight was, it seems, not merely called upon to prove an uninterrupted use by himself and his ancestors, but to prove actually the negative, that no one else had a similar right to the same ensigns. Now, that two parties might be allowed the same arms where user could be satisfactorily proved by each is evident, because Carminow, had, it appears in the course of these very proceedings been awarded the selfsame use of arms.

One of the Grosvenor witnesses deposed that, but for the challenge made by Scrope of the arms az. a bend or, Sir Robert Grosvenor would himself have become the challenger or plaintiff. Had he done so, the subsequent sentence might, upon similar reasoning, have been retained, changing merely the names of Scrope and Grosvenor, where these occurred: for "the testimony of two hundred witnesses the evidence of chronicles and charters might be said to have sufficiently proved the claim of Grosvenor, and the said Sir Richard *had not in any respect disproved the proofs of the said Sir Robert.*

The well descended wealthy Cheshire Knight could not stand against the prestige, and perhaps political influence of the warrior statesman Scrope, a Baron of the Realm who had already proved his own right in a previous suit of arms, and had not, according to Walsingham, "his fellow (of his degree) in the whole kingdom for prudence and integrity." It may be said without any injurious conclusion, that Scrope had for judges, not merely companions in arms, but personal friends. An impartial reader will be inclined to think that the decisions in

* Vol. i. p. 7.

Digitized by Google

the first instance, and on appeal, involved at least a slight to the rising family of Grosvenor, and that as the evidence on both sides tended to show a long use of the arms by both families, it would have been a fairer and less invidious mode of proceeding to have either given entirely new bearings to each claimant, or to have left them each the main features of the ancient insignia, obliging both noblemen to assume certain differences. When the gay decorations of the gondolas of the Venetian Patricians, commencing in a pardonable emulation, had at last led to dangerous rivalry and animosity, to feuds on the quays and furious contests and brawls upon the canals, the council of ten dealt summarily, but, at least, impartially, with the evil. No longer did the lagunes reflect the gay colours and floating banners of any of the nobles, but assumed an appearance more in harmony with the gloomy grandeur of the palaces, and the solemn majesty of the more ancient edifices. Dark, unadorned, hearse-like looking boats glided noiselessly upon the unruffled surface of the waters, and but for the inherent vivacity and merriment of the Venetian people, and the graceful lightness and elegance of the subsequent architectural erections of Palladio, the brilliancy of its sun, and the clear blue of its heaven, Venice would in appearance have anticipated the period when she became in the language of modern English poetry, "the city of the dead." The ordinance in question forbad any ornaments to be used for gondolas, and prescribed for all one uniform colour, which they still preserve to this day, "the sober livery of solemn black."

What better, what more conclusive evidence of the antiquity of the nobility of any family in the British Peerage than that here produced on the part of Grosvenor? Here are upwards of two hundred of respectable witnesses to the high pretensions of the family, crying aloud in the middle of the 14th century, in the presence of peers, spiritual and temporal, of the most renowned knights and warriors of Crecy and Poictiers, nay, of very royalty itself, "Grosvenor is a name of ancient fame—Grosvenor is a scion of royal stock—its founder, a nephew of Hugh Lupus, first Earl of Chester. Grosvenor bore arms az. a bend or from the Conquest." Grosvenor is our kinsman, ejaculate members of some of the oldest houses of Cheshire, the Breretons, the Davenports, the Vernons, the Etons, the Leycesters, the Stanleys, and the Daniels, &c. What, though some state themselves to be "cosyns del dit Mons. Robert, only, en le tierce et quarte degres," the more distant the relationship the more remote the common ancestor, the more remote the common ancestor the more ancient the family. But the nobility, that is the gentle blood of the house of Grosvenor, was not in question at that early period, for the proceedings themselves style the defendant "nobilem virum Robertum Grosvenor militem."*

No exception was taken to the nobility of the house but only to its right to bear the particular arms. But who was that Carminow of Cornwall, styled by Sir Harris Nicolas (on what authority we know not as we find it not in these depositions) an Esquire? Who was the party called† "un dez Carmynaue de Cornewall," who succeeded in a contest in which Grosvenor failed? Did he triumphantly vindicate his claim to the arms, by the

* Vol. i. pp. 15 and 23.

† See deposition of John Tapcliffe, Esquire, vol. i. p. 213—4.

Digitized by Google

intrinsic merits of his case or by the intercession of powerful friends or the employment of court favor? Of the family, Collins* tells us that was considered the most considerable in Cornwall for antiquity and possessions. About the time of the proceedings in question, it numbered amongst its members at least three knights, Sir Oliver, Sir Thomas, and Sir Walter, and amongst its alliances by marriage (unerring sign of ancient blood) some of the oldest names in Cornwall. At a subsequent period John Carminow of Resprins was more famous for his wealth than any other of his name or house, or than any other family in Cornwall. His Christmas entertainments are recorded to have been on an extraordinary scale of munificent hospitality, the allowance for twelve days being twelve bullocks, fifty bushels of wheat, thirty-six sheep, besides hogs, lambs and fowls of all sorts. His son, however, squandered away the greater part of his inheritance, and the rest passed through coheiresses to the Boscawens, Earls of Falmouth. The last heir male of the Carminows died in 1646, but several of the most noted county families, the Coles, Courtenays, Prideaux, Trevanions and Arundels of Lanherne, denote by their quarterings their descent from female heiresses of different branches of that ancient stock.

"It is a melancholy reflection to look back on so many great families, (says Dr. Borlase, and he ranks Carminow amongst them) as have formerly adorned the county of Cornwall and are now no more The most lasting families have only their seasons, more or less, of a certain constitutional strength. They have their spring and summershine glares, their wane, decline, and death; they flourish and shine perhaps for ages; at last they sicken; their light grows pale and at a crisis when the offsets are withered and the old stock is blasted, the whole tribe disappears and leaves the world as they have done Cornwall. There are limits ordained to everything under the sun. *Man will not abide in honour.* Of all human vanities, family pride is one of the weakest. Reader, go thy way: secure thy name in the book of life, where the page fades not, nor the title alters, nor expires; leave the rest to Heralds, and the Parish register."

Who, however, we repeat, was the "one called Carminow of Cornwall," mentioned in the depositions of John of Gaunt and John Rither, Esquier, as having successfully resisted the exclusive right of the Scropes to the arms az. a bend or? The Christian name is fixed by another witness, a relative, Sir Thomas Fychett, who states that "Thomas Carminow of Cornwall, who is his relation, had a controversy with the said Sir Richard and his lineage, on account of the said arms, in France, before the Earl of Northampton, the which Thomas Carminow proved these arms from the time of King Arthur, and the said Sir Richard from the time of King William the Conqueror; whereupon it was agreed, that as the said Thomas Carminow had proved usage before the Conquest, he ought of right to bear them: and that the said Sir Richard might also bear them, he having proved his right from the time of King William the Conqueror."

The individual thus selected for attack by Scrope must have been one of the heads of his family, who then could he be but the Thomas Carminow (mentioned in Lysons' Cornwall), afterwards knighted, who became Lord Chamberlain to Richard II., and who married Elizabeth, daughter of Joan Plantagenet, the fair maid of Kent, and therefore sister

* Peerage, vol. vii. p. 273.

Digitized by Google

of the half blood to the King, and sister of the whole blood to Sir Thomas Holland, Duke of Exeter, another of the deponents in this cause? According to the Carminow pedigree in Polwhele's Cornwall, the chamberlainship is assigned to an earlier ancestor and an impossible date (1348.) And here again a suspicion suggests itself of a counter court favour influencing the decision, and neutralizing the influence of the Scrope. Be this, however, as it may, the Carminows and the Scropes were allowed to bear simultaneously the same ensigns.*

Certainly the absence of colours, or any mark to indicate colouring, on the sepulchral effigies, would constitute these a very inadequate proof of the user of disputed arms; and accordingly one of the deponents, Adam Newson (vol. i. p. 68), stated "that Sir Robert Grovenour sprung from the Grovenours of the county of Chester, whose ancestors lie buried in the Abbey of Chester, but," he added, "the arms were not pourtrayed in *colours* on their bodies." But still, this was not always so as to their monuments, and the objection does not apply to stained windows.

The arms in question were of great simplicity, and without an efficient Herald's College: and in a kingdom surrounded by distinct enemies (the Scotch, the French, the Welsh), whose knights, until the French wars in the reign of Edward III., rarely, it may be supposed, served much together, but were divided to encounter their various enemies, was it extraordinary, that in remote parts of the same kingdom, three families had long used, unconsciously it may have been, the same arms. The Carminow of Cornwall, which, in the words of one of the deponents, "had formerly been a kingdom;" the Scropes of Yorkshire, and the Grosvenors of the County Palatine (almost another little kingdom) of Chester.

In our view, it was not until this reign (that of Richard II.), that the coincidences of armorial bearings came to be much considered, the nature of the right to bear them questioned, or that blazonry became a science. It would seem about this time, from the frequency of the causes brought before the Court of Chivalry, that the military forces that had been assembled from all parts of the kingdom for the French wars, had brought together many distinct families with the same cognizances, which they then only for the first time became aware that they had borne concurrently. It was worthy of note, in an heraldic point of view, that no heralds were called to give evidence upon the subject-matter of controversy, from which the conclusion is legitimate, that at that period no evidences were preserved by them of right to arms, otherwise the omission of the ancestral bearings of a house so ancient, so powerful, and so influential, as that of Scrope undoubtedly was, would be wholly inexplicable.

One singular feature in this trial is the strong bias in the minds of the sets of witnesses, in behalf of the respective parties by whom they were called; an instance of how strong was the feeling, in feudal times, to run to clanship and rally around a great name.

The author appears to have doubted at one time whether the Hugh

* According to Polwhele the order was somewhat different, "as Scrope was a baron of the realm, it was ordered that Carminow should still bear the same coat, but with a pile in chief gules for distinction; on which Carminow took up the Cornish motto. "Cala rag Whethlow," "a straw for a talebearer."—(Language and Literature of Cornwall.)

Digitized by Google

Calverley, who made a deposition in the cause, was the celebrated warrior, Hugh? But it seems, from the before cited note of the proceedings, in the Harleian MS., 1178, p. 191 (b), that Hugh Calverley, Knight, acted on one occasion as deputy for the Constable, May 6, 1386. Now he could hardly be both judge and witness.

Thus, reader, have we at length fulfilled our task, and have endeavoured, by a comparatively brief narrative, to turn your attention to a singular judicial pageant of the fourteenth century, to a spectacle in which kings, poets, statesmen, and warriors were actors, England the stage, the world of Chivalry the audience, and the subject that characteristic creation of knightly honour and feudal institutions, "Cotearmure." Would we study the genius, the manners of a people, where should we better seek them than in these graphic delineations of national wisdom or folly, these contemporary records that hold a faithful mirror to the age, and fix the reflection for the study, the admiration, or the marvel of future generations? A remark, we believe it is, of Mr. Hallam, that the character, the individuality of a distinct people, is lost sight of, or vainly looked for in the abstract page of general history; and if we would really know what manner of men our ancestors were, what they did, how they felt and thought, we must approach them in the chronicles, the books of letters, or familiar literature of their day. How, we may confidently ask, can we better acquaint ourselves with the lives and opinions and sentiments of our steel-clad progenitors (coevals of the Black Prince) than by a perusal of what they say in the case of Scrope and Grosvenor? Many a patient antiquary has, perhaps, in former times applied himself to the labour (to him a labour of love) of decyphering the faded, contracted text, of perusing the Law Latin and the Norman French, in which the testimony of abbots and priors, of nobles and knights, lies confounded together in the lengthy parchments of the Scrope and Grosvenor roll, and if all difficulties surmounted, he who runs may now read, the praise, the honour is due to the untiring exertions of Sir Harris Nicolas. His two volumes we have perused with profit and pleasure, and shall look forward with interest to the third and concluding volume, long ago promised, and too long deferred, in which the author proposes to give us a history of the influential house of Grosvenor, and to complete his biographical notices of the remaining witnesses. *

* Sir Peter Leycester made extracts from an account of the pleadings in the suit, and collated them with the originals in the Tower. The extracts exist among the Tabley Papers, but the Grosvenor transcript is, we believe, said to be lost.

Digitized by Google

THE DEATHS OF THE SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND.

(*Continued*).

MACDUFF. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue nor heart cannot conceive,
nor name thee!
MACBETH, LENNOX. What's the matter?
MACDUFF. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building.
MACBETH. What is't you say? the life?
LENNOX. Mean you his majesty?

SHAKESPEARE.

JAMES I., the British Solomon, whom the Duke of Sulley termed the wisest fool in Europe, ended his life and reign of questionable repute peaceably enough. His death happened the 27th March, 1625, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, and the twenty-third of his sovereignty. His indisposition was at first considered a tertian ague, afterwards the gout in the stomach; but, whatever was its real nature, under his obstinacy in refusing medicine, and the hesitation or ignorance of his physicians, it proved fatal. On the eleventh day he received the sacrament in the presence of his son, his favourite, and his attendants, with a serenity of mind and fervour of devotion which drew tears from the eyes of the beholders. "Being told that men in holy orders in the church of England doe challange a power as inhærent in their function and not in their person, to pronounce and declare remission of sins to such as being penitent doe call for the same; he answered suddenly, I have ever beleeved there was the power in you that be in the orders in the church of England, and therefore I, a miserable sinner, doe humbly desire Almighty God to absolve me of my sinnes, and you, that are his servant in that high place, to affoord me this heavenly comfort. And after the absolution read and pronounced, hee received the sacrament with the zeale and devotion, as if he had not been a fraile man, but a cherubin cloathed with flesh and blood." Early on the fourteenth he sent for Charles: but before the prince could reach the chamber, the king had lost the faculty of speech, and in the course of a few hours expired, in the fifty-ninth year of his age, and the twenty-third of his reign. Of his seven children, three sons and four daughters, two only survived him; Charles, his successor on the throne, and Elizabeth, the titular queen of Bohemia.

We now come to that regal death, which, on the part of him who endured it was the most glorious in the annals of English history. Let his errors have been what they may, one cannot recur to that terrible termination of the life of Charles I., without feelings of deep reverence, awe, and admiration. Charles, with his cavaliers about him, supported the principle of monarchy against rebellion in arms. Again, when defenceless and alone, in the power of his ruthless enemies, he maintained unflinch-

Digitized by Google

ingly the same principle against rebellion triumphant. He sanctified that principle in his blood, and by doing so, saved the constitution. During the long period of republicanism, and then anarchy which ensued, the sight of a king dying on the scaffold for his cause passed not from the recollection of his people. The fact was there, impressed upon and irremoveable from the minds of men, that the commonwealth party, to obtain dominion, had been forced to cut the king's head off with the crown upon it. He had yielded nothing—forfeited nothing. The principle of monarchy remained—obscured indeed, but sparkling ever and anon, and ready at any moment to burst forth into permanent brilliancy again. It was, to use the words of the poet, a

> Glimpse of glory ne'er forgot
> Which told like the gleam on a sunset sea
> What once had been, what then was not,
> But oh! what again would brightly be.

And yet, with all his spirit and determination, how like a Christian Charles met the approach of his fearful death. There was not one particle of ostentation in his courage, or his piety. He evinced the meekness and resolution of a martyr. His very conduct on the scaffold awoke the crowd around him to the deep damnation of his taking off. His death was indeed the triumph of his cause.

The details of the martyrdom of King Charles are so familiar, that it would seem almost unnecessary to insert them here, yet the omission would go to exclude the most important portion of this regal necrology: moreover, the narrative cannot be read too often, for, it is right that, at every opportunity, we should

> —— question this most bloody piece of work
> And know it farther.

Charles, as is well known, underwent a mock trial before the sham High Court of Justice. He denied and rejected its authority, jurisdiction or legality, and he was sentenced by it to be beheaded. This doom was pronounced on Saturday, the 27th January, 1649. The court, after judgment given, went into the Painted-Chamber, and appointed Sir Hardress Waller, Ireton, Harrison, Dean and Okey, to consider of the time and place for the execution.

The king was taken by the guards to Sir Robert Cotton's house, and as he passed down stairs, the rude soldiers scoffed at him, blew the smoke of their tobacco in his face (a thing always very offensive to him) strewed pieces of pipes in his way, and one, more insolent than the rest, spit in his face, which his majesty patiently wiped off, taking no further notice of it: and as he passed farther, hearing some of them cry out, Justice, justice, and execution, he said, "Alas! poor souls, for a piece of money, they would do as much for their commanders." Afterwards the king hearing that his execution was determined to be the next day, before his palace at Whitehall, he sent an officer in the army to desire that he might see his children before his death, and that Dr. Juxon, Bishop of London, might be permitted to assist him in his private devotions, and receiving the sacrament, both which were granted to him upon a motion to the parliament.

Next day being Sunday, he was attended by a guard to St. James's, where the bishop preached before him upon these words: "In the day

Digitized by Google

when God shall judge the secrets of all men by Jesus Christ, according to my gospel."

The same day that the warrant was signed for his execution, the Duke of Gloucester, and the Lady Elizabeth, were brought to him, whom he received with great joy and satisfaction, and giving his blessing to the princess, he bade her remember to tell her brother James, that he should no more look upon Charles as his elder brother only, but as his sovereign, and forgive their father's enemies. Then taking the Duke of Gloucester upon his knee, said, Sweet heart, now they will cut off thy father's head, (at which words the child looked very wishfully upon him). Mark, child, what I say; they will cut off my head, and, perhaps, make thee a king: but mark what I say, you must not be a king so long as your brothers Charles and James are alive; for they will cut off your brothers' heads, as soon as they can catch them, and cut thy head off too at last, and therefore I charge you, do not be made a king by them. At which the child sighing, said, "I will be torn in pieces first."

The warrant for his Majesty's execution was signed on the 29th, and ran thus:—

"Whereas Charles Stewart, king of England. is, and standeth convicted, attainted and condemned of high-treason, and other high crimes, and sentence, upon Saturday last, was pronounced against him by this court, to be put to death, by the severing of his head from his body; of which sentence execution yet remaineth to be done: These are therefore to will and require you to see the said sentence executed in the open street, before Whitehall, upon the morrow, being the 30th day of January, between the hours of ten in the morning and five in the afternoon of the same day, with full effect, and for so doing, this shall be your sufficient warrant, and these are to require all officers, soldiers, and others the good people of this nation of England, to be assisting unto you in this service.

To Colonel Francis Hacker, Colonel Huncks and
Lieutenant-Colonel Phory, and to every of them.

Given under our hands and seals, sealed and subscribed by

John Bradshaw,	Thomas Horton,	Henry Martin,
Thomas Grey,	John Jones,	Vincent Potter,
Oliver Cromwell,	John More,	William Constable,
Edward Whaley,	Hardress Waller,	Richard Ingoldsby,
Michael Livesay,	Gilbert Millington,	William Cawley,
John Okey,	John Alured,	John Barkstead,
John Peters,	Robert Lilburn,	Isaac Ewers,
John Bouchier,	William Say,	John Dixwell,
Henry Ireton,	Anthony Stapeley,	Valentine Walton,
Thos. Mauleverer,	Richard Dean,	Gregory Norton,
John Blackiston,	Robert Titchburn,	Thomas Challoner,
John Hutchinson,	Humphrey Edwards,	Thomas Wogan,
William Goffe,	Daniel Blagrave,	John Ven,
Thomas Pride,	Owen Roe,	Gregory Clement,
Peter Temple,	William Purefoy,	John Downs,
Thomas Harrison,	Adrian Scrope,	Thomas Temple,
John Huson,	James Temple,	Thomas Scot,
Henry Smith,	Augustine Garland,	John Carew,
Peregrine Pelham,	Edmond Ludlow,	Miles Corbet.
Simon Meyne,		

On the next day, being the 30th January, the Bishop of London read divine service in his presence, and the 27th of St. Matthew, the history

Digitized by Google

of our Saviour's passion, being appointed by the church for that day, he gave the bishop thanks for his seasonable choice of the lesson; but the bishop acquainting him that it was the service of the day, it comforted him exceedingly, and then he proceeded to receive the holy sacrament. His devotions being ended, he was brought from St. James's to Whitehall, by a regiment of foot, part before, and part behind, with a private guard of partisans about him, the Bishop of London on the one hand, and Colonel Tomlinson, who had the charge of him, on the other, bareheaded. The guards marched at a slow pace, the king bade them go faster, saying, that he now went before them to strive for a heavenly crown, with less solicitude than he had often encouraged his soldiers to fight for an earthly diadem. Being come to the end of the park, he went up the stairs leading to the long gallery in Whitehall, where formerly he used to lodge, and there finding an unexpected delay, the scaffold being not ready, he past most of the time in prayer. About twelve o'clock (his Majesty refusing to dine, only ate a bit of bread and drank a glass of claret) Colonel Hacker, with other officers and soldiers, brought the king, with the bishop, and Colonel Tomlinson, through the banqueting-house, to the scaffold, a passage being made through a window. There might have been nothing mysterious in the delay: if there was, it may perhaps be explained from the following circumstance.

Four days had now elapsed since the arrival of ambassadors from the Hague to intercede in his favour. It was only on the preceding evening that they had obtained audiences of the two houses, and hitherto no answer had been returned. In their company came Seymour, the bearer of two letters from the prince of Wales, one addressed to the king, the other to Lord Fairfax. He had already delivered the letter, and with it a sheet of blank paper subscribed with the name and sealed with the arms of the prince. It was the price which he offered to the grandees of the army for the life of his father. Let them fill it up with the conditions: whatever they might be, they were already granted: his seal and signature were affixed. It is not improbable that this offer may have induced the leaders to pause. That Fairfax laboured to postpone the execution, was always asserted by his friends; and we have evidence to prove that, though he was at Whitehall, he knew not, or at least pretended not to know, what was passing.

In the mean while Charles enjoyed the consolation of learning that his son had not forgotten him in his distress. By the indulgence of Colonel Tomlinson, Seymour was admitted, delivered the letter, and received the royal instructions for the prince. He was hardly gone, when Hacker arrived with the fatal summons. About two o'clock the king proceeded through the long gallery, lined on each side with soldiers, who, far from insulting the fallen monarch, appeared by their sorrowful looks to sympathise with his fate. At the end an aperture had been made in the wall, through which he stepped at once upon the scaffold. It was hung with black: at the further end were seen the two executioners, the block, and the axe; below appeared in arms several regiments of horse and foot; and beyond, as far as the eye was permitted to reach, waved a dense and countless crowd of spectators. The king stood collected and undismayed amidst the apparatus of death. There was in his countenance that cheerful intrepidity, in his demeanour that dignified calmness, which had characterised, in the hall of Fotheringay, his royal grandmother, Mary Stuart. A strong guard of several

Digitized by Google

regiments of horse and foot, were planted on all sides, which hindered the near approach of the people, and the king being upon the scaffold, chiefly directed his speech to the bishop and Colonel Tomlinson, to this purpose:—

I shall be very little heard of any body else; I shall therefore speak a word to you here: Indeed, I could have held my peace well, if I did not think that holding my peace would make some men think that I did submit to the guilt, as well as the punishment; but I think it is my duty to God first, and then to my country, to clear myself, both as an honest man, a good king, and a good Christian. I shall begin first with my innocency, and, in troth, I think it not very needful to insist long upon this; for all the world knows, that I did never begin a war with the two houses of parliament, and I call God to witness, unto whom I must shortly make an account, that I did never intend to encroach upon their privileges; they began upon me. It is the militia they began upon; they confessed the militia was mine, but they thought fit to have it from me: And, to be short, if any body will look to the dates of commission, of their commissions and mine, and likewise to the declaration, he will see clearly, that they began these troubles, and not I. So as for the guilt of these enormous crimes that are laid against me, I hope that God will clear me. I will not, for I am in charity, and God forbid I should lay it upon the two houses of parliament, there is no necessity for either: I hope they are free of this guilt; but I believe, that ill instruments between them and me, have been the cause of all this bloodshed; so that as I find myself clear of this, I hope, and pray God, that they may too: Yet, for all this, God forbid I should be so ill a Christian, as not to say God's judgments are just upon me. Many times he doth pay justice by an unjust sentence—that is ordinary, I will say this, that an unjust sentence that I suffered to take effect, is punished by an unjust sentence upon me: So far I have said, to shew you, that I am an innocent man.

Now, to show that I am a good Christian, I hope there is a good man [pointing to the bishop] that will bear me witness, that I have forgiven all the world, and even those in particular that have been the cause of my death; who they are, God knows; I do not desire to know: I pray God forgive them. But this is not all, my charity must go farther; I wish that they may repent. Indeed, they have committed a great sin in that particular. I pray God, with St. Stephen, that it be not laid to their charge; and withal, that they may take the way to the peace of the kingdom; for my charity commands me not only to forgive particular men, but endeavour to the last gasp, the peace of the kingdom. So, Sirs, I do wish with all my soul (I see there are some here that will carry it farther) the peace of the kingdom. Sirs, I must show you how you are out of the way, and put you in the way. First, You are out of the way; for certainly all the ways you ever had yet, as far as ever I could find by any thing, are wrong. If in the way of conquest, certainly this is an ill way; for conquest, in my opinion, is never just, except there be a good and just cause, either for matter or wrong, or a just title; and then if you go beyond the first quarrel, that makes that unjust at the end that was just at first; for if there be only matter of conquest, then it is a robbery, as a pirate said to Alexander, that he was a great robber, himself was but a petty robber. And so, Sirs, I think for the way that you are in, you are much out of the way. Now, Sirs,

Digitized by Google

to put you in the way, believe it, you shall never go right, nor God will never prosper you, until you give God his due, the king his due (that is my successor) and the people their due: I am as much for them as any of you. You must give God his due, by regulating the church (according to the Scripture) which is now out of order; and to set you in a way particularly now, I cannot; but only this, a national synod freely called, freely debating among themselves, must settle this, when every opinion is freely heard. For the king (then turning to a gentleman that touched the axe, he said, hurt not the axe that may hurt me). Indeed, I will not—the laws of the land will clearly instruct you for that; therefore, because it concerns my own particular, I give you a touch of it. For the people, truly I desire their liberty and freedom as much as any body whosoever; but I must tell you, that their liberty and freedom consists in having government under those laws, by which their lives and their goods may be most their own. It is not in having a share in the government, that is nothing appertaining to them: A subject and a sovereign are clear differing things, and therefore, until you do that, I mean, that you put the people into that liberty, as I say, they will never enjoy themselves.

Sirs, it was for this that now I am come hither, for if I would have given way to an arbitrary course, to have all laws changed, according to the power of the sword, I need not to have come here; and therefore I tell you, (and I pray God it be not laid to your charge) that I am the martyr of the people. In troth, Sirs, I shall not hold you any longer: I will only say this to you, that I could have desired a little time longer, because I would have a little better digested this I have said, and therefore I hope you will excuse me; I have delivered my conscience, I pray God you take those courses that are the best for the good of the kingdom and your own salvation.

Bishop.—Though your Majesty's affections may be very well known as to religion; yet it may be expected that you should say something thereof for the world's satisfaction.

King.—I thank you heartily, my Lord, for I had almost forgotten it. In troth, Sirs, my conscience in religion, I think, is very well known to all the world, and therefore I declare before you all, that I die a Christian, according to the profession of the Church of England, as I found it left me by my father; and this honest man, I think, will witness it.

Then turning to the officers, he said, Sirs, excuse me for this same: I have a good cause, and I have a gracious God, I will say no more.

Then to Colonel Hacker, he said, take care that they do not put me to pain.

A gentleman coming near the axe, the king said, take heed of the axe, pray take heed of the axe.

Then speaking to the executioner, he said, I shall say but very short prayers, and when I thrust out my hands, let that be your sign.

He then called to the bishop for his night-cap, and having put it on, he said to the executioner, does my hair trouble you? who desired him to put it all under his cap, which the king did accordingly, with the help of the executioner, and the bishop. Then turning to the executioner, he said, I have a good cause and a righteous God on my side.

Bishop.—There is but one stage more, this stage is turbulent and full of trouble; it is a short one; but you may consider, it will soon carry

Digitized by Google

you from earth to heaven; and there you will find a great deal of cordial joy and happiness.

King.—I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can be, no disturbance in the world.

Bishop.—You are exchanged from a temporary to an eternal crown—a good exchange.

Then the king said, is my hair well? and took off his cloak and his George, giving his George to the bishop, saying, "remember." Then he put off his doublet, and being in his waistcoat, he put on his cloak again; then looked upon the block, he said to the executioner, you must set it fast.

Executioner.—It is fast, Sir.

King.—When I put out my hands this way (stretching them out) then do you work. After that, having said two or three words to himself, as he stood with hands lift up to heaven, immediately stooping down, he laid his neck upon the block; and then the executioner again putting his hair under his cap, the king, thinking he had been going to strike, said, stay for the sign.

Executioner.—Yes, I will, an't please your majesty.

Then, after a little pause, the king stretching forth his hands, the executioner, at one blow, severed his head from his body.

After the stroke was given, the body was presently coffined, and covered with a velvet pall, immediately upon which, the bishop, and Mr. Herbert, went with it to the back stairs to have it embalmed. After embalming, his head was sewed on by two surgeons. This done, the royal corpse was wrapt up in lead, covered with a velvet pall, and then was removed to St. James's. The girdle, or circumscription of capital letters, of lead, put about the king's coffin, had only these words, KING CHARLES, 1648.

An extraordinary circumstance attended the deathbed of CHARLES II.; the king, who, at least to all outward appearance had previously been a Protestant, declared, when conscious of approaching dissolution, his adhesion to the Church of Rome, and confessed to and received the sacrament from a catholic priest. Most historians agree in this being the fact, but as the catholic writers are of course more inclined to give the matter at length, we borrow the following full details from one of them:

On the 2nd of February, 1684, the King was seized with a violent fit of apoplexy, just as he came out of his closet, where he had been for some time before he was dressed. The Duke of York was immediately advertised of it; but before he could get to his majesty's bedchamber, one Dr. King, being in the withdrawing-room, was called in, and had let him blood; and then, by application and remedies usual on such occasions, (which was done by his own physicians,) he came perfectly again to his senses, so that next morning there were great hopes of his recovery; but on the fourth day, he grew so much worse that all these hopes vanished, and the doctors declared they absolutely despaired of his life, which made it high time to think of preparing for the other world. Accordingly two bishops came to do their function; who, reading the prayers appointed in the Common Prayer Book, on that occasion, when they came to the place where usually they exhort the sick person to make a confession of his sins, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, who was one of them, advertized him it was not of obligation; so, after a short exhortation, asked him if he were sorry for his sins?

Digitized by Google

which the king saying he was, the bishop pronounced absolution; and then asked him if he pleased to receive the sacrament? to which he added no reply; and being pressed by the bishop several times, gave no other answers, but that it was time enough, or that he would think of it.

The duke, who stood all this time by his Majesty's bed-side, and seeing that notwithstanding the bishop's solicitation, he would not receive the communion from them, and knowing the king's sentiments in the matters of religion, concerning which he had lately had frequent conferences with him, thought it a fit opportunity to remind him of it; and therefore, desiring the company to stand a little from the bed, said, he was overjoyed to find his Majesty in the same mind he was when he spoke lately to him in his closet about religion, at which time he pleased to show him a paper he had writ himself of controversy, and therefore asked him if he desired he should send for a priest to him? to which the King immediately replied, "For God's sake, brother, do; and please to lose no time." But then reflecting on the consequence, added, "but will you not expose yourself too much by doing it?"

The duke, who never thought of danger when the king's service called, though but in a temporal concern, much less in an eternal one, answered, "Sir, though it cost me my life, I will bring one to you;" and immediately going into the next room, and seeing never a Catholic he could send but the Count de Castel Machlor, he dispatched him on that errand; and though other priests were sent for, yet it fortuned none could be got but Father Huddlestone, Benedictine monk, who had been so assistant to his Majesty in making his escape after the battle of Worcester; who, being brought up a pair of back stairs into a private closet, the duke advertised the king where he was, who thereupon ordered all the people to withdraw except the Duke; but his Royal Highness thought fit that my Lord of Bath, who was lord of the bed-chamber then in waiting, and my Lord Feversham, the captain of his guards, should remain in the room, telling the king it was not fit he should be quite alone with his Majesty, considering the weak condition he was then in; and, as soon as the room was cleared, accordingly called Mr. Huddleston in, whom his majesty received with great joy and satisfaction, telling him he desired to die in the faith and communion of the Catholic church; that he was most heartily sorry for the sins of his past life, and particularly for having deferred his conversion so long; that he hoped, nevertheless, in the merits of Christ, that he was in charity with all the world, pardoned his enemies, and begged pardon of those he had any ways offended; and that if it pleased God he recovered, was resolved, by his assistance, to amend his life. Then he proceeded to make a confession of his whole life, with exceeding tenderness of heart, and pronounced an act of contrition with great piety and compunction. In this he spent about an hour; and, having desired to receive all the succours fit for a dying man, he continued making pious ejaculations, and, frequently lifting his hands, cried, "Mercy, sweet Jesus, mercy!" 'till the priest was ready to give him Extreme Unction; and the sacrament being come by the time this was ended, he asked his majesty if he desired to receive it? who answered, he did most earnestly, if he thought him worthy of it. Accordingly the priest, after some further preparations, going about to give it him, he raised himself up, and said, "let me meet my heavenly Lord in a better posture than lying on my bed;" but being desired not to discompose himself, he repeated the act of contrition, and then re-

Digitized by Google

ceived it with great piety and devotion; after which Father Huddleston, making him a short exhortation, left him in so much peace of mind that he looked approaching death in the face with all imaginable tranquillity and Christian resolution.

The company being then called in again, his majesty expressed the greatest kindness and tenderness for the duke that could possibly be conceived: he owned in the most public manner, the sense he had of his brotherly affection, during the whole course of his life, and particularly in this last action; he commended his great submission and constant obedience to all his commands; and asked him pardon aloud for the rigorous treatment he had so long exercised his patience with: all which he said in so affectionate a manner, as drew floods of tears from all that were present. He spoke most tenderly to the queen too; and, in fine, left nothing unsaid, or undone that so small a time would allow of, either to reconcile himself to God, or to make satisfaction to those he had injured upon earth, disposing himself to die with the piety and unconcernedness becoming a Christian, and resolution becoming a king, and then his senses beginning to fail him, (which had continued perfect till about an hour before his death,) he expired betwixt eleven and twelve o'clock, on Friday morning, being the 6th of February, 1684.

One direction Charles gave to his brother while dying, was characteristic of his natural gallantry and good-nature. "The rest," said he, "will no doubt take care of themselves, but oh! do not let poor Nelly be forgotten; she must not be left to starve." The allusion was of course to Nell Gwyn, the most amiable, and certainly the least blameable of the frail company that formed his court.

James II. the most wrong-headed, and yet the most honestly intentioned of the princes of the unfortunate Stuart dynasty, died the victim of his own obstinacy, an exile at the Château of St. Germains, near Paris. We have extant a detailed account of his death, which runs thus:

On the 4th of March, 1701, the king, while in the chapel of the castle, fainted away, but after some little time, coming to himself, seemed perfectly well again in a few hours; but that day se'nnight being seized again with a paralytic fit in the morning, as he was dressing, it so affected one side, that he had difficulty to walk, and lost the use of his right hand for some time, but after blistering, emetics, &c. he began to recover the use of it again; he walked pretty well; but on Friday, the 2nd of September, he was seized again with a fainting in the chapel, just as he had been at first, which returning upon him after he was carried to his chamber, was most afflicting to the disconsolate queen, in whose arms he fell the second time; however, he was pretty well next day, but on Sunday falling into another fit, was for some time without life or motion, 'till his mouth being forced open, he vomited a great quantity of blood. This put the queen, and all the people except himself, into the last degree of trouble and apprehension. In the meantime he sent for the prince, his son, who at his first entrance, seeing the king with a pale and dying countenance, the bed covered with blood, burst out, as well as all about him, into the most violent expression of grief.

As soon as the sacrament arrived, he cried out, "the happy day is come at last;" and, then recollecting himself, to receive the viaticum, the curate came to his bed-side and (as customary on those occasions,) asked him if he believed the real and substantial presence of our Saviour's body in the sacrament? to which he answered, "yes, I believe it,

Digitized by Google

I believe it with my whole heart;" after which having spent some time in spiritual recollection, he desired to receive the sacrament of Extreme Unction accompanying those ceremonies with exemplary piety and a singular presence of mind.

There could not be a better time than this for making a public declaration of his being in perfect charity with all the world, and that he pardoned his enemies from the bottom of his heart; and, lest his sincerity might be doubted in reference to those who had been so in a particular manner, he named the Prince of Orange, the Princess Ann, of Denmark, his daughter; and calling his confessor to take particular notice, "I forgive with all my heart the Emperor too." But in reality he had not waited to that moment to perform that Christian duty of forgiveness of injuries; his heart had been so far from any resentment on their account, that he reckoned them his best benefactors, and often declared he was more beholden to the Prince of Orange than to all the world besides.

The next day his most Christian Majesty, Louis XIV. came to see him, and alighted at the castle gate, as others did to prevent the noise of coaches coming in the court; the king received him with the same easiness and affability as usual, and indeed was better that night; and, though the night following he had an ill fit, yet on Wednesday he voided no more blood; and, his fever abating gave great hopes of amendment: on Sunday his most Christian Majesty made him a second visit, whom, as well as all the other princes and people of distinction (who were perpetually coming) he received with as much presence of mind and civility as if he had ailed nothing; but on Monday, he falling into a drowsiness, and his fever increasing, all those hopes of recovery vanished, and the queen was by his bedside when that happened, which put her into a sort of agony too; this the king perceiving was concerned for, and notwithstanding his weak condition, said "Madam, do not afflict yourself, I am going, I hope, to be happy."

The next day he continued in the same lethargic way, and seemed to take little notice of any thing except when prayers were read, which he was always attentive to, and, by the motion of lips, seemed to pray continually himself. On Tuesday the 13th, about three o'clock, his most Christian Majesty came a third time, to declare his resolution in reference to the prince, which in his former visits he had said nothing of, nor indeed had he determined that matter before. Upon which Louis went into the king, and coming to the bed-side, said, "Sir, I am come to see how your Majesty finds yourself to-day;" but the king, not hearing, made no reply; upon which one of his servants telling him that the King of France was there, he roused himself up, and said, "Where is he?" Upon which the King of France said, "Sir I am here, and come to see how you do;" so then the king began to thank him for all his favours, and particularly for the care and kindness he had shewn during his sickness. To which his most Christian Majesty replied, "Sir that is but a small matter, I have something to acquaint you with, of greater consequence." Upon which the king's servants, imagining he would be private, (the room being full of people) began to retire, which his most Christian Majesty perceiving, said out aloud, "Let nobody withdraw," and then went on; "I am come, Sir, to acquaint you, that whenever it shall please God to call your Majesty out of this world, I will take your family into my protection, and will treat your son, the

Digitized by Google

Prince of Wales, in the same manner I have treated you, and acknowledge him, as he then will be, King of England;" upon which all that were present, as well French as English, burst forth into tears, not being able any other way to express that mixture of joy and grief with which they were so surprisingly seized; some, indeed threw themselves at his most Christian Majesty's feet: others, by their gestures and countenances, (much more expressive on such occasions than words and speeches,) declared their gratitude for so generous an action; with which his most Christian Majesty was so much moved, that he could not refrain weeping himself.

The next day the king found himself better, so the prince was permitted to come to him, which he was not often suffered to do, it being observed, that when he saw him, it raised such a commotion in him, as was thought to do him harm; as soon therefore, as he came into the room, the king, stretching forth his arms to embrace him, said, "I have not seen you since his most Christian Majesty was here, and promised to own you when I was dead. I have sent my Lord Middleton to Marly, to thank him for it." Thus did this king talk of his approaching death, not only with indifference, but satisfaction, when he found his son and family would not be sufferers by it; and so composed himself to receive it with greater cheerfulness, if possible, than before; nor was that happy hour far from him now, for the next day he grew much weaker, was taken with continual convulsions, or shaking in the hands, and the day following, being Friday the 16th of September, about three in the afternoon, rendered his soul into the hands of his Redeemer, the day of the week and hour, wherein our Saviour died, and on which he always practised a particular devotion to obtain a happy death.

Digitized by Google

THE ROLL OF BATTLE ABBEY.

(Annotated.)

LANE, OR DE LA LONE. From this Norman, the Lanes of Staffordshire claim descent, a family illustrious in history for the part they took in the preservation of King Charles II. After the battle of Worcester, Col. John Lane, the head of the House, received the fugitive Prince at his mansion of Bentley, whence his Majesty was conveyed in disguise by the Colonel's eldest sister, Jane Lane to her cousin Mrs. Norton's residence near Bristol. This loyal lady married in the sequel Sir Clement Fisher of Packington, in Warwickshire, and received, after the Restoration, an annual pension of £1000 for life. From her brother, the cavalier Colonel Lane, (to whom was granted, in augmentation of his paternal coats, an especial badge of honour, viz. the arms of England in a canton, with, for *crest*, a strawberry roan horse, bearing between his fore legs, the Royal Crown,) lineally descends the present JOHN NEWTON LANE, Esq. of King's Bromley Manor, co. Stafford.

LOVETOT. Not long after the Conquest, we find William de Lovetot possessed of Hallam, Attercliffe, Sheffield, and other places in Yorkshire, and we subsequently trace his family, for three generations, as feudal Lords of Hallamshire. Little attention has been paid by our genealogists to the origin of this potent house, but certain it is that its benign influence laid the foundation of the prosperity which that district of Yorkshire enjoys to this day. The feudal chieftain of the time of our early Norman Kings in his baronial hall, presents not at all times an object which can be contemplated with satisfaction by those who regard power but as a trust, to be administered for the general good. With authority little restricted by law or usage, he had the power of oppressing as well as benefitting the population by which he was surrounded, and many doubtless were the hearts which power so excessive seduced. It is gratifying when we find those who could overcome its seductive influence. And such seem to have been the family of De Lovetot. But few of their transactions have come down to us, but none which leave a blot upon their memory, and some which show that they had a great and humane regard for the welfare of those whom the arrangements of Providence had made more immediately dependent on them. One of their first cares was to plant churches on their domains, and their religious zeal is still further displayed by the foundation and endowment of the splendid monastery of Worksop. The last of the male line of the Lovetots, William, Lord of Hallamshire, died between the 22nd and 27th years of the reign of Henry II., leaving an only daughter, Matilda or Maud, then of very tender age. This lady was heir to her father's large possessions, and, through her mother, was nearly allied to the great house of Clare. Her wardship fell to the king, but Henry seems to have left it to his son and successor, Richard Cœur de Lion, to select the person to whom her hand should be given, and therefore to appoint to what new family the fair lordship of Sheffield should devolve. As might be expected, Richard chose the son of one of his companions in arms; and Maud de Lovetot was bestowed on Gerard de Furnival, a young Norman knight, son of another Gerard de Furnival, distinguished at the siege of Acre. Thus the Furnivals became possessed of the Lordship of Hallamshire which eventually passed through the marriage of their heiress to the Talbots, Earls of Shrewsbury, and from them to the Howards, Dukes of Norfolk.

MALET. William, Lord Malet de Greville was one of the great barons who accompanied the Conqueror, and had, in charge, to protect the remains of the fallen monarch, Harold, and to see them decently interred after the Battle. His son, Robert, Lord Malet, possessed

Digitized by Google

at the general survey, thirty-two Lordships in Yorkshire, three in Essex, one in Hampshire, two in Notts, eight in Lincolnshire, and two hundred and twenty-one in Suffolk. The near kinsman of this Robert, William Malet, Lord of the Honour of Eye in Suffolk, was one of the subscribing witnesses to Magna Charta; and from him lineally derives the present SIR ALEXANDER MALET, Bart. of Wilbury House, Wilts.

MALEHERBE. The descendants of this knight were seated at Fenyton in the county of Devon, as early as the reign of Henry II., and continued there for thirteen generations, when the heiress married Ferrers, and afterwards Kirkham. The arms of the Malherbes were, or a chev. gu. between three nettle leaves erect ppr. referential to the family name

MAUNDEVILE. Upon the first arrival in England of the Conqueror, there was amongst his companions a famous soldier, called Geffray de Magnavil, so designated from the town of Magnavil in the Duchy of Normandy, who obtained as his share in the spoil of Conquest, divers fair and wide spreading domains in the counties of Berks, Suffolk, Middlesex, Surrey, Oxford, Cambridge, Herts, Northampton, Warwick and Essex. The grandson of this richly gifted noble, another GEOFFREY DE MANDEVILLE, was advanced by King Stephen to the Earldom of Essex, but nevertheless, when the Empress Maud raised her standard, he deserted his Royal benefactor, and arrayed himself under the hostile banner. In requital, the Empress confirmed to him the custody of the Tower of London, granted the hereditary Sheriffalty of London, Middlesex and Herts, and bestowed upon him all the lands of Eudo Dapifer in Normandy, with the office of steward, as his rightful inheritance, and numerous other valuable immunities, in a covenant witnessed by Robert, Earl of Gloucester and several other powerful nobles, which covenant contained the singular clause, "that neither the Earl of Anjou, the Empress's husband, nor herself, nor her children, would ever make peace with the burgesses of London, but with the consent of him the said Geoffrey, because they were his mortal enemies." Besides this, he had a second charter, dated at Westminster, recreating him Earl of Essex. Of these proceedings King Stephen, having information, seized upon the Earl in the court, then at St. Albans, some say after a bloody affray, in which the Earl of Arundel, being thrown into the water with his horse, very narrowly escaped drowning; certain it is, that to regain his liberty, the Earl of Essex was constrained, not only to give up the Tower of London, but his own Castles of Walden and Blessey. Wherefore, being transported with wrath, he fell to spoil and rapine, invading the king's demense lands and others, plundering the abbeys of St. Albans and Ramsay: which last having surprised at an early hour in the morning, he expelled the monks therefrom, made a fort of the church, and sold their religious ornaments to reward his soldiers; in which depredations he was assisted by his brother-in-law, William de Say, a stout and warlike man, and one Daniel, a counterfeit monk. At last, being publicly excommunicated for his many outrages, he besieged the Castle of Burwell, in Kent, and going unhelmed, in consequence of the heat of the weather, he was shot in the head with an arrow, of which wound he soon afterwards died. This noble outlaw had married Rohesia, daughter of Alberic de Vere, Earl of Oxford, Chief Justice of England, and had issue, Ernulph, Geoffrey, William and Robert; and by a former wife, whose name is not mentioned, a daughter Alice, who married John de Lacy, constable of Chester. Of his death, Dugdale thus speaks:—"Also that for these outrages, having incurred the penalty of excommunication, he happened to be mortally wounded, at a little town, called Burwell; whereupon, with great contrition for his sins, and making what satisfaction he could, there came at last some of the knights templars to him, and putting on him the habit of their order, with a red cross, carried his dead corpse into their orchard, at the old Temple, in London, and coffining it in lead hanged it on a crooked tree. Likewise, that after some time, by the industry and expenses of William, whom he had constituted Prior of Walden, his absolution was obtained from Pope Alexander III., so that his body was received among Christians, and divers offices celebrated for him; but that when the prior endeavoured to take

Digitized by Google

down the coffin and carry it to Walden, the templars being aware of the design, buried it privately in the church-yard of the NEW TEMPLE, viz. in the porch before the west door."

William de Mandeville, last surviving son of this famous noble, succeeded as third Earl of Essex, at the decease of his brother Geoffry, and not long after made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. At his death, which occurred in 1190, the feudal lordship and estates he enjoyed devolved on his aunt, Beatrix, wife of William de Say'; and from her, passed to the husband of her grand-daughter—the celebrated Geoffrey Fitz Piers, Justice of England, whom Matthew Paris characterizes as "ruling the reins of government so, that after his death, the realm was like a ship in a tempest without a pilot." His only daughter and eventual heiress, Maud, wedded Robert de Bohun, Earl of Hereford, and had a son, Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, with whose male descendants the latter Earldom continued until the decease in 1372, of Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford, Northampton and Essex, whose elder daughter and co. heir, Alianore, married Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, sixth son of Edward III., and was mother of Anne Plantagenet, the consort of William Bourchier, Earl of Ewe in Normandy. Of this alliance, the son and heir Henry Bourchier, Earl of Ewe, obtained a patent of the Earldom of Essex in 1461, and was succeeded therein by his grandson, Henry Bourchier, 2nd Earl of Essex, at whose demise in 1539, the representation of his illustrious house and of the Mandevilles and Bohuns, Earls of Essex, devolved on his sister, Cicely, wife of John Devereux, Lord Ferrers of Chartley, whose great-grandson, Walter Devereux, 2nd Viscount Hereford, was raised in 1572 to the Earldom of Essex, a title that expired with Robert Devereux, 3rd Earl, the Parliamentary General. It was however revived in about fifteen years after in the person of Arthur, Lord Capel, whose wife, the Lady Elizabeth Percy, was grand-daughter of Lady Dorothy Devereux, sister of Robert, Earl of Essex, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth. Thus the present Earl of Essex can deduce an unbroken line of descent through each successive family that held the honour, from Geoffrey de Mandeville upon whom the Earldom of Essex was conferred by King Stephen.

MARMYON. The chiefs of this great house are stated to have been hereditary champions to the Dukes of Normandy, prior to the Conquest of England: certain it is that Robert de Marmyon, Lord of Fonteney, obtained from his royal master, not long after the Battle of Hastings, a grant of the manors of Tamworth, co. Warwick and Scrivelsby, co. Lincoln, the latter to be held "by the service of performing the office of champion at the King's Coronation." His descendants and eventual coheiresses were Joan Cromwell, wife of Alexander, Lord Frevile, and Margaret de Ludlow, wife of Sir John Dymoke: between whom his estates were partitioned, Freville receiving Tamworth, and Dymoke, Scrivelsby with the championship of England, which is still held by his representative Sir HENRY DYMOKE, Bart. of Scrivelsby.

MALEUILE. The great Northern House of Melville claims this Norman as the patriarch of their race. Galfrid de Maleville, the earliest of the family who appears in Scottish history, had the honour of being the first Justiciary of Scotland on record. From him descend the Earls of Melville.

MARTEINE. This entry on the Battle Abbey Roll refers to the famous Martin de Tours, who came over from Normandy with the Conqueror, and was distinguished at the battle of Hastings. Subsequently he acquired by conquest, as one of the Lords Marchers, a large district in Pembrokeshire, called Cemaes or KEMES, and became Palatine Baron thereof, exercising within his territory, subject to feudal homage to the King, all the *jura regalia*, which, at that period, appertained to the crown of the English monarch. He made Newport the head of his Palatinate, and there erected his castle, the ruins of which still exist. From this potent noble, the Palatine Barony of Kemes has descended to the present THOMAS DAVIES LLOYD, Esq., Bronwydd, co. Cardigan, who derives from Martin de Tours, through the families of Owen of Henllys, and Lloyd of Penpedwast. He holds the lordship by the same tenure, and exercises the *jura regalia* in the same manner as his great ancestor did under the Conqueror. Newport, the "caput baroniæ," has been, time immemorial, under the local juris-

Digitized by Google

diction of a mayor (appointed annually by Mr. Lloyd of Bronwydd,) and twelve burgesses: courts leet and baron are held at stated periods in the town, where all the business of the lordship is transacted, fresh grants of land given by the burgesses, under the sanction of the lord, and other affairs settled. The lordship is fifty miles in circumference, and each farm in it pays what is called a "chief rent" to Mr. Lloyd, of Bronwydd. He is obliged to walk the boundaries every five years, a task which generally occupies a week.

The immediate male descendants of Martin de Tours were summoned to parliament in the Barony Martin, which, at the decease of William, Lord Martin, in 1326, fell into abeyance between his heirs, Eleanor Columbers, his sister, and James de Audley, his nephew, as it still continues with their representatives.

MARE. The descendants of this Norman knight occupied a prominent position in Staffordshire, in the time of the early Plantagenets. William de Mere occurs as High Sheriff of that county, temp. Edward II., and in the next reign, Peter de la Mere filled the speaker's chair in the House of Commons. At an early period, the family possessed the manor of Maer, co. Stafford, and are also found resident at Norton, in the Moors. The name is spelt, in ancient deeds, de Mere, de Mare, but the more recent orthography is Mayer.

MAULEY. The first of this name we can trace is Peter de Mauley, a Poictevin, Baron of Mulegrave and Lord of Doncaster, in Yorkshire. He appears to have been an adherent of King John, and to have acquired his English estates in marriage with Isabel, daughter and heir of Robert de Thurnham, whose wife was Joanna Fossard, heiress of Mulgrave, a descendant, probably, of the Domesday Nigel. Camden says, that "by marriage Peter de Mauley came to a great inheritance at Mulgrave, and that the estate was enjoyed by seven Peters, Lords de Malo-lacu, successively, who bore for their arms "or, a bend sa." But the seventh, who had summons to parliament from 22 Ric. II. to 3 Hen V., dying *s. p.*, his possessions were divided between Sir John Bigot, Knt, and George Salvaine, of Duffield, who had married his sisters. The manor of Mulgrave is now the property of the Marquess of Normanby.

MORTIMER. Ralph de Mortimer, supposed to have been son of the famous Norman general, Roger de Mortimer, and to have been related to the Conqueror, held a principal command at the battle of Hastings; and, shortly after, as the most puissant of the victor's captains, was sent into the Marches of Wales to encounter Edric, Earl of Shrewsbury, who still resisted the Norman yoke. This nobleman, after much difficulty and a long siege in his castle of Wigmore, Mortimer subdued, and delivered into the king's hands; when, in requital of his good services, he obtained a grant of all Edric's estates, and seated himself at Wigmore. Thus arose, in England, the illustrious house of Mortimer, destined to occupy the most prominent place on the roll of the Plantagenet nobility, and to transmit to the royal line of York a right to the diadem of England, which, after the desolating contests of the Roses, triumphed in the person of Edward. Earl of March, who ascended the throne as fourth of his name, Roger, Lord Mortimer of Wigmore, so notorious in our histories as the paramour of Queen Isabel, was grandson of Roger Mortimer, the illustrious adherent of Henry III. in the baronial war, to whom Prince Edward was indebted for his deliverance from captivity after the battle of Lewes. The exploit is thus recorded by Dugdale:—"Seeing his sovereign in this great distress, and nothing but ruin and misery attending himself, and all other the king's loyal subjects, he took no rest till he had contrived some way for their deliverance; and to that end sent a swift horse to the prince, then prisoner with the king in the castle of Hereford, with intimation that he should obtain leave to ride out for recreation, into a place called Widmersh; and that upon sight of a person mounted on a white horse, at the foot of Tulington Hill, and waving his bonnet (which was the Lord of Croft, as it was said), he should haste towards him with all possible speed. Which being accordingly done (though all the country thereabouts were thither called to prevent his escape), setting spurs to that horse he overwent them all. Moreover, that being come to the park of Tulington, this Roger met him with five hundred armed men; and seeing many to pursue, chased them back to the gates of Hereford, making great slaughter amongst them." At the ignominious death, on the com-

Digitized by Google

mon gallows, of Roger Mortimer, Queen Isabel's favourite, his earldom of March became forfeited, but was restored to his grandson, Roger, Lord Mortimer, a warrior of distinction and a Knight of the Garter. His son and successor, Edmund, Earl of March, espoused the Lady Philippa Plantagenet, daughter and heir of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, and dying in 1381 (being then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland), left with two daughters, the elder, Elizabeth, wife of the gallant Hotspur, three sons, the eldest of whom, Roger, fourth Earl of March, was father of the Lady Anne Mortimer, who wedded Richard Plantagenet, Earl of Cambridge, and conveyed to the house of York, the right to the Crown of England

MONTRAUERS. Although none of the family founded by this Norman knight were barons by tenure or had summons to parliament before the time of the third Edward, yet were they anciently persons of note. In the reign of Henry I., within less than half a century after the Conquest, Hugh Maltravers was a witness to the charter made by that Monarch to the Monks of Montacute in the county of Somerset; and, in the 5th of Stephen, Maltravers gave a thousand marks of silver and one hundred pounds, for the widow of Hugh Delaval and lands of the said Hugh, during the term offifteen years and then to have the benefit of her dowry and marriage.

The infamous part which John, Lord Maltravers, took in the cruel murder of King Edward II., is too well known to need recitation here—enough is it to state that the wretched monarch was removed from the custody of Lord Berkeley, who had treated him with some degree of humanity, and placed under Lord Maltravers and Sir Thomas Gournay, for the mere purpose of destruction, and that those ruffians ultimately fulfilled their diabolical commission in the most horrible manner possible, in one of the chambers at Berkeley Castle. So conscious was Maltravers of guilt, that he fled immediately after the foul deed into Germany, where he remained for several years, having had judgment of death passed upon him in England; but in the 19th of the same reign, King Edward being in Flanders, Lord Maltravers came and made a voluntary surrender of himself to the King, who in consideration of his services abroad, granted him a safe convoy into England to abide the decision of parliament; in which he had afterwards a full and free pardon, (25 Edward III.,) and was summoned as a BARON to take his seat therein. That was not, however, sufficient, King Edward constituted the murderer of his father, soon after, Governor of the Isles of Guernsey, Alderney, and Sarke.

After the decease of this Lord Maltravers, the BARONY passed to his granddaughter, (the eventual sold heiress of his predeceased son, Sir John Maltravers,) Eleanor, wife of the Hon. John Fitz-Allan, whose son John was summoned to parliament as Lord Maltravers, and succeeded as eleventh Earl of Arundel, and the Barony of Maltravers has since merged in that superior dignity, Lady Mary Fitz-allan, the daughter, and ultimately sole heiress of Henry, eighteenth Earl of Arundel, married Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, and brought the barony and earldom into the Howard family. These dignities descended to her son, Philip, who was ATTAINTED in the 32nd Elizabeth, when the barony fell under the attainder, but it was restored to his son, Thomas Howard, twentieth Earl of Arundel; and by Act of Parliament, 3rd Charles I., the BARONY OF MALTRAVERS, together with those of Fitz-Allan, Clun, and Oswaldestre, was annexed to the title, dignity, and honour of ARUNDEL, and settled upon Thomas Howard, then Earl of Arundel.

[*To be continued.*]

Digitized by Google

CURIOUS TRIALS CONNECTED WITH THE ARISTOCRACY.

No. XIII.—The Crimes and Vicissitudes of William Parsons, the Son of a Baronet.

The singular story of this miserable man's life of guilt is to be found included in almost every English collection of criminal trials. For its authenticity, it is not here intended to vouch further than that this William Parsons was tried, convicted, and eventually executed, and that as he was the member and heir of a highly honourable family, it is more than probable the tale would, were it false, have been long before now contradicted. The account presents certainly one of the most extraordinary instances of perverseness in crime ever recorded: its very strangeness makes it interesting, and affords the best excuse for its insertion here. A word or two, however, first about the family of Parsons, to which the subject of this melancholy history belonged.

The Parsons were of Northamptonshire origin, and became afterwards seated at Boveny, in the county of Bucks. Sir John Parsons, Knt., of Boveny, married Elizabeth, daughter and sole heiress of Sir John Kidderminster, of Langley in Buckinghamshire, and had a son, William Parsons, Esq., of Langley, who was created a baronet, the 9th of April, 1661. Sir William Parsons, the grandson of this first baronet, himself the third baronet, married for his first wife Frances, daughter of Henry Dutton, Esq., by whom he had issue, beside a son, John, who died young, and a daughter, Grace, to whom her maternal aunt, the Duchess of Northumberland, left a considerable fortune, another son, William, the subject of this narrative, who married Mary, daughter of John Frampton, Esq., of the Exchequer, and had an only surviving son, Mark. Sir William Parsons married, secondly, Isabella, fifth daughter and coheir of James Holt, Esq., of Castleton in Lancashire, and relict of Delaval Dutton, Esq., but had no other issue. Sir William died about 1760, and was succeeded by his grandson Sir Mark Parsons, who died unmarried in 1812, when the baronetcy became extinct.

The history of William Parsons is as follows.

William Parsons, the son of Sir William Parsons, Bart., was born in London, in the year 1717. He was placed under the care of a pious and learned divine at Pepper-harrow, in Surrey, where he received the first rudiments of education. In a little more than three years, he was removed to Eton College, where it was intended that he should qualify himself for one of the universities.

While he was a scholar at Eton, he was detected in stealing a volume of Pope's Homer in the shop of a bookseller named Pote. Being charged with the fact, he confessed that he had stolen many other books at different times. The case being represented to the master, Parsons underwent a very severe discipline.

Though he remained at Eton nine years, his progress in learning was very inconsiderable. The youth was of so unpromising a disposition,

Digitized by Google

that Sir William determined to send him to sea, as the most probable means to prevent his destruction, and soon procured him the appointment of midshipman on board a man-of-war, then lying at Spithead under sailing orders for Jamaica, there to be stationed for three years.

Some accident detaining the ship beyond the time when it was expected she would sail, Parsons applied for leave of absence, and went on shore; but having no intention to return, he immediately directed his course towards a small town about ten miles from Portsmouth, called Bishop's Waltham, where he soon ingratiated himself into the favour of the principal inhabitants.

His figure being pleasing, and his manner of address easy and polite, he found but little difficulty in recommending himself to the ladies.

He became greatly enamoured of a beautiful and accomplished young lady, the daughter of a physician of considerable practice, and prevailed upon her to promise she would yield her hand in marriage.

News of the intended marriage coming to the knowledge of his father, Sir William, and his uncle, the latter hastened to Waltham to prevent a union which he apprehended would inevitably produce the ruin of the contracting parties.

With much difficulty the uncle prevailed upon Parsons to return to the ship, which in a few days afterwards proceeded on her voyage.

The ship had not been long arrived at the place of destination, when Parsons resolved to desert, and return to England, and soon found an opportunity of shipping himself on board the Sheerness man-of-war, then preparing to sail on her return home.

Immediately after his arrival in England, he set out for Waltham, in order to visit the object of his desires; but his uncle being apprised of his motions, repaired to the same place, and represented his character in so unfavourable, but at the same time in so just a manner, that it prevented the renewal of his addresses to the physician's daughter.

He went home with his uncle, who observed his conduct with a most scrupulous attention, and confined him, as much as possible, within doors. This generous relation at length exerted his interest to get the youth appointed midshipman on board his Majesty's ship the Romney, which was under orders for the Newfoundland station.

Upon his return from Newfoundland, Parsons learnt, with infinite mortification, that the Duchess of Northumberland, to whom he was related, had revoked a will made in his favour, and bequeathed to his sister a very considerable legacy, which he had expected to enjoy. He was repulsed by his friends and acquaintance, who would not in the least countenance his visits at their houses; and his circumstances now became exceedingly distressed.

Thus situated, he applied to a gentleman named Bailey, with whom he had formerly lived on terms of intimacy; and his humanity induced him to invite Parsons to reside in his house, and to furnish him with the means of supporting the character of a gentleman. Mr. Bailey also was indefatigable in his endeavours to effect a reconciliation between young Parsons and his father, in which he at length succeeded.

Sir William having prevailed upon his son to go abroad again, and procured him an appointment under the governor of James Fort, on the river Gambia, he embarked on board a vessel in the service of the Royal African Company.

Parsons had resided at James Fort about six months, when a disagree-

Digitized by Google

ment took place between him and Governor Aufleur; in consequence of which the former signified a resolution of returning to England. Hereupon the governor informed him that he was commissioned to engage him as an indented servant for five years. Parsons warmly expostulated with the governor, declaring that his behaviour was neither that of a man of probity or a gentleman, and requested permission to return. But so far from complying, the governor issued orders to the sentinels to be particularly careful lest he should effect an escape.

Notwithstanding every precaution, Parsons found means to get on board a homeward-bound vessel, and being followed by Mr. Aufleur, he was commanded to return, but cocking a pistol, and presenting it to the governor, he declared he would fire upon any man who should presume to molest him. Hereupon the governor departed, and in a short time the ship sailed for England.

Soon after his arrival in his native country, he received an invitation to visit an uncle who lived at Epsom, which he gladly accepted, and experienced a most cordial and friendly reception.

He resided with his uncle about three months, and was treated with all imaginable kindness and respect. At length, the discovery of an act of misconduct on his part so incensed the old gentleman, that he dismissed Parsons from his house.

Reduced to the most deplorable state of poverty, he directed his course towards the metropolis; and three halfpence being his whole stock of money, he subsisted four days upon the bread purchased with that small sum, quenching his thirst at the pumps he casually met with in the streets. He lay four nights in a hay-loft in Chancery-lane, belonging to the Master of the Rolls, by permission of the coachman, who pitied his truly deplorable case.

At length he determined to apply for redress to an ancient gentlewoman, with whom he had been acquainted in his more youthful days, when she was in the capacity of companion to the Duchess of Northumberland. Weak and emaciated through want of food, his appearance was rendered still more miserable by the uncleanliness and disorder of his apparel; and when he appeared before the old lady, she tenderly compassionated his unfortunate situation, and recommended him to a decent family in Cambridge-street, with whom he resided some time in a very comfortable manner, the old gentlewoman defraying the charge of his lodging and board; and a humane gentleman, to whom she had communicated his case, supplying him with money for common expenses.

Sir William came to town at the beginning of the winter, and received an unexpected visit from his son, who dropped upon his knees, and supplicated forgiveness with the utmost humility and respect. His mother-in-law was greatly enraged at his appearance, and upbraided her husband with being foolishly indulgent to so graceless a youth, at the same time declaring that she would not live in the house where he was permitted to enter.

Sir William asked him what mode of life he meant to adopt? and his answer was, that he was unable to determine; but would cheerfully pursue such measures as so indulgent a parent should think proper to recommend. The old gentleman then advised him to enter as a private man in the horse-guards, which he approved of, saying, he would immediately offer himself as a volunteer.

Digitized by Google

Upon mentioning his intention to the adjutant, he was informed that he must pay seventy guineas for his admission into the corps. This news proved exceedingly afflicting, as he had but little hope that his father would advance the necessary sum. Upon returning to his father's lodgings, he learnt that he had set out for the country, and left him a present of only five shillings.

Driven now nearly to a state of distraction, he formed the desperate resolution of putting an end to his life, and repaired to St. James's Park, intending to throw himself into Rosamond's Pond. While he stood on the brink of the water, waiting for an opportunity of carrying his impious design into effect, it occurred to him, that a letter he had received, mentioning the death of an aunt, and that she had bequeathed a legacy to his brother, might be made use of to his own advantage; and he immediately declined the thoughts of destroying himself.

He produced the letter to several persons, assuring them that the writer had been misinformed respecting the legacy, which in reality was left to himself; and under the pretext of being entitled to it, he obtained money and effects from different people to a considerable amount. Among those who were deceived by this stratagem was a tailor in Devereux-court in the Strand, who gave him credit for several genteel suits of clothes.

The money and other articles thus fraudulently obtained, enabled him to engage in scenes of gaiety and dissipation; and he seemed to entertain no idea that his happiness would be but of short duration.

Accidentally meeting the brother of the young lady to whom he had made professions of love at Waltham, he intended to renew his acquaintance with him, and his addresses to his sister; but the young gentleman informed Parsons that his sister died suddenly a short time after his departure from Waltham.

Parsons endeavoured, as much as possible, to cultivate the friendship of the above young gentleman, and represented his case in so plausible a manner, as to obtain money from him, at different times, to a considerable amount.

Parsons' creditors now became exceedingly importunate, and he thought there was no probability of relieving himself from his difficulties, but by connecting himself in marriage with a woman of fortune.

Being eminently qualified in those accomplishments which are known to have a great influence over the female world, Parsons soon ingratiated himself into the esteem of a young lady possessed of a handsome independency bequeathed her by her lately deceased father. He informed his creditors that he had a prospect of an advantageous marriage; and as they were satisfied that the lady had a good fortune, they supplied him with every thing necessary for prosecuting the amour, being persuaded that, if the expected union took place, they should have no difficulty in recovering their respective demands.

The marriage was solemnized on the 10th of February, 1740, in the twenty-third year of his age. On this event, the uncle, who lived at Epsom, visited him in London, and gave him the strongest assurances that he would exert every possible endeavour to promote his interest and happiness, on condition that he would avoid such proceedings as would render him unworthy of friendship and protection. His relations in general were perfectly satisfied with the connexion he had made, and hoped that his irregular and volatile disposition

Digitized by Google

would be corrected by the prudent conduct of his bride, who was justly esteemed a young lady of great sweetness of temper, virtue, and discretion.

A few weeks after his marriage, his uncle interceded in his behalf with the Right Honourable Arthur Onslow; and through the interest of that gentleman he was appointed an ensign in the thirty-fourth regiment of foot.

He now discharged all his debts, which proved highly satisfactory to all his relations; and this conduct was the means of his obtaining further credit in times of future distress.

He hired a very handsome house in Poland-street, where he resided two years, in which time he had two children, one of whom died very young. From Poland-street, he removed to Panton-square, and the utmost harmony subsisted between him and his wife, who were much respected by their relations and acquaintances.

But it must be observed, that though his conduct in other respects had been irreproachable from the time of his marriage, he was guilty of unpardonable indiscretion as to his manner of living; for he kept three saddle-horses, a chaise and pair, several unnecessary servants, and engaged in many other superfluous expenses that his income could not afford.

Unfortunately Parsons became acquainted with an infamous gambler, who seduced him to frequent gaming-houses, and to engage in play. He lost considerable sums, which were shared between the pretended friend of Parsons, and his wicked accomplices.

Parsons was now promoted to a lieutenancy in Colonel Cholmondely's regiment, which was ordered into Flanders, and was accompanied to that country by the abandoned gamester, whom he considered as his most valuable friend. The money he lost in gaming, and the extravagant manner in which he lived, in a short time involved him in such difficulties that he was under the necessity of selling his commission, in order to discharge his debts contracted in Flanders. The commission being sold, Parsons and his treacherous companion returned to England.

His arrival was no sooner known than his creditors were extremely urgent for the immediate discharge of their respective claims, which induced him to take a private lodging in Gough-square, where he passed under the denomination of Captain Brown. He pretended to be an unmarried man; and saw his wife only when appointments were made to meet at a public-house.

His creditors having discovered the place of his retreat, he deemed it prudent to remove; and at this juncture an opportunity offered by which he hoped to retrieve his fortune; and he therefore embarked as captain of marines on board the Dursley privateer.

Soon after the arrival of the ship at Deal, Parsons went on shore, provided with pistols, being determined not to submit to an arrest, which he supposed would be attempted. He had no sooner landed on the beach, than he was approached by five or six men, one of whom attempted to seize him; but Parsons, stepping aside, discharged one of the pistols, and lodged a ball in the man's thigh. He then said, he was well provided with weapons, and would fire upon them if they presumed to give him further molestation. Hereupon the officers retreated; and Parsons returned to the ship, which sailed from Deal the following morning.

Digitized by Google

They had been in the Channel about a week, when they made prize of a French privateer, which they carried into the port of Cork. Parsons being now afflicted with a sickness that prevailed among the French prisoners, was sent on shore for the recovery of his health. During his illness, the vessel sailed on another cruize, and he was no sooner in a condition to permit him to leave his apartment, than he became anxious to partake of the fashionable amusements.

In order to recruit his finances, which were nearly exhausted, he drew bills of exchange on three merchants in London, on which he raised 60*l.*; and before advice could be transmitted to Cork, that he had no effects in the hands of the persons on whom he had drawn the bills, he embarked on board a vessel bound for England.

He landed at Plymouth, where he resided some time under a military character, to support his claim to which he was provided with a counterfeit commission. He frequented all places of public resort, and particularly where gaming was permitted. His money being nearly expended, he obtained a hundred pounds from a merchant of Plymouth, by means of a false draft upon an alderman of London. Some time after the discovery of the fraud, the injured party saw Parsons a transport prisoner on board a ship bound to Virginia, lying in Catwater Bay, where he assured him of an entire forgiveness, and made him a present of a guinea.

From Plymouth, Parsons repaired to London, and his money being nearly spent, he committed the following fraud, in conjunction with a woman of the town: taking his accomplice to a tavern in the Strand (where he was known), he represented her as an heiress, who had consented to a private marriage, and requested the landlord to send immediately for a clergyman. The parson being arrived, and about to begin the ceremony, Parsons pretended to recollect that he had forgotten to provide a ring, and ordered the waiter to tell some shopkeeper in the neighbourhood to bring some plain gold rings. Upon this the clergyman begged to recommend a very worthy man, who kept a jeweller's shop in the neighbourhood; and Parsons said it was a matter of indifference with whom he laid out his money; adding, that as he wished to compliment his bride with some small present, the tradesman might also bring some diamond rings.

The rings being brought, and one of each chosen, Parsons produced a counterfeit draft, saying, the jeweller might either give him change then, or call for payment after the ceremony; on which the jeweller retired, saying, he would attend again in the afternoon. In a little time, the woman formed a pretence for leaving the room, and upon her not returning soon, our hero affected great impatience, and, without taking his hat, quitted the apartment, saying, he would enquire of the people of the house whether his bride had not been detained by some unforeseen accident.

After waiting a considerable time, the clergyman called the landlord; and as neither Parsons nor the woman could be found, it was rightly concluded, that their whole intention was to perpetrate a fraud. In the mean time, our hero and his accomplice met at an appointed place, and divided their booty.

Soon after the above transaction, Parsons intimated to a military officer, that, on account of the many embarrassments he was under, he

Digitized by Google

was determined to join the rebel army, as the only expedient by which he could avoid being lodged in prison. The gentleman represented the danger of engaging in such an adventure, and lest his distress should precipitate him to any rash proceeding, generously supplied him with forty guineas, to answer present exigencies.

He soon after borrowed the above gentleman's horse, pretending that he had occasion to go a few miles into the country, on a matter of business; but he immediately rode to Smithfield, where he sold the horse at a very inadequate price.

That he might escape the resentment of the gentleman whom he had treated in so unworthy a manner, he lodged an information against him, as being disaffected to the government: in consequence of which he was deprived of his commission, and suffered an imprisonment of six months. He exhibited informations of a similar nature against two other gentlemen, who had been most liberal benefactors to him, in revenge for refusing any longer to supply him with the means of indulging his extravagant and profligate disposition.

In the year 1745, he counterfeited a draft upon one of the collectors of the excise, in the name of the Duke of Cumberland, for five hundred pounds. He carried the draft to the collector, who paid him fifty pounds in part, being all the cash that remained in his hands.

He went to a tailor, saying, he meant to employ him, on the recommendation of a gentleman of the army, whom he had long supplied with clothes; adding, that a captain's commission was preparing for him at the War-office. The tailor furnished him with several suits of clothes; but not being paid according to agreement, he entertained some suspicion as to the responsibility of his new customer; and therefore enquired at the War-office respecting Captain Brown, and learnt that a commission was making out for a gentleman of that name. Unable to get any part of the money due to him, and determined to be no longer trifled with, he instituted a suit at common-law, but was nonsuited, having laid his action in the fictitious name of Brown, and it appearing that Parsons was the defendant's real name.

Parsons sent a porter from the Ram Inn, in Smithfield, with a counterfeit draft upon Sir Joseph Hankey and Co., for five hundred pounds. Parsons followed the man, imagining that if he came out of Sir Joseph's house alone, he would have received the money; and that if he was accompanied by any person, it would be a strong proof of the forgery being discovered; and as he observed Sir Joseph and the porter get into a hackney-coach, he resolved not to return to the inn.

He next went to a widow named Bottomley, who lived near St. George's Church, and saying that he had contracted to supply the regiment to which he belonged with hats, gave her an order to the amount of a hundred and sixty pounds. He had no sooner got possession of the hats, than he sold them to a Jew for one-half of the sum he had agreed to pay for them.

Being strongly apprehensive that he could not long avoid being arrested by some of his numerous and highly exasperated creditors, by means of counterfeit letters, he procured himself to be taken into custody, as a person disaffected to the king and government; and was supported without expense, in the house of one of the king's messengers, for the space of eighteen months.

Digitized by Google

Being released from the messenger's house, he revolved in his mind a variety of schemes for eluding the importunity of his creditors, and at length determined to embark for Holland.

He remained in Holland a few months, and when his money was nearly expended he returned to England. A few days after his arrival in London, he went to a masquerade, where he engaged in play to the hazard of every shilling he possessed, and was so fortunate as to obtain a sufficient sum for his maintenance for several months.

His circumstances being again distressed, he wrote in pressing terms to his brother-in-law, who was an East India director, intreating that he would procure him a commission in the Company's service, either by land or sea. The purport of the answer was, that a gentleman in the Temple was authorized to give the supplicant a guinea, but that it would be fruitless for him to expect any further favours.

Having written a counterfeit draft, he went to Ranelagh on a masquerade night, where he passed it to a gentleman who had won some small sums of him. The party who received the draft offered it for payment in a day or two afterwards, when it was proved to be a counterfeit; in consequence of which Parsons was apprehended, and committed to Wood-street Compter.

As no prosecutor appeared, Parsons was necessarily acquitted; but a detainer being lodged, charging him with an offence similar to the above, he was removed to Maidstone Gaol, in order for trial at the Lent Assizes at Rochester.

Mr. Carey, the keeper of the prison, treated Parsons with great humanity, allowing him to board in his family, and indulging him in every privilege that he could grant, without a manifest breach of the duties of his office. But such was the ingratitude of Parsons, that he formed a plan, which, had it taken effect, would have utterly ruined the man to whom he was indebted in such great obligations. His intention was, privately to take the keys from Mr. Carey's apartment; and not only to escape himself, but even to give liberty to every prisoner in the gaol: and this scheme he communicated to a man accused of being a smuggler, who reported the matter to Mr. Carey, desiring him to listen at an appointed hour at night, when he would hear a conversation that would prove his intelligence to be authentic. Mr. Carey attended at the appointed time, and being convinced of the ingratitude and perfidy of Parsons, he abridged him of the indulgences he had before enjoyed, and caused him to be closely confined.

Being convicted at the assizes at Rochester, he was sentenced to transportation for seven years; and in the following September he was put on board the Thames, Captain Dobbins, bound for Maryland, in company with upwards of one hundred and seventy other convicts, fifty of whom died in the voyage. In November, 1749, Parsons was landed at Annapolis, in Maryland, and having remained in a state of slavery about seven weeks, a gentleman of considerable property and influence, who was not wholly unacquainted with his family, compassionating his unfortunate situation, obtained his freedom, and received him at his house in a most kind and hospitable manner.

Parsons had not been in the gentleman's family many days before he rode off with a horse which was lent him by his benefactor, and proceeded towards Virginia; on the borders of which country he stopped a

Digitized by Google

gentleman on horseback, and robbed him of five pistoles, a moidore, and ten dollars.

A few days after, he stopped a lady and gentleman in a chaise, attended by a negro servant, and robbed them of eleven guineas and some silver: after which he directed his course to the Potomack river, where finding a ship nearly ready to sail for England, he embarked, and after a passage of twenty-five days landed at Whitehaven.

He now produced a forged letter, in the name of one of his relations, to a capital merchant of Whitehaven, signifying that he was entitled to the family estate, in consequence of his father's decease, and prevailed upon him to discount a false draft upon a banker in London for seventy-five pounds.

Upon his arrival in the metropolis, he hired a handsome lodging at the west end of the town; but he almost constantly resided in houses of ill fame, where the money he had so unjustifiably obtained was soon dissipated.

Having hired a horse, he rode to Hounslow-heath, where, between ten and eleven o'clock at night, he stopped a post-chaise, in which were two gentlemen, whom he robbed of five guineas, some silver, and a watch.

A short time afterwards he stopped a gentleman near Turnham-green, about twelve o'clock at night, and robbed him of thirty shillings, and a gold ring. The latter, the gentleman requested might be returned, as it was his wife's wedding ring. Parsons complied with the request, and voluntarily returned five shillings, saying at the same time, that nothing but the most pressing necessity could have urged him to the robbery; after which the gentleman shook hands with the robber, assuring him that, on account of the civility of his behaviour he would not appear to prosecute, if he should hear of his being apprehended.

He attempted to rob a coach and four near Kensington, but hearing some company on the road, he proceeded towards Hounslow, and on his way thither overtook a farmer, and robbed him of between forty and fifty shillings. He then took the road to Colnbrook, and robbed a man servant of two guineas and a half, and a silver watch. After this he rode to Windsor, and returned to London by a different road.

His next expedition was on the Hounslow-road; and at the entrance of the heath he stopped two gentlemen, and robbed them of seven guineas, some silver and a curiously wrought silver snuff-box.

Returning to his lodgings near Hyde-park-corner one evening, he overtook a footman in Piccadilly, and joining company with him, a familiar conversation took place, in the course of which Parsons learnt that the other was to set out early on the following Sunday with a portmanteau, containing cash and notes to a considerable value, the property of his master, who was then at Windsor.

On the Sunday morning he rode towards Windsor, intending to rob the footman. Soon after he had passed Turnham-green, he overtook two gentlemen, one of whom was Mr. Fuller, who had prosecuted him at Rochester, and who perfectly recollecting his person, warned him not to approach. He however paid no attention to what Mr. Fuller said, but still continued sometimes behind and sometimes before them, though at a very inconsiderable distance.

Upon coming into the town of Hounslow, the gentlemen alighted, and commanded Parsons to surrender, adding, that if he did not instantly

Digitized by Google

comply, they would alarm the town. He now dismounted, and earnestly entreated that he might be permitted to speak to them in private, which they consented to; and the parties being introduced to a room at an inn, Parsons surrendered his pistols, which were loaded and primed, and supplicated for mercy in the most pathetic terms.

In all probability he would have been permitted to escape, had not Mr. Day, landlord of the Rose and Crown at Hounslow, come into the room, and advised that he might be detained, as he conceived him very nearly to answer the description of a highwayman by whom the roads in that part of the country had been long infested. He was secured at the inn till the next day, and then examined by a magistrate, who committed him to Newgate.

Parsons was now arraigned for returning from transportation before the expiration of the term of his sentence: nothing therefore was necessary to convict him but the identifying of his person. This being done, he received sentence of death. His distressed father and wife used all their interest to obtain a pardon for him, but in vain: he was an old offender, and judged by no means a fit object for mercy.

While Parsons remained in Newgate, his behaviour was such that it could not be determined whether he entertained a proper idea of his dreadful situation. There is indeed but too much reason to fear that the hopes of a reprieve (in which he deceived himself even to the last moments of his life) induced him to neglect the necessary preparation for eternity.

His taking leave of his wife afforded a scene extremely affecting: he recommended to her parental protection his only child, and regretted that his misconduct had put it in the power of a censorious world to reflect upon both the mother and son.

He joined with fervent zeal in the devotional exercises, at the place of execution.

Digitized by Google

THE CASTLES AND MANSIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Coningsburgh, co. York.

——— "We do love these ancient ruins;
We never tread upon them, but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history."

Few of "the Castles of England" can be traced to so remote a period as Coningsburgh. Authentic evidence carries the historical enquirer to Saxon times, and by the shadowy light of tradition, he may ascend even to the period of the early Britons. A mound near the castle is still pointed out as the tomb of Hengist, the Saxon chief, who is recorded by Jeffery of Monmouth to have been defeated under the walls of the fortress, by Aurelius Ambrosius, King of Britain, and to have suffered decapitation. Leaving, however, the dubious ways of tradition, we find, from the Norman Survey, that at the time of the Conquest, Coningsburgh was the head of a very extensive fee, and that this fee, consolidated in Saxon times, had belonged, under the peaceful rule of the Confessor, to Earl Harold, who subsequently ascended the throne, and eventually fell at Hastings. By the Conqueror, it was granted entire to William de Warren, husband of his daughter Gundred, and in their descendants it remained, with one slight interval, until the reign of Edward III. We will not here enter on the history of the illustrious house of Warren; suffice it to say, that it was one of the most powerful in peace and in war, of the many that overawed the kingly authority of the early Plantagenets. At the decease, in 1347, of John de Warren, 8th Earl of Surrey, without legitimate issue, Coningsburgh fell to the Crown, and, within seven-and-thirty days after, was settled on Edmund of Langley, a younger son of the King, Edward III. This prince, whom Hardyng describes as more addicted "to hunte, and also to hawkeyng," than to the duties of "the councell and the parlyament," held, in peculiar esteem, his Yorkshire demesne, affording as it did unrivalled opportunities for enjoying the sports of the field. He spent there no small portion of his time, and his name, consequently, appears less frequently than those of his brothers, in the public affairs of the reigns of Edward and Richard. By his father he was created Earl of Cambridge, and by his nephew, the second Richard, advanced to the Dukedom of York. He married one of the two daughters and coheirs of Peter the Cruel, King of Castile and Leon, and brought his Spanish bride to Coningsburgh, where she constantly resided, and where she gave birth to her second son, Richard, who, according to the fashion of the Plantagenets, was surnamed "of Coningsburgh," from the place of his nativity. This prince married the Lady Anne Mortimer, daughter of Roger, Earl of March, and great granddaughter of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, and thus brought to the House of York the claim to the Crown, which originated the Wars of the Roses. This alliance with the discontented family of Mor-

Digitized by Google

timer, may have probably estranged the Earl of Cambridge from his allegiance, and have led him into the conspiracy which cost him his life; he was beheaded in 1415, leaving his widow (Maud Clifford, a lady whom he had espoused after the death of his first wife, Anna Mortimer,) in possession of Coningsburgh. The Countess of Cambridge, in her long widowhood, for she lived 'till 1446, resided much in Yorkshire, and had many transactions with the families around. At her decease, her stepson, Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, succeeded to the great estates of his father, and not long after asserted his right to the diadem of England. The contest that ensued is too well known to need more than a passing word: at the Battle of Wakefield, fought within a short distance of the Castle of Coningsburgh, Richard, Duke of York, met his death, leaving his son, Edward, Earl of March, the inheritor of his claim and his spirit. The next year occurred the great Battle of Towton, in which the White Rose triumphed, and the Earl ascended the throne as Edward IV. The Lords of Coningsburgh thus became Kings of England, and so continued until the castle and demesne lands were granted, by patent, by Queen Elizabeth to her kinsman, Henry Cary, Lord Hunsdon. In the interval, however, this princely residence was almost utterly deserted, and the gradual decay of the buildings which formed the residence of the Warrens, and the early princes of the house of York, may be dated from this era. With the Carys, Coningsburgh remained for about a century. Their eventual heiress, Lady Mary Cary, only child of John Cary, Lord Hunsdon and Earl of Dover, married William Heveningham, Esq., of Heveningham, in Sussex, one of King Charles' judges, and died immensely rich in 1696, when her property descended to her granddaughter and heiress Cary Newton, who wedded Edward Coke, Esq., of Holkham, in Norfolk, and had three sons and two daughters. The eldest of the former was Thomas Coke, created Earl of Leicester in 1744: and the second, Edward Coke, Esq., of Longford, co. Derby, who succeeded to Coningsburgh, and died in the prime of life, A.D. 1733. In pursuance of the directions contained in his will, his Yorkshire estates were sold in 1737, and became the property of Thomas, fourth Duke of Leeds, one of whose principal seats, Kiveton, formed an ancient member of the Soke of Coningsburgh. Sir Walter Scott, in his exquisite romance of Ivanhoe, has thrown the halo of his genius over this celebrated fortress: "There are," says the poet of the North, "few more beautiful or striking scenes in England, than are presented by the vicinity of this ancient fortress. The soft and gentle river Don sweeps through an amphitheatre, in which cultivation is richly blended with woodland, and on a mount, ascending from the river, well defended by walls and ditches, rises this ancient edifice, which, as its Saxon name implies, was, previous to the Conquest, a royal residence of the Kings of England. The outer walls have probably been added by the Normans, but the inner keep bears token of very great antiquity. It is situated on a mount at one angle of the inner court, and forms a complete circle of, perhaps, twenty-five feet in diameter. The wall is of immense thickness, and is propped or defended by six huge external buttresses, which project from the circle and rise up against the sides of the tower, as if to strengthen or to support it. These massive buttresses are hollowed out towards the top, and terminate in a sort of turrets, communicating with the interior of the keep itself. The distant appearance of this huge building, with these singular accompaniments, is as interesting to the

Digitized by Google

lovers of the picturesque, as the interior of the castle is to the eager antiquary, whose imagination it carries back to the days of the Heptarchy. A burrow in the vicinity of the castle is pointed out as the tomb of the memorable Hengist: and various monuments of great antiquity and curiosity are shown in the neighbouring churchyard."

We will conclude this brief description of Coningsburgh, and its famous castle, with the following poem, referential to its early history and tradition:—

I.

On Coningsburgh's donjon the watches were set,
With the dew-drops of eve its proud banner was wet,
The throstle sang loudly in Elfrida's bower,
The wild harps sang sweetly in Hengist's high tower,
As the golden-hair'd daughters of Saxony hung
On the strain of the bards, who exultingly sung
The deeds of renown that their warriors had done,
The foes they had slaughter'd, the battles they'd won,
Whilst those dark heroes smiled as the goblet they quaff'd
When the white hand of beauty presented the draught;
For bright to the chief is the blaze of his fame,
And brighter when mingled with love's holy flame,
And honour'd and bless'd for ever's the brow,
That is twin'd with the laurel and love's lighter bough.

II.

As slowly the bard pour'd his descant of death,
Or exulting he waken'd the trumpet's loud breath,
In fancy the conqueror urged once more
His steed o'er the field, with his fetlocks in gore,
Dash'd the spur in his flank, gave his fury the rein,
And the flying pursued o'er the heaps of the slain!
The minstrel observ'd him, as fiercely he sprung
To the pillar on high where his bright falchion hung;
When changing his strain to a soul-soothing tone,
He brought the fierce monarch again to his throne,
While softly around him his queen threw her arm,
And her loveliness hung on the chieftain's dark form,
Like a beam of the sun on the skirts of a storm;
And her voice that could soothe and subdue him at will,
Bade the storm of his bosom subside and be still.

III.

But why to the lip of each hero was held
The wine-cup untasted? the minstrelsy quell'd?
And why did each maid grasp her warrior's form,
As her bosom beat high with a sudden alarm.
Full loudly the horn of the warder did blow,
And the watch-dog had scented afar off the foe,
While Hengist sprung up from his queen and his throne,
To look out through the long narrow loop-hole of stone.
Soft and sweet shone the beams of the sun in the vale,
And the leaves scarcely stirr'd in the low-breathing gale,
But the deer from her covert had started away,
And the dewy-winged lark fled the spot where she lay,
While the black raven hover'd aloft in his flight,
And scream'd for the feast he expected that night,

Digitized by Google

For in battle array, on the banks of the Don,
A thousand bright helmets reflected the sun.
" To arms!" cried the monarch, exultingly springing,
To meet the young page who his corslet was bringing;
" The foe's in the vale! 'tis Ambrosius advances,
I know by the banner that waves o'er the lances;
Our swords must be flesh'd ere the set of the sun,
And a battle be fought and a victory won!"

IV.

With the bright crested helmet each forehead was bound,
Which but now with the garlands of beauty was crown'd,
And the corslet of steel now encircled each breast,
That the soft arm of woman so lately had press'd,
And the trumpet's loud echoes were heard far away,
As they rush'd o'er the drawbridge in battle array;
And while to the onset they thundered along,
Like a stream from the mountain, as rapid and strong,
The valley resounded through all its green glades
With the neighing of steeds and the clashing of blades;
But, alas! ere the morn had arisen that night,
The band that had march'd in the pride of its might,
In breathless confusion, in ruin, and rout,
Were pursued by the foe with a conqueror's shout.
'Twas in vain that they strove their strong castle to win,
For the victor and vanquish'd together rush'd in,
And the standard of Hengist, so proudly unfurl'd,
From the station on high was indignantly hurl'd.

V.

Yet the beams of the morrow as sweetly arose,
As if all in that valley were peace and repose,
As if death and destruction were not in its towers,
As if blood had not rain'd on the leaves of its bowers,
And as softly and lightly the breath of the breeze,
As though 'twere a paradise, play'd with the trees;
Yet, alas! in that valley sleeps many an eye,
That shall ne'er look again on the warm sunny sky,
And many a breast in its blood-stain'd mail,
That shall never the breath of that sweet breeze inhale.
But see! from that dungeon, so gloomy and deep,
That yawns in the midst of the castle's high keep,
What form so majestic is slowly led forth,
To the gate of the fortress that fronts to the north?
Whose arm, the last night the proud theme of the song,
Like a felon's, behind him is bound by a thong,
Whose diadem'd head, that ne'er stoop'd in its pride,
To acknowledge an equal in mortal beside,
Now bound and depress'd, is stretched out on the block,
——— It is done!—the stern headsman has given the stroke.
——— Had the sword of the warrior pierced his breast,
The soul of the warrior then had known rest,
With a look of disdain he had welcom'd the blow,
And his eye smil'd in death on a worthier foe:
Whilst now from his body, though headless it lay,
All timidly shrank his assassins away,
For the boldest confess'd it was fearful to see,
A spirit that struggled like his to be free,

Digitized by Google

To mark the wild tumult which swell'd in his breast,
And the rage which the death-stroke had scarcely repress'd.

VI.

Long ages have pass'd since that morning arose,
When King Hengist submitted his head to his foes,
Through Coningsburgh's vale flows the bright river still,
And the donjon-tower yet crowns the wood-cover'd hill,
And its dungeon is still yawning darkly below;
—— But the ivy alone is its green banner now!
And the wild roses bloom in its chambers of stone,
Where the bright lights of beauty and bravery shone;
Its wide-circling walls and its high-flanking towers,
Are mould'ring to dust 'neath its summer-green bowers.
In its grass-cover'd moat may young rustics be seen,
To gather May blossoms to garland their queen,
Who dream not, while round her those garlands they throw,
That a King and a Warrior slumbers below.

Drummond Castle, co. Perth.

"Of all the devoted adherents to the dynasty of the Stuarts" (we borrow from an eloquent writer) "none can claim a more distinguished rank than the house of Drummond. Their fidelity ran in their blood, and was part of their nature, from the royal union of their exalted predecessor, to the last ruin of the hopes of her unfortunate descendants. For adhering to the martyr-king, Charles the First, a fine of £5000 was levied by Cromwell on the loyal Lord of Stobhall; and what his successors endured in the same cause, generation after generation, for more than 100 years, is told in a series of chivalrous adventures and bravely-borne suffering, which do honour to human constancy, and reflect undying lustre on the immovable truth and pure attachment of the men who thus risked all that could be dear, for what they held to be the right."

The antiquity of the Drummonds is carried so far back that their origin is lost in the dim scenes of Scottish story; but, without entering on the doubtful path of early tradition, they may well rest satisfied with an unbroken descent of full 600 years, which in personal distinction yields to few in the annals of North Britain. The lords of Drummond occur in all the public archives of their time, and when we inquire what events and what names have given them celebrity, the answer refers us to no private records, but to the courts and camps of the English and Scottish monarchs. Their ancient and splendid residence, Drummond Castle, associated with their deeds and their greatness, is one of the finest mansions in Scotland. It stands in the barony of Concraig, which was acquired from the Drummonds of that place by John, the first lord, and is placed on a high and, to one side, nearly perpendicular rock, at the foot of the hill of Torlum, surrounded by a magnificent park, of striking and diversified scenery extending full two miles in every direction. The entrance is by the old arched gateway or keep, which now serves as an armoury, and the approach to the castle, by a court, of more recent date than the old part of the structure. Here the full beauty of the situation of the hall of the Drummonds suddenly burst

Digitized by Google

upon the sight; the vale of Strathern, with its undulating streams, and its picturesque landscape, the rich verdure, the stately oaks, and the placid waters of an artificial lake, with the matchless flower-gardens of Lady Willoughby, render the spot almost fairy land. An old esplanade, formed close to the ancient part of the castle, communicates with two lower terraces, one of venerable yews and the other of beautiful shrubs.

The original structure, erected by John, first Lord Drummond, in 1490, must have been of very great extent, for we find, in addition to the section still inhabited, evident remains of much more considerable buildings. Two hundred years ago Drummond Castle, held as a royal fortress by the gallant Drummond of the civil wars, withstood a siege by Cromwell; and in a century after, during the memorable '45, the same chivalrous and loyal devotion defended it as a garrison, for the cause of Prince Charles. In our own day, too, Drummond Castle has its royal associations. When Queen Victoria visited for the first time her fair realm of Scotland, Her Majesty was entertained by the present noble possessors of this historic seat—the Lord Willoughby de Eresby and his consort, the representative and heiress of the loyal house of Drummond.

Kennet, co. Clackmanan.

In the county of Clackmanan, within a short distance of the remains of the ancient castle, so long the feudal residence of the chief line of the Bruces, stands the present mansion of Kennet, situated amid pleasure-gardens and plantations of great beauty, on a rising ground overlooking the basin of the Forth. It is a handsome edifice, built by Robert Bruce, an eminent lawyer, appointed in 1764 one of the senators of the College of Justice, under the title of Lord Kennet, and ranks high among the modern mansions of Scotland. Internally great elegance has been displayed, and some valuable family pictures adorn the walls.

The lands of Kennet, together with the Castle and Barony of Clackmanan, were first granted by King David Bruce, in a charter bearing date 1359, to Robert Bruce, whom the King therein styles "his beloved cousin and kinsman." This Robert Bruce was the grandson of Sir John de Bruce, second brother of Robert de Bruce, Lord of Annandale and Earl of Carrick, father of King Robert Bruce, the glorious restorer of Scottish freedom, who derived his descent in the male line from a noble Norman knight, who fought at the Battle of Hastings in 1066, and was nearly related to the Conqueror. He died in 1393, leaving several sons, of whom Sir Robert Bruce, the eldest, was his heir, and James became Lord Chancellor of Scotland and Archbishop of Glasgow. Sir Robert Bruce died at Clackmanan in 1455, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Sir David Bruce, whose descendants continued to reside at the old castle, still in existence, until 1772, when the line failed in Henry Bruce, Esq., and the representation vested in the Earl of Elgin. Robert Bruce, Lord Kennet, was descended from David, third son of Sir David Bruce, of Clackmanan, whose son Archibald married his kinswoman, Margaret, daughter and heiress of Robert Bruce, Esq., of Kennet, representative of that branch of the family who were descended of a younger son of the first Laird of Clackmanan, and had a charter of these lands from his

Digitized by Google

father, 1389. Lord Kennet's grandson. ROBERT BRUCE, Esq., is the present representative of the Kennet branch of the illustrious house of Bruce of Annandale, and the inheritor of their broad lands. He formerly sat in Parliament for the county, and in early life served as captain in the Grenadier Guards, with that distinguished regiment in the Peninsula and at Waterloo.

Doneraile Park, co. Cork,

THE SEAT OF VISCOUNT DONERAILE.

There the most daintie paradise on ground,
Itselfe doth offer to the sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abownd,
And none does others happinesse envye,
The painted flowers; the trees upshooting hye;
The dales for shade; the christall running by;
And that which all fair works doth most aggrace,
The art which all that wrought appeared in no place.

THUS sung Edmund Spenser, looking on this "faire countrie," above two centuries and a half ago; and such terms are aptly suited to describe it now. Strange, that two hundred and fifty-eight years should have rolled into eternity, producing so many changes in the social condition of mankind—the institution of states, their forms of government, the habits and pursuits of the dwellers of the earth, and yet the features of the earth are unchanged! The mountains still stand sublime, the river flows in its accustomed channel, trees put forth their verdure and flowers their sweet odours, for they obey a law that is of God—fixed, immutable, unvaried. Seasons change in their turn; the rain falls, the winds blow, but the earth is the same. Created by the Divine Architect, he alone has power to cause an alteration.

There are some exquisite sylvan views in Doneraile Park. The river Awbrey—Spenser's Mulla—winds its silvery way through the extensive grounds. The scenery is varied by gently swelling knolls, green and close shorn; while wide-spread meadowy niches by the river side give promise of an abundant hay-harvest. The house is a fine commodious mansion, owing much to the beauty of the site. It crowns the summit of a hill sloping to the waters of the Mulla. Adjoining the mansion are conservatories, stored with the choicest exotics. The stream is spanned by several rustic bridges, which have a beautiful picturesque effect. These grounds bear token of having shared the fury of the tempest in January, 1838, on which occasion, the storm did considerable damage among the grown timber; breaking branches, snapping stems, and uprooting some of the oldest trees. Several gaps mark the power of the wind on that eventful night.

While rambling beneath the shade of the fine old trees, we mused on the great men who here sought relaxation from the turmoil of courts and camps; and never did the veteran statesman, tired by a long life of court intrigues, or factious interests, fly for repose and quietude to a

Digitized by Google

sweeter haven, where, in contemplating the frivolities of the past, he might prepare for the solemnity of the future.

The family of Lord Doneraile—St. Leger—is of great antiquity in Ireland; and its members have filled the highest offices in the Irish Government. The first of the family of whom we find mention, Sir Anthony Sentleger, A.D. 1540, was Lord Deputy of Ireland, Knight of the Garter, and Privy Councillor. He assembled a Parliament at Dublin, 33rd Henry VIII., which changed the royal style and title from Lord to King of Ireland, and his manners and address were so winning, that many of the disaffected Irish chieftains made their submission to the English rule. In Mr. O'Flanaghan's "Origin and Progress of the English Law in Ireland," he thus notices this exemplary Governor: "Sent Leger was a very politic man. He determined to adopt a different course from his predecessors in office; and, instead of seeking to exterminate the Irish, or breaking truce with them, to conciliate and protect them, as fellow subjects. The effect was magical on the Irish chieftains, their hearts were softened by kindly treatment, the reverse of that they had formerly experienced; and, if it had not been for causes which speedily infused poison into the cup of joy, peace, civilization, and national prosperity would have marked the wisdom of Sent Leger's government."

The son and grandson of this enlightened man, successively filled the office of Lord President of Munster; the latter of whom had a magnificent Presidency Court at Doneraile, and built the parish church, as appears from the following inscription in black marble over the east door:

"This Church was first built by the Right Hon. Sir William St. Leger, then Lord President of Munster, Ann. Dom. 1633, and afterwards was rebuilt by the Right Hon. Arthur, Lord Viscount Doneraile, Ann. Dom. 1726."

The family of St. Leger were raised to the Peerage in 1703, and this branch of the family gave four possessors to the title, but having expired in 1767, the present race became ennobled by the creation of Baron Doneraile, of the Peerage of Ireland, 1776; advanced to Viscount in 1785. The present Lord was born in 1786, and succeeded his father in 1819. He was elected a representative Peer for Ireland in 1830.

Caher House, co. Tipperary,

The Seat of the Right Hon. the Earl of Glengall.

"Towers and battlements it sees,
Bosomed high in tufted trees."

Although the mail-coach passenger, whirling through the town of Caher, may not consider there is anything peculiarly attractive in the long range of ordinary building, which, he is informed, is "the Lord's house," to entitle it to a place in our picturesque Castles and Mansions, we beg leave to lead him to the front, as the town side is the rear of

Digitized by Google

the edifice, and ere long he will correct his mistake. Before him spreads the Suir,

> "The gentle Suir, that making way
> By sweet Clonmell, adorns rich Waterford."

A spacious domain spreads for two miles in front of Caher House, embracing both sides of the river, and affording a variety of exquisite scenery. The visitor will feel greatly pleased with the taste displayed in laying out the demesne, and the pretty cottage in the secluded dell, so generously given for the use of pic-nic parties by the noble owner. The scenery is bold and romantic. The river is a fine deep stream, gliding through a rich and fertile land. It comes flowing and gushing from the Shains of Cashel and Holy Cross, and the castled steep of Ardfinnan. On its high and beautiful banks have events taken place, that stand prominent in the Annals of Ireland. Its waters, in days of old, floated to the beach of Waterford the English ships bearing the allies of MacMurrough, to seize Ireland as the reward of their adventurous valour. At Cashel was the Synod assembled that adopted the English rule—

> "When the emerald gem of the western world,
> Was set in the crown of the stranger."

It glides past the ruins of lordly hall and hallowed fane, and the waves were red with the tide of war where now the busy mills with their ceaseless wheels disturb the placid water. Caher House is a spacious well-built mansion, and contains numerous rooms of elegant proportions. The ancient Castle of Caher is close to the lawn, and of great antiquity. It is of singular appearance but considerable extent, and is built on an island, having the river flowing round. It consists of a square keep, with an outer and inner ballium, a small court-yard lying between. There are seven towers flanking the outworks; of these four are circular and three square. Some few years ago, the entire castle was put in complete repair by Lord Glengall, who caused particular attention to be paid to the style of the building, so that uniformity with the old foundation might be preserved; and never was a restoration more successful, for the new portion harmonizes exactly with the original structure.

Caher Castle has had its share of blows in the various conflicts that have agitated this land. In Elizabeth's reign, A.D. 1599, the Earl of Essex besieged it with his whole army, when the garrison, encouraged by the hostilities to which the English army were exposed from the attacks of the Earl of Desmond, and, doubtless, incited by the want of military skill in the general of the besieging army, held out for a considerable time, but at last was compelled to surrender. Again, in 1647, the trumpet of war called the inmates to the walls. It was then invested by Lord Inchiquin, who, unlike his predecessor in attacking, gave the garrison nothing to hope for from supineness; but proceeded to storm at once, took the outworks by assault, on which the Castle was speedily surrendered. The dread of a still more formidable enemy than ever appeared before the walls, banished even a show of resistance, when on the 24th February, 1649, a note thus directed, and in the following terms, was received in the Castle.

Digitized by Google

For the Governor of Caher Castle. These.

SIR, *Before Caher, 24th February,* 1649.

Having brought the Army and my Cannon near this place,—according to my usual manner in summoning places, I thought fit to offer you Terms honorable for soldiers. That you may march away with your baggage, arms, and colours, free from injury or violence. But if I be necessitated to bend my cannon upon you, you must expect the extremity usual in such cases. To avoid blood this is offered you by

Your servant,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The terror of Cromwell's name was so great, that the garrison instantly evacuated the fortress. The Parliamentary leader seemed proud of his success, for he instantly wrote a dispatch to England announcing it.

To Hon. John Bradshaw, Esq., President of the Council of State. These.

SIR, *Cashel, 5th March,* 1649.

It pleaseth God still to enlarge your interest here. The Castle of Caher, very considerable built upon a rock, and seated on an island placed in the midst of the Suir, was lately surrendered to me. It cost the Earl of Essex, as I am informed, about 8 weeks' siege with his army and artillery. It is now yours without the loss of a man.

The family of Butler, Earls of Glengall, are a branch of the great House of Ormond, tracing descent from the third Earl. They claim their title of nobility far back; the Butlers having been Barons Caher since Queen Elizabeth's reign, anno 1583, of the Irish peerage. The Earldom is recent, 1816. The present is the second Earl; he succeeded his father in 1819, and was elected a representative peer in 1830.

Digitized by Google

GENEALOGY OF THE POET DANTE.*

At this moment when, if ever, Italy seems likely, headed by a wise and benevolent Pontiff, to vindicate in the scale of nations, a position suitable to her antique fame and her central position in the world of civilization and commerce, it is still curious to remark, how true she continues to the two great sentiments that have swayed her frame to and fro during the last five centuries of her existence, Ghibellinism and Guelfism. In our apprehension, it matters little whether a native or a foreign, a military, a civil, or a spiritual prince controls the political destinies of Italy, so long as she has secured to her national institutions, in accordance with the progress of human intelligence, and the civilization of the present day.

Napoleon said, that he asked twenty years to make Italy a nation, a remark, no doubt, implying that it was to rise from its ashes in a new birth; that it was the coming, and not the existing generation; future, and not past education, to which he would look for the elements of national regeneration, and the hopes of future prosperity. That potent spirit that swept over the world, entailing ruin and destruction in his progress, but cleansing and purifying the political and social atmosphere, past away, nor survived to see, except in fancy, the consequences of his own acts. The seed that he had sown was destined to germinate in its fitting season, and whether that season has arrived, the events of the next score of years must determine.

The name of the sovereign Poet of Italy suggested the thoughts to which we have just given way, for who more than Dante had the cause of national regeneration at heart? Who better than he saw the peculiar evils to which Italy was then a prey? Who more than he deplored her fall from her ancient pre-eminence, her sacrifice of great and noble to paltry and selfish interests?

"Dante (says a writer in an Italian periodical, cited by Mr. Mazzinghi) sought to realize in Italy, a unity of civil and military force, and let the Italian who thinks not with him upon this point, after having had before his eyes that most fearful experiment of the five subsequent centuries, cast the first stone at him."

"O wretched, wretched country," writes Dante, in one of his treatises (Convito, Trattato iv. c. 28) "how irresistibly I am impelled to commiserate thy condition, whenever I read or write anything pertaining to civil government."

We confess that we have for some time regarded the enthusiasm of Italians of all classes for their philosophical Poet, as one of the most promising features of the national sentiment. And if as every Italian has felt, and Guizot (Discourse on Civilization) has expressed, Italy resembles a beautiful flower, which some rude grasp prevents from expanding, and if he have, even in his Quixotic anticipations, somewhat realized the epigrammatic saying of De Stael †, and mistaken memories

* A brief Notice of some recent Researches respecting Dante Alighieri, by Thomas John Mazzinghi, M.A.

† "Ils ont pris les souvenirs pour les ésperances."

Digitized by Google

of the past for prophecies of the future, still enough remains in the womb of time, awaiting only, it may be, the obstetric aid of prudent patriotism, to mature into a blooming promise of national prosperity. With a country blessed with havens of great capacity, an extensive seaboard, and a position in the very centre of the world's converse, what but the "rude grasp" of foreign violence has prevented her from growing into a great and influential European power? What has she hitherto been but war's playground, a theatre on which the madness of Austrian, or Gallic ambition, has strutted its little hour upon the stage?

But the subject with which we have to do is rather family than national, antiquarian than historical, literary than political. We propose to consider some curious features of Italian civilization, as connected with the annals of the family of the greatest Poet of Italy.

Hume, in commenting upon a household book of an Earl of Northumberland, temp. Henry VII., containing the items of expenditure which he sanctioned in his house, than which no baron's was on a nobler or more splendid footing, alludes to the rudeness of manners and gross want of polish and refinement which the whole scheme indicated. And he adds, "If we consider the magnificent and elegant manner in which the Venetian and other Italian noblemen then lived, with the progress made by the Italians in literature and the fine arts, we shall not wonder that they considered the ultramontane nations as barbarous." Sentiments are, however, an even less fallible indication of progress in civilization than manners. And where in England, or elsewhere in the world than in Italy, shall we, during the thirteenth or fourteenth century (the date of the composition is not critically fixed), find a juster definition of the constituent characteristics of a "gentleman," * than in the following description:—

> "The soul that this celestial grace adorns,
> In secret hides it not,
> But soon as to its earthly mate espoused,
> Displays it, until death:
> Gentle, obedient, alive to shame,
> In early age is seen;
> Careful the frame in beauty to improve,
> And all accomplishments.——
> Temperate and bold, in youthful years, and full
> Of love and courtesy, and thirst of fame,
> Placing in loyalty its sole delight;
> Then in old age wins praise
> For prudence, justice, liberality;
> And in itself enjoys
> To hear and talk of others' valorous deeds.†
> Last in the fourth and closing scene of life,
> To God is re-espoused,
> Contemplating the end which is at hand,
> And thanks returning for departed years;
> Reflect now how the many are deceived." ‡

That Dante was "gentle," in this, the highest sense of the word, will

* So should be translated the word "nobile," so often confounded with the English word "noble," to which quite a different sense is by us attached.

† This, says Mr. Mazzinghi, is a generous but not a faithful translation of the line.
"D' udire e ragionar dell' altrui prode."

‡ Dante's Canzoniere, translation of Mr. Lyell, p. 117.

Digitized by Google

be doubted by none who are conversant with the incidents of his life, or the nobility of thought that breathes throughout his writings; that he was "gentle," in the popular signification of the term, is apparent from other sources.

In the history of Florentine families, a singular feature presents itself; by a practice peculiar to Italy, nay, we believe to Florence, families, under certain circumstances, were compelled to change their arms and their surnames, the origin of which was as follows. After having long suffered the insolent factions of the great families to convulse the state, the middle classes, headed indeed by one of the nobles, by a determined movement obtained the mastery. To organize their newly-acquired power, they instituted an office, the chief at Florence during the republican era, that of Gonfalonier of Justice; they formed a species of national guard from the whole body of the citizens, who were again subdivided into companies, under the command of other officers of inferior dignity, also styled Gonfaloniers (Bannerets). As soon, and frequently did this occur, did any noble commit violence within the walls of the city, which was likely to compromise the public peace, or disturb the quiet of the state, when the great bell at the Palazzo Vecchio raised its alarum, the population flew to arms, and hastened to the spot, where the Gonfalonier of Justice speedily found himself in a position, not merely to put an end to the disturbance, but even to lay siege to the stout massive fortresses which formed the city residences of the insolent and refractious offenders to which they then withdrew. But the reforming party did not stop there; by the new constitution, which was then introduced, "the ancient noble families, termed by contemporary historians 'i grandi,' and explained to include those only which had ever been illustrated by the order of Knighthood, were all placed under a severe system of civil restrictions and their names were entered upon a roll called the Ordinances of Justice; the immediate effect was that losing all political rights, they were placed in a most disadvantageous position before the law. Their situation has been aptly compared to that of the Irish Catholics under the full severity of the penal code,* and the same necessity may be regarded with equal reason, perhaps, as palliating the original harshness of each enactment."

By a somewhat amusing species of democratic liberality, a man or a family might be emancipated from this position and rendered fit for office, born again as it were into a new political life, by renouncing their connections (consorteria) and changing their arms and surnames. They were then said to be made plebeian or popular (fatti di popolo). Niebhur has noticed the analogy of such voluntary resignation of nobility to the "transitio ad plebem" of the Romans.

This practice of changing arms and surnames originated from the Ordinances of Justice promulgated about that time, which expressly requires this as a condition to the enjoyment by any of the old families of popular rights. It gave rise to great varieties of surnames and armorial bearings in different branches of the same house. But it has nevertheless been noted that in all these mutations it was still the endeavour of the parties to retain as much as possible of the ancient ensigns and appellations, so that traces of descent and connexion might not in the progress of years be altogether obliterated. Thus the Cavalcanti took

* Bowyer's Statutes of Italy, p. 39.

Digitized by Google

the name of Cavallereschi, the Tornaquinci that of Tornabuoni. Sometimes they obtained the object by a play upon the name itself thus; at other times by making a patronymic of the Christian name of the first or some other favourite ancestor; thus a branch of the Bardi assumed the name of Gualterotti, and a branch of the Pazzi that of Accorri. Sometimes they took their new name from a place or circumstance calculated to preserve the memory of their origin; thus the Agolanti designated themselves Fiesolani, the Bostichi from the antiquity of their stock, Buonantichi. In mutation of arms a similar object was borne in mind. Thus the Buondelmonti simply added to their ancient bearings a mountain az. and a cross gu. The Baccelli, who were a branch of the Mazzinghi, replaced the three perpendicular clubs, the ancient ensigns of the family, by two placed in the form of a cross.

As the object of these provisions was to discriminate for the future those of the ancient families who had acceded to the principles of the popular institutions from their more haughty kindred, (the Protectionists of their day) who remained true to the defence of their feudal and aristocratical prejudices, the change either of arms or surname was not required if the whole family became converts to the new doctrines: for then there was no need of discrimination, and the law was not framed out of any dislike merely to particular ensigns but only to the principles and opinions which they had up to a certain time been understood to represent.

Notwithstanding one passage in the Convito, it would appear that the Poet was powerfully impressed with the feeling for antiquity so common to his age and country, but purified in his great mind from all those grosser ideas and vanities that detract from the real worth of the sentiment, and give it rather the character of a weak and indefensible prejudice. And accordingly we find him in the Paradiso thus apostrophizing 'Nobility,'

> "Ben sei tu manto che tosto raccorce,
> Si che, se non s'appon di die in die,
> Lo tempo va dintorno con le force."—Canto xvi. 6.

> "Yet cloak thou art soon shorten'd: for that Time,
> Unless thou be eked out from day to day,
> Goes round thee with his shears."—CAREY.

The frailty of things human, of family honors amongst them, escapes not the comment of the Poet.

> "Mark Luni; Urbisaglia mark;
> How *they* are gone; and after them how go
> Chiusi and Sinigaglia; and 'twill seem
> No longer new or strange to thee, to hear
> That families fail, when cities have their end.
> All things that appertain to ye, like yourselves,
> Are mortal, but mortality in some
> Ye mark not; *they* endure so long and *you*
> Pass by so suddenly. And as the moon
> Doth, by the rolling of her heavenly sphere
> Hide and reveal the strand unceasingly;
> So fortune deals with Florence. Hence admire not
> At what of them I tell thee, whose renown
> Time covers, the first Florentines."—CAREY.

Digitized by Google

In one of the most celebrated passages in the Inferno, the Poet Dante describes his encounter with a chief of the Uberti, hereditary enemies of his own house. Within his fiery tomb that was to remain unclosed until the last day, in the sixth circle of the Inferno (that of the "Increduli") was imprisoned the Ghibellin chieftain, the Coriolanus of Florentine History, Farinata degl' Uberti, to whom the Poet, with strict justice, awards the praise of highmindedness, designating him as "quel magnanimo."

"Lo! Farinata there, who hath himself
Uplifted; from his girdle upwards, all
Exposed, behold him. On his face was mine
Already fix'd; his breast and forehead there
Erecting, seem'd as in high scorn he held
E'en hell. ——————————
He, soon as there I stood at the tomb's foot,
Ey'd me, a space; then in disdainful mood
Addressed me: "Say what ancestors where thine."
I, willing to obey him, straight reveal'd
The whole, nor kept back aught: whence he his brow
Somewhat uplifting, cried: "Fiercely were they
Adverse to me, my party and the blood
From whence I sprang: twice therefore, I abroad
Scatter'd them." "Though driven out, yet they each time
From all parts," answered I, "returned; an act
Which yours have shown they are not skilled to learn."

And here the dialogue is interrupted by an episode which has always been admired as a striking instance of the consummate art of the Poet; it involves however many allusions for which we have no space. We therefore pass it by.

"Meanwhile the other, great of soul, near whom
I yet was station'd, chang'd not count'nance stern,
Nor mov'd the neck, nor bent his ribbed side.
"And if," continuing the first discourse,
"They in this art," he cried, "small skill have shown:
That doth torment me more e'en than this bed.
But not yet fifty times shall be relumed
Her aspect, who reigns here, queen of this realm,
Ere thou shalt know the full weight of that art."
Inferno x. Carey.

From the conversation between Dante and his ancestor Cacciaguida in Paradise is derived, although not exclusively, the information that has been handed down respecting the earlier descents of his family. It ascends by well authenticated documents by historical evidence, and municipal records, to a remote period in the middle ages. According to some, the Alighieri were originally descended from that patriotic house of Rome which derived its surname, according to tradition, from having at a time of great dearth and scarcity made a bountiful use of its opulence, to relieve the cravings of the necessitous. They broke their bread with the people, and became thenceforth the "Bread breakers," (Frangipani) in the nomenclature of a grateful people. Certain however it is that the Florentine family of the Alighieri were at a very early date divided into the kindred houses of the Alighieri

Digitized by Google

and the Elisei ;* the latter became soon extinct, but not before it, as well as the collateral branch, had filled the highest offices in Florence, which its singular constitution enabled it to bestow. In the civil dissensions which prevailed in their country during the 12th and 13th century, the two would appear to have embraced opposite sides. The Lisei (Elisei) alone are mentioned by Malespina (the earliest Florentine Historians) and these may therefore be regarded as having at that early period been the more prosperous and powerful branch. They espoused the Ghibellin—their kinsman, the Alighieri, the Guelf cause. The poet himself was the first of his own family, who, in attaching himself to the cause of the Empire, became at the commencement perhaps almost involuntarily confounded with the advocates of doctrines and principles at that time and long subsequently classed under the general term Ghibellinism. A writer in a modern review, generally regarded as one of the heads of the party styled "Italia Giovane," has claimed for Dante the credit of being neither "*Guelf nor Ghibellin, but Italian ;*" and certainly if we are to judge from his great Poem alone, and set out of consideration the commentary supplied by the incidents in his own political career, we should hesitate to class him with any but the party strong at that period in nothing but the merits of their cause—the true patriots who had the interests of their country at heart and who postponed to it all selfish considerations,

"The few, the band of brothers."

And accordingly we find the poet dealing out the dishonours and honors of his Hell, Purgatory and Paradise to Popes and Emperors, Guelfs and Ghibellins with the most impartial neutrality. The first progenitor of Dante whose Christian name is known was Cacciaguida, and he tells us that his son was Dante's great grandfather (bisavo). Cacciaguida thus greets the Poet in Paradise (c. xv.)

O fronda mia, in che io compiacemmi
Pure aspettando, io fui la tua radice.

"I am thy root, O leaf, whom to expect
Even, hath pleased me."—Carey.

Cacciaguida was knighted by the Emperor Conrad III., he married Aldighiera degl' Aldighieri of Ferrara, whence, he tells his descendant, came the surname of the family (by a slight alteration.)

"E quindi 'l soprannome tuo si feo."—Parad. xv. 138.

He died in the Crusade 1147, leaving two sons, of whom one,

Aldighiero, mentioned by Dante (Parad. xv.) and named with his brother in a document A.D. 1189, was the father of

Bellincione or Cacciaguida, who lived 1200 circiter, and had a son,

Aldighiero, a jurisconsult of the Guelf party, who was twice banished from Florence in 1248 and 1260. (Parad xv.) He died about 1270,

* The arms of the Elisei were Chequered Lozengy az. and or. The arms of the Alighieri were Party per pale az. and gules. The arms of the Frangipani, Party per bend az. and gules. This similarity of bearings was one ground why the two last families were supposed to have sprung from a common ancestor: slender proof, says Borghini, if nothing else confirmed the conclusion!

Digitized by Google

leaving by his second wife Bella several children, of whom one was the Poet Dante born at Florence 8th May, 1265, died at Ravenna in exile, 14th Sept. 1321.

"Ungrateful Florence, Dante sleeps afar."—BYRON.

He married Gemma Donati of a very ancient family, at that period the most powerful at Florence; its head, Corso Donati, a noble endowed with extraordinary qualities and abilities, aspired to a tyranny but came to a violent end. By his wife Gemma (with respect to whose character distinguished literati have been divided in opinion), Dante left many children; his son Jacopo was the presumed author of a Commentary upon the Divine Comedy published at Milan 1475. Another son of the Poet was

Pietro, who having shared his father's banishment, settled after his death at Verona, and was appointed Giudice by that Commune. He died at Treves 1361, and was buried with considerable honours in the cloister of the monastery St. Margerita. He also wrote a Commentary on his father's poems. By his wife Jacopa he left a son,

Dante II., who died 1428, leaving a son,

Leonardo (whose name has been preserved from oblivion by his intimacy with Leonardo Aretino). He had a son,

Pietro, friend of Filelfo and father of

Dante III., who was Podestà (magistrate) of Peschiera 1498, where he subsequently filled other offices. He retired from Verona to Mantua, where he is said to have died of despair. Many Latin and Italian compositions of his remain unedited. His son,

Francesco, was the author of several antiquarian works, some of which have been printed and others are lost: His will was dated 1558.

Francesco was the last male descendant of Dante, but he had a brother Pietro, through whose daughter Ginevra the blood representation descended to the Counts Sarego of Verona, a family still extant and glorying in their connexion with the greatest Italian Poet.

Digitized by Google

FRAGMENTS OF FAMILY HISTORY.

A few Members of the new Parliament.

Ralph Osborne, Esq., the newly elected Knight of the shire for Middlesex, is eldest son of Ralph Bernal, Esq., M.P., for Rochester, late chairman of the Committees of Ways and Means. He was born in 1811, and married in 1844, Catherine Isabella, the only daughter and richly portioned heiress of the late Sir Thomas Osborne, Bart., of Newtown Anner. On that occasion he came into possession of very considerable estates in the counties of Tipperary and Waterford, estimated at seven thousand a year, and he adopted, by Royal license, the surname and arms of his wife's family; he had previously held a Captain's Commission in the Army, and was Aid-de-camp to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. In the last parliament he sat as representative for the borough of Wycombe, and distinguished himself on various questions as a spirited public speaker.

North Durham has returned two new members, Lord Seaham and Robert Duncombe Shafto, Esq., of Whitworth Park; the former, the eldest son of the Marquess of Londonderry, by Frances Anne, his second wife, only daughter and heiress of the late Sir Harry Vane Tempest, Bart., will succeed at the death of his father to the Earldom of Vane, and inherit through his mother the princely possessions of the Vanes and the Tempests, in the county which his lordship represents. His elder and half-brother is of course heir apparent to the Marquessate of Londonderry. Lord Seaham has completed his twenty-fifth year, and was recently married to the only daughter and heiress of Sir John Edwards, Bart., of Garth. Mr. Duncombe Shafto is eldest son of Robert Eden Duncombe Shafto, Esq., of Whitworth, and descends from a family of great antiquity in the North of England. Some little incidental proof of the rank which the old lords of Shafto held on the border may be gathered from song and tradition. At the "Raid of the Redswire" in 1575—a hostile meeting between the Scotch and English wardens, one of the war cries of the latter was "a Schaftan and a Fenwick." The Scots had the honour of the day, and amongst the many English who were taken prisoners or wounded,

> "Young Henry Shaftan he is hurt,
> A souldier shot him with a bow."

Since the accession of the House of Hanover, the chiefs of the family of Shafto have sat in parliament, representing either the county or city of Durham.

Viscount Brackley, the successful candidate of North Staffordshire, is the eldest son of the Earl of Ellesmere, hitherto known as Lord Francis Egerton, and bears by courtesy the title which was conferred on his illustrious ancestor, the Lord Chancellor Egerton, just before his decease. The influence of his lordship's uncle, the Duke of Sutherland, is all paramount in Staffordshire. Lord Brackley was born in 1823, and

Digitized by Google

married in 1846, Lady Mary Louisa Campbell, daughter of Earl Cawdor.

The city of York has returned JOHN GEORGE SMYTH, Esq., of Heath Hall, near Wakefield, a landed proprietor of high station and large fortune in the West Riding. He is son of the late John Henry Smyth, Esq., of Heath Hall, M.P. for the University of Cambridge, nephew maternally of the present Duke of Grafton, and grandson of the Right Hon. John Smyth, Master of the Mint in the reign of George III. The new member for York was born in 1815, and married in 1837, the fifth daughter of the late Lord Macdonald.

MARMADUKE WYVILL, Esq., of Constable Burton, represents another Yorkshire constituency, the borough of Richmond, and was formerly twice member for the city of York. He is a scion of the distinguished family of Wyvill, the name of whose patriarch appears on the Roll of Battle Abbey, and he would be entitled to the dignity of a Baronet if the vexata questio were decided in the affirmative, that an alien loses his right of inheritance to an English honour.

W. J. Fox, the Chartist member for Oldham, was born on the 1st March, 1786, in a farm house near Wrentham, in Suffolk, and at the age of twelve, earned his livelihood as a weaver boy at Norwich.—At fourteen, the loom was exchanged for the banker's desk, and in this employment he passed the next six years, during which time he carried on assiduously the work of self-education, and mastered a tolerably extensive range of learning, which enabled him, within a short time, to enter on the ministry of the Gospel, and to issue forth as a teacher of the people. Sometime after he separated from the religious body among whom he had been bred, the Calvinistic Independents, and became the pastor of an Unitarian Congregation at Chichester, whence he removed to London in 1817, and has from that time remained in the metropolis connected with Finsbury Chapel. He has been an occasional contributor to the Westminster Review, and was the writer of the numerous letters in the League newspaper, signed "a Norwich weaver boy." The other leader of the Chartists in the new parliament, Mr. FERGUS O'CONNOR, is by birth an Irishman of respectable descent, and inherited a small patrimonial estate in the county of Cork. His uncle, the celebrated Arthur O'Connor was heir at law to the late Lord Longueville, but his lordship not approving of the line of politics adopted by Mr. O'Connor, bequeathed his property to more distant relations—eventually Arthur O'Connor entered the French service, and attaining high military rank was well known as General Condorcet O'Connor. Mr. Fergus O'Connor has long been before the public as editor of the Northern Star, and suffered incarceration a few years since in York gaol for sedition.

MATTHEW WILSON, Esq. the new whig Member for Clitheroe, is eldest son of Matthew Wilson, Esq. of Eshton Hall, county York, and half-brother ofthe great heiress Miss Richardson Currer of Byerley and Kildwick. He is a magistrate for the West Riding of Yorkshire, and for Lancashire. His wife was the only daughter and heiress of Sir Warton Amcotts, Bart. of Kettlethorpe, twenty years M.P. for East Retford.

The Knight of the shire for the Northern division of Northampton, so distinguished in the late parliament as Mr. STAFFORD O'BRIEN, has since his re-election, adopted by sign manual the surname of STAFFORD only, the cognomen of the ancient family through which he derives his Northamptonshire estate of Blatherwycke. The Hon. gentleman pos-

Digitized by Google

sesses besides extensive property in the county of Clare in Ireland. He is the eldest son of Stafford O'Brien, Esq., and nephew maternally of the present Earl of Gainsborough.

David Urquhart, Esq., elected for Stafford, is the distinguished writer on the foreign policy of England, and possesses mental qualifications of the highest order. Having now an arena for his great oratorical powers, the honourable member will, we feel assured, rank high among the public speakers of the day. He is the male representative of one of the most ancient houses in Scotland, the Urquharts of Cromarty, and derives through female descent from the noble houses of Ross, Forbes, Abernethy, Seaforth, and Montrose. Abercrombie in his "Martial Achievements of Scotland," relates that an ancestor of the Urquharts married Castalda, daughter of Banquo, "Shakespear's Thane of Lockaber," and Lord Hales, in his Annals, mentions that Edward the First, during the interregnum, prior to the accession of John Baliol to the crown, made out a list of Sheriffs, half of whom were English, and half Scotch; and that among the Scotch appears the name of William Urquhart, heritable Sheriff of Cromarty. The member for Stafford has just completed his forty-second year.

Colonel Charles John Kemeys Tynte, returned for Bridgewater, in the neighbourhood of which is his father's splendid mansion of Halsewell, formerly represented the Western division of Somersetshire. He resides himself at Cefn Mabley, near Newport in Wales, and acts as a magistrate, and deputy lieutenant for Monmouthshire. His father, Colonel Kemeys Tynte, possesses estates in the counties of Somerset, Glamorgan, Monmouth, Surrey, and Brecon, a considerable portion of which have descended to him from his great grand uncle Sir Charles Kemeys, Bart. of Cefn Mabley, knight of the shire for Monmouth, in the last parliament of Queen Anne, and for Glamorgan, in the two succeeding parliaments. Of this gentleman and his jacobite predilections, an amusing anecdote is told under "Fragments of Family History," in our second volume, page 65. Colonel Kemeys Tynte has been declared by a committee for privileges of the House of Lords, senior co-heir of the whole blood to the Barony of Wharton; and also co-heir to the Barony of Grey de Wilton.

Francis Richard West, Esq. the new member for Denbigh, is nephew of the late Earl of De la Warr, and derives his influence in the borough he represents, through his mother, one of the daughters and co-heirs of the late Richard Myddelton, Esq. of Chirk Castle,

Thomas Chisholme Anstey, Esq. M.P. for Youghal, an English Chancery barrister, of considerable ability and great depth of knowledge, is son of the Hon. Thomas Anstey, Member of the Legislative Council of Van Dieman's Land, and descends in the female line from the great Scottish family of Chisholm. He is about thirty years of age, and was called to the bar in 1839.

William Seymour Blackstone, Esq. of Castle Priory, whose election was secured at Wallingford, despite the myrmidons of the law, is grandson and representative of no less a personage than the great legal luminary Sir William Blackstone, the learned commentator on the laws and constitution of England.

Sir Edward North Buxton, Bart., the new member for South Essex, is eldest son and heir of the late Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, so distinguished by his philanthropic exertions in the abolition of slavery, and

Digitized by Google

son-in-law of Samuel Gurney of Upton, the head of the great city house of Overend, Gurney and Co.

Mr. CHARLES LUSHINGTON the successor to Mr. Leader in Westminster, is youngest brother of Dr. Stephen Lushington, the eminent civilian.

THE OLDEST MAN SINCE THE DELUGE.

A correspondent sends us the following extract from the Register of the Parish of Lanmaes, near Cowbridge, in Glamorganshire, and adds that "of late years it has attracted the close enquiry of eminent antiquaries." Old Parr must yield the palm of longevity to this venerable Welchman:

"Ivan Yorath buried on Saterdaye the xvii day of July anno dōni 1621, et anno regni regis vicessimo primo, *annoque ætatis circa* 180. He was a Sowdiar in the fight of Bosworthe, and lived at Lantwet major, and he lived much by fishing."

A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT OF THE OLDEN TIME.

RICHARD Lyster, Esq., of Rowton Castle (great great granduncle of the present Henry Lyster, Esq., of Rowton Castle), represented the county of Salop for the unusual period of thirty years. The great hospitality and universal popularity of this gentleman are still very freshly remembered; he was a firm supporter of the exiled royal house, and constantly opposed the Whig administrations of his day. It is related of him, that his first return to parliament was for the borough of Shrewsbury, for which place, after a strenuous contest, he was elected by a considerable majority. His opponent, however, disputed the return, and endeavoured to destroy the majority by disfranchising an extensive suburb, which till that period, had always enjoyed the elective franchise, and as he was a supporter of the government, the whole Whig party joined in the attempt, and succeeded in throwing out the successful candidate. Upon the decision being announced in the Commons, Mr. Lyster, feeling very keenly the injustice of the proceeding, put on his hat, and, with his back to the Speaker, walked down the house, when his manner being remarked, he was called to order, and pointed out to the chair. Turning abruptly round, he instantly said, "When you learn justice, I will learn manners." This drew down upon him the increased wrath of the house, and probably he would have been compelled to ask pardon on his knees, or to visit the Tower, had not Sir Robert Walpole, who on all occasions knew how to throw the grace of good temper over disputes and arguments, exclaimed, with a smile, "Let him go, we have served him bad enough already." The indignation which this ill-treatment occasioned mainly contributed to securing the representation of his native county for the remainder of his life. In illustration of the manners of his day, we may add, that on his departure from Rowton to take his seat, his tenants annually escorted him the first two stages on his journey, while his London tradespeople, duly apprised of his approach, with the same punctilio, advanced two stages from town to bring him into London. He died in 1776, aged 75.

Digitized by Google

The Earldom of Perth.

One of the earliest and most interesting cases to be submitted to the Committee for Privileges, in the next session of Parliament is the claim of George Drummond, Duc de Melfort, to the Earldom of Perth. The pedigree and heirship of the Duc have already been established, and there remains now only a question of law as to the operation of an act of attainder. Should the decision on this point be favourable to the claimant, and the most eminent authorities incline to the opinion that it will—a Coronet will be restored to the Scottish Peerage, yielding in brilliancy to few in the Empire. Traditionally, the Drummonds derive their descent from an Hungarian in the Suite of Edgar Atheling, but the importance of the family was based on the Royal alliance of the Lady Annabella Drummond, daughter of Drummond of Stobhall, with King Robert III. From that period the Drummonds held a high position in North Britain, and were raised to the peerage in 1487, by the title of Lord Drummond, and eventually obtained the Earldom of Perth in 1605. Their loyalty to the throne shone at all times conspicuous, but the moment that called forth their whole energies and devotion was the great contest which preceded the final overthrow of the ancient dynasty of Scotland. So long as the conflict was waged on the battle field, the Drummonds fought manfully in the cause they had espoused, and at length, when the last ruin of the hapless race of Stuart was consummate at Culloden, they left their native land, to die, banished and broken hearted, in a foreign clime. They had fearlessly set their all upon the cast, and they chivalrously submitted to the hazard of the die.

The immediate ancestor of the claimant was John Drummond, Earl of Melfort, second son of James, third Earl of Perth. He retired to St. Germains at the Revolution, and was raised by the abdicated James, to the Dukedom of Melfort, a title confirmed in France by Louis XIV. This nobleman, attainted by the parliament in 1695, for *having been seen at St. Germains*, died at Paris, A.D. 1714, leaving, with other issue, a son John, great-grandfather of George Drummond, Duc de Melfort, who now claims to be Earl of Perth. He was formerly in the British service, and held a Captain's commission in the 93rd Highlanders. He has been twice married, first, to the Baroness Albertine de Rothberg, widow of General Count Rapp, and secondly (within the last month), to Mrs. Borrowes, widow of Col. Borrowes, daughter of Thomas B. D. H. Sewel, Esq., and grand-daughter of William Beresford, Lord Decies, Archbishop of Tuam.

Epitaph by Bishop Lowth.

The following beautiful inscription appears on the south side of the chancel at Cuddesdon church near Oxford:

Maria
Roberti Lowth, Episcopi Oxon,
Et Mariæ Uxoris ejus filia,
Nata XI^mo^ die Junii, A.D. MDCCL,
Obiit V^to^ die Julii, A.D. MDCCLXVIII.

Cara vale! ingenio præstans, pietate, pudore,
Et plusquam natæ nomine cara vale,
Cara Maria vale! at veniet felicius œvum,
Quando iterum tecum, sim modo dignus, ero.
Cara redi! læta tum dicam voce, paternos
Eja age in amplexus, cara Maria redi!

Digitized by Google

TRANSLATION.

Dearer than daughter, parallel'd by few,
In genius, goodness, modesty, adieu!
Adieu, Maria! 'till that day more blest,
When, if deserving, I with thee shall rest:
Come, then thy Sire will cry, in joyful strain,
O! come to thy paternal arms again.

EPITAPH ON DR. THOMLINSON.

ON the north chancel wall in the Parish Church of Whickham in the county of Durham is a marble monument to the memory of the Rev. Dr. Robert Thomlinson, fourth son of Richard Thomlinson Esq. of Blencogo Hall, Cumberland, with the following inscription:

Under
this monument
lies the body of
Robert Thomlinson, D. D.
Prebendary of St. Pauls Lond.
Rector of this Parish 36 years
and sometime
Lecturer of St. Nicholas
in Newcastle upon Tine.
He died the 24th of March 1747
aged 79 years.
Reader if thou wouldst know
the character of ye deceased
learn it
from the following account
of his pious munificence
and charity.

Dr. Thomlinson built and endowed ye charity School for this Parish at his own expense, save £100 left by Mrs. Blakiston for that purpose. He also built a chapel at Allonby in Cumb^d., and a school house there, and gave to procure the Queen's bounty to ye said Chap. £200, to the Col. of Matrons at Wigton in Cumb. £600, to the charity School there £100, to Queen's College in Oxford £100, to Edmund Hall there £200, and left by his will to ye Societies for propagating ye Gospel £500, for promoting Christian Know^e £100, for working Schools in Ireland £100; he also bequeathed his library, a large and most valuable collection of Books in all kinds of literature, to the Corporation of Newcastle, for public use, with a rent charge of £5 a year for ever as a fund for buying new books.

Arms: party per pale arg. and vert, three greyhounds in course counter changed, impaling azure, a chief indented three martlets arg. —Crest: a greyhound party per pale as in the Coat.

The Thomlinson Family of Blencogo in the county of Cumberland are descended from Edward Thomlinson, fourth son of Anthony Thomlinson, Esq. of Gateside (now Gateshead) in the county of Durham, living in 1575, by Katherine his wife, daughter of Sir Ralph Hedworth of Harraton in the same county.

Digitized by Google

NOTES ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF JOHN DYER, THE POET.

No. 2.

By William Hylton Longstaffe.

" Bard of the Fleece, whose skilful genius made
That work a living landscape, fair and bright;
Nor hallowed less with musical delight,
Than those soft scenes through which thy childhood strayed,
Those southern tracts of Cambria, 'deep embayed,
With green hills fenced, with ocean's murmur lull'd,'
Though hasty Fame hath many a chaplet culled
For worthless brows, while in the pensive shade
Of cold neglect she leaves thy head ungraced,
Yet pure and powerful minds, hearts meek and still,
A grateful few, shall love thy modest lay,
Long as the shepherd's bleating flock shall stray,
O'er naked Snowdon's wild aërial waste;
Long as the thrush shall pipe on Grongar Hill!"

Wordsworth's *Sonnet* 17. " *To the Poet John Dyer.*"

Robert Dyer being a " solicitor of great capacity and note," purchased the estate of Aberglasney of Sir Rice Rudd, Bart., and at that seat the poet, his second son, John Dyer, was born in the year 1700. The future rhymer went not through his childhood with the usual ease and safety of other mortals, having, during that period, three very surprising escapes. These are noted in one of his little MS. books, in connexion with other misadventures, under the head of " Journals of Escapes," and are thus set down:—

" 1704 Fell, when a child, into a tub of scalding wort.

" 1704. Fell on a case-knife, which wanting a handle, was stuck upright in the ground, and which went deep into my throat, but missed the windpipe.

" 1709. Fell into a well.—Job's Well, Carm'thens."

Through these accidents, however, he came off scatheless, and finished his school studies, it seems from Johnson's life, at Westminster, under Dr. Friend. And now occurs another " Escape," from which it appears he always was of a restless, rambling disposition, full of spirit and deeply sensitive, as in after life.

" 1714. Ran from school and my father, on a box of the ear being given me. Strolled for three or four days—found at Windsor, &c."

From school he went to be instructed in his father's profession, the law; but, as one might readily suppose, would have been the case, the wearisome monotony of an attorney's office, and long formal deeds, little suited an imagination so powerful and glowing as that of Dyer. He had, in fact, already begun to cultivate the gentle art of poesy, for as early as 1716 (he then being only sixteen years of age), the first version of Grongar Hill was composed. It is in a different metre from, and altogether inferior to, its sylph-like successor, so well known to all English

Digitized by Google

readers, but as the fragment Dyer has thought worthy of being copied into a book is not without merit, bearing in mind the extreme youth of the writer, and is, at all events, curious, I shall here give it.

" P't of Gron'. Hill as 'twas wrote at first in y' year 1716.

" And here a silent, quiet walk is made,
Streight onward running in the green wood shade;
How beautiful upon soft mossy beds,
These living pillars rise with noble heads.
Unto the thoughtful muse this bowry isle
Exceeds all those within the towering pile
Of huge Ephesia swelling to the skies,
Or ancient Babel of stupendous size,
Or great St. Peter, pride of modern Rome;
Or stately Paul, Augusta's sacred dome;
Though there a ground of polished marbles seen,
And here but vivid turf of gloomy green;
The sculptor's art although those pillars wear,
And these in Nature's rustic work appear;
Although their works glare round with fretted gold,
And here but azure spangles we behold,
And intermingling leaves that softly twine,
And roundly branching, from their pillars join
To form a living roof, and shade the tuneful Nine," &c.

Utterly disliking the law, and his father soon after dying, Dyer, in consequence of his relish for the beautiful, determined to become a painter, and settled himself with Mr. Richardson, of Lincoln's-inn-fields, who seems to have been considered as a painter of some reputation, and whose works are still well known. Among Dyer's papers, I find some engraved fac-similes of sketches by the old masters, " *E Museo Dñi Jonath. Richardson.*" He then became an itinerant painter in his native country, South Wales, as he says himself, in a letter to Mr. Duncombe, published in " Elegant Extracts."

But a break now occurs in his life, his visit to Rome, the mistress of arts and the ruling divinity in every young painter's bosom, which visit seems to have been unaccountably misdated by all his biographers, who state that he went *after* the publication of Grongar Hill, in 1727, and returned in 1740, the year the " Ruins of Rome " was published, making him come home, revise a long poem, if not write it, study for the church, become ordained, and obtain a living, all in the space of a year! I shall presently show that he certainly *went* to Italy in 1724, and returned before 1728, at all events; indeed, as Grongar Hill was published in 1727, he most likely returned in 1725 or 1726. I have some prayers, &c., entered by him for 1726 and 1727, which were most probably done during his leisure in England.

" 1724. Narrow escape in a storm at Calwater, 1 of Plymouth harbours, *in my voyage to Italy.*

" 1725. Narrow escape *at Baia*, from some banditti who harboured in the ruins there.

" 1728. A surprising escape on horseback, on a very narrow wooden bridge (*in N. Wales*), about 50 feet above rocks and a great torrent of water, which frightened the horse, who could not turn for the narrowness of the bridge, and entangled his feet in the side rails, &c.

" Escape at Higham, when the hole was made in a chamber for a pair of stairs, &c.

Digitized by Google

The above extracts show decisively the true period of this visit to the Eternal City, and all the sketches, &c., I have relating to Italy, are in the style and writing of this period of Dyer's life. In 1739, he was in England, and if a second visit to Rome was undertaken in 1740, his MSS. show no traces of it. Indeed, as painting had then ceased to be his ruling passion, and he was devoting his energies to church advancement, we may well assume that such a visit is a fiction. Viewed, as his biographies state, as one undertaken to improve his painting, it most certainly never existed.

In 1724, however, all his ardour concentrated in painting. And we cannot conceive his feelings better than by perusing the accompanying extracts from his common-place book, consisting of draft letters and notes. His home predilections are very feeling:—

"I take the opportunity of a gentleman leaving Rome to write to my dear mother, and pleasure myself with the telling her that I shall soon return and haste to make myself happy in her company at Grey House. The farther I am from you, the more and more sensible am I of the tender names of mother and son, and the longer I am absent from you, the more you grow in my mind, and the dearer you are there.

"I have now seen the follies of many distinctions and the greatest heights of people, and can sit me down with much ease in a very firm opinion that you are happier at Grey House than if you practised all the formalities of greatness in courts and palaces. I have gathered, I thank God, enough of knowledge in painting to live well in the busiest part of the world, if I should happen to prefer it to retirement.

"Rome is a very beautiful place, and quite different from what we see in England, it is not to be told how rich and beautiful the churches are, full of fine paintings, gilding, and gold, and precious stones; the palaces too are many and very magnificent, and every here and there appear the views of the old beaten temples, palaces, and triumphal arches."

"Dear Brother,—I wrote to you immediately as soon as I arrived in Italy, in which were a few lines to my mother and my brothers Tom and Ben, don't then in return be negligent, nor think the charge great that may be best afforded. 'Tis what I greatly want, something like conversation; the people here are very reserved and deceitful, they seldom appear together but under disguises and in holy pageantries. * * * The Pantheon is the noblest building, perhaps, that ever was—it is a large concave, not lifted up like S. Paul's or S. Peter's (there the concave loses its effect), it appears *just as you fancy the sky about you,* at sea, or in a large plain, in that proportion. I wonder none have considered it in this light, and that they prefer the modern cupolas to it. Besides this, a vast opening at top lets in but one great light, that spreads itself gently like a glory on all around. In short, 'tis not to be described, nor did I conceive it till I saw it."

"I am not a little warmed, and I have a great deal of poetry in my head when I scramble among the hills of ruins, or as I pass through the arches along the Sacred Way. There is a certain charm that follows the sweep of Time, and I can't help thinking the triumphal arches more beautiful now than ever they were, there is a certain greenness, with many other colours, and a certain disjointedness and moulder among the

Digitized by Google

stones, something so pleasing in their weeds and tufts of myrtle, and something in the altogether so greatly wild, that mingling with art, and blotting out the traces of disagreeable squares and angles, adds certain beauties that could not be before imagined, which is the cause of surprise that no modern building can give."

"I take great pleasure in visiting the statues and bas-reliefs, it is almost my every day's work, it is a pleasure that grows upon me prodigiously. I don't wonder that N. Poussin was so fond of them, and called even Rafael an ass to the ancients. There is so much strength and noble muscle in the Hercules, so much grace, greatness, and gentileness in the Apollo, so much delicacy and perfect symmetry in the Venus of Medicis, and every part of the Laocoon so exquisite, that nothing modern can be looked upon after them. Nor do the B. Relievos give me less pleasure, whether I examine Trajan's column, the temple of Pallas, the arch of Titus, and some part of Constantine's, and especially a Grecian Bas-relief over the great door in the Hall of the Villa Borgese, it is a dance of nymphs after a wedding, about 6 feet long and 3 broad. By good chance I have bought an old cast of it, which is very scarce; yet it grieves me when I think of leaving Rome, as I can't afford to carry with me many such fine memoranda of those excellent things.

"I can't get any views of Tivoli, or any places in Italy. I have been to enquire at all the shops. Those of Sylvester we have in England, and I believe poor plates, too; but I design to draw some myself, which shall be at your service. I am now about the ruins which are in Rome and have drawn a great many, yet, notwithstanding these studious entertainments, I can't always support myself, and I frequently sink into melancholy for want of society, and I think, Dear Sir, of your absence with much uneasiness of mind, so that I have many evenings made resolutions to return to England, which the next morning has diverted on the Capital or the Aventine."

"I am now in the hurry of a jubilee—in the midst of a most unnatural uproar, with the cries of many strange penances around me. And I'll assure you a Lord Mayor's show is infinitely preferable to that of opening the holy door. It was very silly, for after a great length of most wretched pageantry, the Pope reached the door and beat it down with 3 strokes of a hammer, 3 good prayers, and the most successful force of 3 or 4 lusty fellows, who pulled and hauled within with ropes and crows of iron, so fell down the little wall on a carriage of low wheels, and they wheeled it away to be broken into 10,000 pieces, to be dispersed for pence and halfpence to all the corners of Europe.

'Tis strange what a havoc their religion makes on their minds, everything they do is capricious and absurd, all things take a tincture of their religion. So reason and the plain principles of nature are neglected among them. Their chief employment is visiting churches, and doing strange penances: they are now busy in visiting the 4 churches, which they are ordered to do 30 times, and every round is near 20 miles, and many of the poor wretches are even starved in the unprofitable labour. It is really a dismal sight to see the streets so crowded with troops of families, like so many gipsies, some on foot and some on asses, covered with dust and sweat, all faint and ghastly.

Digitized by Google

"I observe that though musick is here in such great perfection, so constantly and universally encouraged, few of the common people have any ear, or sing with any spirit."

These extracts may show the spirit of the man at that time, and truly he had not been idle. The sketches of ruins in my possession are most voluminous, and are executed in a very peculiar though free style; a few are in red chalk, but by far the majority in pen and ink, slightly tinted with Indian ink or umber. This method, though laborious and engraving-like, of course has a nice sharpness about the details unattainable by the pencil. The views of Tivoli above-mentioned are among them, and altogether they form an interesting collection to the lover of classical spots. I am afraid his collections of casts, &c., are all dispersed, the only relics in my possession are two books of the 16th century (one having very curious engravings of the remains of ancient Rome at that time, and each possessing his autograph), together with some *original* studies of Domenichino, "A. Z." Polidoro, Tadeus Sucano, Carlo Maratte, and Fran° Albani, all mounted. Dyer's portrait was taken in Italy, but I reserve mention of it till afterwards.

Meantime his muse had not slept during his sketching furor. The "Ruins of Rome" was most probably now first planned, and a moral vision, "Wrote at Ocriculum, in Italy, 1725, altered 1730," in blank verse, was written. This is too long for insertion here; the following is in the spirit of the last extract given above.

"Wrote at St. Peter's, &c.

"O gracious Lord, forgive us; we are all,
All of us, sinners vile: but these, who build
Greatness upon their brethren's miseries:
Who scorn to make thy meek and patient life
The pattern of their doings; yet put on
A day-dress of religion; hypocrites!
Who faiths absurd exact with fiery zeal;
And strive to thrall the tongue to their decrees,
Not win the spirit to the bond of love.
God of our Fathers, keep us from the ways
Of these foul hirelings: less Thy glory pure
Seek they to magnify, than that of men:
For basest ends the simple they perplex,
And {with / in} the guise of learning {check / blast} the hope
That rises in their hearts from virtuous *deeds*."

A poem to Clio was also written from Rome, but she, fictitious or real, must stand over for consideration till our next number.

(To be continued.)

Digitized by Google

THE CLUBS OF LONDON.

It is not a little singular that Englishmen, who are so generally reproached by other nations for their want of sociality, should yet have originated *Clubs*, the very object of which is the promotion of good fellowship. Such, however, seems to be the case, the two earliest we have on record being one which celebrated its symposia at the Mermaid Tavern in Friday Street, and Ben Jonson's Club, which was held at the old Devil Tavern, between Temple Gates and Temple Bar. The club at the Mermaid was according to all accounts the first established, and owed its origin to Sir Walter Raleigh, who had here instituted a meeting of men of wit and genius, previously to his engagement with the unfortunate Cobham. This society comprised all that the age held most distinguished for learning and talent; numbering amongst its members Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Selden, Sir Walter Raleigh, Donne, Cotton, Carew, Martin, and many others, who were inferior to none in reputation except those master spirits, and well worthy to sit at the same table, although at a lower seat. There it was that the "wit-combats" took place between Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, that have so often excited the regretful curiosity of antiquarians, and to which, probably, Beaumont alludes with so much affection, in his letter to the old poet, written from the country:—

> "What things have we seen
> Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
> So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
> As if that every one from whom they came
> Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest."

It is greatly to be regretted, that not a fragment of these meetings has come down to us; a few scattered allusions amongst the old dramatists, or their panegyrists, alone attest that such things did exist; but the wit, and the lively fancies, the gay bubbles, as it were, of the most fervid imaginations, brightened by wine and social emulation, all these have passed away with the moment that gave rise to them. What would we now give to recall even the slightest portion of those days, and thus enjoy even a single hour in the society of such men as Shakspeare and his brother dramatists, their conversation varied and tempered by the world-knowledge of Raleigh, and the profound learning of Selden! One man, and one only could, by the magic of his pen, have called up the images of such a time; but the Great Unknown—the name must never leave him—sleeps the last sleep in Dryburgh Abbey, and who is there that can hope to succeed him? Nay, we almost regret the having thrown out such a hint, lest some of our popular writers—Heaven save the mark!—should catch at the idea, and having dressed up a set of fantoccini puppets, should endeavour to impose them upon the world as the legitimate representatives of the Mermaid Tavern.

Ben Jonson's Club was held in a room of the old Devil Tavern, which, probably from this circumstance acquired the distinguishing name of the "Apollo." A print of this room, published in 1774, appears to have been seen by Gifford, who describes it as "a handsome room, large and lofty,

Digitized by Google

and furnished with a gallery for music." Over the door of it was placed a bust of the poet, underneath which were inscribed, in golden letters upon a black ground, his own verses of welcome to the comer :—

"Welcome all who lead or follow,
To the *Oracle of Apollo*;
Here he speaks out of his pottle,
Or the tripos, his tower bottle;
All his answers are divine,
Truth itself doth flow in wine,
Hang up all the poor hop-drinkers,
Cries old Sim, the prince of skinkers,
He the half of life abuses,
That sits watering with the Muses.
Those dull girls no good can mean us,
Wine it is the milk of Venus,
And the poet's horse accounted;
Ply it, and you all are mounted.
'Tis the true Phebeian liquor
Cheers the brain, makes wit the quicker,
Pays all debts, cures all diseases,
And at once three senses pleases.
Welcome all who lead or follow,
To the *Oracle of Apollo*."

O Rare Ben Jonson!

The "Old Sim," mentioned in the above lines, was Simon Wadloe, who at that time kept the Devil Tavern. So at least Whalley informs us, and his account is quoted by Gifford without any expression of doubt as to the assertion.

Within the room were hung up the laws of the Club, the celebrated *Leges Convivales*, drawn up by Ben Johnson in the purest and most elegant Latin. These we now give, with the old translation of them which, however, is neither very faithful, nor very remarkable for poetry.

LEGES CONVIVALES.

Quod felix faustumque convivis in Apolline sit.

1. Nemo Asymbolus, Nisi Umbra, Huc Venito.
2. Idiota, Insulsus, Tristis, Turpis, Abesto.
3. Eruditi, Urbani, Hilares, Honesti, Adsciscuntor.
4. Nec Lectæ Fœminæ Repudiantor.
5. In Apparatu Quod Convivis Corsuget Nares Nil Esto.
6. Epulæ Delectu Potius Quam Sumptu Parantor.
7. Obsonator Et Coquus Convivarum Gulæ Periti Sunto.
8. De Discubitu Non Contenditor.
9. Ministri A Dapibus, Oculati Et Muti,
   A Poculis, Auriti Et Celeres Sunto.
10. Vina Puris Fontibus Ministrentor, Aut Vapulet Hospes.
11. Moderatis Poculis Provocare Sodales Fas Esto.
12. At Fabulis Magis Quam Vino Velitatio Fiat.
13. Convivæ Nec Muti Nec Loquaces Sunto.
14. De Seriis Ac Sacris Poti Et Saturi Ne Disserunto.
15. Fidicen, Nisi Accersitus, Non Venito.
16. Admisso Risu, Tripudiis, Choreis, Cantu, Salibus,
    Omni Gratiarum Festivitate Sacra Celebrantor.
17. Joci Sine Felle Sunto.
18. Insipida Poemata Nulla Recitantor.
19. Versus Scribere Nullus Cogito.
20. Argumentationis Totius Strepitus Abesto.

Digitized by Google

21. Amatoriis Querelis Ac Suspiriis Liber Angulus Esto.
22. Lapitharum More Scyphis Pugnare, Vitrea Collidere,
Fenestras Excutere, Supellectilem Dilacerare, Nefas Esto.
23. Qui Foras Vel Dicta, Vel Facta Eliminat, Eliminator
24. Neminem Reum Pocula Faciunto.

FOCUS PERENNIS ESTO.

RULES FOR THE TAVERN ACADEMY,

OR

LAWS FOR THE BEAUX ESPRITS.

From the Latin of Ben Jonson, engraven in Marble over the Chimney, in the Apollo of the Old Devil Tavern, at Temple Bar, that being his Club-room

Non verbum reddere verbo.

I.

1. As the fund of our pleasure let each pay his shot,
Except some chance friend whom a member brings in.
2. Far hence be the *sad*, the *lewd fop*, and the *sot;*
For such have the plagues of good company been.

II.

3. Let the *learned* and *witty*, the *jovial* and *gay*.
The *generous* and *honest*, compose our free state,
4. *And the more to exalt our delight while we stay*,
Let none be debarr'd from his choice female mate.

III.

5. Let no scent offensive the chamber infest.
6. Let fancy, not cost, prepare all our dishes.
7. Let the caterer mind the taste of each guest,
And the cook, in his dressing, comply with their wishes.

IV.

8. Let's have no disturbance about taking places,
To shew your nice breeding, or out of vain pride.
9. Let the drawers be ready with wine and fresh glasses,
Let the waiters have eyes, though their tongues must be tied.

V.

10. Let our wines without mixture or stum be all fine,
Or call up the master and break his dull noddle,
11. Let no sober bigot here think it a sin,
To push on the chirping and moderate bottle.

VI.

12. Let the contests be rather of books than of wine.
13. Let the company be neither noisy nor mute.
14. Let none of things serious, much less of divine,
When belly and head's full, profanely dispute.

VII.

15. Let no saucy fiddler presume to intrude,
Unless he is sent for *to vary our bliss.*
16. With *mirth, wit, and dancing, and singing* conclude.
To regale every sense with delight in excess.

VIII.

17. Let raillery be without malice or heat,
18. Dull poems to read let none privilege take.
19. Let no poetaster command or intreat
Another extempore verses to make.

IX.

20. Let argument bear no unmusical sound,
Nor jars interpose sacred friendship to grieve.
21. For generous lovers let a corner be found,
Where they in soft sighs may their passions relieve.

Digitized by Google

X.

22. Like the old Lapithites with the goblets to fight,
Our own 'mongst offences unpardoned will rank,
Or breaking of windows, or glasses for spite,
And spoiling the goods for a rake-helly prank.

XI.

23. Whoever shall publish what's said, or what's done,
Be he banish'd for ever our assembly divine.
24. Let the freedom we take be perverted by none,
To make any guilty by drinking good wine."

From these "Leges Convivales," we may infer, with sufficient accuracy, the nature of clubs in their origin; they were associations for the purposes of good fellowship, no doubt, but it was the fellowship of men of learning and genius, who met for the interchange of ideas over the social glass. The dull man and the ignoramus were to be excluded; the learned and the cheerful were to be invited to join the club; drunkenness was forbidden, yet the members were encouraged to challenge each other to the glass in moderation; the society of females was permitted, while mirth, singing, and pleasant conversation were enjoined: a snug corner was set apart for lovers to sigh in, and think upon their absent mistresses, no bad proof by the bye of the gentle temper of him, whom modern ignorance has designated as rough and surly; the discussion of sacred and serious things were also put under ban, the serious things including, it may be presumed, politics; there was to be no quarrelling with each other, no breaking of glasses or windows by way of frolic, nor was any one to plague the company by reciting bad verses, or compelling others to extemporise; finally, he who blabbed what was said or done was to be expelled. In many of these matters, as we shall see hereafter, the clubs of our own day have changed, and certainly not for the better.

We have no means of tracing out the time when these celebrated societies actually became defunct, nor have we any notice of similar meetings the time of Charles II. The probability is, that the great Revolution, which closed theatres, put down fairs, and in fact forbade everything in the shape of amusement as a sin against Heaven, dispersed also the clubs, the very essence of which was elegant enjoyment, and therefore in direct opposition to the gloomy spirit that had come over the age. But then in due time followed the Restoration, and the tide, which had ebbed so low, leaving as it were, a dry and barren shore, now flowed back again with a violence that swept every thing before it, not excepting decency and morals. The hatred of the recent changes, and the rage for bringing back the ancient order of things, admitted of no exception, even where the thing to be destroyed was positively good. The cavaliers, on finding themselves once again in their old quarters, were much in the condition of a man who should return after a lapse of years to the family mansion, from which he had been ejected, and who would naturally enough fancy every change that had been made in his absence an innovation, to be got rid of as speedily as possible. Hence it was to be expected that, among other revivals, so joyous an institution as that of Clubs would not be forgotten; and, accordingly, the traces of them, which were utterly lost to us in the time of the Commonwealth, now appear once again. The first, of which any mention is made, is the so-called *Club of the Kings*, and the name gives unmistakeable evidence of the times which orginated it. This association was formed a little after the return of Charles, and did not restrict admission to any quality or

Digitized by Google

profession. All who had the good fortune to have inherited the name of King were entitled to this privilege, it being considered that such a designation was alone sufficient to prove the loyalty of the candidate.

Another club, that arose about the same time, was called the *Club of Ugly Faces*. It was instituted originally at Cambridge, and held its first dinner in Clare Hall, which at the outset it was feared would not be large enough to contain so numerous a body as would be fairly entitled to claim admission. The result, however, disappointed these very reasonable calculations. Few of those invited would allow that they had any right or title to a seat in the ugly assembly; and a very amusing account is given in the *Spectator* of the excuses put in and pleaded by the various recusants. How the powers of the club proceeded with them is not said, the want of a president having brought the whole affair at a still-stand. A chaplain had indeed been provided in the person of a merry fellow of King's College, commonly called *Crab* from his sour look, but no one was found who would admit himself duly qualified for the presidentship by superior ugliness. The affair, it is said, came to the ears of the merry monarch, then at Newcastle, and the whole chimed in so well with his humour, that he sent them a royal message, stating that "he could not be there himself, but he would send them a brace of bucks."

Even this was a deviation, and a very material one, from the original designs of clubs, as they appeared in the time of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson. Men's minds had been forcibly turned to politics by late events, and if this disposition to "trade and traffic with affairs of state" had seemed to sleep awhile in the commencement of Charles's reign, when every thing else was forgotten in the momentary sense of joy, it was soon to wake again with more activity than ever. Goaded by the arts of the profligate Earl of Shaftesbury, the people were well nigh mad with terror; the spectre of a popish church was incessantly present to their imaginations, and three parts of London went to bed, fully expecting, with the Irishman, to wake the next morning and find their throats cut. But it was necessary to the ends of the party that this ferment should be kept up in all its vigour; if once the nation was allowed time to cool and recover from its alarm, their power, and perhaps even their safety, would be brought into serious compromise, and hence arose the institution *The King's Head Club*, the first club in which politics were substituted for wit, learning, and companionship. There is a curious and not uninteresting account of this society in Roger North's "Examen" and, as it would, perhaps, rather lose than gain by being translated into any other language, we shall give the passage in his own old-fashioned style:—

"We had a more visible administration, mediate as it were, between his Lordship and the greater or lesser vulgar, who were to be the immediate tools. And this was the club, called originally the *King's Head Club*. The gentlemen of that worthy society held their evening sessions continually at the King's Head Tavern, over against the Inner Temple gate. But upon occasion of the signal of *a green ribbon*, agreed to be worn in their hats in the days of *street engagements*, like the coats of arms of valliant knights of old, whereby all the warriors of the society might be distinguished, and not mistake friends for enemies, they were called also the *Green Ribbon Club*. Their seat was in a sort of carfour (*carrefour*) at Chancery Lane end, a centre of business and company most proper for such anglers of fools. The house was double balconied in the front, as may yet be seen, for the clubsters to issue forth in fresco with hats and no peruques, pipes in their mouths, merry faces, and dilated throats, for vocal encouragement of the canaglia below, at bonfires, on usual and unusual occasions. They admitted all

Digitized by Google

strangers that were confidingly introduced, for it was a main end of their institution to make proselytes, especially of the raw, estated youth, newly come to town. This copious society were to the faction in and about London a sort of executive power, and by correspondence all over England. The resolves of the more retired councils and ministry of the faction were brought in here, and orally insinuated to the company, whether it were lies, defamations, commendations, projects, &c., and so, like water diffused, spread all over the town, whereby that which was digested at the club over night, was like nourishment at every assembly, male and female, the next day. And thus the younglings tasted of political administration, and took themselves for notable counsellors.

"The conversation and ordinary discourse of the club was chiefly upon the subject of braveur in defending the cause of liberty and property; and what every true Protestant and Englishman ought to venture and do, rather than be overrun with popery and slavery. There was much recommendation of silk armour, and the prudence of being provided with it against the time that Protestants were to be massacred. And accordingly there was abundance of those silken back, breast, and potts, made and sold, that were pretended to be pistol-proof, in which any man dressed up, was as safe as in a house, for it was impossible any one would go to strike him for laughing, so ridiculous was the figure, as they say, of hogs in armour,—an image of derision insensible, but to the view as I have had it. This was an armour of defence; but our sparks were not altogether so tame to carry their provision no farther, for truly they intended to be assailants upon fair occasion! and had for that end recommended also to them a certain pocket-weapon, which for its design and efficacy had the honour to be called a *Protestant flail.* It was for street and crowd work, and the engine, lying perdu in a coat pocket, might readily sally out to execution, and so by clearing a great hall, or piazza, or so, carry an election by a choice way of poling, called knocking down. The handle represented a farrier's blood-stick, and the fall was joined to the end by a strong nervous ligature, that in its swing fell just short of the hand, and was made of lignum vitæ, or rather, as the poet termed it, *mortis.*"

This satirical description is in all likelihood somewhat overcharged, but it presents a striking picture of the club in question, and of the times in which it existed. Cruikshanks, unrivalled as he is in his own art, never placed the follies of his day in a more ludicrous light, even with the advantage of presenting to the eye what is here only suggested to the imagination—

> "Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem
> Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus."

Yet dull indeed must be the fancy that on reading this lively narrative does not picture to itself the meeting of the Club in all its reality. The grotesque fear of the weak and timid, showing itself in Protestant flails and silk head-pieces, the bravado of the natural boaster, the busy gossip, and eager hunting after alarm of others, and the sardonic faces of Shaftesbury and his intimates, who had set the whole machine in motion, and who were laughing in their sleeves at their more simple associates—all is present to the mind's eye in this description. The extract, too, is curious in another respect; it shows the ground whereon Sir Walter Scott had been poaching, in his *Peveril of the Peak*, and the matchless dexterity with which he assimilated to his own text the collectanea of his multifarious reading.

[*To be continued.*]

Digitized by Google

LITERATURE.

THE HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF CLEVELAND, by John Walker Ord, F.G.S.L., Author of "England," "The Bard," "Rural Sketches," &c. London. Simpkin and Marshall.

THE "County Histories" form a branch of literature peculiar to our own country. Continental writers have, indeed, published surveys of kingdoms and provinces, and described particular cities and places, but their efforts, chiefly directed to historical or biographical disquisitions, have never been employed in the production of works similar to those, of which almost all our English counties can boast. Among the ancients, we look, in vain, for anything of the kind: yet, how inestimably valuable would now be a descriptive account of a Roman province, bringing to light the domestic incidents of the time, recalling the ancient customs, and affording occasional glimpses of the manners of the mighty rulers of the universe!

A county history, to deserve a place by the side of Dugdale's Warwickshire, Surtees' Durham, Ormerod's Cheshire, Baker's Northamptonshire, or Hunter's Doncaster, requires in its compilation the combination of great mental capacity, with untiring energy, indefatigable research, and continuous application. It should detail, with the most rigid accuracy, the general and local history of the shire; describe every manor and estate, with the proprietors in succession; include genealogical memoirs (supported by references of undoubted authority) of the various families of note, with biographical sketches of the eminent men the district has nurtured or produced; and, in a word, form a perfect record of the county, its history, its genealogy, its topography, and its antiquities.

One of the ablest and most distinguished of existing antiquaries, the Rev. Joseph Hunter, to whose history of South Yorkshire we have already alluded, read at the recent meeting of the Archæological Institute, an "Essay on Topography," which gave so eloquent and masterly a view of the subject that we cannot refrain from extracting the following passage, exactly in accordance with our feelings:—

"The philosopher may smile at the minuteness of the objects which are made of importance in the books of the topographer. But it is in fact in the minuteness of their details that their value consists. It is because the topographer has preserved his millions of facts and observations that his writings are valued. And if, looking upon his little selected region with the eye of the geographer and yet through a glass microscopically, on finding objects naturally magnified, since there is nothing greater near at hand with which to compare them, he speaks of some little heath or common which still exhibits the pristine condition of that portion of the island,—or draws attention to some little Tempe beautiful as delivered by the hand of Nature and made beautiful by the hand of Taste—or if he find a few books or paintings which some curious person has collected and deposited there, and dwell upon them as if they were a Vatican library or a Florentine gallery,—if he find a church with some little architectural pretensions, and describe it with affectionate minuteness, as another would one of the great cathedrals of the empire—or a piece of middle-age sculpture of which he feels the beauty, and seeks

Digitized by Google

to make others sensible of it—I cannot think him uselessly employed, or that *that* can be a true philosophy which shall deride taste and enthusiasm such as this. And if, in the spirit of minute research in which he acts, he set before us every remain, however inconsiderable, that opens to us any insight into the manners or characters of the early inhabitants of this island, or of the persons who induced a new population on the ruins of another—be it only a little fragment of masonry, or a little remain of an half-obliterated trackway, or a mound of earth raised by unknown hands and for some unknown purpose,—or if he find buried in the earth all that remains among us of some primeval inhabitant,—there is at least something which strikes pleasingly on the imagination: and if, as churches are the topographer's especial delight, he preserves from future accident the records inscribed on stone, or brass, or marble, he is perpetuating evidence of which an amount scarcely conceivable has been suffered to perish.—I say nothing here of that noble branch of topographical study, the remains of the Romans while they held their sovereignty in Britain;—which are gathered up by him with more especial care."

The first labourer in the field of topographical research, was the indefatigable Leland, and he commenced his arduous task at a most critical period, when our antiquities were on the point of being involved in the ruins of the monasteries. His "Itinerary" may, with truth, be deemed the foundation stone of English Topography. He was succeeded by one, who "restored antiquity to Britain, and Britain to antiquity"—the great and learned Camden, and after him came Dugdale, Dodsworth, Erdeswick, Burton, and Plott. The earliest of our county histories is Sir William Dugdale's Warwickshire, a perfect pattern for all similar works: with it, may well range the splendid histories of Cheshire, Durham, South Yorkshire, and Northampton, which have appeared within the last thirty years; and at no great distance, Manning and Bray's Surrey, Hutchin's Dorsetshire, Clutterbuck's Herts, Shaw's Staffordshire, Morant's Essex, and Lipscombe's Bucks. Singular enough, some of our most important counties, such as Yorkshire, Devon and Shropshire, have no complete histories, but it is to be hoped that this reflection on the liberality of the resident gentry may soon cease to exist. Who will venture to assert that these topographical records of our land do not lend a useful light to enquirers in almost every branch of our national literature, or that in the list of those who have cultivated this department of study, names may not be fonnd, which deserve a high and honourable place among our most distinguished authors.

The Vale of Cleveland, which Mr. Ord has chosen for his subject, has been already explored, and its history written, by the Rev. John Graves; but that gentleman's publication, though meritorious, did not do sufficient justice to a locality, which, as Mr. Ord truly remarks, abounds "in monuments of antiquity, in abbeys, priories, hermitages, and cells; in castles, fortifications and encampments; in remains of former grandeur, and relics of great and illustrious families." The work before us, one of far more pretension and far higher merit, is written in a spirited, attractive style, displays considerable research and, were it not for the want of care displayed in the deduction of the pedigrees, might claim no inferior position in topographical literature. The general and ecclesiastical history is extremely interesting, and the chapter on the antiquities of the district evinces learning and discrimination. That which follows refers to the introduction of Christianity into England, and should be altogether omitted, or dictated by a different spirit. It is re-

Digitized by Google

markable for nothing but its extreme bigotry, and its unjustifiable and intolerant attack on the religious opinions of the Church of Rome.

The fifth chapter gives a description of Gisborough Priory, "a famous monument of ancient piety," and the remainder of the volume contains the local history of the thirty parishes which Cleveland comprises. The portion that pleases us most is that devoted to Skelton—an obscure and insignificant village "which will for ever stand renowned, not only in the history of Cleveland, but in that of the empire and of the world, as the birth-place of a lofty and illustrious line of nobles, and the ancient cradle and the nursery of warriors, princes, and kings."

"From this little nook of Cleveland," says Mr. Ord, "sprang mighty Monarchs, Queens, High Chancellors, Arch-Bishops, Earls, Barons, Ambassadors and Knights, and above all one brilliant and immortal name, ROBERT BRUCE, the Scottish Patriot, who, when liberty lay vanquished and prostrate in the dust, and the genius of national freedom had fled from her native hills, proudly stood forth its atest and noblest champion, and in defiance of England's proudest chivalry, achieved for Scotland glorious independence, and for himself imperishable fame."

Mr. Ord then proceeds with the memoir of the Bruces Lords of Skelton, until their final extinction at the death of Peter de Bruce, A.D. 1271. Their old baronial fortress of Skelton Castle passed with the eldest co-heir to the family of Fauconberg, and is now possessed by that of Wharton, of which the pedigree is given; the great grandfather of the present proprietor was the well known and eccentric John Hall Stevenson, of whom Mr. Ord adds the following sketch.—

"Mr. Hall Stevenson, the author of many poetic pieces, was the son of Colonel George Hall, by a daughter of Lord W. Manners. The father of this gentleman purchased Skelton of Lawson Trotter, Esq., and married Catherine Trotter, eldest daughter of John Trotter, Esq., of Skelton Castle. Our author was born in 1718, married Ann, daughter of Ambrose Stevenson, Esq., of Manor House, in the parish of Lanchester, county Durham, and died in 1785. He was educated at Jesus College, Cambridge, where he became first acquainted with the celebrated Lawrence Sterne, (the Tristram of his poems), who frequently afterwards visited Skelton Castle. The festive meetings of these joyous companions, Sterne, Zachary Moore, Panty Lascelles, and 'the rest'—brought back the good old times to 'Crazy Castle.' When a man keeps an hospitable table, there are people enough who can smell out his roast meat: he need not send into the highways and hedges for people to eat it. A late proprietor of this beautiful castle (the grandest building I ever saw) was of this generous class. He kept a full spread board, and wore down the steps of his cellar. His open heart filled his dining-room with choice company; one of which was, the celebrated divine 'Lawrence Sterne, of facetious memory.' Being wits, scholars, and men of the polite world, these '*Noctes Ambrosianæ*' partook of Attic grace and Roman vivacity, sentiment and humour, pathos and ridicule; whilst the drollery of Aristophanes, the Bacchic glow of Anacreon, the festive hilarity of Horace, united to throw over the evening years of a declining literature, something of the glorious light and gorgeous hues of the palmy zenith of Greece and Rome.

"Hall Stevenson was himself an author of no mean attainments. His works appeared in three vols. 1795, printed for J. Debrett, the enterprising bibliopole of Piccadilly. They comprise, 'Fables for grown Gentlemen,' 'Lyric Epistles,' 'Pastoral Cordial,' 'Pastoral Puke,' 'Macaroni Fables,' 'Lyric Consolations,' 'Moral Tales,' 'Crazy Tales,' &c. These poems possess considerable harmony of versification, much facility of expression, a high degree of imagination and exuberance of fancy; disfigured in some parts by coarse licentious buffoonery, a quaint exaggerated style, and a prodigal indulgence in ludicrous and fantastic delineation. The criticism in this author, which is appended to his works, may on the whole, be accepted as a fair and just criterion.

Digitized by Google

"He was an excellent classic scholar, and perfectly acquainted with the Belles Lettres of Europe. He could engage in the grave discussions of criticism and literature with superior power; while he was qualified to enliven general society with the smile of Horace, the laughter of Cervantes, or he could sit in Fontaine's easy chair and unbosom his humour to his chosen friend. When he resided in London he lived as other men of the world do, whose philosophy partakes more of Epicurus than the porch; and in the country, when Skelton Castle was without company, he had recourse to a very fine library and a playful muse.

"That he was a man of singular genius and a peculiar cast of thought, must be acknowledged by all who read his work; that, while he caught the ridicule of life, he felt for its misfortunes, will be equally evident to those who read the page which contains the epitaph on Zachary Moore:* and nothing surely can be wanting to confirm the latter opinion when we have added that he was the Eugenius of Lawrence Sterne. Many odd stories are still related of his whims and eccentricities. Being subject to hypochondria, he had a peculiar dislike to the east wind; whenever the wind blew from that quarter, he would not leave his bed. He had the weathercock so placed, that he could see it from his chamber window; and when it pointed east, he retreated under cover and would not rise that day. To cure the complaint and obtain his friend's society, the jocund Tristram procured a youth to climb the cupola and tie the vane to the west, where it continued during Sterne's visit. The squire, observing that the surly winds had settled at a favorite point, quitted his bed and joined the social circle; when wit, wine and mirth, flew round the table, and the gay party resumed 'the feast of reason and flow of soul.'"

Before closing our notice of the history of Cleveland, we must enter our protest against the genealogical department of the work. Nothing can be more imperfect or more unsatisfactory—there are forty-three pedigrees, including those of Challoner, Mauleverer, Carey, Consett, Allan, Bruce, Crathorne, Foulis, Ingram, Wharton, Turner, Meynell, Lowther, and Pennyman; but with the exception of Allan of Blackwell Grange, Bruce of Skelton Castle, and two or three others, there is scarcely one which is not either defective or inaccurate; in that of Wharton of Grinkle Park, the present Mr. Lloyd Wharton of Dryburn, whom we know to be under sixty years of age, is set forth as the father of two ladies—Mrs. Ettrick and Mrs. Leighton, who were born more than century since! The descent of the Carys, Lords Falkland, at page 476, is totally unintelligible; Lucius Charles, meant for the grandfather of the present peer, appears in the genealogy quite disconnected with any previous generation, and besides this hiatus, we have also to complain of the omission in this pedigree as in many others, of wives' names, an omission which the slightest trouble and research would have supplied. The lineage of Lowther—which the author states to have been "carefully compiled from various original sources, and to have been revised and

* "Zachary Moore was an intimate friend of Hall Stevenson, and resided at Lofthouse. He was a person of convivial disposition, and by expensive habits and high connexions, squandered away a large fortune. There is a tradition at Lofthouse, that during his travels on the continent his horses' shoes were made of silver, and that so careless was he of money, that he would not turn his horses' head if they got loose or fell off, but replaced them with new ones. He was at length reduced to poverty, and the gay butterflies who had sported about him in his summer hour with the men of royal and ducal rank who had feasted at his board, rewarded their old friend with a paltry lieutenancy in Gibraltar. Sheridan on his death bed surrounded by bum-bailiffs; Beau Brummell an idiot and a pauper at Calais; Zachary Moore, starving at Gibraltar, are black spots on the character of the then Prince Regent,

Which all the multitudinous seas incarnadine
Cannot wash out!'"

Digitized by Google

corrected by the living representative of the family,"—bears on the face of it its own condemnation, in the utter absence of a single christian name in the first ten generations; besides, it is impossible to believe that any evidence can exist of a Lowther living in 940, married to a D'Eyncourt:—a pedigree of this description would never gain admission into the pages of Baker, Ormerod, or Hunter.

Mr. Ord possesses many of the essential attributes of a county historian, that we deem it our duty to point out these defects in the hope that in his next performance he may attend more minutely to genealogical details, eschew altogether polemical discussion, and thus produce a work for which we feel assured his abilities qualify him, that may take its place next to those learned tomes we have already referred to, illustrative of the several counties of Warwick, Chester, Durham and York.

Literary and Historical Memorials of London. By J. Heneage Jesse. 2 vols., 8vo. London. R. Bentley.

The plan of these volumes may be very briefly explained. It combines a history of the different London streets, and of the chief houses in them, with some account of their principal tenants, the houses being selected, not so much for their architectural pretensions, as to afford the writer an opportunity of describing the important individuals, who happened at one time to inhabit them. This has given the author an opportunity of bringing together a mass of light and pleasant materials, collected indeed from common and obvious sources. Thus amongst the older writers we find Pepys, Evelyn, and Walpole frequently laid under contribution, while even the most popular of modern works, such as Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, are made available to these *Memorials of London.* The work therefore is far from bearing that character of originality, which in some degree may be said to belong to compilations from less familiar sources, and especially where new conclusions are drawn from old data, or where widely scattered facts are brought together and by the force of the writer's genius made to form one consistent whole, as we see in a well written history. But this, though it may in some measure detract from the praise due to the compiler, will by no means affect the amusement to be derived from our "Memorials" by the reader. There is besides one great advantage in this book; it has neither beginning, nor end, nor middle; you may lay it down when you will, and take it up when you will, being assured that you disturb no regular flow of interest by breaking off, and that resume it in what mood you may it will make no difference. We would by no means be understood as saying this *naso adunco;* it is really and truly a merit, and though not of a very exalted kind in the estimate of scholars, it is a strong letter of recommendation to the novel-reading public, who are by no means inclined to honour any excessive draughts upon their understanding.

We start from Piccadilly, for which the author has found a new etymology, having demolished the old one in a very ingenious and unanswerable fashion, though his own derivation is somewhat questionable. As the passage, though long, is rather curious, it may be worth extracting:

"According to the authority of almost every person who has written on the

Digitized by Google

subject of the streets of London,—and I am sorry to disturb an opinion so long received,—Piccadilly derives its name from Peccadilla Hall, a repository for the sale of the fashionable ruffs for the neck, entitled piccadillies or turnovers, which were introduced in the reign of James the First. Barnabe Rice, in his 'Honestie of the Age,' speaks of the 'body-makers that do swarm through all parts, both of London and about London.' 'The body,' he says, is still pampered up in the very dropsy of excess. He that some forty years since should have asked after Piccadilly, I wonder who would have understood him; or could have told what a Piccadilly had been, either fish or flesh.' In Ben Jonson's 'Devil is an Ass;' in Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Pilgrim;' and in Drayton's satirical poem 'The Moon Calf,' will be found more than one allusion to the fashionable 'pickadel,' or 'piccadilly.' It must be remarked, however, that the earliest of these productions (and they have all evidently reference to a ridiculous and ephemeral fashion of recent introduction) dates no further back than 1616; and, moreover, according to every evidence which I have been able to collect on the subject, the introduction of the 'Piccadilly' was at least not of an earlier period than 1614. When we are able, therefore, to prove, that the word 'Pickadilla' was in common use as far back as 1596 (our authority is Gerard's 'Herbal,' where the 'small wild buglosse,' or ox-tongue, is spoken of as growing upon the banks of the dry ditches 'about Pickadilla,') we are compelled to disturb the old opinion that the present street derives its name from a fashionable article of dress which we find was not introduced till nearly twenty years after 'Pickadilla' had become a familiar name, and which, moreover, was little likely to be sold in so rural a district as Piccadilly was in the days of James the First.

"Let us be allowed to throw out one suggestion on the subject. Pickadilla House, which stood nearly on the site of the present Panton-square, was a fashionable place of amusement, apparently as far back as the reign of Elizabeth, and continued to be so nearly till the time of the Commonwealth. It has been the custom of all countries to confer an alluring name on places of amusement, —as for instance, we find the fashionable 'Folly' floating on the Thames in the days of Charles the Second,—and I cannot, therefore, but think, that Pickadilla House derived its name simply from the Spanish word *peccadillo*, literally meaning a venial fault, but which was intended, perhaps, to imply more than met the eye. Under all circumstances, it seems far more reasonable to suppose that the newly-invented ruff should have derived its name from being worn by the fair ladies and silken gallants who frequented Pickadilla House, than that a trifling article of dress should have given a name, first to the suburban emporium in which it is asserted to have been sold, and afterwards to one of the principal streets in Europe. Why, indeed, should a ruff have been called a piccadilla, unless from some such reason as we have mentioned? Or what lady is there who ever went into the fields to buy her attire? And, in the days of Elizabeth and James the First, Pickadilla House stood literally in the fields. The fact, however, that 'Pickadilla' was a well-known spot, nearly twenty years before the introduction of the 'pickadel,' or turn-over,' at least puts one part of the argument at rest."

He has been equally successful in demolishing another popular tradition, when speaking of Cleveland-row, a the bottom of Saint James's street, a place which at one time was remarkable for being frequented by the fashionable wits. How often have we been told that the famous quarrelling scene in the Beggar's Opera between Peachem and Lockitt was intended as a skit upon the fracas between Walpole and Townsend and that the minister's neglect of Gay proceeded from resentment at being thus held up to ridicule. By a single date Mr. Jesse upsets the whole tradition.

"Here resided Colonel John Selwyn, an aide-de-camp of the great Duke of Marlborough, and the father of the memorable wit, George Selwyn: and it was

Digitized by Google

in his house that the celebrated personal encounter took place between Sir Robert Walpole, then prime minister, and Lord Townshend, one of the Secretaries of State. The particulars may be briefly related.

"During an altercation, in which they were engaged, Sir Robert exclaimed with considerable warmth,—'My Lord, for once, there is no man's sincerity whom I so much doubt as your lordship's.' Lord Townshend, who to many excellent qualities united a fiery and uncertain temperament, immediately seized the first minister by the throat. Sir Robert grappled with his antagonist in return, and, after a momentary struggle, both parties mutually relinquished their grasp and laid their hands on their swords. Mrs. Selwyn, who was present, ran out in a fright to call in the palace guard; she was prevented, however, by the celebrated Henry Pelham, by whose interposition the friends were subsequently reconciled. According to Wraxall, Gay introduced this scene into the 'Beggar's Opera,' where Walpole and Townshend are represented as Peachum and Lockit. Unfortunately however, for the truth of this literary anecdote, I find that the fracas between the two ministers of state did not take place till the year 1729, at which period the 'Beggar's Opera' had the run of the stage about a year."

Sometimes our memorialist ventures out of the beaten track, as for instance, when he gives an extract from an unpublished letter in the British Museum, relative to the passage of Charles the First through Saint James' Park on the morning of his execution. The passage is perhaps of no great importance in itself, but its value is yet farther lessened by his not affording us the slightest clue by which to find the document. "A letter in the British Museum" is a somewhat vague direction even for the most laborious student, and though we have no doubt the matter is as he has stated it, yet it would have been more satisfactory had he at least given us the option of referring to the original and judging for ourselves.

The Green Park and St. James's Palace afford the memorialist an opportunity of telling for the hundreth time the worn and well known anecdotes of Charles the Second and his licentious Court, as in like manner Marlborough-house naturally introduces us to the heros and heroines of Queen Anne's reign. Then the Mall brings us to the Hanoverian dynasty; but as Charles Mathews in USED UP says of the Colosseum and the crater of Mount Vesuvius,—there is nothing in it. A reviewer may well be excused if he proves too much blasé to be strongly excited by so old an anecdote as the following:—

"These allusions to the exclusiveness of St. James's Park, in the reign of George the First, are not a little curious; but it is still more remarkable to find the Queen of King George the Second entertaining a serious intention of excluding the public altogether from the Park, and converting it into a garden, which was to be an appanage to the palace. When this project was first contemplated by her, she inquired of Sir Robert Walpole what he considered would be the cost of the undertaking? '*Madam*,' was the significant reply, '*only three crowns*.'"

After following the course of events for some time in this direction, our memorialist, in hunting phrase, "tries back," the old Palace of Westminster bringing us with little preparation to the time of William the Conqueror, whence we are led on regularly anecdotizing all the way, 'till after having escaped singeing by the Gunpowder Plot we find ourselves in Westminster Hall, which opening upon Palace Yard allows us to see the execution of Charles' adherents about six weeks after the death of their master. The Hall itself gives him occasion for several pages

Digitized by Google

of historical anecdote, which he has raked up out of Holinshed and the old chroniclers, excellent authorities no doubt, but almost too familiar to afford a decent pretext for the gleaner. Then we have the trials of Essex, Strafford, and Charles I., with nothing new however as to facts or as to the mode of telling them, the interest which naturally belongs to such narrations being their best recommendation. In saying this we are not at all influenced by the author's political creed, neither do we intend pronouncing any judgment on his opinions as to the rival claims of the Stuarts and the House of Brunswick; let them speak for themselves.

"The first of our German sovereigns, George the First, was crowned and feasted at Westminster, the usual ceremonies being performed, if with less popular enthusiasm, at least with as much magnificence as had attended the coronation ceremonials of the Plantagenets or the Stuarts. The people of England had not forgotten their ancient kings; they remembered that the legitimate heir to the throne was an exile in a foreign land; half England was ready to embrace a cause which was at once the rightful and the romantic one; while the devoted and enthusiastic Highlanders were ready, at a moment's notice, to draw the claymore in favour of the descendant of Robert Bruce.

"Against this tide of national loyalty and enthusiasm, the German Elector could oppose neither legitimate claims nor talents for government, not even fascination of manner nor personal accomplishments. He was alike ungraceful in his person and inelegant in his address; alike ignorant in literature, ignorant of the customs and manners of the people over whom he came to rule, ignorant even of their very language, in which he had never thought it worth his trouble to instruct himself. He was alike a bad husband, a bad man, and a bad King. He had inherited from his great-grandfather, James the First, all the worst qualities of the Stuarts, without their accomplishments. He could boast neither the scholarship of James the First, nor the dignified manners, the high-bred melancholy look, and domestic virtues of Charles the First. He was as much a libertine as Charles the Second without the excuse of youth and passion; he kept almost as many mistresses as that monarch, without their charms of youth and beauty; and he was as debauched as Charles without the charm of his affability, or the fascination of his wit. When Charles the Second, on the night of his Restoration, slipped down the back stairs at Whitehall, and crossed the water to pass the night with Lady Castlemaine, he had only that day completed his thirtieth year, while, when George the First made his appearance in the British metropolis with his hideous seraglio of German prostitutes, he had attained the mature age of fifty-five."

But though, wishing to avoid all political discussions, we make no remarks upon this passage involving the claims of the two dynasties, it may yet be permitted us to remark that the family of the Stuarts did set an example of encouragement to English literature, which candour must allow has not been imitated by any of their successors. It is hardly possible, when reading the following extract, not to believe that Charles the Second, whatever else might have been his faults, had the heart and spirit of an Englishman.

"How much one would like to know the site of the house in the Strand—and perhaps the house itself may still exist—in which Marvell spent his last days in penury and privation, at a time when the slightest departure from his political principles would have crowned him with the wealth which he wanted, and the honours which he despised. It was at the very time when his poverty compelled him to borrow a sovereign from a friend, in order to purchase the necessaries of life, that the poet one day went forth from his wretched lodging in the Strand to the splendid palace at Whitehall, for the purpose of passing the evening with the merry monarch and his gay courtiers. Of the events and conversation of the

Digitized by Google

evening we have no record: the next day, however, while the poet was busily employed at his studies, the door of his apartment, 'up two pair of stairs,' suddenly opened, and the Lord Treasurer, Lord Danby, made his appearance. Marvell was much surprised at the unexpected visit, and expressed his opinion that the Lord Treasurer must have mistaken his way. 'No,' said the other, 'not now that I have found Mr. Marvell.' He then endeavoured, by offering him a lucrative place under the government, and by every argument and persuasion, to entice the patriot over to the court; but Marvell, proud in his poverty and integrity, turned a deaf ear to his solicitations. 'My Lord,' he said 'I cannot in honour accept your offer; if I did I must either be ungrateful to the King by subsequently voting against him, or else false to my country in succumbing to the measures of the court. The sole favour which I have to ask of his Majesty is, that he will believe me as dutiful a subject as any which he has, and that I am acting far more advantageously for his true interests by rejecting his offers than I should do by accepting them.' Finding him inflexible, Lord Danby delicately alluded to his necessities, and pressed him to receive a thousand pounds as a free gift from his sovereign, and as a personal compliment to his talents. This was under the rule of the Stuarts, when our monarchs were in the habit of appreciating and associating with genius. James the First had patronized every man of learning; Charles the First was the friend of all the poets; and Charles the Second, among many other acts of generosity which proved his appreciation of genius, is known to have presented Dryden with a sum of money, and to have sent Wycherley five hundred pounds to enable him to recover his health in the south of France."

After such a proof that Charles could upon occasion both think and act nobly, we will pass over the murders committed by him under the name of law, upon the gallant and patriotic spirits, who indeed brought his father to the block, but who had done to the king only as he himself would have done to them had his cause triumphed. But besides there are graver and yet more important considerations that may bend us to a right judgment. The king of England is the head of the English Church, and what says religion both in letter and in spirit? that we judge not lest we should be judged—that we let not the sun go down upon our wrath—that we forgive our brother though he offend us ninety and nine times. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord"—But Charles dug up the bones of Cromwell, and wreaked his vengeance upon the dead.

We have already noticed the want of order and connection in these volumes. They do not present a well digested and continued narrative, but a fragmentary set of sketches, utterly independent of all date and relation to each other. The name of a street or house suggests an anecdote of some distinguished character, and thus the same individual may be mentioned over and over again, and often in juxtaposition with persons, who lived long before he was born, or long after he was buried. With all these defects however, and some others perhaps on the score of accuracy, the work is well calculated to satisfy the present appetite for lighter publications that amuse without fatiguing, and which do not call for any particular exercise of the reflective faculties on the part of the reader.

Digitized by Google

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

Births.

Ackers, Mrs. George Holland, of a dau., at Hyde park-terrace, 2nd August.
Andrese, Mrs. J. Charles, of a son, at Clapham-common, 23rd July.
Appleton, Mrs. John, of a son and heir, at Norton, Stockton upon Tees, 12th July.
Askew, Mrs. H. W., of a son, at Edinburgh, 23rd July.
Babington, Mrs. Benjamin, of a dau., at George street, Hanover-square, 5th August.
Baines, Mrs. William, of a son, at Croydon, 15th August.
Barclay, Mrs. Arthur Kett, of a dau., at Bury Hill, 4th August.
Barton, Mrs., of a dau., at the Royal Mint, 12th August.
Bates, Mrs. Robert M., of a son, at Norfolk-street, 4th August.
Batson, Mrs. Alfred, jun., of a son, at Lucca, 3rd August.
Bentley, Mrs. John, of a dau., at Portland-place, 13th August.
Bethell, Mrs. William, of a son, at Rise, 11th Aug.
Birkinshaw, Mrs. J. C., of a son, at York, 17th August.
Bonsey, Mrs. W. H., of a son, at Slough, 1st Aug.
Booty, Mrs. John Gillam, of a dau., at Brixton, 30th July.
Boyes, Mrs., the wife of Dr. W. R. Boyes, 5th Bengal Irregular Cavalry, of a dau., at Blapowar, 1st June.
Bromley, Mrs., wife of Thomas Bromley, Esq. E.I.C.S., of a dau., 17th August.
Brookes, Mrs. William, of Elmstree, of a son and heir, 15th August.
Brooks, Mrs. J. Willis, of John-street, Bedford-row, of a dau., 13th August.
Broome, Mrs., wife of the Rev. J. H. Broome, Vicar of Houghton, of a son, 31st July.
Browne, Mrs., of Mellington hall, co. Montgomery, of a dau., at Heidelberg, 28th July.
Browne, Mrs. Robert, of a dau., at Brixton, 16th August.
Burke, Mrs. James St. George, of a dau., at Woolmer Lodge, Hants, 12th August.
Butler, Mrs., wife of the Rev. Daniel Butler, of a dau., of St. John's Wood, 6th August.
Burr, Mrs. Charles, of a son, at Luton, Beds, 14th August.
Buxton, Lady Edward North, of a son, at Leytonstone, 5th August.
Caldecot, Mrs. Charles M., of Holebrook Grange, co. Warwick, of a son, 29th July.
Camden, The Marchioness, of a son, 31st July.
Cappel, Mrs., wife of the Rev. Dr. Louis Cappel, of a dau., 24th July.
Carpenter, Mrs. Charles, of a son, at Brighton, 2nd August.
Carter, Mrs., wife of the Rev. W. A. Carter, of a son, at Eton, 14th August.
Cartwright, Mrs. Henry, of a dau , at Forde-house, Devon, 13th August.
Chalmers, Mrs. John J , of a son, at Keithock-house, co. Forfar, 7th August.
Chapman, Mrs. W. R., of a dau., 29th July.
Clarke, Mrs. L., of a son, at Blackheath-park, 25th July.
Cole, Mrs. W. R., of a son, at Granville-square, 2nd August.
Colyer, Mrs. Charles, of a son, 18th August.
Collette, Mrs. C. H., of a son, at Porchester-terrace, 1st August.
Coote, Mrs., wife of Charles Purdon Coote, Esq. late of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, of a son and heir, 8th August.
Cowburn, Mrs., wife of the Rev. Allan Cowburn, of a dau., at Humber Rectory, 25th July.
Crofts, Mrs., wife of the Rev. C. D. Crofts, of a dau., at Caythorpe Rectory, 24th July.
Crofts, Mrs., of a dau., at Twickenham, 26th July.
Crozier, Mrs., wife of F. H. Crozier, Esq. Madras Civil Service, of a dau., at the Isle of Wight, 29th July.
Cruttwell, Mrs., wife of C. I. Cruttwell, Esq. of the Inner Temple, of a son, 30th July.
Dalison, Mrs. Maximilian, jun. of a dau, at Stamptons, near Tonbridge, 30th July.
Dalrymple, Mrs. George T., of a dau., at Woolwich, 11th August.
Davis, Mrs. Hewitt, of a son, at Spring Park, Addington, 17th August.
Denny, Mrs. Thomas Anthony, of a dau., at Southwick Street, 3rd August.
Downer, Mrs. H. O., of a son, at Shepherds Bush, 14th August.
Downey, Mrs. John, of a dau., at Millbank, 5th August.
Doyle, Mrs. John H., of a dau., at Withycombe, near Exmouth, 14th August.
Ducie, The Countess, of a son, 4th August.
Dudgeon, Mrs., of a dau., at Rusholme, near Manchester, 13th August.
Ellis, Mrs. Richard, of a son, at Iver Moor, Bucks, 23rd July.
Ferguson, Mrs. Robert, of a dau., at Queen Street, Mayfair, 31st July.
Fleming, Mrs. Thomas Henry, of a son, at Ley Grange, Ashburton, 12th August.
Fletcher, Lady, of a dau., at Ashley Park, Surrey, 23rd July.
Foulger, Mrs. Arthur, of a son, at Walthamstow, 23rd July.
Gilioli, Mrs. Joseph, of a son, at Albion Street, Hyde Park, 25th July.
Gillam, Mrs., wife of the Rev. T. H. Gillam, of a dau., still born, 3rd August.
Grant, Mrs. Wm. Charles, of a dau., at Collumpton, Devon, 10th August.
Greenhill, Mrs., wife of Dr. Greenhill, of a dau., at Oxford, 24th July.
Hambrough, Mrs. Albert, of a dau., at Ventnor, 16th August.
Hamilton, Mrs. Alfred, of Gidea Hall, Essex, of a dau., 23rd July.

Digitized by Google

Harryman, Mrs. Thomas, of a son, at Mereworth, 10th August.
Hartopp, Mrs. E. B., of a dau., at Dalby Hall, 31st July.
Hemery, Mrs., wife of The Very Rev. James Hemery, Dean of Jersey, of a son, 12th August.
Hemery, Mrs. Peter, of a son, at Jersey, 10th Aug.
Henshaw, Mrs. Charles, of a son, 4th August.
Hildyard, Mrs. E., of Wimstead Hall, of a son, 1st August.
Hill, Mrs. Henry, of a dau., at Norfolk House, St. John's Wood, 30th July.
oare, Mrs. Thomas Rolls, of a son, 15th August.
ockley, Mrs., wife of Lieut. Adjutant Hockley, of a son, at Dinapore, East Indies, 12th May.
Hooper, Mrs. John James, of St. John Street, of a son, 5th August.
How, Mrs., wife of the Rev. Augustus G. How, of a son, at Bromley, St. Leonards, 27th July.
Howell, Mrs. John, of a dau., at Clapham, 19th August.
Howlett, Mrs. Henry, of a son, at Cambridge Terrace, 24th July.
Humby, Mrs. Edwin, of a dau., at Maida Hill, 18th August.
Jackson, Mrs., wife of the Rev. Thomas Jackson, of a dau., at Battersea, 30th July.
Johnson, Mrs. W. C., of a son, at Holloway, 5th August.
Jones, Mrs. W. H., of a son, at Liverpool, 10th August.
Judd, Mrs. J. P., of a dau., at Oxford Square, 9th August.
Kay, Mrs., wife of William Kay, Esq. M. D., of a son, at Clifton, 24th July.
Kingsford, Mrs. James, of a son, at Sydenham, 17th August.
Lang, Mrs., of a son, at St. John's Wood, 16th August.
Leech, Mrs. John, of Brook Green, Hammersmith, of a dau., 2nd August.
Leith, Mrs., wife of Captain Leith, R.N. of a son, at Minnie House, co. Aberdeen, 5th August.
Leonino, Mrs., of a son, at Westbourne Terrace, 24th July.
Littleton, Lady Margaret, of a son, at Hatherton, 10th August.
Lower, Mrs. E. W., of Pimlico, of a son, 31st July.
Luxmore, Mrs. Coryndon H., of a son, at Keppel Street, 6th August.
Mackean, Mrs., wife of T. W. L. Mackean, Esq. of a dau., at Hong Kong, 27th April.
Maclean, Mrs. John George, of Wimpole Street, of a son, 1st August.
McNeile, Mrs. William, of a dau., at Dinapore, East Indies, 24th May.
Maitland, Mrs. D. J., of a dau., at Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, 15th August.
Martyr, Mrs. J. S., of a son, at Savoy, India, 3rd May.
Maund, Mrs. William Herbert, of the Hill, Laverstock, Wilts, of a dau., 16th August.
Mayow, Mrs., wife of the Rev. Mayow Wynel Mayow, of a dau., at Market Lavington, 9th Aug.
Millburn, Mrs. Christopher, of a dau., at Myddleton Square, 4th August.
Mills, Mrs. Henry, of a son, at Gloucester Terrace, 18th August.
Milner, Mrs. John Crosland, of twin daus., at Thurleston, co. York, 2nd August.
Minster, Mrs. John, Moolenberg, of a son, 16th August.
Moore, Lady Harriet, of a son, at Frittenden, 30th July.
Morgan, Mrs. Thomas, jun. of Savage Gardens, of a son, 1st August.
Moxon, Mrs. John, of a son, at Souldern, Oxon, 12th August.
Muirhead, Mrs. J. Patrick, of a son, at Leamington, 25th July.
Mulgrave, The Countess of, of a son, 13th August.
Mullens, Mrs. Richard, of a son, at Myddleton Square, 2nd August.
Neeld, Mrs., wife of John Neeld, Esq. M.P. of a son, 16th August.
Nevinson, Mrs. Edward, of a dau., at Hampstead, 19th August.
Norton, Mrs. Robert, of a dau., at Monmouth Road, Bayswater, 3rd August.
Noyes, Mrs. S. F., of a son, at Chester Square, 27th July.
Nugent, Mrs., wife of Dr. Nugent, of a dau., at Brighton, 12th August.
Okeden, Mrs. W. Parry, of a dau., at Turnworth, 29th July.
Oliver, Mrs., of Half Moon Street, of a son, 12th August.
Onslow, Mrs., wife of the Rev. A. A. Onslow, of a son, at Claverdon, co. Warwick, 6th August.
Owen, Mrs. Herbert, of a son, at Budleigh Salterton, Devon, 24th July.
Owen, Mrs., wife of the Rev. Octavius Freire Owen, M.A., of a dau., at Newark, 24th July.
Parr, Mrs. T. C., of a son, at Rockheare House, Exeter, 24th July.
Pead, Mrs. Leonard, of a dau., at Brighton, 4th August.
Pollock, Mrs. R., of a son, at Manchester Street, 22nd July.
Powell, Mrs. Arthur, of a son, at Clapton House, Middlesex, 3rd August.
Power, Mrs. Louis Thomas, of a son, at Gibraltar, 25th July.
Powys, Mrs., wife of the Hon. and Rev. Horace Powys, of a dau., 25th July.
Price, The Hon. Mrs., wife of George Price, Esq. of a dau., at Jamaica, 29th June.
Prichard, Mrs. Richard Preston, of a son, at Milland House, Sussex, 14th August.
Randall, Mrs. J., of a dau., at Portman Street, 4th August.
Ravenhill, Mrs., wife of the Rev. E. H. Ravenhill, of Leominster, of a son, 5th August.
Rippon, Mrs. Abraham Crofton, of a dau., at Charter House Square, 31st July.
Robbins, Mrs. Richard, of a dau., at Tavistock, Devon, 18th August.
Scannell, Mrs., wife of D. Scannell, Surgeon, of a dau., 7th August.
Seaton, Mrs. E. C., of Sloane Street, of a son, 3rd August.
Senior, Mrs. Charles, of Liverpool, of a dau., 8th August.
Sewell, Mrs., wife of Dr. C. Brodie Sewell, of Walbrook, of a dau., 16th August.
Shaw, Mrs. William Dalrymple, of a dau., at Notting Hill, 15th August.
Shepherd, Mrs. John, of a dau., at Wandsworth Road, 4th August.
Silvester, Mrs. H. E., of a son, at Beverley, 11th August.
Skipworth, Mrs. Randolph, of a son, at Wasperton, co. Warwick, 4th August.
Smith, Mrs. Charles Augustus, of a dau., at Greenwich, 15th August.
Sommer, Mrs. C. N., of a son, at Altona, 20th July.
Stephens, Mrs. Arthur, of a son, at Whitewall Hall, co. York, 31st July.
Stopford, Viscountess, of a dau., 23rd July.
Street, Mrs. E. M., of a son, at Ashling, Chichester, 26th July.
Sturdee, Mrs. Henry Parker, of a dau., at New Brunswick, 26th July.
Sugden, Mrs. Henry, of a son, at Stillorgan, Dublin, 12th August.
Sumner, Mrs. Charles, of a dau., at Farnham Castle, 2nd August.
Tapson, Mrs., wife of Alfred J. Tapson, Esq. of a dau., at Edgeware Road, 15th August.
Tegg, Mrs. W., of a son, Trinity Square, 27th July.
Tennant, Mrs. William, of a dau., at Dean's Yard, Westminster, 23rd July.
Todd, Mrs. Colonel, of a dau., at Dresden, 11th July.
Tolderoy, Mrs. J. B., of a dau., at New Brunswick, 20th July.

Digitized by Google

Tomkyns, Mrs. John, of a dau., at the Rectory, Greenford, 23rd July.
Tower, Mrs., wife of the Rev. Charles Tower, of a dau., at Chilmark Rectory, 18th August.
Wade, Mrs., wife of the Rev. W. Serecold Wade, of a dau., at Redburn, Herts, 13th August.
Waller, Mrs. Alfred, of a dau., at Woolwich, 9th August.
Ward, Mrs. W. R., of a dau., at Lisbon, 6th Aug.
Ward, Mrs. Martindale, of twins, a son and dau., at Sloane Square, 12th August.
Ward, Mrs., wife of Dr. Ogle Ward, of a dau., at Kensington, 12th August
Waters, Mrs., wife of the Rev. E. T. Waters of a dau., at Wivenhoe Rectory, 9th August.
Weber, Mrs. wife of Frederick Weber, Esq. M.D. of Norfolk Street, of twin sons, one of whom only survived, at Reigate, 22nd July.
Westmacott, Mrs. Horatio, of a dau., at Chastleton Rectory, 22nd July.
Wodsworth, Mrs. W. D., of a dau., at Dublin, 30th July.
Wood, Mrs., wife of Captain Mark Wood, Coldstream Guards, of a son and heir, 17th August.
Woodd, Mrs. Basil T., of a son, at Ardboro Lodge, co. York, 9th August.
Woodward, Mrs., wife of the Rev. J. H. Woodward, of a dau., at Bristol, 26th July.
Worthington, Mrs. E. G., of a dau., at Wandsworth Road, 3rd August.

Marriages.

Allen, the Rev. Stephen, M.A., curate of Christ Church, Broadway, Westminster, to Jane, fourth dau. of the late John Prescott Blencowe, Esq., of Lynn, 12th Aug.
Anderson, Thomas Darnley, Esq., to Dorothy, dau. of the late Charles Horsfall, Esq., of Everton, 5th Aug.
Atkins, Samuel Elliott, Esq., of Artillery-place West, Finsbury, to Charlotte Ann, only dau. of the late T. E. White, Esq., of St. John-street-road, 24th July.
Avery, the Rev. John Gould, of Llanelly, to Jemima, only daughter of Charles Barron Norton, Esq., of Green-hill, Carmarthen, 20th July.
Baber, the Rev. Harry, Chaplain of Whitelands, Chelsea, to Sarah Frances, eldest daughter of J. Rodwell, Esq., of Alderton, 10th Aug.
Baddeley, Lieut. J. F., Royal Artillery, youngest son of the late Major Baddeley, Superintendent-General of the Barrack Department in Ireland, to Emma, only daughter of Mrs. Curtis, of Dedham, in the county of Essex, and of the late William Curtis, Esq., 5th Aug.
Barrett, Samuel, Esq., of Lincoln's-inn, barrister-at-law, to Eliza Jane, only child of the late Henry Turner, Esq., of Twickenham, 3rd Aug.
Bassett, John Dollin, of Leighton Buzzard, banker, to Hannah Maria Satterthwaite, of Leamington Priors, widow of the late Edward Satterthwaite, of Manchester, 19th Aug.
Baily, Thomas Heathcote, Esq., of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law, to Helen Kay, dau. of Stuart Donaldson, Esq., of Upper Hyde Park street, 27th July.
Bedder, Joseph, Esq., of Camden-cottage, Camden New-town, to Juliet, second daughter of Mrs. Charlotte E. I. and the late Peter Lovekin, Esq., of Bushey, Herts, 10th Aug.
Bede, the Rev. J. E., M.A., Student of Christ Church, rector of Westwell, Oxon, to Hester Charlotte, daughter of the late John Lodge, Esq. 22nd July.
Bell, Horace James, second son of J. B. Bell, Esq., to Harriett Andrews, eldest daughter of the late Captain James Dowling, Barrack-master of St. James's, 14th Aug.
Bennett, Barwell Ewins, Esq., of Marston-house, in the county of Northampton, to Lydia, the widow of Charles Butlin, Esq., of Rugby, in the county of Warwick, 5th Aug.
Bennett, John Nicholas, Esq., of Plymouth, to Emily, only daughter of William Prance, Esq., of the same place, 12th Aug.
Bland, Horatio, Esq., of Culverlands, in the parish of Burghfields, Berks, to Emily Alicia, eldest daughter of the Rev. Henry Curtis Cherry, M.A., rector of Burghfield, 3rd Aug.
Borton, Edward, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn, barrister-at-law, to Margaret, second dau. of Geo. Hutton Wilkinson, Esq., of Harperley-park, Durham, Recorder of Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Judge of the County Courts for Northamptou, 10th Aug.
Butt, Wm., Esq., C.E., of Bicester, Oxfordshire, second son of the Rev. J. W. Butt, vicar of King's Langley, Hertfordshire, to Mary Elizabeth, only child of H. Shearburn, Esq., for Mornington-place, Regent's-park.
Cardwell, William, Esq., of Whalley-range, near Manchester, to Ann Doncaster, daughter of John Isaac Marfleet, Esq., of Winthorpe grove, Nottinghamshire, 5th Aug.
Caston, Howard, Esq., Hammersmith, to Mary Jane, eldest daughter of John Nelson, Esq., Abbey House, Enniscorthy, Ireland, 19th Aug.
Cator, John Farnaby, Esq., Captain R.A., to Laura, youngest daughter of the late Edward Golding, Esq., of Maiden Erlegh, in the county of Berks, 19th Aug.
Chamberlain, J. H. Esq., to Erie, eldest dau. of the late William Jepson Pardey, M.D., 8th July.
Clarke, Major Guy, 77th Regiment, son of the late Major General Sir William Clarke, Bart., to Sophia, relict of Captain William Walker, 26th Regiment, and daughter of the late John Tyrwhitt, Esq., of Pentre Parr, Carmarthenshire, 24th July.
Clarke, the Rev. Thomas, British Consular Chaplain at Calais, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Thomas Osborne, Esq., Deputy Commissary-General to the Forces, 5th Aug.
Collins, Thomas, Esq., of Lorn-road, to Ann, relict of the late Rev. John Parson, rector of West Lynn, St. Peter's, Norfolk, 3rd Aug.
Colvile, the Rev. Frederick Leigh, vicar of Leek Wooton, Warwickshire, to Caroline Mary, second daughter of the late Rev. William John Mansel, eldest son of the late Sir Wm. Mansel, Bart., of Iscoed, Carmarthenshire, 28th July.
Constance, Mr. Edward, of Hanover place, Regent's park, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late John Ellwood, Esq., Peckham-rye, 12th Aug.
Cooper, William, only surviving son of John Cooper, Esq., of Shacklewell-green, to Elizabeth, only daughter of Henry Weir, Esq., of the London and County Bank, Gravesend, 10th Aug.
Cornish, John Robert, Esq., barrister-at-law, of the Inner Temple, and student of Christ Church, Oxford, to Elizabeth Gray, only child of the late George Isaac Mowbray, Esq., of the county of Durham, and granddaughter of Robert Gray, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Bristol, 19th Aug.
Crawley, Mr. J., of Chelsea, to Elizabeth, dau. of Thomas Spence, of Stratford, and eldest granddaughter of the late Sawyer Spence, Esq., of Upton, Essex, 23rd July.
Crocker, Sydney, Esq., of 30, Acacia-road, to

Digitized by Google

Annie Frances, daughter of William James, Esq., of Norfolk-road, St. John's Wood, 19th Aug.

Currey, J. Edmond, Esq., of Pall-mall, son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Currey, formerly of the 54th Regiment, to Mary, relict of the late Capt. James Sims Unwin, Bombay Artillery, 12th Aug.

Dalziel, Edward, Esq., of Albert street, Regent's-park, to Jane, eldest daughter of Mr. C. Gurden, of Camden street, Camden town, 31st July.

Davidson, Hugh Murray, Esq., to Anna Maria Laura Beresford Darby, only child of the late William Darby, Esq., of the 13th (or Prince Albert's) Light Infantry, and eldest daughter of Mrs. Shaw, of Ellenborough Lodge, Agra, and Bathwick-hill, Bath, granddaughter of the late Colonel William Scott, and the late Kerny Darby, Esq., of Cara, county of Monaghan, 8th June.

Dawson, Dr., of Finsbury-circus, London, to Annette Maria Francisca Celestina, eldest dau. of William Oldham, Esq., of Holbrook House, Richmond, and of Port St. Mary's, Spain, 14th Aug.

Dimsdale, Frederick, youngest son of the late Thomas Dimsdale, Esq., of Grove House, Hadley, Middlesex, to Mary, eldest daughter of William Manning, Esq., of Worcester, 3rd Aug.

Douglas, Donald, Esq., youngest son of the late Lieutenant-General Sir Kenneth Douglas, Bart., of Glenbervie, to Emily Jane, fourth daughter of Hugh Kennedy, Esq., Cultra, county of Down, Ireland, 5th Aug.

Drake, Mr. Frederic, of Gresham, in the county of Norfolk, to Mary, fourth niece of Abraham Easley, Esq., of Hoxton, Middlesex, 28th July.

Elsey, Major, of the E. I. Co's. Depot, at Worley, to Eliza Henrietta Wetherall, widow of the late Captain Wetherall, 41st Foot, 10th Aug.

Erskine, the Hon. Edward Morris, to Caroline, widow of the late Andrew Voughnan, Esq., 24th July.

Fenwick, William John, eldest son of the late Ralph Fenwick, Esq., of Haling-park Surrey, to Mary Elizabeth, only daughter of the late General Wilson, 27th July.

Ferrand, William Busfeild, Esq., of Harden Grange, in the county of York, to the Hon. Fanny Mary Stuart, second daughter of Lieut.-General the late Lord Blantyre, 10th Aug.

Few, Mr., surgeon, of Ramsey, Huntingdonshire, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Levens, Esq., of Upwell, Norfolk, 31st July.

Few, William Edward, second son of Charles Few, Esq., of Henrietta street, Covent garden, and Streatham hill, to Mary Helen Denis, only dau. of Mathew De Vitré, Esq., of Southwick-crescent, Hyde-park, 27th July.

Fincham, George T., M.D., Oxon, of Spring gardens, to Anna Elizabeth, eldest daughter of James Heygate, Esq., of Southend, Essex, 31st July.

Finnie, Archibald, Esq., of Springhill, to Margaret Monteath, eldest daughter of the late John Guthrie, Esq., 3rd Aug.

Firmin, Philip Smith, Esq., to Eliza Wright, third daughter of John Hulme, Esq., of Wokingham, and granddaughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Donaldson, Grenadier Guards, 12th Aug.

Frank, Rodolphus Bacon, Esq., A.M., Catherine Hall, Cambridge, son of the late Rev. Edward Frank, of Campsall Hall, Yorkshire, to Susan, eldest daughter of Richard Anthony, Esq., Drumcondra, Dublin, 5th Aug.

Fraser, Mr. Alexander, eldest son of Mr. Robert Fraser, of Pimlico, to Charlotte, only daughter of the Rev. John S. H. Welsh, curate of Lewisham, 19th Aug.

Fraser, the Rev. Alexander C., private chaplain to Field Marshal the Marquis of Anglesea, and chaplain to the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, to Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Christopher Atkinson, incumbent of Elland, Halifax, and of St. Paul's, Leeds, 12th Aug.

Fust, the Rev. Henry Lascelles Jenner, B.C.L., son of the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Jenner Fust, D.C.L., Judge of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury and Dean of the Arches, to Mary Isabel, eldest daughter of Captain William Finlaison, R.N., 11th Aug.

Gardoni, Signor Italo, of Her Majesty's Theatre, to Annetta, eldest daughter of Signor Tamburini, of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, 14th Aug.

Garth, Richard, eldest son of the Rev. Richard Garth, of Farnham, to Clara, second daughter of William Loftus Lowndes, Esq., Q.C., 27th July.

Giffard, Captain George, Royal Navy, son of the late Sir Hardinge Giffard, to Magdalene Christian youngest daughter of the late Robert Mushet, Esq., 5th Aug.

Gilbert, Edward John, Esq., of Kennington, to Charlotte, fourth daughter of the late John Stephen Geldard, Esq., of Kensington, 11th Aug.

Goddard, Ambrose Lethbridge, Esq., M.P., of the Lawn, Wiltshire, to Charlotte, the eldest dau. of Edward Ayshford Sandford, Esq., of Nynehead-court, Somerset, 14th Aug.

Grahame, Thomas, Esq., to Elizabeth, widow of the late Major-General Alexander Limond, 28th July.

Graves, James Percival, Esq., of Fitzwilliam square, Dublin, third son of the late John Crosbie Graves, Esq., barrister-at-law, to Georgina, youngest daughter of Thomas Orte Lees, Esq., of Bloomfield, in the county of Dublin, 12th Aug.

Grazebrook, Henry, eldest son of Henry Grazebrook, Esq., Liverpool, to Harriette, daughter of Richard Wheeler Preston, Esq., Beech-hill, West Derby, 5th Aug.

Green, the Rev. J. H. B., M.A., youngest son of the late Valentine Green, Esq., of Normanton, Leicestershire, to Janetta, sixth daughter of the late William Watkins, Esq., of Badby House, in the county of Northampton, 27th July.

Haig, George D. H., Esq., of Dalgam, Carnarvonshire, to Mary, only daughter of Joseph Pike, Esq., of Charles-street, St. James's-square, 29th July.

Harris, G. W., Esq., to Cecil, youngest daughter of Professor Bernays, Ph. Dr. of King's College, London, 14th Aug.

Harwood, Edward Morcom, of Bristol, son of the late Mr. J. B. Harwood, to Maria, eldest dau. of Mr. William Stuchey, of Montpellier, in the same city, 13th Aug.

Hawkins, J. S. Esq., Captain, Royal Engineers, to Leonora Mary, eldest daughter of Denis H. Kelly, Esq., of Castle Kelly, county of Galway, 11th Aug.

Hay, John Charles Dalrymple, Esq., Commander, R.N., eldest son of Sir James Dalrymple Hay, Bart., of Park-place, and Dunraggit, to the Hon. Eliza Napier, third daughter of the Right Hon. William John Lord Napier, 18th Aug.

Henry, James Grant, Esq., of Lawrance Pountney-hill, London, youngest son of Thomas Henry, Esq., of Bush-hill, Middlesex, to Mary Rawlings, eldest daughter of Edward Aitchison, Esq., R.N., of Groombridge, 3rd Aug.

Hessey, the Rev. James Augustus, D.C.L., headmaster of Merchant Taylors' School, and late Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, to Emma, second daughter of Philip Cazenove, Esq., of Clapham common, 27th July.

Hewson, Henry, Esq., surgeon, son of George Hewson, Esq., Captain, R.N., to Sarah, youngest daughter of Mr. George Newington, of Hawkhurst.

Hildyard, the Rev. James, rector of Ingoldsby, Lincolnshire, to Elizabeth Matilda, only dau. of George Kinderley, Esq., of Whitchurch, and granddaughter of the late John Adams, Esq., of Peterwell, Cardiganshire, M.P. for Carmarthen, 19th Aug.

Hill, Thomas St., Esq. at Port of Spain, Trinidad, to Harriett, second daughter of Mr. Henry Manwell, of Milton-street, Dorset-square, London, 22nd June.

Digitized by Google

Hodgson, George, Esq., son of Dr. Hodgson, of Anlaby, near Hull, to Isabel, eldest daughter of Captain Francis Huddleston, of Russel-street, Dublin, and granddaughter of the late Thomas Huddleston, Esq., of Milton, Cambridgeshire, 4th Aug.

Holder, George, Esq., jun., at Rio de Janeiro, to Laura Paulina Thomas, of South Lambeth, 22nd May.

Horne, James, Esq., of Berkeley-square, to Georgiana Ann, second daughter of Thomas How Esq., of Gordon-house, Turnham-green, 14th Aug.

Howell, Charles, Esq., of Hove, near Brighton, to Ellen, youngest and only surviving daughter of the late David Richards, Esq., of Bath, 12th Aug.

Hunt, Henry Samuel, Capt., R. N., to Emily, only daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Steel, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, 27th July.

Hyman, Leonard, Esq., to Octavia Jane, youngest dau. of Henry Fisher, Esq., 16th Aug.

Jones, Joseph, second son of Joseph Jones, Esq., of Upton, Cheshire, to Jane Harriette, only dau. of the late W. Turner Comber, Esq., of Hoolodge, Sussex, 22nd July.

King, Edward, only son of John King, Esq., of Brunswick-square, Brighton, to Caroline Amelia, fourth daughter of Arthur Lewis, Esq., also of Brunswick-square, Brighton, 10th Aug.

Lascelles, John, Esq., of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law, to Rosinia, eldest daughter of the late Frederick Wm. Masterman, Esq., of Alcot, near Calcutta, 24th July.

Law, George Still, Esq., barrister-at-law, only son of George Law, Esq. of No. 16, Lincoln's inn, and of No. 5, Montague-place, Bedford square, to Emma, third dau. of the late Thomas Halliday, Esq., of Ewell, in the county of Surrey, 17th Aug.

Le Blanc, Thomas Edmund, Esq., late Captain 37th Regiment, eldest son of Colonel Henry Le Blanc, of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, to Laura Catherine, second dau. of Joseph Longmore, Esq., of the Mythe house, Gloucestershire, 14th Aug.

Leigh, Capel Hanbury, Esq., of Pontypool-park, Monmouthshire, to Emma Elizabeth, fourth dau. of Thomas B. Rous, Esq., of Courtyrala, Glamorganshire, 20th Aug.

Le Roy, Peter, Esq., Sous Préfet of Bayonne, to Mary, eldest dau. of Stanislaus Darthez, Esq. of Pau, formerly of York-terrace, Regent's-park, and Austin friars, London, 19th July.

Locke, John, Esq., of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law, only son of John Locke, Esq., of Hernehill, Surrey, to Laura Rosalie Cobbe, daughter of the late Colonel Thomas Alexander Cobbe, 17th Aug.

Lockwood, Benj. Crosby, eldest son of Mark Lockwood, Esq., of Cloudesley-terrace, Islington, to Rebecca, second dau. of Dr. Gladstone, R.N., Blackheath, 10th Aug.

Lloyd, John Augustus, surgeon, of Bath, to Henrietta Rowland, dau. of Wm. Ringer, Esq., of Laugharne, 10th Aug.

Ludlow, Captain E. E., late of the E.I.C.S., to Elizabeth Catherine, widow of the late H Houston, Esq., 3rd Aug.

Mackinnon, D. Lionel, Esq., Coldstream Guards, third son of W. Mackinnon, Esq., M.P., Hyde park-place, to Charlotte Lavinia, third daughter of Major-General Sir Dudley Hill, C.B., of High Cliff-house, Lyme, Dorsetshire, 12th August.

Marcon, Rev. Walter Marcon, fourth son of the late John Marcon, Esq., of Swaffham, Norfolk, to Caroline, eldest dau. of the late Rev. Henry Middleton, vicar of Barton-Stacey, Hants, 28th July.

Maitland, John Gorham, of Lincoln's-inn, Esq., barrister-at-law and fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, to Emma, second dau. of the late John Frederick Daniell, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry in King's College, London, 12th August.

Margetts, Edward, second son of the late Thomas Margetts, Esq., of Hemingford Grey, Huntingdonshire, to Ellen, younger dau. of the late Robert Prince, Esq., of Canonbury, 24th July.

Mastermann, Edward, Esq., third son of John Masterma, Esq. M.P., of Leyton, Essex, to Ellen Sarah, second dau. of the late John Barkworth, Esq., of Tranley-house, Yorkshire, 12th Aug.

May, Charles Bolver, Esq., of Burslem, to Harriet Hopkins, only dau. of the late Richard Badnall, Esq., of Leek, 22d July.

Melfort, the Duc de, &c., to Susan Henrietta, widow of the late Colonel Burrowes, 9th Aug.

Melville, George Whyte, Esq., Captain in the Coldstream Guards, to the Hon. Charlotte Bateman Hanbury, second dau. of the late, and sister of the present Lord Bateman, 7th August.

Middleton, Horace Friend, Esq., of the Lawn, Blockley, Worcestershire, to Isabella, youngest dau. of the late James Field, Esq., of Chesham-vale, 19th August.

Mitford, Robert Henry, Esq., of Benhall, Suffolk, to Anne, youngest dau. of the late Lieut.-Col. Wm. Henry Willby, and niece of the Rev. Charles Paul, 12th August.

Muggeridge, Nathaniel, Esq., of Queen-street London, to Elizabeth, dau. of Alexander Curling Esq., of Denmark hill, Surrey, 7th August.

Nash, Edward Richard, third son of William Nash, Esq., of Clapham-common, to Caroline Amelia, youngest dau. of Henry Butterworth, Esq., of Upper Tooting, Surrey, 27th July.

Neale, Melville, M D., to Jane, dau. of John Seebell, Esq of Hawley, 29th July.

Nelson, William Benford, Esq., of Essex-street, Strand, to Emma, youngest dau. of the Rev. J. G. Bedford, of Twyford, 29th July.

Nutt, Mr. George, son of John Nutt, Esq., Town Clerk of Canterbury, to Sybell Julia, dau. of the late John Weippert, Esq., of Soho-square, 31st July.

Oldfield, Thomas, Esq., of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law, eldest son of T. B. Oldfield, Esq., of Champion-hill, Surrey, to Louisa Margaret third dau. of Simeon Warner, Esq., of Blackheath, Kent, 10th August.

Oliver, James, Esq., of Lansdowne-lodge, Kensington-park, to Georgiana Sophia, only surviving dau. of the late Wm. Cartwright, Esq., 24th July.

O'Neill, J. Gower, second son of Bernard O'Neill, Esq., Woolwich, to Caroline, only dau. of J. H. Keats, Esq., of Fulham, Middlesex, 27th July.

Ottley, Herbert Taylor, youngest son of the late Warner Ottley, Esq., of York-terrace, Regent's park, and Stanwell, Middlesex, to Kate, eldest dau. of James Bell, Esq., of Newton Forbes, 24th July.

Oxley, Edward, Esq., to Margaret, dau. of Wm. Wilson, Esq., of Wandsworth-common, 3rd August.

Paget, Rev. Thomas Bradley Paget, vicar of Welton to Sophia Beckett, third dau. of Edmund Denison, Esq., of Doncaster, 19th August.

Pain, Thomas, eldest son of George Pain, Esq., of Salisbury, to Georgiana, youngest dau. of the late Jonathan Smith, Esq., of Toxteth-park, near the former place, 29th July.

Paine, Thomas, Esq., of Park-village, Regent's park, to Anna, eldest dau. of James Neave, Esq., of Downham-grove, 18th August.

Parrington, Rev. M. of Chichester, to Lucy Jane, eldest dau. of W. H. Roberts, Esq., of the former place, 3rd August.

Paton, George, M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Lincoln's-inn, Esq., barrister-at-law, to Laura Sophia, second dau. of the late Frederick R. Coore, Esq., of Devonshire-place, 18th Aug.

Pattle, Captain Thomas, 16th Lancers, to Marian Lucia, second dau. of the late John Jervaise Maude, Esq., of Great George-street, Westminster, 18th Aug.

Petre, Hon. Frederick, to Georgiana, eldest dau. of

Digitized by Google

the late Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bart., of Eden-hall, Cumberland, 29th July.

Phillips, John, Esq., of Hastings, to Phœbe Patience, eldest dau. of Wm. Humphrey Pilcher, Esq., of New Broad-street, 31st July.

Philpot, John, jun., Esq., of Southampton-street, Bloomsbury, to Elizabeth Mary, youngest dau. of the late Captain John Gold, of the Brunswick Hussars, 4th August.

Pickersgill, Frederick Richard, Esq., of Leigh-st., Burton-crescent, to Mary N. E. eldest dau. of the Hon. James Hook, of Sierra Leone, 5th August.

Piper, Captain Robert M. of Cumberland-house, Shepherd's Bush, and Rusper, Sussex, to Mary Christiana Louisa Weiss, of Chester-terrace, Regent's Park, and Brighton, 12th August.

Pocklington, Captain, late 52nd Light Infantry, to Barbara Campbell, only child of the late Alexander Scott Broomfield, Esq., of Rosemore, co. Clare, and Hollywood, co. Wicklow, Ireland, 9th August.

Ponder, James, only son of Mr. Richard Ponder, Duke-street, St. James's, London, to Hannah, youngest surviving dau. of the late Mr. James Daws, of Attleborough, Norfolk, 4th August.

Pope, Peter Montagu, M. D., second son of the late Rev. Robert Pope, to Sarah, eldest dau. of Samuel Mercer, Esq., of West Farleigh, 28th July.

Portalis, Andrec Nicholas, Esq., of Beyrout, and of Beteta, Mount Lebanon, to Jane Cundall, eldest dau. of Robert Brockholes Parker, Esq. R.N. 28th June.

Preston, Charles, third son of the late Admiral Preston, of Askam Bryan, in the county of York, to Mary Sullivan, third dau. of John Dalton, Esq., of Steningford-park, in the same county, and of Fillingham Castle, in the county of Lincoln, 10th August.

Priden, Rev. Wm. rector of West Stow cum Wordwell, Suffolk, to Marianne, only dau. of John Worlledge, Esq , of Ingham. 5th August.

Prince, Daniel, Esq., of Hendon, Middle-ex, to Anne, eldest dau. of the late Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Boulden Thompson, Bart., G.C.B., of Hartsbourne, Herts, 18th August.

Pringle, Captain R. E. to Emily, only dau. of the late Professor Malthus. 17th August.

Prior, Rev. John Lawrence, M.A., vicar of Maldon, only son of A. R. Prior. Esq., to Emma Catharine, youngest dau. of the late Sir W. Lawrence Young, Bart., of Delaford, Bucks. 22d July.

Pritchard, North, Esq., of Norwood, Surrey, to Mary, youngest dau. of Henry Aston Barker, Esq , of Bitton, 29th July.

Pullen, Rev. Joseph, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, and incumbent of St. Benedict's, Cambridge, to Frances Elizabeth, eldest dau. of the late Rev. Richard Carrow, of Redland, Gloucestershire, 26th July.

Parvis, Arthur, Esq., Madras Civil Service, eldest son of Lieut -Col. Purvis, of Darsham-house, Suffolk, to Mary Jane, second dau. of Colonel Clark Kennedy, of Knockgray, C.B , K.H., and Aide-de-Camp to the Queen. 7th August.

Ravenhill, Henry, Esq., of Clapham-common, to Emily, dau. of Thomas Puckle, Esq., of the same place, 18th August.

Richardson, Sir John, Inspector of Hospitals, Haslar, to Mary, youngest dau. of the late Archibald Fletcher, Esq., advocate, Edinburgh, 4th Aug.

Robinson, John Beverley, Esq., second son of Chief Justice Robinson, of Upper Canada, to Mary Jane, eldest dau. of the late Hon. Mr. Justice Hagerman, 30th June.

Sanctuary, Rev. Thos. of Croughton, Northamptonshire, to Isabel Lloyd, third dau. of the late Right Rev. Charles Lord Bishop of Oxford, 10th Aug.

Saunders, Richard, of Largay, in the county of Cavan, Esq., to Jane, relict of Richard Leigh, Esq., of Hawley-house, Kent, 31st July.

Savage, Wm. Mawdley, eldest son of Thomas Savage, Esq., of Midsomer Norton, Somerset, to Caroline, eldest dau. of the Hon. and Rev. Sir Erasmus Griffies Williams, Bart., of Llwyny-Wormwood, Carmarthenshire, 18th August.

Scarnett, William Henry, Esq., of Greenard, Middlesex, to Miss Ann Elizabeth Brown, of Clapham, 5th August.

Searancke, Francis Joseph, Esq., of St. Alban's, to Miss Shipton, of New Lodge, Berks, 29th July.

Shaw, Captain, to Madame Cathinka de Dietz, 7th August.

Short, Mayow, Esq., chairman of quarter sessions, to Annis Rachel, dau. of the Rev. Dr. Panton, of Widcombe, and niece of the Vice-Chancellor of Jamaica 15th July.

Smith, Alfred, Esq., of Derby, son of the late George Smith, Esq , of Selsdon, in the county of Surrey, to Mary, eldest dau. of the Right Hon. Sir James Wigram, Vice-Chancellor, 3rd August.

Smith, John Prince, only son of the late John Prince Smith, barrister-at-law, of Demerara, to Charlotte Augusta, dau. of the late J. G. Sommerbrodt, banker, of Berlin, 2d August.

Smythe, George, Esq., of Bradfield villa, St. John's Wood, to Marian, widow of the late Wm. Tyler, Esq., of Kensington, 31st July.

Sneppe, Edward, Esq., of Thurloe square, to Hannah Neville, sixth dau. of the late Wm. Spong, Esq., of Cobtree-house, near Maidstone, Kent, 14th July.

Stevens, Edward, Esq., of London, to Jane Sarah, relict of James Graves, Rochester, 7th August.

Stevenson, Martin, Esq., of Valparaiso, to Clara Valentina, dau. of Hugh Cuming, Esq., of Gower-street, London, 6th May.

Stewart, John Grant, Esq., M.D., Deputy Medical Inspector of Naval Hospitals and Fleets, to Ella, third dau. of W. Fossett, Esq., of the Admiralty, 3rd August.

Stronghill, Charles, Esq., of Coleman-street, London, and of Brixton, Surrey, solicitor, to Caroline, second dau. of Thomas Gulliver, Esq., of Bloxham, near Banbury. 29th July.

Suckling, Captain Wm. B., R.N., of Highwood-lodge, Hampshire, eldest son of the late Colonel Suckling, 3rd Dragoon Guards, of Banham Haugh, in the county of Norfolk, to Caroline Loaden, second dau. of the late Wm. Loaden, Esq., of Rose-hill, near Bideford, in the county of Devon, 6th August.

Taylor, Russell Scot. Esq., eldest son of the late John Edward Taylor, Esq., of Manchester, to Emily Maria, only dau. of the late Gideon Acland, Esq., barrister-at-law, of St. Thomas, Upper Canada, 12th August.

Taylor, Vincentio Corbett, Captain of the 3rd Madras Light Infantry, to Jane, eldest dau. of W.R. Robinson, Esq., of Portman square, 17th Aug.

Train, George, Esq., John street, Bedford-row, London, to Grace Harriet, youngest dau. of John Babington, Esq., late Madras Civil Service, 11th August.

Turner, Benjamin Brecknell, of the Haymarket, London, to Agnes, eldest dau. of Henry Chamberlain, Esq., of Bredicot court, near Worcester, 17th August.

Twining, Henry, Esq., second son of Thomas Twining, Esq., of Perryn-house, Twickenham, to Mara Matilda, eldest dau. of Wm. Saunders, Esq. of Wandsworth-common, 10th August.

Tylden, Captain, Royal Artillery, to Lucy, eldest dau. of Lieut -Gen. Sir Thomas Downman, C. B., and K C.H., 12th August.

Vores, Wm. Esq., M.D., to Jane Ann, the second dau. of George Mallam, Esq , of the Upper Mall, Hammersmith, 3rd August.

Wake, Mr. Wm. Orpwood, of Mount Brown, Dublin, to Mary, youngest dau. of Mr. John W. Parker, of West Strand, London, 17th August.

Waley, Jacob, Esq., of Lincoln's-inn, barrister-at-law, to Matilda, youngest dau of the late Joseph Salomons, Esq., 28th July.

Waring, Edward John, fourth son of the late Capt. Waring, R. N , of Lyme Regis, Dorset, to Caro-

Digitized by Google

line Ann, eldest dau of Wm. Day, Esq. of Hadlow, Sussex, one of Her Majesty's Deputy-Lieutenants for that county, 3rd August.

Watkins, Rev. Fred. B.D, Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, and one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, to Amelia, eldest dau. of the Rev. George Millet, M.A., vicar of Silkstone, Yorkshire, 5th August.

Weippert, John, Esq., of Soho-square, to Dorothy Ann, eldest dau. of John Nutt, Esq., Town Clerk of Canterbury, 31st July.

Whitaker, T. H. Esq., of the Holme, Lancashire, to Mary, eldest dau. of James B. Garforth, Esq, of Coniston in-Craven, 21st, July.

Williams, Frederick Sims, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, and of Lincoln's-inn, barrister-at-law, to Katharine Eliza, dau. of John Smith, Esq., of Twickenham, 10th August

Wodehouse, the Right Hon. John Baron, of Kimberley park, in the county of Norfolk, to Florence, eldest dau. of Colonel the Hon. Richard Fitz-Gibbon, 16th August.

Worthington, Edward Esq., of Dee House, Chester, to Maria, dau. of Christopher Temple, Esq., Queen's Counsel, 3rd August.

Wyatt, George, Esq., Her Majesty's Civil Service, to Emily Jane, third dau. of Thomas Percival Mayhew, Esq., of North Brixton, 14th August.

Annotated Obituary.

Adderley, Thomas, Esq. at Upper Clapton, aged 92.

Allen, Miss Jane, at Islington, 28th July.

Andrews, Thomas, Esq. of Hempsted, Essex, 18th August.

Angell, Edward, Esq. of apoplexy, at Notting Hill, aged 77, 13th August

Armstrong, Edmund James, Esq. at Edinburgh, aged 18, 26th July. He was only son of the late Lieut. E. J. Armstrong, R N. of Cheshunt, Herts, nephew of the late Lieut.-Gen. George Andrew Armstrong, and grandson of the Rev. William Archibald Armstrong, of Pengelly Lodge, whose father, Edmund Armstrong, Esq. of Fortie Hall, Enfield, and of Percy-street, London, the well-known Army Agent, Groom of the Privy Chamber to George III., was fourth son of Andrew Armstrong, Esq. Treasurer of the King's County, by Alphra, his wife, dau. of Bigoe Henzell, Esq. of Barnagrotty. The family of Armstrong, in ancient times settled on the Scottish Border, has been established in high repute in Ireland since the commencement of the 17th century. Its present representatives are Sir ANDREW ARMSTRONG, Bart. of Gallen Priory, and JOHN WARNEFORD ARMSTRONG, Esq. of Ballycumber, King's County.

Barlow, Capt. Philip, late of the 22nd Reg., at Pau, aged 74, 29th July.

Barton, Lucinda, youngest dau. of the late John Barton, Esq. at Leatherhead, 23rd July.

Begbie, Thomas, Esq. at Maines, co. Berwick, 5th August.

Blackburn, Mrs. widow of the late James Blackburn, Esq. of Whitby, co. York, aged 51, 3rd August.

Blood, Lieut.-Col. late of the 68th Light Infantry, at Bath, 22nd July.

Borthwick, William Thomas, Esq. Surgeon, of Chepstow, aged 29, 11th August.

Boynton, Mrs. Lydia, at Kensington, aged 85, 9th August.

Boys, The Rev. Henry, Assistant Chaplain, E. I. C. S. Bengal, youngest son of the late John Boys, formerly of Ashcombe, at Simla, aged 37, 20th May.

Braddon, Louisa Charlotte, youngest dau. of William Braddon, Esq. of Lifton-park, Devon, 8th July.

Braine, Joanna, wife of George Thomas Braine, Esq. late of Canton, and dau. of Adam W. Elmslie, Esq. in Great Cumberland-place, Hyde-park, 29th July.

Brockman, The Rev. William, of Beachborough, Kent, a Magistrate for that county, aged 58, 3rd August. The old Kentish family of Brockman appears on record so early as the time of Richard II. when a grant, enrolled among the patents in the Tower, was made to John Brockman, of the Manor of Pirnie, extending to Old Romney, in the co. of Kent. The male line terminated in 1767, at the decease of James Brockman, Esq. of Beachborough, who devised his estates to his cousin, The Rev. Ralph Drake. That gentleman adopted the surname of the testator and died in 1781, leaving a son and successor, James Drake Brockman, Esq. of Beachborough, High Sheriff of Kent in 1791. He married Catherine-Elizabeth, dau. of the Rev. William Tatton, D.D. and dying in 1832, was succeeded by his then elder and surviving son, the Rev. William Brockman, whose decease we record.

Broughton, Sir John Delves, Bart. 9th August. Sir John, the seventh Baronet of Broughton, whose death occurred at Bank Farm, Kingston-upon-Thames, possessed considerable estates in the counties of Stafford, Chester, and Lincoln. He entered the army at the age of sixteen, in 1785, and became a full General in 1837. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Sir

Digitized by Google

Thomas Broughton, sixth Baronet of Broughton, and grandson of Sir Brian Broughton, fifth Baronet, who assumed the surname of Delves, in compliance with the will of his maternal grandfather, Sir Thomas Delves, Bart. of Doddington. Paternally, the deceased Baronet derived from Richard de Vernon, Lord of Broughton, fourth son of Hugo de Vernon, Baron of Shipbrook at the time of the Conquest. His ancestors in the female line, the Delves', were of consideration for centuries in the counties of Stafford and Chester, and derived in direct descent from Sir Henry Delves, of Delves Hall, brother and heir of Sir John Delves, who, in the 20th of Edward III. was one of the four Esquires who attended James, Lord Audley, K.G., in the French wars of the Black Prince, and who, for their services at the Battle of Poictiers, were rewarded with an annuity of five hundred marks among them, and were allowed an addition to their arms bearing a similitude to their Captain, Lord Audley's coat. The Baronet whose decease we are recording was born in 1769, and married, in 1792, Elizabeth, sister of Sir John Egerton, Bart. of Oulton-park, co. Chester, but leaves no issue. His successor to the title is his brother, the present Rev. Sir Henry Delves Broughton, eighth Baronet, who is married, and has several children.

Browne, Thomas Braine, Esq. at Pimlico, aged 35, 7th August.

Butler Thomas Delves, Esq. son of Thomas Butler, Esq. of Brighton, at Finchley, 23rd July.

Campbell, Colin, Esq. late of London and Rotterdam, at Edinburgh, aged 69, 29th July.

Carter, Noel Norton, Esq. at York, 28th July.

Charlton, Henry, Lieutenant in Her Majesty's 7th Royal Fusiliers, youngest son of W. J. Charlton, late of Rochester, Esq. at Southampton, aged 21, 9th August.

Christie, Charles Forbes, Esq. Captain, Bombay Army, at the Isle of Wight, aged 30, 7th August.

Christie, Sir Archibald, K.C.H. 10th August. This gallant officer, Colonel of the 1st Royal Veteran Battalion, and Deputy Governor of Stirling Castle, was born in 1774, the eldest son of the late James Christie, Esq. of Riddry, co. Lanark, by Lucy, his wife, daughter of John Beardesley, Esq. of Glascot, co. Warwick. At the age of nineteen he entered the army, by purchase, as Ensign in the Royal Highlanders, and served in Flanders, and Holland, where he was wounded. In 1811 he received the appointment of Commandant-General of Army Hospitals; from 1821 to 1831 acted as Commandant of Chatham; and in the latter year was made Deputy-Governor of Stirling Castle. The family from which the deceased gentleman descended—the Christies of Stenton, co. Haddington—was one of considerable respectability in East Lothian. Sir Archibald's immediate progenitor, James Christie, Esq. of Stenton, married June, daughter of James Foulis, Esq. of Ratho, and was grandfather of Archibald Christie, Esq. of Ratho, who wedded Anne, daughter of Sir Alexander Gordon, Bart. of Lesmore, and had a son, the late James Christie, Esq. of Riddry. Sir Archibald himself married Jane, only child of George Dwyer, Esq. third son of John Dwyer, Esq. of Singland, co. Limerick; and has left a son, Frederick Gordon, and other issue.

Clark, George, Esq. at Sion-place, Isleworth, 26th July.

Clarke, Thomas, Esq of Burton Crescent, aged 68, 11th August.

Clark, Arthur, Esq. M.D. youngest son of the late John Clark, Esq. formerly of Poole, co. Dorset, in Stanhope-street, Regent's-park, three days after his arrival from the United States, 26th July.

Cochrane, Sarah, wife of J. G. Cochrane, Esq. at St. James's-square, 20th August.

Cockburn, General Sir George This veteran soldier and politician died on the 18th Aug. at his seat, Shanganagh Castle, near Bray, Ireland. He was eldest son of George Cockburn, Esq. of Dublin, by Anne, his wife, eldest dau. of Charles Caldwell, Esq. and sister of the late gallant Admiral Sir Benjamin Caldwell, G.C.B. His family claimed to be a scion of the ancient Scottish house of Cockburn, of Cockburn and Ryslaw, now represented by Sir William S. R. Cockburn. General Cockburn, who had been for a long period on the retired list of the army, was well known for his attachment to Cobbett, and always advocated the principles of reform. The passing of the Reform Bill he commemorated by a column erected near his residence, but this he afterwards swept a way, for the Whigs went too slow for him, and he gave in his adhesion to Conservatism and Sir Robert Peel. He died at the age of 82. His military career dated from the year 1781, when he entered the Army as Ensign in the 1st Reg. of Foot Guards. At the famous Siege of Gibraltar, he acted as Aid-de-Camp to General Elliott; and in 1785, he purchased the Captain-Lieutenancy of the 65th Regiment, then quartered in Dublin, and commanded by Lord Harrington, who was thenceforward a kind friend to him. Shortly after he embarked with the regiment for Canada; but, before

Digitized by Google

sailing, an order to leave a Captain at home to recruit, fell on Mr. Cockburn as junior. Passing through the subordinate gradations, he became, in 1793, Lieut.-Colonel, by purchase, of the 92nd Reg. and attained the rank of Major-General in 1806, when he was placed on the Staff in England. In 1810, he joined Sir J. Stewart's Army in Sicily, and was present when Murat landed 3,000 men near Stephano. Being made Lieutenant-General in 1811, he returned home, and was never employed afterwards, although he made many applications. Sir George was born 21st Feb. 1764, and married, 8th March, 1790, his cousin Eliza, eldest daughter of Phineas Riall, Esq. of Clonmell, by whom he had two sons, George and Phineas-Charles, and four daughters, the eldest of whom, Catherine, married, in 1817, Capt. Hamilton, R.N

Cohen Grace, relict of the late Judah Cohen, Esq. of Nottingham-place, 15th August.

Coley, Charles, Esq. of Tuffnell-place, Upper Holloway, aged 74, 8th August.

Cooke, Josiah J. Esq. late of the Army Victualling Department, at Camberwell, 31st July.

Cooke, Sarah, relict of the late Robert Cooke, Esq. at Clapham, 14th August.

Conolly, Matilda, third daughter of the late Valentine Conolly, Esq. of Portland-place, 10th August.

Combe, Dr. Andrew, one of the Physicians in Ordinary, in Scotland, to the Queen, at Edinburgh, aged 40 9th August.

Coulson, Mrs. George, at Cottingham Castle, co. York, aged 67, 4th August.

Coventry, Twisleton Fiennes Arthur, second son of Thomas William Coventry, grandson of George William, sixth Earl of Coventry, in his 18th year, 1st August.

Craigie, Diana, of 42, Finsbury-square, only surviving daughter of the late Captain Craigie, at Chalk, near Gravesend, 3rd August.

Crozier, Mrs. K. B. at Westhill, Norton, Isle of Wight, 17th August.

Cuerton, Richard, Esq. at Jersey, 9th Aug.

Cumberland, George, son of Sydney Cumberland, and grandson of George Cumberland,, Esq of Bristol, at Guildford, in his 31st year, 18th July.

Dand, The Rev. Michael, M.A. Rector of Clifton, Westmoreland, aged 39, 19th July.

Deare, Philip Charles, Second Lieutenant in Her Majesty's 21st Fusiliers, only son of the late Philip Deare, 69th Regiment, Bengal Native Infantry, at Cawnpore, of acute dysentery, aged 18, 2nd June.

Dickson, George William, son of George Frederick Dickson, Esq. of Hanover Terrace, Regent's Park, at Monte Video, 29th May.

Digby, Loftus, youngest son of the late Rev. John Digby, on his passage from Jamaica, aged 18.

Douglas, Admiral John Erskine, at Sparrows, near Watford, aged 89, 25th July.

Du Bois, Edward, only son of Mr. Du Bois, of the Middle Temple, aged 13, 16th August.

Dunsandle, James, Lord. His Lordship, who died recently at his seat, Dunsandle, co. Galway, represented for many years his native county in Parliament, and was created a Peer of Ireland 6th June, 1845. He possessed a valuable landed property in the West of Ireland, and was highly esteemed as a worthy country gentleman, and a kind and excellent landlord. His father, the late Right Hon. Denis Daly, of Dunsandle, Muster-Master-General of Ireland, sat for a lengthened period in the Irish Parliament, in which he became eminently distinguished for his eloquence and ability; he was a leading statesman of those days so prolific in illustrious names; and is described by Grattan as "one of the best and brightest characters Ireland ever produced." His wife was only dau. and heiress of Robert, Earl of Farnham, and, through that lady, Lord Dunsandle derived in direct descent from the Plantagenets as well as from the Kings of Scotland and Robert Bruce. The deceased Peer married, in 1808, Maria, dau. and coheir of the late Right Hon. Sir Edward Skeffington Smyth, Bart. and has left two daughters and five sons, the eldest of whom, Denis, succeeds as second Lord Dunsandle. The Right Rev. Robert Daly, the eloquent Bishop of Cashel, is only brother of the late Lord.

Eaton Richard Jefferson, Esq of Stethworth Park, Cambridgeshire, 27th July. Capt. Eaton formerly represented the county of Cambridge in Parliament, and acted with the Conservative party. His father, Richard Eaton, Esq. was a banker at Newmarket, and possessed a good estate near that town. Capt. Eaton married, 26th Nov. 1839, Charlotte Elizabeth, second daughter of Henry John Conyers, Esq. of Copped Hall, Essex, and has left issue.

Elliott, John Alexander, Esq. of Cowper House, Old Brompton, aged 24, 12th August.

Ellis, Mrs. relict of Owen Ellis, Esq. at Bath, 22nd July.

Ellis, Mary, widow of Francis Ellis, Esq. at Westbourne terrace, 2nd August.

Egerton, Mrs. at Chelsea, aged 65, 3rd August. This distinguished actress, of the Kemble school and period, was the daughter of the Rev. Peter Fisher, Rector of Torrington in Devonshire. She was born there in 1782. Her introduction to

Digitized by Google

the stage took place at the Bath Theatre, in 1803, where the late Mr. Egerton, afterwards her husband, was then an actor also. In 1810 she appeared at Covent Garden Theatre, as *Juliet*, one year after the retirement of Mrs. Siddons. The splendid *debût*, however, of Miss O'Neill, soon deprived Mrs. Egerton of further hope of maintaining her position in the tragic drama. She then devoted herself to melodrama, and for many years enjoyed in that department an eminent reputation. Her performance of *Ravina*, in "The Miller and his Men," and her representation of Scott's masculine heroines, *Helen Macgregor*, *Madge Wildfire*, and *Meg Merrilies*, were regarded as master-pieces of histrionic art. At Sadler's Wells, in a drama called "Joan of Arc," she acted the part of the *Pucelle* so effectively, that the play ran a whole season. She subsequently was in great vogue at the Surrey and Olympic theatres, and, returning again for a short time to the superior stage, she played *Jane de Montford*, in Joanna Baillie's tragedy of "De Montford," when it was revived for Edmund Kean. Her last course of performances was at the Victoria Theatre, in 1832, under the lesseeship of her husband and Mr. Abbott: her chief part there was that of *Queen Elizabeth*, in Sheridan Knowles's play of "The Beggar of Bethnal Green." After this, she retired from the stage. Of unblemished fame, and of much mental acquirements, this excellent lady enjoyed the friendship and esteem of a large and respectable circle of acquaintance. Her death removes another relic of the departed greatness of the English stage.

Eyton, Jane, wife of John Wynne Eyton, Esq. of Leeswood, co. Flint, and daughter of Robert Lloyd, Esq. of Swan Hill, co. Salop, at Leeswood, near Mold, co. Flint, 2nd August.

Fazakerley, The Hon. Mrs. Eleanor, at Burwood, Surrey, 26th July. This lady, fifth dau. of Matthew, late Lord Rokeby, married, in May, 1822, John Nicholas Fazakerley, Esq. of Stoodley, Devon, M.P. Her sister Jane is the wife of the Right Hon. Henry Goulburn, M.P.

Fearon, The Rev. Devey Fearon, Rector of Ore, Sussex, 28th July.

Fenn, Thomas, Esq. of Upper Grosvenor street, aged 78, 4th August.

Ferard, Catherine, dau. of the late John Ferard, Esq. of Inglefield Green, 16th August.

Forrester, Eliza, wife of Joseph James Esq. at Oporto, 3rd August, and the infant dau. of the same on the 8th.

Fortescue, Lady Eleanor, 12th August. Her Ladyship was fifth dau. of Hugh, first Earl Fortescue, by Hester, his wife, third daughter of the late Right Hon. George Grenville. Lady Eleanor was the only daughter who remained unmarried, and she continued till her death to reside with her venerable parent, the Countess Dowager. Her elder brother is the present Earl Fortescue; and, of her sisters, the eldest is the Dowager Lady King; the second, the wife of the Hon. Newton Fellowes; the third is married to George Wilbraham, Esq. late M.P. for Cheshire; the fourth, wife of Sir James Hamlyn Williams, Bart; and the youngest, of Lord Courtenay. At the period of her decease. Lady Eleanor was in her fiftieth year.

Foster, William Penn, of Stoke Newington, 26th July.

Fowler, Frederick, Esq. late of Windsor, at Burton Crescent, 17th August.

Franklin, Robert Moss, son of the late Sir William Franklin, and Lieutenant in the 40th Regiment Bengal Cavalry, at Khyook Physo, Arracan, in his 29th year, 9th May.

Fullerton, George Alexander, Esq. of Torkington Manor, co. Gloucester, and of Ballintoy, co Antrim, in the 72nd year of his age, 16th Aug. Mr. Fullerton was son and heir of Dawson Downing, Esq. of Rowesgift, co. Londonderry, and great grandson of Colonel Admiral Downing, a distinguished adherent of King William III. in the Irish War. The surname of Fullerton he assumed on inheriting a considerable property from his maternal granduncle, Alexander Fullerton, Esq. of Ballintoy. The family of Downing is very ancient, and was settled *temp.* Henry VIII. in the county of Essex. To the munificence and public spirit of one of its descendants, Sir George Downing, Bart. of East Harley, the University of Cambridge owes the foundation of Downing Colllege. The gentleman whose decease we record has left several children: Frances, his eldest daughter, is the wife of Sir Andrew Armstrong, Bart. M.P. and Alexander George, his eldest son, is married to Lady Georgina Leveson Gower, daughter of the late Earl Granville—a lady well known in the literary world by her popular novels, "Ellen Middleton," and "Grantley Manor."

Furber, William, Esq. of Upper Gower Street, aged 69, 12th Aug.

Gardiner, Hester, relict of Charles Gardiner, Esq. late of Lockeys, Walwyn, Herts, 28th July.

Garrick, Christopher Philip, Esq. of Richmond, Surrey, and Cleeve, co. Somerset, J.P. aged 68, 9th Aug.

Girault, Madame, wife of M. Theodore Girault, and only daughter of James D. Fordyce, 26th July.

Digitized by Google

Goold, Martha, wife of Thomas Goold, Esq. at Sussex House, Slough, 5th Aug.

Griffith, the Right Rev. Dr. V.A.L.D. aged 56, 12th Aug. Thir Right Rev. Prelate, Titular Bishop of Olena, and Vicar Apostolic of the London District, was the first Catholic Bishop of the London District appointed since the passing of the Emancipation Act; and though his administration lasted through a time of calm and tranquillity, it was marked by distinguished zeal, energy, and piety. During the period many new Catholic houses of worship have been built, and several new Catholic benevolent institutions established. Previously to his selection as Vicar Apostolic of the London District in 1836, he acted for three years as coadjutor to the late Bishop Bramston. At an earlier period he had filled the President's chair at St. Edmund's College. Dr. Griffiths was, we believe, an Irishman; and some years ago held high office in the famous College of Maynooth.

Grissell, Ann, wife of Thomas De la Garde Grissell, Esq. and sister to the late Henry Peto, Esq. at Stockwell-common, Surrey, 28th July.

Halkett, Sir John, Bart. of Pitfirrane, co. Fife, 4th Aug. Sir John Halkett, the seventh Baronet of Pitfirrane, died at Southampton, aged 42. He entered the navy in 1825, obtained his commission in 1827, and was appointed Commander in 1837. The Halkets of Pitfirrane rank amongst the most ancient houses in North Britain, and can show an unbroken line of descent from David de Halkett, living in the time of King David Bruce. The Baronetcy dates from the year 1697. Sir Peter Halkett, second Baronet, Lieut.-Col. of Lee's Regiment at the Battle of Gladsmuir in 1745, was taken prisoner by the Chevalier's troops, but dismissed on his parole; and was one of the five officers who refused in the following year to rejoin their regiments on the Duke of Cumberland's command and threat of forfeiting their commissions. Their reply, "That his Royal Highness was master of their commissions, but not of their honour," was approved by Government; and Sir Peter, in 1754, embarked for America, in command of the 44th Regt. He fell, with his youngest son James, in General Braddock's defeat by the Indians. The late Sir John Halkett was son of Admiral Sir Peter Halkett, Bart. G.C.H. and grandson of Sir John Wedderburn Halkett, Bart. of Pitfirrane, who was nephew of the gallant Sir Peter Halkett before mentioned. He leaves by Amelia Hood, his wife, daughter of Colonel Conway, three sons and one daughter; the eldest of the former being the present Sir Peter Arthur Halkett, eighth Baronet of Pitfirrane, born in 1834.

Harrison, Richard, infant son of Francis Harrison, Esq. of Doughty Street, and of Maines Hall, co. Lancaster, 12th Aug.

Harrison, Frederick, third son of the late John Harrison, Esq. of Welbeck street, at 19, Osnaburgh street, Regent's park, aged 29, 2nd Aug.

Hasselden, Caroline, wife of William Hasselden, Esq. of Whitelands, Chelsea, 17th Aug.

Hawes, Mrs. Benjamin, at Hanwell, aged 78, 14th Aug.

Hayward, Mary, relict of Joseph Hayward, Esq. at Lyme Regis, 22nd July.

Head, Frances Anne, youngest daughter of the late James Roper Head, Esq. of Hermitage, co. Kent, 8th Aug.

Head, Mrs. James, widow of the late Capt. James Head, of the Hon. East India Company's Service, and daughter of the late Hon. Robert Lindsay, of Balcarres, Fifeshire, at Hereford, 31st July.

Heitland, William Emerton, Captain in the Royal Artillery, and eldest son of the late Major Heitland, of the East India Company's Service, whilst on his passage to Canada in Her Majesty's troop ship Apollo, in the 35th year of his age, 30th June.

Hope, Mr. John George, at Hereford road, Westbourne Grove, aged 42, 8th Aug.

Hoppe, Joseph, Esq. of Larkfield, Kent, aged 71, 31st Aug.

Houblon, Anne, wife of John Archer Houblon, Esq. of Hallingbury Place, Essex, 8th Aug. This Lady was dau. of Rear Admiral Deans Dundas, of Barton Court, Berks, and granddaughter, maternally, of the late Lord Amesbury. She was married in 1829 but has left no issue.

Hubbard, John, Esq. at Forest House, Leyton, Essex, aged 72, 16th Aug.

Hughes, the Rev. Thomas Smart, at Edgeware Rectory, 11th Aug.

Jackson, Mary, second daughter of the late Thomas Jackson, Esq. at Brighton, 11th Aug.

Jebb, Eliza, second daughter of R. G. Jebb, Esq. at Lyth, near Ellesmere, aged 9, 30th July.

Jeffries, Joseph, Esq. Major in the 2nd Somerset Militia, and a magistrate for the county of Sussex and borough of Hastings, at St. Leonard's-on-Sea, aged 70, 29th July.

Jones, Mrs. John, of Brighton, aged 78, 13th Aug.

Jones, Ricarda, relict of Lieut.-Col. Love Parry Jones, third son of John Jones, Esq. of Llwynon, North Wales, aged 75, 15th Aug. Mrs. Jones was sister of the late Sir Charles Wetherall, Knt. the

Digitized by Google

eminent lawyer. Her only child, Rachel Corbet, predeceased her.

Kearsley, Joseph, Esq. M. D. formerly Deputy Inspector of the Ordnance Medical Department, at Bath, aged 82, 9th Aug.

Kent, Mrs. Benjamin, late of Radley Hall, Berks, 9th Aug.

King, Anne Frances, wife of James King, Esq. of Foley Place, 6th Aug.

Knight, Frances, relict of Thomas Andrew Knight, Esq. at Downtin Castle, Herefordshire, 28th July.

Knight, Lieut.-Colonel Edward, half-pay, formerly of the 15th Hussars, and later of the Portuguese service, in which he commanded a regiment of Cavalry at the battle of Vittoria, in Dublin, 23rd July.

Lacy, Henry Charles, only surviving son of Henry Charles Lacy, Esq. M.P. of Bedford-square, and Kenyon House, co. Lancaster.

Langford, Ann, relict of the late Robert Langford, Esq. formerly of the Grange, Ellesmere, Salop, at Shenley-hill, 7th Aug.

Langhorne, John, Esq. formerly of Berwick on Tweed, aged 70, 5th Aug.

Lewis, James, Esq. at Park street, aged 70, 18th Aug.

Linley, Violet Olivia Rose, youngest dau. of George Linley, Esq. and granddau. of the late distinguished Orientalist, Dr. John Borthwick Gilchrist, at 5, Alpha-place, St. John's-wood, of decline, in her 11th year, 3rd Aug. She was a child of great beauty and promise, whose patience and sweetness of disposition endeared her to all who knew her.

Littlehales, Bendal Robert, Vice-Admiral, R.N. at Compton Bishop, co Somerset, at the advanced age of eighty-two, 12th Aug. His naval career commenced so far back as 1778, when, as Midshipman on board the *Vigilant*, he fought in the engagement off Brest, between Admiral Keppel and the French Admiral D'Orvilliers. In the following year he was removed to the *Royal Oak*, and participated in the action off Grenada. In 1790, he obtained his commission, as Lieutenant; and in 1794 assisted in the *Rose* at the storming of Fort Louis, Martinique. He subsequently gained great distinction in the West Indies, particularly by his gallant action, in the *Beaulieu*, with a French store ship of eighteen guns, which he boarded immediately under the batteries Guadaloupe. Shortly after, he was given the command of the *Amazon;* and in 1797 fought a brilliant engagement with the *Droits de L'homme*, a ship of eighty guns. In 1800 he was promoted to the rank of Captain; and in 1803 took part with his ship, the *Centaur*, in the capture of St. Lucia. In 1830 he became a flag officer, and in 1840 was promoted to the rank of Vice-Admiral. Admiral Littlehales was next brother of the late Sir Edward Littlehales Baker, Bart. and second son of Baker John Littlehales, Esq. of Moulsey, co. Surrey, by Maria, his wife, daughter and sole heir of Bendal Martin, Esq. He was married to Mary Anne, daughter of Thomas Cleather, Esq. of Plymouth.

Lloyd, Lieut. William, R.N. of Montreal and Sherbrooke, Canada East, at Montreal, 12th July.

Loveless, George Proctor, eldest son of George Loveless, Esq. at Hammersmith, 29th July.

Lowless, Maria Anne, wife of William Lowless, Esq. of Peckham, 10th Aug.

Maclead, Sir Henry George, Knt. K.H. a Colonel in the Army, at Bishopsgate, near Windsor, 20th Aug. His military services were highly distinguished. For his conduct at the seige of Dantzic, he received the Order of St. Waldimir, and in the glorious conflict of Waterloo, he had the honour of taking part, at one time he was Lieutenant Governor of St. Kibbs, became subsequently Lieut. Governor of Trinidad, and was appointed eventually Governor and Commander in Chief of that Island. Sir Henry married in 1843, Henrietta, dau. of the late Rev. Sir John Robinson, Bart. of Rokeby Hall, co. Louth.

Martin, Sir George, G.C.B. and G.C.M.G., 28th July. This gallant officer died at his residence in Berkeley-square, aged 82. At the period of his decease he was Admiral of the Fleet, and Vice-Admiral of the United Kingdom. Sir George Martin was present, as Midshipman of the *Suffolk*, in Rodney's actions in the West Indies, in 1780; he commanded the *Irresistible*, of 74 guns, at the defeat of the Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent, in 1797. In 1800, he had under his orders the force employed in the blockade of Malta, which he conducted with the greatest perseverance and success; and, in the following year, accompanied the Expedition to Egypt. In 1805, Lieutenant Martin participated in Sir Robert Calder's action with Villeneuve; and, having become a flag officer, in 1807, commanded the naval force employed on the coast of Sicily. At the blockade of Toulon, in 1809, he rendered essential service to the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Collingwood; the following year he was promoted to the rank of Vice-Admiral; and, during the latter part of the Peninsular War, commanded the naval force employed at Lisbon. In 1814, Admiral Martin received the honour of knighthood; the following year was made a K.C.B.; and in 1821 obtained the Grand

Digitized by Google

Cross. Besides these distinctions, Sir George had a medal for his services at the battle of St. Vincent, and in 1811 received the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Januarius. Sir George Martin, who was son of the late Captain William Martin, R.N. by Arabella, his wife, dau. of Sir William Rowley, of Tendring Hall, married first in 1804, Harriett, sister of Admiral Bentinck; and second, in 1815, Arabella, dau. of William Locke, Esq. of Norbury Park, Surrey.

Maurice, Isaac, Esq. late of Wisborough, Sussex, Surgeon, at Clapham Road, 6th Aug.

Meakins, Isaac, Esq. late of Hornchurch, Essex, aged 72, 30th July.

Medlycott, the Dowager Lady, at Melborne Port, co. Somerset, aged 76, 31st July. Her ladyship was only dau. of William Tugwell, Esq. of Bradford, Wilts. Her marriage to the late Sir William Coles Medlycott, Bt. of Ven House, co. Somerset, took place on the 28th Jan., 1796.

Merewether, John, Esq., aged 81, 21st July.

Mickley, Thomas, Esq. Surgeon, at Saffron Walden, aged 38, 24th July.

Moore, John, Esq. Lincoln's Inn Barrister-at-Law, at Brighton, aged 70, 29th July.

Moore, Charles Edward, Esq. of the Upper House, Shelsley Beauchamp, Worcester, 2nd Aug.

Morris, Mary, the wife of John Morris Esq at Pillay Cardoo, Manantoddy, Madras, 28th April.

Munt Mary, wife of Matthew Munt, Esq. at Beaumont, Cheshunt, 31st July.

Musgrave, the Hon. Mrs., relict of the late Christopher Musgrave, Esq. 8th Aug.

Newnham, Mrs. John Lewis, late of Newtimber place, Sussex, 23rd July.

Offley, William, Esq. at Tonbridge Wells, aged 71, 9th Aug.

Oliveira, Mrs. Benjamin, at Upper Hyde Park Street, 25th July.

Oliver, Lionel, Esq. at Wimbledon, aged 84, 30th July.

Pardoe, Miss, of Kidderminster, aged 74, 4th Aug.

Parker, Margaret, only surviving dau. of James Parker, Esq. at Dalston, 18th Aug.

Paul, the Rev. Samuel Woodfield, B.D. Vicar of Finedon, co. Northampton, at Charing Cross Hospital, of apoplexy, aged 69, 1st Aug.

Pearson, the Rev. Arthur Hugh, late rector of Norton-in-Hailes, Shropshire, at Bath, 31st July.

Peck, the Rev. Edward Martin, rector of Wyton, co. Huntingdon, &c. aged 67, 9th Aug.

Pell, Anne, relict of William Pell, Esq at Reading, 23rd July.

Peters, Thomas, Esq. late of Albion street, Hyde-park, and eldest son of Thomas Peters, Esq. of Kilburn, in his 39th year, 23rd July.

Plumley, Sarah, relict of William Plumley, Esq. at Shenton Mallet, co. Somerset, 26th July.

Ponsford, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Lionel T. Ponsford, Esq. of Porchester-terrace, Bayswater, only surviving child of the late Thomas Lewis, Esq. of that place, and Duke-street, Manchester-square, aged 30, 4th Aug.

Poyntz, Frances Lydia, relict of the late Admiral Poyntz, 9th Aug.

Prevost, Maria Fanny, 2nd dau. of Admiral Prevost. 16th Aug.

Rabinel, John Henry, Esq. of the Ceylon Civil Service, at Point de Galle, 9th May.

Rashleigh, Sir John Colman, Bt. aged 74, 4th Aug. This lamented gentleman was the eldest son of the late John Rashleigh, Esq. of Penquite, Cornwall, first Commissioner of Greenwich Hospital, by Catherine, his wife, dau. and coheir of William Battie, M.D. of Court Gardens, Bucks, and grandson of Jonathan Rashleigh, Esq. of Menabilly, M.P. for Fowey—the representative of the Cornish branch of the Rashleighs, of Rashleigh in Devon. The deceased baronet took, for many years an active part in politics, and was long distinguished for his unflinching advocacy of Reform. He received his patent of baronetcy frrom Lord Grey's Government, in 1831. Sir John married first, 1808, Harriet, second daughter of Robert Williams, Esq. of Bridehead, in Dorsetshire, and secondly, in 1833, Martha, youngest daughter of the late John Gould, M.D., by the former of whom he has left, with two daughters, one son, the present Sir John Colman Rashleigh, Bt. of Prideaux, born in 1819, and married, in 1845, to Mary Anne, only daughter of Nicholas Kendall, Esq. of Pelyn. In the recently published part of Mr. Burke's "History of the Royal Families of England" appears the Royal descent of the Rashleighs, by which it is shown that the late Sir John Colman Rashleigh, Bart. was 17th in direct descent from EDWARD I., King of England

Raymond, Mary Sophia, eldest daughter of James Raymond, Esq. Epping House, Little Berkhampstead, 27th July.

Rider, Thomas, Esq. of Boughton Place, Kent, aged 82, 6th Aug.

Roberts, Elliot Robert, eldest son of the late Colonel Roger Elliot Roberts, formerly of Upper Grosvenor street, at 40, Park-street, Grosvenor square, 4th Aug.

Robley, Henry Robson, Esq. of Clarendon

Digitized by Google

place, St. John's Wood, aged 73, 6th Aug.

Roffey, Richard, Esq. of Brockhurst Lodge, Hants, and Oxney Court, Kent, aged 53 29th July.

Röhrs, C. W. R., Esq. at Clapton, aged 75, 24th July.

Ross, Alice, only daughter of the Earl of Ross, 1st Aug.

Rougemont, Francis Frederick, Esq. at Upper Harley Street, 26th July.

Russell, Henshaw, Esq. of Dover, J.P. at Brussels, aged 59, 8th Aug.

Russell, Rev. Whitworth. This gentlemen was the fourth son of the late Sir Henry Russell, Bart. Chief Justice of Bengal. Mr. Russell, who was in holy Orders, was born on the 17th September, 1795; he married, the 6th April, 1824, Frances, dau. of Vice Admiral Carpenter, by whom he leaves two sons and a daughter. Mr. Russell held the appointment of Inspector of Prisons for more than seventeen years, having been nominated to it by the Duke of Wellington. He was a man of great humanity, and took much interest in the welfare of criminals, particularly in the juvenile portion of them. His death has occurred under circumstances of the most melancholy nature. While visiting Milbank Prison, pursuant to the duties of his office, and while labouring under a fit of derangement, he committed suicide, by shooting himself in the Board-room of the gaol. A Coroner's inquest has since brought in a verdict to that effect. The Rev. Mr. Russell's eldest brother is the present Sir Henry Russell, Bart. of Swallowfield Place, Berks; his second brother is Charles Russell, Esq. Chairman of the Great Western Railway Company, who lost his seat in Parliament for Reading at the late contested election there.

Satterley, Mrs. widow of the late R. Satterley, M. D., and eldest daughter of the late T. Assheton Smith, Esq. 4th Aug.

Saville, George, Esq. of White-hall, Colchester, aged 66, 29th July.

Silva, Charlotte Amelia, eldest dau. of John J. Silva, Esq. of Regent-Square, aged 30, 14th July.

Simonds, Mr. Richard, of Wilmington Square, aged 63, 14th Aug.

Smethurst, Mrs. Charlotte, Oxford Square, aged 67, 16th Aug.

Smith, Jane Anne, eldest dau. of Thomas Smith, Esq. of Spalding, 8th Aug.

Smith, Katherine, wife of Alfred Smith, Esq. at Earl's Colne, Essex, 5th Aug.

Sperling, Anna Margaretta, wife of Henry G. W. Sperling, Esq. at Highbury Hill, 24th July.

Spittal, Francis, Esq. of H. M. Customs, at Pound Place Farm, Sedcup, Foot's Cray, Kent, 4th Aug.

Stephens, John, Esq. at Caversham Rise, Oxon, aged 62, 12th Aug.

Stewart, Capt. Allan, at Yarmouth, late of the 3rd Buffs, representative of the family of the Stewarts of Appin, in Argyleshire, 6th Aug.

Stone, Anne, widow of the late Wm. Stone, Esq. of Macclesfield, aged 75, 24th July.

Summerfield, David, Esq. of Warwick, at Weymouth street, aged 33, 2nd Aug.

Synnot, the infant dau. of Robt. Synnot, Esq. M.D. of Cadogan-place, 6th Aug.

Tanner, Thomas, Esq. of Windsor Terrace, Plymouth, late of the Army Medical Board, aged 64, 12th Aug.

Tench, Anna Maria, relict of the late Lieut.-Gen. Watkin Tench, at her residence, Devonport, aged 81, 1st Aug.

Tice, Mary, wife of William Tice, Esq. of Sopley, aged 45, 11th Aug.

Todd, Lady D'Arcy, in Montague-street, Portman Square, aged 69, 10th Aug.

Toogood, Catherine Mary, widow of the late James Toogood, Esq. at Sherborde, Dorset, 12th Aug.

Tottenham, Lieut. Wm. R. N. fifth son of the Bishop of Clogher, 14th Aug.

Tower, the Rev. Wm. at How Hatch, South Weald, Essex, 2d Aug. The Rev. gentleman was sixth son of the late Christopher Tower, Esq. of Huntsmore Park, Bucks, and Weald Hall, Essex, by Elizabeth, his wife, only dau. of George Baker, Esq. of Elemore Hall, co. Durham, and grandson of Christopher Tower, Esq. M.P. of Huntsmore Park, Joint Auditor of his Majesty's Revenue, by Jane, his second wife, dau. and co-heir of George Tash, Esq. of Delaford Park. The Rev. Wm. Tower, was born in 1789, and married in 1825, Maria, dau. and co-heir of Admiral Sir Eliab Harvey, G.C.B. of Rolls Park, Essex, by whom he leaves one son and three daughters.

Walker, Susan, youngest daughter of Mr. Walker, late of Eaton Socon, co. Beds, in Switzerland, 31st May.

Wallis, Miss Julia, at Forest Place, Leytonstone, 29th July.

Warren, Mrs. Edward, of Burton street, aged 65, 12th Aug.

Warry, George, Esq. of West Coker House, Yeovil, 3rd Aug.

Watson, Mary Anne, wife of Thomas Watson, Esq. of Leatherhead, Surrey, 29th July

Weatherhead, H. Esq. of Park Road, Holloway, aged 63, 16th Aug.

Wells, William, Esq. of Redleaf, Penshurst, aged 80, 11th Aug.

Wetenhall, Lieut.-Colonel, Staff-Officer, Assistant Adjutant-General, and late of the 10th Regiment, at Graham's-town, Cape of Good Hope, 25th May.

Wheeler, Thomas, Esq. F.L.S. aged 94, 10th Aug.

Digitized by Google

White, Mary, second daughter of Mr. William White, of Chorley Wood, Herts, 24th July.

Whitshed, Sophia Renira Maria, eldest dau. of Sir James Whitshed, Bart. 16th Aug.

Williams, Elizabeth, relict of W. Williams, Esq. at Old Brompton, 30th July.

Willis, Major-General, of the Bombay Army, aged 64, 15th Aug.

Wilson, Nathan, Esq. K.H. late Colonel of the 4th Light Dragoons aged 68, 1st Aug. This gallant officer entered the British service in 1795, and rose through the different grades to that of Colonel in 1837; he served in 1799, with the 4th Light Dragoons, in the Mysore, and was at the battle of Malarilly, and the siege of Seringapatam; he was wounded at the famous battle of Assaye by a grape shot. He wore a medal for Seringapatam, and was a Knight Companion of the Hanoverian Order. Col. Wilson resided for many years past at Boulogne. The Colonel met his death in London, in consequence of being knocked down by a cabriolet, near the United Service Club.

Wilson, Richard Fountayne, Esq. at Melton, Yorkshire, formerly M.P. for that county, aged 65, 24th July. Colonel Fountayne Wilson was probably the richest commoner in the empire. He possessed very extensive estates in Yorkshire, and inherited besides considerable landed property in several other counties, acquired principally by the marriage of his father, Richard Wilson, Esq. with Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of the Very Rev. John Fountayne, D.D. Dean of York, by Anne, his wife, only daughter of Charles Montagu, Esq. of Papplewick. The Melton estate came to the Fountaynes by the heiress of the Moncktons of that place. The gentleman whose decease we are recording was grandson of Christopher Wilson, D.D. Bishop of Bristol, and great grandson of Dr. Edmund Gibson, Bishop of London. He was born in June, 1783, and had consequently just completed his sixty-fourth year. By Sophia his wife, third daughter of George Osbaldeston, Esq. of Hutton Bushel, he leaves two surviving sons and several daughters. Andrew, the elder son, assumed by Royal licence, in 1826, the surname and arms of Montagu only, in pursuance of the testamentary injunction of the Right Hon. Frederick Montagu, of Papplewick. Mr. Fountayne Wilson represented for some time the county of York in Parliament, served as its High Sheriff in 1807, and was Colonel of the 1st West Yorkshire Regiment of Militia.

Wilson, Arthur Morley, Esq. of Langford grove, co. Essex, suddenly, in consquence of being thrown from a carriage, at the age of 24, 4th Aug.

Wilson, Emma Anne, wife of Charles Thomas Wilson, Esq. at Oundle, aged 28, 11th Aug.

Woolley, George Outram, Esq. of Kensington Gore, aged 78, 10th Aug.

Wright, Mrs. Thomas, at Croydon, 27th July.

Wynne, Mrs. Styan, relict of the late Richard Owen Wynne, Esq. of the Bengal Civil Service, at Bayswater, 14th Aug.

Wynne, Lieutenant William Charles, of the Madras Artillery, in the 26th year of his age, 1st June. This promising young officer was accidentally drowned in the Straits of Malacca.

Digitized by Google

THE PATRICIAN.

CURIOUS TRIALS CONNECTED WITH THE ARISTOCRACY.

No. XIV.—The Trial of Spencer Cowper, brother of Lord Chancellor Cowper, and others, for the murder of Miss Stout, a Quaker lady.

This singular investigation affords perhaps the only instance on record of a person taking his trial for murder, and afterwards himself rising to the judgment seat. Such was the case with the principal party here accused, Mr. Spencer Cowper, a barrister-at-law, who subsequently became Chief Justice of Chester, and a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

As regarded Mr. Cowper and the other defendants the charge was clearly groundless, yet the whole affair is one of so extraordinary and romantic a nature that its details, though rather long, cannot but prove interesting. The trial too presents a curious insight into some of the manners and customs of the learned fraternity of the bar, who at that period literally rode the circuit on horseback.

The principal defendant, Mr. Spencer Cowper, was the scion of an ancient, wealthy and time-honoured family which has flourished for ages in the county of Hertford, and which can now boast of not only having attained the peerage through its legal eminence, but of having given to England one of its greatest poets.

William Cowper, a cavalier, the representative of the family in the reign of Charles I., was created a baronet in 1641. He adhered inflexibly to the royal cause in the civil war, and suffered, together with his son who died under confinement, a long imprisonment in consequence. He was succeeded by his grandson Sir William Cowper, the second baronet, and M.P. for Herts, who had two sons, the elder of whom was William Cowper afterwards Lord Chancellor and Earl Cowper, and ancestor of the present Earl of that name. The younger son was Spencer Cowper, the subject of this trial, whose second son, the Rev. Dr. Cowper, was father of William Cowper the poet. Thus, had Spencer Cowper perished under this false accusation, the poems of "The Task" and "John Gilpin" would have remained unsung.

The person whose unfortunate death formed the subject of the enquiry was a young Quaker lady of the name of Stout, who resided with her mother at Hertford, and whose family was of some note and respectability there. Throughout the report of the trial, she is frequently called Mrs. Stout, but this arises not from her having been ever mar-

Digitized by Google

ried, but from the custom then common of calling every lady of station Mistress whether wedded or single.

The trial took place at the assizes at Hertford, on the 16th July, 1699, before Sir Henry Hatsell, one of the Barons of the Exchequer. The indictment charged Spencer Cowper, Esq., John Marson, Ellis Stevens, and William Rogers, with having, at Hertford, murdered Sarah Stout, spinster, by strangling her with a rope, and with having, in order to conceal the murder, thrown her into the Priory river.

Mr. Jones, counsel for the crown, thus stated the case:—

"May it please your lordship, and you gentlemen that are sworn, I am of counsel for the king in this cause, and it is upon an indictment, by which the gentlemen at the bar stand accused for one of the foulest and most wicked crimes almost that any age can remember; I believe in your county you never knew a fact of this nature: for here is a young gentlewoman of this county, murdered and strangled in the night-time. The thing was done in the dark, therefore the evidence cannot be so plain as otherwise might be.

After she was strangled and murdered, she was carried and thrown into a river, to stifle the fact, and to make it supposed she had murdered herself; so that it may indeed be called a double murder; a murder accompanied with all the circumstances of wickedness and villany that I can remember in all my practice, or ever read of.

This fact being committed in the night-time, it was carried on very secretly. We have here in a manner two trials, one to acquit the party that is dead, and to satisfy the world, and vindicate her reputation that she did not murder herself, but was murdered by other hands. For my part, I shall never, as counsel in the case of blood, aggravate; I will not improve or enlarge the evidence at all: it shall be only my business to set the fact as it is, and to give the evidence, and state it as it stands here in my instructions.

My lord, in order to lead to the fact, it will be necessary to inform you, that upon Monday the 13th of March, the first day of the last assizes here, Mr. Cowper, one of the gentlemen at the bar, came to this town, and alighted at Mr. Barefoot's house, and staid there some time, I suppose, to dry himself, the weather being dirty; but sent his horse to Mrs. Stout's, the mother of this gentlewoman. Some time after, he came thither himself, and dined there, and staid till four in the afternoon; and at four, when he went away, he told them he would come and lodge there that night, and sup.

According to his word he came there, and had the supper he desired: after supper, Mrs. Stout, the young gentlewoman, and he, sat together till near eleven o'clock. At eleven o'clock there were orders given to warm his bed, openly, in his hearing. The maid of the house, gentlemen, upon this, went up stairs to warm his bed, expecting the gentleman would have come up and followed her before she had done; but, it seems, while she was warming the bed, she heard the door clap together; and the nature of that door is such, that it makes a great noise at the clapping of it to, that any person in the house may be sensible of another's going out. The maid, upon this, was concerned, and wondered at the meaning of it, as he promised to sleep there that night. She came down, but there was neither Mr. Cowper nor Mrs. Stout; so that we suppose, and for all that we can find and learn, they must have gone out together. After this, the maid and mother came into

Digitized by Google

the room, and neither the young gentlewoman nor Mr. Cowper not returning, they sat up all night in the house, expecting the young gentlewoman would return. The next morning, the first news of this lady was, that she lay floating and swimming in the water by the mill-dam: upon that, there were several persons called; for it was a wonder how this should come to pass. There she lay floating with her petticoats and apron, but her night rail and morning-gown were off, and one of them not found till some time after; and the maid will give you an account how it came to be found.

This made a great noise in the county, for it was very extraordinary, it happening that, from the time the maid left Mr. Cowper and this young gentlewoman together, she was not seen or heard of till next morning, when she was found in this condition, with her eyes broad open, floating upon the water.

When her body came to be viewed, it was very much wondered at; for, in the first place, it is contrary to nature, that any persons that drown themselves should float upon the water. We have sufficient evidence, that it is a thing that never was: if persons go alive into the water, then they sink; if dead, then they swim; that made some more curious to look into this matter. At first it was thought that such an accident might happen, though they could not imagine any cause for this woman to do so, who had so great prosperity, had so good an estate, and had no occasion to do an action upon herself so wicked and so barbarous; nor cannot learn what reason she had to induce her to such a thing. Upon viewing the body, it did appear, there had been violence used to the woman; there was a crease round her neck, she was bruised about her ear; so that it did seem as if she had been strangled, either by hands or a rope.

Gentlemen, upon the examination it was wondered how this matter came about; it was dark and obscure; the coroner at that time, nor these people, had no evidence given but the ordinary evidence, and it passed in a day.

We must call our witnesses to this fact, that of necessity you must conclude she was strangled, and did not drown herself: if we give you as strong a proof as can be upon the nature of the fact, that she was strangled, then the second matter under your enquiry will be, to know who, or what persons should be the men that did the fact. I told you before, it was, as all wicked actions are, a matter of darkness, and done in secret, to be kept as much from the knowledge of men as was possible.

Truly, gentlemen, as to the persons at the bar, the evidence of the fact will be very short, and will be to this purpose.

Mr. Cowper was the last man, unfortunately, in her company; I could wish he had not been so with all my heart: it is a very unfortunate thing that his name should, upon this occasion, be brought upon the stage: but then, my lord, it was a strange thing. Here happens to be three gentlemen, Mr. Marson, Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Stevens: as to these three men, my lord, I do not hear of any business they had here, unless it was to do this matter, to serve some interest or friend that sent them upon this message: for, my lord, they came to town (and in things of this nature, it is well we have this evidence; these things come out slowly,) these persons, Mr. Stevens, Mr. Rogers, and Mr. Marson, came to town here, on the 13th of March last, the assize-day. My

Digitized by Google

lord, when they came to town, they went to a house, and took lodging at one Gurrey's; they took a bed for two, and went out of their lodging, having hired a room with a large bed in it; and afterwards they went to the Glove and Dolphin, and then, about eight o'clock, one Marson came to them there; in what company they came, your lordship, and the jury, will know by-and-bye: they staid there, my lord' at the Glove, from eight o'clock till eleven, as they say. At eleven these three gentlemen came all in to their lodging together at this Gurrey's. My lord, when they came in, it was very remarkable, just as if there had been a sort of fate in it; first, that they should happen to be in the condition they were; and, secondly, fall upon the discourse they did at that time: for, my lord, they called for fire, and the fire was made them; and, while the people of the house were going about, they observed and heard these gentlemen talk of Mrs. Sarah Stout; that happened to be their discourse: one said to the other, "Marson, she was an old sweetheart of yours;" "Ay," said he, "but she cast me off; but I reckon, by this time, a friend of mine has done her business.——" Another piece of discourse was, "I believe a friend of mine is even with her by this time." They had a bundle of linen with them; but what it was is not known; and one takes the bundle and throws it upon the bed. "Well," said he, "her business is done: Mrs. Sarah Stout's courting days are over;" and they sent for wine, my lord: so, after they had drunk of the wine, they talked, and one pulled out a great deal of money: said one to the other, "What money have you spent to-day?" Said the other, "Thou hast had 40 or 50*l.* for thy share:" said the other, "I will spend all the money I have, for joy the business is done."

My lord, this discourse happened to be among them, which made people of the house consider and bethink themselves; when the next day they heard of Mrs. Stout's being found in the water, this made them recollect and call to mind all these discourses.

My lord, after these gentlemen had staid there all night, next morning, truly, it was observed, (and I suppose some account will be given of it,) that Mr. Cowper and they did meet together, and had several discourses; and that very day went out of town; and, I think, as soon as they came to Hoddesdon, made it all their discourse and business to talk of Mrs. Stout.

My lord, we will call our witnesses, and prove all these facts that I have opened to your lordship; and then, I hope, they will be made to give you some account how all these matters came about."

Sarah Walker, servant to the deceased Mrs. Stout, being called as a witness for the king, testified, that, on Friday before the last assizes, Mr. Cowper's wife sent her mistress a letter, acquainting her, she might expect her husband at the assizes, and he came in with the judge accordingly the Monday following; and her mistress asking him, as he rode by, if he would alight, he said, no; he would go and shew himself, but would send his horse presently, and let her know at what time he would come; but her mistress thinking he had forgot, sent her, the witness, to know if he designed to come? He answered, he had business; but came, however, in less than a quarter of an hour, and dined there: and going away about four o'clock, her mistress asked him, if he would lie there? He said, yes; and came at nine o'clock; and having sat about half an hour, he asked for a pen and ink, and

Digitized by Google

wrote a letter to his wife; after which, he desired he might have some milk for his supper, which the witness brought him; and, when he had supped, her mistress bade her make a fire in his chamber; and, when she came and told Mr. Cowper she had made one, he looked at her, but said nothing; and her mistress, in his hearing, bade her warm his bed, which she went up to do as the clock struck eleven; and, about a quarter of an hour after, she heard the house door shut, and thought he was gone to carry his letter; but, coming down into the parlour a quarter of an hour after she heard the door shut, she found nobody there; both Mr. Cowper and her mistress were gone, and she never saw her more alive.

Mr. *Cowper* desiring she would be particular as to the time he went away; she answered, it was a quarter after eleven by their clock; but that went half an hour faster than the town clock.

Mr. *Cowper* demanding, why she did not enquire after her mistress that night? the maid answered, she thought her mistress was with him, and could come to no harm. Old Mrs. Stout, her mother, was against her making any enquiry, because if they did not find her, she said, it would alarm the town, and there might be no occasion: however, they sat up all night in expectation of their return.

Mr. *Cowper* demanding, if her mistress did not use to stay out all night; or, if she had not said so? The maid answered, No. Then he asked her, if her mistress was not melancholy? She answered, she could not say but she was melancholy; but she imputed it to a fit of illness; she knew no other cause.

Mr. *Cowper* asking, if she did not buy poison within this twelvemonth, and by whose order? She answered, that she (the witness) had bought poison twice, to poison a dog that broke some things; but had no order for it.

Mr. *Jones* demanded, if she ever found her mistress inclined to do herself a mischief? She answered, she never did.

Mr. *Jones* asking, if Mr. Cowper's horse stood at her mistress's house, and if Mr. Cowper ever returned to Mrs. Stout's again? She answered, his horse stood there, but Mr. Cowper never returned after that night he went away, in the manner she related.

Mr. *Jones* asking, if Mr. Cowper told them he would lie there? The maid answered, when he went from dinner he said so.

Berry, the miller, was sworn, and said, that going out at six in the morning, to shoot a flush of water, he saw something floating, which proved to be the clothes of the deceased, her body being five or six inches under water; that she lay on her right side, her right arm being driven between the stakes, which stood about a foot asunder; that the water was then about five foot deep: she did not appear at all swelled, and her eyes were open.

John Venables said, that he saw the corpse in the river; that she lay on her right side, rather above the water than under, insomuch that one of her ruffles appeared above the water; and both this witness and the last agreed, that her eyes were open; and that there were no weeds, or any thing under the corpse, to hinder it from sinking.

Leonard Dell deposed, that he saw the corpse floating, and that part of her clothes were above the water; that her face might also be seen, it was so near the surface, and her eyes were open; and agreed with the former witnesses, that she lay on her right side, with her head and

Digitized by Google

right arm between the stakes or piles, that were fixed in the river; he believed there might be about five foot of water, and there was nothing under her to prevent the sinking of the corpse: that he and another took the corpse out of the water, and laid it on the bank, where it remained an hour: she was laced, and he did not perceive her to be at all swelled, or that any water came out of the corpse on moving it; only a froth came out of her mouth and nostrils, about as much as he could hold in his hand.

John Ulse also testified, that he helped to take her out of the water, and she lay on one side between the stakes; and that upon taking her out, no water came from her, only some froth at her nostrils; that the stakes did not bear up the corpse, and there was nothing under it to keep it from sinking.

Catherine Dew deposed, that she saw the corpse taken out of the water; that she lay on one side in the river, her teeth clenched, the water flowing a little over her face, and some part of her coats above the water, her right arm lying against a stake; that she was laced, and not at all swelled, and she saw a purging froth issue out of her nose and one of her eyes.

Thomas Dew deposed, that she lay on her side in the water, her right arm within the stakes, and her left arm without; that her shoes and stockings were clean, without any mud or dirt on them; and he did not think the corpse had ever sunk to the bottom; and, when she was taken out, no water came from her, only some froth out of her nose; and she was not at all swelled.

Edward Blackno (and four other witnesses) confirmed the testimony of the former witnesses, as to the posture of the corpse in the water; as did also William Edmunds, and William Page.

The medical evidence which would establish the fact of strangling and drowning was then adduced on the part of the prosecution. Though extending to considerable length it amounted to this:

Mr. *Dimsdale*, a surgeon, said, that he went at the request of old Mrs. Stout to view the corpse, together with Mr. Camlin, the same day it was found; and he observed a little swelling on the side of the neck, and she was black on both sides, particularly the left side, and between the breasts up towards the collar-bone.

It being demanded how her ears were, he said, there was a blackness on both ears, and a settling of blood.

Mr. *Cowper* then asked him, if he did not say that the settling of blood was no more than a common stagnation, before the Coroner's inquest? He answered, he did not remember a word of that; but he confessed, that there was no mark or circle about her neck.

Sarah Kimpson said, that she helped to lay out the corpse, and there was a settlement of blood behind the ear, bigger than her hand would cover, and another settlement of blood under her collar-bone: but she saw no mark about the neck: that the body had no water in it, as she could perceive.

Other women gave similar testimony, some being certain as to the mark round the neck.

Mr. *Coatsworth*, the surgeon, deposed, that the body, having been buried six weeks, was taken up by her friends; and he went to Hertford, at the request of old Mrs. Stout, to see it opened, and that among other matters (which he spoke to) he observed that from the intestines

Digitized by Google

not having rotted, there could have been no water in the stomach, and the woman could not have been drowned.

The other medical witnesses for the crown came to the same conclusion, on examination of the body: one of them, a Dr. *Coatsworth*, being asked what was his opinion of bodies found floating without any water in them? He answered, every one that was drowned, was suffocated, by water passing down the wind pipe into the lungs by respiration; and, at the same time, the water pressing upon the gullet, there would be a necessity of swallowing great part of it into the stomach: he had been in danger of drowning himself, and was forced to swallow a great quantity of water. If a person was drowned, and taken out immediately, as soon as the suffocation was effected, he should not wonder if there was but little water in the stomach; but if it lay in the water several hours, it must be strange if the stomach should not be full of water; but he would not say it was impossible to be otherwise.

Mr. *Cowper* demanding, whether he attempted to drown himself, or was in danger of drowning by accident? He answered, by accident: whereupon Mr. Cowper observed, there was a difference where a person drowned himself on purpose, and was drowned by accident; for when he was drowned by accident, he struggled a great while, and took in much water before he died; but when a person threw herself into the water on purpose to be drowned, she died immediately, receiving but little water before she expired.

The medical evidence further showed that there existed no grounds for impugning the moral condition of the deceased.

This evidence being concluded, Mr. *Jones*, the king's counsel, said, he hoped they had given the jury satisfaction, that the deceased did not drown herself, but was carried into the water after she was killed: for, if it was true that all dead bodies, thrown into the water, swam; and bodies, that fell into the water alive, and were drowned, sunk, that was sufficient evidence she was not drowned, but came by her death some other way. They had shewn, that Mr. Cowper was the last man in her company; and what became of her afterwards, nobody could tell: and they should now proceed to give evidence, that, notwithstanding all the civilities and kindness that passed between this family and him, when the noise of the fact was spread abroad, Mr. Cowper did not come to consult with old Mrs. Stout what was proper to be done; but rode out of town next day, without taking any notice of the accident.

John Archer deposed, that he saw Mr. Cowper take horse at the Glove, on Wednesday morning after the assizes, and ride out the back way; which Mr. Cowper observed, was the usual way he went the circuit into Essex.

George Aldridge, the hostler of the Glove, also testified, that he saw Mr. Cowper take horse on the Wednesday, and go the way that led to Chelmsford.—He deposed also, that Mr. Cowper sent him for his horse to Mrs. Stout on the Tuesday night, telling him he should have occasion for the horse to go out with the judge next morning; and he went three times before they would deliver the horse.

Mr. *Cowper* thereupon said, he sent for his horse, because he heard she had drowned herself; and he thought it was prudent to do so, for fear the lord of the manor should seize every thing that was there, as forfeited.

Mr. *Jones* observed, he did not think fit to take his horse himself,

Digitized by Google

though he put him up there: and now they should proceed to give evidence against the other three prisoners.

John Gurrey testified,

That, at the last assizes, Mr. Stevens and Mr. Rogers came and hired a lodging of his wife, in the afternoon, when he was at church; that they came again to his house about eleven at night, and brought Mr. Marson with them: they all went up stairs, had a fire lighted, and asked for the landlord, whereupon he (Gurrey) came up to them, and fetched them wine, and at their desire, sat down and drank with them: then they asked, if Mrs. Sarah Stout lived in town, and if she was a fortune? And he promised to shew them Mrs. Stout the next day: and Mr. Rogers and Stevens telling Marson he was her old sweetheart; Marson answered, she had thrown him off, but a friend of his was even with her by that time: that Mr. Marson putting by his wig, he saw his head was wet; and Marson said he was just come from London, and that made him in such a heat: that the next morning he (the witness) hearing of the accident, went down to Mrs. Stout's, and saw them laying her out in the barn, and meeting Mr. Marson, Mr. Stevens, and Mr. Rogers as he came back, he told them the news, and they desired him to go with them to the barn again, which he did; and while he was viewing of the corpse, they went away: and about eleven the same morning, he saw Mr. Marson and Mr. Stevens with Mr. Cowper in the market-place.

Here Mr. *Cowper* demanded of Gurrey, if he did not say to his wife, they must not meddle with Sarah Walker, the maid of the deceased; because she was a witness against the Cowpers? Gurrey thereupon acknowledged that, upon his wife's saying she suspected Sarah Walker, he bid her not concern herself with her, for fear of taking off her evidence.

The evidence for the king being here closed, and Mr. Cowper directed to enter upon his defence, he said:—

"Now they have done on the part of the king, my lord and you gentlemen of the jury, I must beg your patience for my defence: I confess it was an unfortunare accident for me, (as Mr. Jones calls it,) that I happened to be the last person (for ought appears) in the company of a melancholy woman. The discourse occasioned by this accident, had been a sufficient misfortune to me, without anything else to aggravate it; but I did not in the least imagine that so little, so trivial an evidence as here is, could possibly have affected me to so great degree, as to bring me to this place, to answer for the worst fact that the worst of men can be guilty of.

My lord, your lordship is well aware, that I have appeared at the bar for my clients; but I must say too, that I never appeared for myself under this or the like circumstances, as a criminal for any offence whatsoever.

Mr. Jones very well said, when he spoke on the part of the king, that, if this gentlewoman was murdered, the crime was villanous, base, barbarous, and cruel; and, for my part, I think so too: the crime would be so great, that it never could be sufficiently condemned: but at the same time I may aver, that to suppose a murder without good grounds for it, and afterwards to charge innocent men with it knowingly and maliciously, is to a trifle as base and barbarous as the murder itself could be.

My lord, I speak for my own part; I know not at what price other men may value their lives; but I had much rather myself was mur-

Digitized by Google

dered, than my reputation; which yet, I am sensible, has suffered greatly hitherto, by the malice and artifice of some men, who have gone pretty far in making this fact, as barbarous as it is, to be credited of me; and, therefore, I must beg your lordships, and the jury's patience, while I not only defend my life, but justify myself also, from these things that have unjustly aspersed me, by the conspiracy and artifice of my accusers.

My lord, in all the evidence that has been given, I must observe, there is no positive evidence (with submission) to induce the jury, or any one, to believe that this gentlewoman was murdered; but they go upon suppositions and inferences, which are contradicted by other circumstances, in the very evidence of the prosecutor, that make full as strong to prove that she was not murdered, as that she was; so that, as it stands, it can amount only to a bare supposition, that she was murdered by any body.

Then, as to the evidence that particularly relates to myself or the gentlemen who stand with me at the bar, that they, or I were concerned in it (if she was murdered), there is not one syllable of proof; at most, it amounts but to make us only suspected of a murder, not proved, but only suspected; this, I observe, upon the evidence, as it now stands without answer, as it has been given on the king's part; and how far, in the case of life, men shall be affected with evidence of this nature, which neither proves the murder in general, nor that they did it in particular, though no defence was made, or any further answer given, I submit to your lordship's and the jury's judgment.

But, my lord, I do not doubt but I shall be able to wipe away, even that remote suspicion, by my defence: they have been long in their evidence for the king; and, therefore, I must beg your patience while I give a particular answer to every part of it, in as good a method as I am able; and I will waste as little time as may consist with the justifying of my reputation; for which I know your lordship will have as tender a regard, to see it doth not suffer unjustly, as for my life itself.

And, I promise your lordship, I shall trouble you with no evidence, which is not clear and plain, no inuendos or suspicions; but I shall prove fully and clearly, in the first place, that there was no ground at all in this case, to suppose she was murdered by any one but herself.

The first fact that they insisted upon, to infer a murder from it, was, that the body was found floating: now, my lord, that fact I am able, by the evidence I have, as well as from that of the prosecutor, to deny; for the fact was directly otherwise, that is, she was not found floating.

And whereas, the prosecutor's witnesses, who have been produced to this point, are obscure and poor men, and your lordship observes, have been taught to say generally that she floated, which, when they are required to explain, and describe how she lay, they contradict themselves in, by shewing she lay sideways between the stakes, and almost all under water. Now I shall give your lordship and the jury, a full and particular account and description from the parish officers, men employed by the coroner to take the body out of the water, of the very manner and posture in which it was first found; which they are much better able to do than the prosecutor's witnesses, having seen her before all or most of those people; and these officers clearly agree, that her body was under water, when found, except some small appearance of her petticoats, near or on the surface of the water, which may

Digitized by Google

be very easily accounted for; because the stakes, the witnesses mention, and which are driven into the ground across the river, to prevent weeds and rubbish from running into the mill-stand, as the witnesses have already said, about a foot distance from one another, and are set with their feet from the mill, and their heads inclining towards the mill with the stream. Now, my lord, every body knows, that though a drowned body will at first sink, yet it is buoyant, and does not go downright, and rest in one place like lead; for a human body is seldom or never in a stream found to lie where it was drowned; a body drowned at Chelsea, has been often found by fishermen at London, and that before it came to float above water. Now if a body is so buoyant, as that it is driven down by the impellent force of the current, though it do not float above water, it seems a consequence, that when it comes to be stopped and resisted by the stakes which lie with their heads downwards, inclining with the stream, the stream bearing the body against the stakes, must needs raise it upwards, to find another passage, if possible, when the ordinary and natural is obstructed. I have seen, I remember, that where weeds have been driven down a river, and have been rolled along at the bottom, when they have come down to a board or stakes of a wier or turnpike, they have been by the force of the water, raised up against those boards or stakes, and forced over them; though, without such obstruction, they had undoubtedly continued to roll under the water. I do not know of any one symptom they pretend to, of her not being drowned, from any thing observed of her in the water. Then, as to her flatness, when she was laid in her coffin, I shall shew it as a common and natural accident; sometimes drowned bodies are swelled more, sometimes less, sometimes not at all: I think it hardly requires a physician to prove, that a body may be drowned with very little water; that a man may be drowned by strangling, or suffocation caused by a little water in the lungs, without any great quantity of water received in the body, is a certain and established truth; for I am told that when respiration ceases, the party dies, and can receive no water after that; so that nothing is to be inferred from a body's having more or less water found in it, especially if your lordship will give me leave to observe this distinction, where a body is voluntarily drowned, and where it is drowned by accident; for people that fall in by accident do struggle and strive as long as they can; every time they rise they drink some water into the stomach, to prevent its passing into the lungs, and are drowned no sooner than needs must; but persons that voluntarily drown themselves, to be sure, desperately plunge into the water, to dispatch a miserable life as soon as they can; and so that little quantity in the lungs which causes death, may be the sooner taken in, after which no more is received; and I hope, by physicians, it will appear, there is good ground for this difference.

The next is the evidence that the surgeons have given on the other part, relating to the taking this gentlewoman out of her grave, after she had been buried six weeks; whether this ought to have been given in evidence, for the reasons I hinted at, in a criminal case, I submit to your lordship; but as it is, I have no reason to apprehend it, being able to make appear, that the gentlemen who spoke to this point, have delivered themselves in that manner, either out of extreme malice, or a most profound ignorance: this will be so very plain upon my evidence, that I must take the liberty to impute one, or both of those causes,

Digitized by Google

to the gentlemen that have argued from their observations upon that matter.

And now, if your lordship will but please to consider the circumstances under which they would accuse me of this horrid action, I do not think they will pretend to say, that in the whole course of my life, I have been guilty of any mean or indirect action; and I will put it to the worst enemy I have in the world to say it. Now, for a man in the condition I was in, of some fortune in possession, related to a better, in a good employment, thriving in my profession, living within my income, never in debt, (I may truly say, not five pounds at any one time, these eight years past,) having no possibility of making any advantage by her death, void of all malice; and, as appears by her own evidence, in perfect amity and friendship with this gentlewoman, to be guilty of the murdering her, to begin at the top of all baseness and wickedness, certainly is incredible.

My lord, in this prosecution, my enemies seeing the necessity of assigning some cause, have been so malicious to suggest before, though not now, when I have this opportunity of vindicating myself publicly, that I have been concerned in the receipt of money for this gentlewoman, had her securities by me, and sometimes that I had been her guardian, or her trustee, and I know not what I now see the contrivers and promoters of that scandal, and they know it to be base, false, and malicious: I never was concerned in interest with her directly or indirectly; and so I told them when I was before my Lord Chief Justice: it is true, it was then just suggested by the prosecutors, I then denied it, and I deny it still,—I thank God, I have not been used, nor have I needed, to deny the truth.

My lord, you find the prosecutors have nothing to say to me upon this head, after all the slanders and stories they have published against me, of my having money in my hands which belonged to the deceased: but though they do not stir it, I will, and give your lordship a full account of all that ever was in that matter. When I lodged at Hertford, some time since she desired me to recommend to her a security for £200 if it came in my way: my lord, when I came to town, I understood that one Mrs. Puller, a client of mine, had a mortgage formerly made to her by one Mr. Loftus of Lambeth, in Surry, for the like sum; and that she was willing to have in her money: I wrote to this gentlewoman, the deceased, to acquaint her of the security; she thereupon did send up £200 and some odd pounds for interest; the account of which I produced to my Lord Chief Justice: this money was sent to me by Mr. Cramfield, as I have been informed, and by him given to Mr. Toller's clerk, and by him brought publicly to me.

My lord, this mortgage I immediately transferred by assignment indorsed on the back of it, and Mrs. Habberfield, a trustee for Mrs. Puller, signed and sealed it; and that very £200 and interest due was at one and the same time paid to Mrs. Puller, and by her the principal was paid to her daughter, in part of her portion: all this was transacted the beginning of December last, and she was not drowned till the 13th of March following; and, my lord, these people that are now the prosecutors, did own before my Lord Chief Justice, that they had found this mortgage amongst the deceased's writings in her cabinet at the time of her death. Now, my lord, I say, that, saving this one service I did her, as I said, in December last, I never was otherwise con-

Digitized by Google

cerned with her in the receiving or disposing of any of her money; nor had I ever any of her securities for money in my keeping; and I defy any adversary I have, to shew the contrary.

My lord, as there appears no malice, no interest, so they have proved for me, that there was no concealment of shame to induce me to commit so barbarous an action; otherwise, perhaps, now they find they can assign no other cause, they would content themselves to give that reason, and fling that scandal at me; and though I take it, by the experience I have had of them, they did not design to do me any favour, yet, I thank them, in endeavouring to vindicate her honour, they have secured my reputation against that calumny; and though I am satisfied, as I said, they did not intend me kindness, yet I thank God, they have given me a just opportunity to take advantage of their cunning, for the clearing my innocence in that particular.

I will shew your lordship in the next place, that it is utterly impossible I could be concerned in this fact, if I had had all the motives and provocations in the world to have done it: I shall shew your lordship, in point of time, it could not be.

The maid, *Sarah Walker*, who is the single witness, I take it, that says any thing in the least relating to me, said but now, the clock had struck eleven before she carried up the coals, and about a quarter of an hour after, while she was warming the bed above stairs, she heard the door clap, and sometime after she came down, and found that I and her mistress were gone: now, in point of time, I shall prove it utterly impossible I could be guilty of the fact I am accused of, being seen to come into the Glove Inn as the town clock struck eleven, and staying there more than a quarter of an hour, was, after several things done at my lodging, in bed before twelve o'clock, and went no more out that night, as I shall prove. As for that little circumstance of sending for my horse, which they have made use of all along to back this prosecution, their very telling me of that matter, shows how they are put to their shifts to justify their accusing me; I say, in prudence, I ought to have done what I did: I sent for him on the Tuesday, but as their witness said, I told him at the time I bid him fetch my horse, not to use then, nor till by the course of the circuit I was to go into Essex with the judges the next morning; and till then the prosecutor's witness, who is the hostler at the Glove Inn, was ordered to set him up there, to litter him down, and to take care of him, and feed him; and that he should be ready for me to go to Chelmsford on the morrow, whither I went with the other counsel the next morning, being Wednesday: and this, my lord, is the whole of that matter.

My lord, this business slept near two months after the coroner's inquest, before I heard of it, or imagined myself to be concerned in it, and was never stirred, till two parties, differing on all other occasions, had laid their heads together: I beg leave to let your lordship a little into that matter, to shew you how this prosecution came to be managed with so much noise and violence as it has been. I can make it appear, that one of the greatest of the Quakers, Mr. Mead by name, has very much, and indirectly too, concerned himself in this matter: it seems, they fancy the reputation of their sect is concerned in it; for they think it a wonderful thing, nay, absolutely impossible, (however other people may be liable to such resolutions,) that one, who was by her education entitled to the light within her, should run headlong into the water, as

Digitized by Google

if she had been possessed with the devil; of this they think their sect is to be cleared, though by spilling the blood of four innocent men. The other sort of people that concur with the Quakers in this prosecution, I shall mention, now I come to observe what the witnesses are that have been produced against me: some of them I have nothing to object to, but that they are extremely indigent and poor, and have been helped by the prosecutor; those that are so, say nothing as to me; others who live in this town, and give their opinions of the manner of her death, are possest with much prejudice against me, upon feuds that have risen at the elections of my father and brother in this town; and these, with the Quakers who have wholly drest up this matter for several ends; the Quakers to maintain the reputation of their sect, and the others to destroy, or break at least, the interest of my family in this place. But, however effectual these designs may have been, to have made a great noise in the world out of nothing; I am satisfied now, that I am in a court of justice, where no person's reputation, much less his life, will be sacrificed to the policy or malice of a party without proof; and, therefore, I have taken up so much of your time, to set the true rise of this prosecution before you in a clear light.

My lord, as to my coming to this town on Monday, it was the first day of the assizes, and that was the reason that brought me hither; before I came out of town, I confess, I had a design of taking a lodging at this gentlewoman's house, having been invited, by letter, so to do; and the reason why I did not, was this: my brother, when he went the circuit, always favoured me with the offer of a part of his lodging, which, out of good husbandry, I always accepted; the last circuit was in parliament time, and my brother being in the money-chair, could not attend the circuit as he used to do: he had very good lodgings, I think one of the best in this town, where I used to be with him: these were always kept for him, unless notice was sent to the contrary. The Friday before I came down to the assizes, I happened to be in company with my brother and another gentleman, and then I showed them the letter, by which I was earnestly invited down to lie at the house of this gentlewoman during the assizes (it is dated the 9th of March last); and, designing to comply with the invitation, I thereupon desired my brother to write to Mr. Barefoot, our landlord, and get him, if he could, to dispose of the lodgings; for, said I, if he keeps them, they must be paid for, and then I cannot well avoid lying there: my brother did say, he would write, if he could think on it. And thus, if Mr. Barefoot disposed of the lodgings, I own I intended to lie at the deceased's house; but, if not, I looked on myself as obliged to lie at Mr. Barefoot's. Accordingly I shall prove, as soon as ever I came to this town, in the morning of the first day of the assizes, I went directly to Mr. Barefoot's (the maid and all agree in this) and the reason was, I had not seen my brother after he said he would write, before I went out of London; and, therefore, it was proper for me to go first to Mr. Barefoot's, to know whether my brother had wrote to him, and whether he had disposed of the lodgings or not. As soon as I came to Mr. Barefoot's, there was one Mr. Taylor, of this town, came to me, and I, in his hearing, asked Mr. Barefoot, his wife, and maid servant, one after another, if they had received a letter from my brother, to unbespeak the lodgings? They told me, no: that the room was kept for us; and I think, that they had made a fire, and that the sheets were airing. I was a little concerned he had not written; but, being satisfied

Digitized by Google

that no letter had been received, I said immediately, as I shall prove by several witnesses, if it be so, I must stay with you; I will take up my lodging here: thereupon I alighted, and sent for my bag from the coffee-house, and lodged all my things at Barefoot's: and thus I took up my lodging there as usual. I had no sooner done this, but Sarah Walker came to me from her mistress to invite me to dinner, and accordingly I went and dined there; and when I went away, it may be true, that, being asked, I said I would come again at night; but that I did say I would lie there, I do positively deny; and, knowing I could not lie there, it is unlikely I should say so. My Lord, at night I did come again, and paid her some money, which I received from Mr. Loftus, who is the mortgager for interest of the £200. I before mentioned (it was six pounds odd money, in guineas and half-guineas,) I wrote a receipt, but she declined the signing of it, pressing me to stay there that night, which I refused, as engaged to lie at Mr. Barefoot's, and took my leave of her; and that very money, which I paid her, was found in her pocket, as I have heard, after she was drowned.

Now, my Lord, the reason that I went to her house at night, was, first, as I said, to pay her the interest money; in the next place, it was but fitting, when I owned myself under a necessity of disappointing her, and lying at Barefoot's, to go to excuse my not lying there; which I had not an opportunity at dinner-time to do. My Lord, I open my defence shortly, referring the particulars to the witnesses themselves, in calling those who will fully refute the suppositions and inferences made by the prosecutors, whom first, my Lord, I shall begin with, to show there is no evidence of any murder at all committed; and this, I say again, ought to be indisputably made manifest and proved, before any man can be so much as suspected for it."

Judge *Hatsel* bade Mr. Cowper not flourish too much, but call his witnesses, and then make his observations.

Mr. *Cowper* then called *Robert Dew*, who said, that he saw Sarah Stout taken up; that she lay in the river, covered with the water about half a foot, and had a striped petticoat on, but nothing could be seen above water; and that when he heaved her up, he found several sticks and flags under her; that she lay on her right side in the water, her head leaning down, and her arm between the stakes, which stood sloping, leaning down the stream a little: that when she was taken out, he perceived a white froth come from her mouth and nose, and, as they wiped it away, more came out.

Young, the constable, confirmed the evidence of the last witness, differing only in this, that he saw part of her coat lie on the top of the water, and that they found six guineas, ten shillings, and threepence-halfpenny in her pockets.

Wall, one of the coroner's inquest, deposed, that there were no marks upon the body when they viewed, only a little mark about her ear, and something near her collar bone; and that Mr. John Dimsdale told them, these marks were no more than usual in such cases: it was only a stagnation of the blood.—Other witnesses testified, that she frothed pretty much at the mouth.

Mr. Cowper's medical witnesses numbered amongst them some of the most eminent names that have ever been in the profession. They consisted of Dr. Sloane, Dr. Garth, Dr. Morley, Dr. Gilstrapp, Dr. Harriot, Dr. Wollaston, Dr. Crell, Mr. William Cooper, the great anatomist, Mr.

Digitized by Google

Bartlett, and Mr. Camlin. They had all been in court whilst the medical evidence for the crown was given. They all accorded in what they asserted, and the sum of what they stated may be taken from the testimony of the four following.

Dr. *Garth* said, it was impossible the body should have floated unless it had rested or been entangled with the stakes, because all dead bodies fall to the bottom; and, as all the witnesses agreed she was found upon her side, it was as hard to conceive how she should float in this posture, as that a deal board should float edgeways: therefore it was plain she was entangled, or the posture would have been otherwise. As to the quantity of water in her, it need not be very great; but, he must own, the water would force itself into all cavities where there was no resistance. He believed, when she threw herself in, she might not struggle to save her life, and so not sup up much water: however, he doubted not but some water fell into her lungs, because the weight of it would force itself down; but this might imperceptibly work or fall out: nor did he think water in the body would promote putrefaction; for, in some places, they kept flesh meat from corruption by preserving it in water: and, it was well known, it would putrify less in water than when exposed to air. And, being asked again as to the sinking of dead bodies, he persisted in his opinion, that all dead bodies would sink, unless prevented by some extraordinary accident; as, if a strangled body be thrown into the water, and the lungs being filled with air, the cord be left about the neck, in that case it might float, because of the included air, as a bladder does; but here was no cord, or any mark of it, only a common stagnation; that seamen were mistaken, when they thought they swam: he had made the experiment on other animals, and they all sunk. Being asked, if any quantity of water could pass into the cavity of the thorax? he answered, it was impossible there should be any, till the lungs were quite rotten; there was no way but by the lungs, which were invested with so strong a membrane, that they could not force breath through it without their blow-pipes.

Dr. *Morley* said, there was no necessity she should have a great quantity of water in her; if she drew into her lungs two ounces of water, it was the same thing as to drowning her, as if there had been two tons. They drowned a dog the last night, and dissected him, and found not a spoonful of water in his stomach, and about two ounces in his lungs; and the like quantity in another they drowned; that they both frothed at the mouth and nose; and if bodies swam that had been lately killed, he thought it was by accident: and he was of opinion, there could be no water in the thorax, unless by an imposthume, or some violence to nature.

Dr. *Wollaston* was of opinion, it was impossible to discover if a person was drowned, six weeks afterwards; and that if there had been never so much water in the body, it must have forced its way out before that time: that he knew two people drowned, and taken up next day; one was ready to burst with water, and the other had not the least sign of water in him, except a watery froth at his mouth and nostrils.

Mr. *Cooper*, the anatomist, deposed, that three ounces of water, in the windpipe, was enough to drown a person; and admitted, that bodies necessarily sink in water if no distention of their parts buoy them up: that there could be no water remain in the body after six weeks' time; and it was ridiculous to expect any in the thorax, unless the lungs had suf-

Digitized by Google

fered some aposthumation; and as to the rest, he concurred with the physicians produced by the prisoner.

Then Mr. *Cowper* proceeded to call witnesses to show that the deceased was a melancholy woman.

Mr. *Bowd*, a tradesman of Hertford, deposed, that observing the deceased to be melancholy, he asked her, if she was in love; and she confessed she was; but said, the world should not say she changed her religion for a husband: and that, having lately bought a gown of this witness, she said, she believed she should never live to wear it.

Mr. *Firmin* also testified, that the deceased was melancholy.

Mrs. *Bendy* deposed, that she acknowledged herself extremely melancholy, insomuch that her mind was disordered by it.

Mrs. *Low* testified, that the deceased often complained she was melancholy, and confessed she was in love; that she said she would take her full swing of melancholy, when her mother was abroad, and lay a-bed a week; that at another time she said, her melancholy had occasioned an intermitting fever; and being advised to send for a physician, she said, her distemper lay in her mind, and not in her body: she would take nothing, and the sooner it killed her, the better; and that now she delighted neither in reading or any thing else.

Then Mrs. *Cowper*, wife of the prisoner's brother, Mr. William Cowper, (afterwards Lord Chancellor,) being called as a witness, testified,

That she was frequently in the company of the deceased, both at London and in the country, and she was extremely melancholy; and the witness suspecting it was upon Mr. Marson's account, asked, why she did not marry him, and make herself easy? but she said, she could not; that she appeared disturbed also at the preaching of a Quaker waterman, who gathered a rabble of people about him before her mother's door; and, preaching to them, arraigned her conduct; that the deceased once having a fever, said, she was in great hopes it would carry her off, and neglected herself with that view, often wishing she were dead: that, at another time, being very melancholy, the prisoner's wife said, for God's sake keep such thoughts out of your head as you have had: talk no more of throwing yourself out of a window. To which the deceased answered, I may thank God that ever I saw your face, otherwise I had done it; but I cannot promise I shall not do it.

Here Mr. *Cowper* proceeded to open another very singular and important part of his evidence: he said, that being at Hertford in the long vacation, and Mr. Marshall of Lyon's-Inn coming down to visit him there, he introduced him into the company of the deceased, and he made his addresses to her, and was well received as a lover; but walking out one evening with Mr. Marshall, Mrs. Crooke, and the deceased, and Mr. Marshall and Mrs. Crooke being a little before them, Mrs. Stout, (the deceased) said to him, the prisoner, she did not think he had been so dull; and he, being inquisitive to know in what his dullness consisted? She answered, What! Do you imagine I intend to marry Mr. Marshall? And he replying, if she did not, she was to blame in what she had done. Mrs. Stout said, No, I thought it might serve to divert the censure of the world, and favour our acquaintance: and that he would produce some letters to confirm this, after he had called Mr. Marshall.

Mr. *Marshall* deposed, that he came down to Hertford in the long vacation, to visit Mr. Cowper, and met with Mrs. Sarah Stout first at his lodgings: that she gave him frequent opportunities of improving his

Digitized by Google

acquaintance; and, by the manner of his reception, he had no reason to suspect the use he was designed for; but, upon applying himself to her afterwards, in a way of courtship, he received a very fair denial: and there his suit ended. Mr. Cowper had been so friendly to give him notice of some things, that convinced him he ought to be thankful he had no more to do with her ——: that he took her at her word, when she refused him, having partly, by his own observation, but more by Mr Cowper's friendship, been pretty well able to guess at her meaning.

Then two letters from the deceased, to Mr. Marshall, (the first dated the 26th of December, 1697, the other without date,) were read, which showed there was a friendly correspondence carried on between them, but nothing more.

After which, Mr. Cowper produced a letter from the deceased to himself, but directed to Mrs. Jane Ellen at Hargrave's coffee-house, to prevent suspicion; which letter was in the following words:—

"Sir, *March the 5th.*

"I am glad you have not quite forgot that there is such a person as I in being; but I am willing to shut my eyes, and not see any thing that looks like unkindness in you, and rather content myself with what excuses you are pleased to make, than be inquisitive into what I must not know. I should very readily comply with your proposition of changing the season, if it were in my power to do it; but, you know, that lies altogether in your own breast. I am sure the winter has been too unpleasant for me to desire the continuance of it: and I wish you were to endure the sharpness of it, but for one hour, as I have done for many long nights and days, and then, I believe, it would move that rocky heart of yours, that can be so thoughtless of me as you are; but if it were designed for that end, to make the summer the more delightful, I wish it may have the effect so far, as to continue it to be so too, that the weather may never overcast again; the which, if I could be assured of, it would recompense me for all that I ever suffered, and make me as easy a creature as I was the first moment I received breath; when you come to H—— pray let your steed guide you, and do not do as you did the last time; and be sure order your affairs to be here as soon as you can, which cannot be sooner, than you will be heartily welcome to your Very sincere Friend."

For Mrs. Jane Ellen, at Mr. Hargrave's, near Temple-Bar, London.

Then another letter from the deceased to the prisoner, dated the 9th of March, was read, and is as follows:—

"Sir,

"I wrote to you by Sunday's post, which I hope you have received; however, as a confirmation, I will assure you, I know of no inconvenience that can attend your cohabiting with me, unless the Grand Jury should thereupon find a bill against us; but I will not fly for it; for come life, come death, I am resolved never to desert you; therefore, according to your appointment, I will expect you, and then I shall only tell you that I am Yours, &c."

Mr. *William Cowper*, the prisoner's brother, was called to give evidence for him: he said, he would bear his brother witness, that it was with great unwillingness he produced those letters; nothing but the lives of those gentlemen who were tried with him, could have inclined him to that.

He deposed further, that Mrs. Stout being in London, sent his brother word she would give him a visit at his chamber: to prevent which, it was contrived between him and his brother, that he (the witness) being

Digitized by Google

to dine with Mrs. Stout at his father Cowper's in Hatton-Garden that day, should take an opportunity to say that he (the prisoner) was gone to Deptford; and that the witness did mention it accordingly; whereupon Mrs. Stout, the deceased, rose up from dinner in confusion, and going into the yard, there swooned away; and they gave her such assistance as was usual in such cases.

He also said, that his brother communicated the last letter to him on Friday before the last assizes, and thinking, as the case stood, it was better his brother should lie at his lodgings at Mr. Barefoot's at the assizes, than at Mrs. Stout's, he did not write to Mr. Barefoot to dispose of the lodgings to another.

Then Mrs. *Barefoot* testified, the prisoner lay at her house the night the accident happened, and came in a little after eleven by the town clock, and did not go out again that night: the maid of the house also confirmed her mistress's evidence, and affirmed, that the clock struck twelve after the prisoner was in bed.

Mr. *Cowper* proceeded in his defence, and said, he would explain that part of the evidence that was given by Sarah Walker, Mrs. Stout's maid, where she said, her mistress ordered her to warm the bed, and he never contradicted it: and desired the Court would observe those words in the last letter, viz. "No inconvenience can attend your cohabiting with me;" and afterwards, "I will not fly for it; for come life, come death, I am resolved;" from whence it might be conjectured, what the dispute was between them at the time the maid mentioned; he thought it was not necessary she should be present at this debate, and therefore might not interrupt her mistress in the orders she gave; but as soon as the maid was gone, he offered these objections: he informed her by what accident he was obliged to lodge at Mr. Barefoot's, and that the family were sitting up for him: that his staying at her house under these circumstances, would provoke the censure of town and country, and therefore he could not stay, whatever his inclinations were; but his reasons not prevailing, he was forced to decide the controversy, by going to his lodging; so that the maid might swear true, when she said, he did not contradict her mistress's orders.

He called witnesses, to show it was impossible he could be at the drowning of Mary Stout, because he went away from her house a quarter before eleven, and was at his inn, the Glove and Dolphin, before the clock struck eleven, and it would take up above half an hour to go from Mrs. Stout's to the place where she was drowned, and return to the Glove Inn.———And, calling *Elizabeth Spurr* as a witness, she testified, that he came into the Glove Inn just as the clock struck eleven, and staid there a quarter of an hour before he went to his lodgings: this evidence was confirmed by two other servants of the Glove Inn.

Sir *Thomas Lane* and Sir *William Ashurst* said, that they had walked over the ground above mentioned, and it took them up above half an hour, a usual walking pace.

Mrs. *Mince* was then called as a witness, to disprove what Sarah Walker had deposed, namely, that her mistress did not use to go out at nights.

Mrs. *Mince* testified, that Sarah Walker told her, her mistress used to entertain company in the summer-house in the night-time, unknown to her mother; that she used to go out at nights, and take the key with her, and make her mother believe she was gone to bed; and that one

Digitized by Google

time she went out at the garden-window when the garden-door was locked, and bade her not sit up for her, she would come in at her own time; and what time she came, she (the maid) said she did not know, for she was gone to bed.

The prisoner called Sir William Ashurst, Sir Thomas Lane, Mr. Cox, and Mr. Thompson, to his reputation, who all gave him a good character; and Mr. Cox said, he had lived by him in Southwark eight or nine years, and knew him to be a person of integrity and worth, and all the neighbourhood coveted his company; that he took him to have as much honour and honesty as any gentleman whatever, and of all men he knew, he would be the last man that he should suspect of such an act as this: he believed nothing in the world could move him to entertain the least thought of any thing so foul.

Here Mr. *Marson* entered upon his defence, and said,

Their business at Hertford was this: Mr. Ellis Stevens being Clerk of the Papers, and Mr. Rogers, Steward of the King's Bench, were obliged to wait upon the Lord Chief Justice out of town, with the Marshal of the King's Bench; and on the Monday he went with them to the Lord Chief Justice's house in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, from whence they all set out for Hertford; but he (Marson) being an attorney of the Borough Court, and having business there that day, when they came as far as Kingsland, returned back to Southwark, where he attended the Court as usual, and about four set out again for Hertford; and on the way, at Waltham-Cross, he met his acquaintance, Mr. Hanks, a clergyman, who had been to attend the Chief Justice returning to London; but he prevailed on him to go back with him to Hertford, and they galloped every step of the way, because night was coming on, and it was about eight o'clock when they came to Hertford, and he might be in a sweat with riding so hard; but not in such a sweat as the witness testified: that meeting with their friends Mr. Stevens, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Rudkin, and other acquaintance of the Marshal's at the coffee-house, they went from thence to the Glove and Dolphin, where they staid till about eleven; and from thence, he and Mr. Stevens, and Mr. Rogers went to Gurrey's, where they lodged, and drank three bottles of wine before they went to bed, and had some jocular conversation with their landlord Gurrey; he believed Mr. Stevens might ask him if he knew Mrs. Sarah Stout, and what sort of woman she was; and he believed he might say, my friend may be in with her; that Mr. Rogers also asked him (Marson) what money he had got that day? meaning at the Borough Court, and he answered, 50s.; to which Rogers replied, we have been here spending our money, I think you ought to treat us! As to the bundle mentioned, he knew of none, except a pair of sleeves and a neckcloth.

Mr. *Rogers*, in his defence, said—

They came down with the Marshal of the King's Bench; and, not thinking Mr. Marson would have come that day, had not provided a lodging for him: that they went from the coffee house to the tavern, as Mr. Marson had related; and there they had some merry and open discourse of this gentlewoman, but he never saw her, or heard her name before she was mentioned there.

Mr. *Stevens* gave the same account of their going to Hertford.

Here one of the jurymen desired they might withdraw; but the judge told him, they must make an end first.

Mr. *Jones* said, the friends of the deceased would call some wit-

Digitized by Google

nesses to her reputation; and he believed the whole town could attest that she was a woman of a good reputation: indeed, the prisoners had produced some letters without a name; but, if they insisted on any thing against her reputation, they must call witnesses.

Judge *Hatsel* answered, he believed nobody disputed that she might be a virtuous woman, and her brains might be turned by her passion, or some distemper. He then directed the jury.

The jury withdrawing for about half an hour, returned with their verdict, that neither Mr. Cowper, nor any one of the other three prisoners, were *Guilty*; and thereupon they were all discharged.

Mrs. Stout, the mother of the deceased, being still unappeased, procured an appeal of murder to be lodged against the verdict, at the suit of Henry Stout, the heir-at-law, a child ten years of age. Toller, the Under-Sheriff of Herts, having made no return to this writ, accounted to the Court of King's Bench for his neglect, by stating, that he had given the writ to the appellant, who stated that he had burnt it. For this, the under-sheriff was fined one hundred marks. Mrs. Stout then petitioned the Lord Keeper for a new writ of appeal, but the time, a year and a day, having elapsed for suing out a writ, her petition was, of course, rejected.

Mr. Spencer Cowper was not prevented by the trial from attaining rank and repute, both in his profession and in Parliament. On his brother's elevation to the woolsack, he succeeded him in the representation of Beeralston, and sat afterwards for Truro; adhered with inflexibility to the Whig party, was a frequent and successful speaker, and one of the managers in the impeachments of Sacheverell in 1710, and of the rebel lords in 1716. On the accession of George the First, he was appointed Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales; in 1717, Chief Justice of Chester; and in 1727, a Judge of the Common Pleas, retaining, also by the especial favour of the Crown, his former office until his death in December, 1728. His second son, John, as above stated, became the father of William Cowper, the poet.

In a note to the State Trials, Mr. Spencer Cowper and Miss Stout are stated to have been the Mosco and Zara of Mrs. Manley's New Atalantis.

Digitized by Google

THE DEATHS OF THE SOVEREIGNS OF ENGLAND.

(Concluded.)

" Le pauvre en sa cabane, ou le chaume le couvre,
Est sujet à ses lois;
Et la garde qui veille aux barrières du Louvre,
N'en defend pas nos Rois."
MALHERBE, *in allusion to Death.*

WITH the death of James II the romance of English history appears to cease. The heroic achievements of the Plantagenets, the magnificence of the Tudors, and the chivalry of the Stuarts, gave way at the Revolution to that common place and common sense mode of government, which, whilst it contributed so much to the comfort and happiness of the people, afforded but little scope for poetry or romance. Henceforward we find the Sovereigns of England living and dying much like other people. The mortal career of each is similar to that of any person of rank and station in the realm; it passes without personal difficulty or danger from human causes, and the great debt of nature is paid in the sick room. The crown of England no longer falls upon the battle-field, nor is it yielded up in the dungeon or on the scaffold: our princes, since the Revolution, have exercised their sway in an age of reality and reason.

The death of MARY II, although her reign was subsequent, occurred prior to that of her royal father whom she had supplanted on the throne, and towards whom she had shown such heartlessness in the manner of doing so. On the 21st December, 1694, Queen Mary was taken ill of the small-pox at Kensington-palace, and the symptoms proving dangerous, she prepared herself for death with great composure. She spent some time in exercises of devotion, and private conversation with the new archbishop; she received the sacrament with all the bishops who were in attendance; and expired on the 28th day of December, in the thirty-third year of her age, and in the sixth of her reign, to the inexpressible grief of King William, who, for some weeks after her death, could neither see company, nor attend to the business of state.

The Princess Anne being informed of the queen's dangerous indisposition, sent a lady of her bed-chamber, to desire she might be admitted to her Majesty; but this request was not granted. She was thanked for her expression of concern; and given to understand, that the physicians had directed that the queen should be kept as quiet as possible. Before her death, however, Mary sent a forgiving message to her sister: and after her decease, the Earl of Sunderland effected a reconciliation between the king and the princess, who visited him at Kensington, where she was received with uncommon civility.

Queen Mary's obsequies were performed with great magnificence. The body was attended from Whitehall to Westminster-abbey by all the judges, serjeants-at-law, the lord mayor and aldermen of the city of London, and both houses of parliament; and the funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Tennyson, Archbishop of Canterbury: Dr. Kenn, the

Digitized by Google

deprived Bishop of Bath and Wells, reproached him in a letter, for not having called upon her Majesty, on her death-bed, to repent of the share she had in the Revolution. This was answered by another pamphlet. One of the Jacobite clergy insulted the queen's memory, by preaching on the following text: "Go now, see this cursed woman, and bury her, for she is a king's daughter." On the other hand, the lord mayor, aldermen, and common council of London, came to a resolution to erect her statue, with that of the king, in the Royal Exchange.

William III, naturally of a delicate constitution, had worn out his health by his unceasing activity in the warlike business of his reign. The immediate cause of his death, however, was an accident. On the 21st of February, 1701, in riding to Hampton-court from Kensington, his horse fell under him, and he himself was thrown upon the ground with such violence, as produced a fracture in his collar-bone. His attendants conveyed him to the palace at Hampton-court, where the fracture was reduced by Ronjat, his sergeant-surgeon. In the evening he returned to Kensington in his coach, and the two ends of the fractured bone having been disunited by the jolting of the carriage, were replaced under the inspection of Bidloo, his physician. He seemed to be in a fair way of recovering till the 1st day of March, when his knee appeared to be inflamed, with acute pain and weakness. Next day he granted a commission under the great seal to several peers, for passing the bills to which both houses of parliament had agreed; namely, the act of attainder against the pretended Prince of Wales, and another in favour of the Quakers, enacting, That their solemn affirmation and declaration should be accepted instead of an oath in the usual form.

On the 4th day of March the king was so well recovered of his lameness, that he took several turns in the gallery at Kensington; but, sitting down on a couch where he fell asleep, he was seized with a shivering, which terminated in a fever and diarrhœa. He was attended by Sir Thomas Millington, Sir Richard Blackmore, Sir Theodore Colledon, Dr. Bidloo, and other eminent physicians; but their prescriptions proved ineffectual. On the 6th he granted another commission for passing the bill for the malt-tax, and the act of abjuration; and, being so weak that he could not write his name, he, in presence of the lord-keeper, and the clerks of parliament, applied a stamp prepared for the purpose. The Earl of Albemarle arriving from Holland, conferred with him in private on the posture of affairs abroad; but he received his information with great coldness, and said, "*Je tire vers ma fin.*" In the evening he thanked Dr. Bidloo for his care and tenderness, saying, "I know that you and the other learned physicians have done all that your art can do for my relief; but, finding all means ineffectual, I submit." He received spiritual consolation from Archbishop Tennison, and Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury; on Sunday morning the sacrament was administered to him. The lords of the privy council, and divers noblemen, attended in the adjoining apartments, and to some of them who were admitted he spoke a little. He thanked Lord Auverquerque for his long and faithful services: he delivered to Lord Albemarle the keys of his closet and scrutoire, telling him he knew what to do with them. He inquired for the Earl of Portland: but being speechless before that nobleman arrived, he grasped his hand, and laid it to his heart, with marks of the most tender affection. On the 8th day of March he expired, in the fifty-second year of his age, after having reigned thirteen years.

Digitized by Google

The Lords Lexington and Scarborough, who were in waiting, no sooner perceived that the king was dead, than they ordered Ronjat to untie from his left arm a black ribbon, to which was affixed a ring, containing some hair of the late Queen Mary. The body being opened and embalmed, lay in state for some time at Kensington; and on the 12th day of April was deposited in a vault of Henry's chapel in Westminster-abbey.

The Jacobites loudly rejoiced at the death of William III. In answer to the too famous toast of his party, they drank to the health of Sorrel, meaning the horse that fell with the king: and, under the appellation of the little gentleman in velvet, toasted the mole that raised the hill over which the horse had stumbled. As the beast had formerly belonged to Sir John Fenwick (executed for treason against the king), they insinuated that William's fate was a judgment upon him, for his cruelty to that gentleman; and a Latin epigram was written on the occasion.

The good Queen Anne (good as a sovereign, but graceless as a daughter) had her death hastened by the fierce dissensions of her ministers. Regardless of the ill health and imminent danger of their royal mistress, Oxford and Bolingbroke disturbed and protracted the meetings of the council with their angry debates; the Queen's strength and patience sunk under these continual altercations, and her own words to her ministers were, "Gentlemen, I shall not outlive it." Yet so anxious was either party of obtaining advancement to power, that little attention was paid to this warning from the regal sufferer; yet she spoke truly. After a meeting of the council on the subject of the dismissal from office of the Treasurer Oxford, Queen Anne was seized with a lethargic disorder. This distemper grew so fast, despite of medicine, that the next day, the 30th July, 1714, her life was despaired of. As she thus lay on her death-bed mighty events happened for England. The Dukes of Shrewsbury and Argyle hastened unbidden to the council, and seized the reins of power out of the hands of Bolingbroke and his abettors. The last act of the Queen, who had somewhat rallied, was to deliver the white staff of the lord high treasurer to the Duke of Shrewsbury, faintly uttering, as she did so, "Oh! use it, my lord, for the good of my people." Shrewsbury instantly set about defeating the suspected intention of Lord Bolingbroke to restore the Stuarts, and prepared the way for the easy accession of the House of Brunswick to the throne. The Queen, in the meantime, relapsed into lethargic insensibility, and so continued until the 1st of August, when she expired, in the fiftieth year of her age, and the thirteenth of her reign. The activity of the Whig lords at the moment of her demise, destroyed the chances of Jacobite success, and contrived that her Majesty, despite of herself, should be the last sovereign of the gallant but unfortunate house of Stuart.

George I died whilst travelling to visit his favourite German dominions: his death happened in 1727. The king had landed at Vaert, in Holland, on the 7th June, and proceeded from thence to Utrecht by land, being attended by the Dutch Guards through the territories of the States. He arrived at Delder on Friday the 9th, about eleven o'clock at night, in all appearance in perfect health. He ate his supper, and, among other things, a part of a melon. Setting out about three the next morning, he had not travelled two hours before he felt some griping pains, and being come to Linden, where his dinner was provided, could eat nothing. He was let blood, and had such remedies as were thought proper given him. Being desirous to reach Hanover, he bid his people

Digitized by Google

drive on all with all speed; and, falling into a lethargic paralysis, he said to the gentleman in the carriage, "*C'est fait de moi.*" At ten at night he arrived at the palace of his brother, the Duke of York, at Osnaburg; but his lethargy increasing, he expired about midnight. George I was in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and reigned over Great Britain twelve years, ten months, and ten days.

George II died very suddenly of a rupture of the aorta, at Kensington Palace, about seven o'clock in the morning of the 25th of October, 1760. The king was a remarkably early riser, and on that morning he, as usual, lighted his own fire, drank his chocolate, looked out of the window to see how the wind was, and said that he would take a walk in the gardens. His chocolate-maker, however, who was the last person with his Majesty, observed him sigh as he left the room, and shortly afterwards heard a noise like the falling of a billet of wood from the fire, on which he returned and found the king dropt from his chair, as if he had been in the act of attempting to ring the bell. Proper assistance was immediately procured, and he was put to bed, but without any appearance of life, and in a very little while his death was certain. He was in the seventy-seventh year of his age, and the thirty-fourth of his reign.

The energetic life of George III had a sad conclusion. Dark indeed was the shadow that set upon his declining years. In December, 1811, the king became mentally dead. The period of glory that ensued was unheeded by him. He who had so dearly loved England and her greatness, could no longer share in the triumphant rejoicings of his people. His passage from this melancholy state of aberration into death was calm and tranquil. His bodily health had continued good till within two or three months of his dissolution; but he had not enjoyed a lucid interval since the beginning of the Regency. His Majesty's recollection of past events was exact; and occasional sketches of his early ministers often formed the subject of his lonely soliloquies at Windsor. He had long been totally blind and almost deaf; and from the aversion he had to any of his attendants rendering him personal assistance, his beard had been suffered to grow to an almost patriarchal length. Before his deafness, he frequently amused himself at the harpsichord, and seldom played anything but the music of his favourite Handel. The Duke of York, Lords Henley and Winchelsea, and General Taylor, were present when the king died. The tolling of the bell at St. Paul's towards midnight on the 29th January, 1820, announced that George III was no more; and although the mercy of Providence, in his removal, could not but be acknowledged, men sighed when the news brought with it the recollection of what he once had been. His death happened in the eighty-second year of his age, and the sixtieth of his reign.

The very éclat that attached to the personal appearance and manners of George IV, made him shrink into himself when came the period of disease and infirmity. His latter life was in seclusion: his death-bed was in solitude. No relation attended at his last moments, and, as with Henry VIII, the fatal news was broken to him by his physician. The details of his demise are these.

For many years, the king had been scarcely ever free from the gout, but its attacks had been resisted by the uncommon strength of his constitution. His life had, in consequence, been retired. During the spring of 1829 he resided at St. James's Palace, where he gave a ball to the

Digitized by Google

juvenile branches of the nobility, to which the Princess Victoria and the young Queen of Portugal were invited. Mostly his time was spent within the limits of the royal domain at Windsor: his out-door amusements consisted of sailing and fishing on the Virginia-Water, or a drive in a pony-phaeton in the magnificent purlieus of the forest. When the weather was unfavourable, the light reading of the day, or the drama, was resorted to. Almost uninterrupted attacks of illness disturbed his seclusion, while they offered an inducement to its continuance. Pains of the eyes, and defective vision, gout in the feet and hands, and, lastly, the great malady of his family, dropsy—to which the Duke of York and his sister had fallen victims,—by turns befel him. In April, his malady assumed a decisive character, and bulletins began to be issued. He had reached his sixty-eighth year, a term rarely allotted to the wearer of a crown. In May, a commission was appointed to affix the royal signature; the king signifying his consent by the word of mouth. Before his death, it was with difficulty he could whisper his verbal affirmative; about a week before he died, his physician delicately announced to him the inevitable catastrophe. "God's will be done!" was the reply. The king's faculties continued unimpaired to the last moment. On administering to him the last sacrament, the Bishop of Chichester reminded him of the Duke of Sussex; when the king charged the prelate, after his death, to carry a message to the duke, saying all offences were forgotten, and to assure him of fraternal affection. His Majesty's sufferings were very great; during the paroxysms of pain, his moans were heard even by the sentinels on duty in the quadrangle.* On the night of the 25th, his cough was unusually painful, and he motioned a page to alter his position on his couch. Toward three o'clock he felt a sudden attack of the bowels, a violent discharge of blood ensued, and his Majesty, on being taken from the bed, appeared to be fainting. At this moment he attempted to raise his hand to his breast, and faintly ejaculated, "Oh, God! I am dying;" and two or three seconds after, he said, "This is death." The king was removed to his couch, and the physicians called. Before they arrived, the glaze of death was over the eyes of the monarch, and George the Fourth had ceased to breathe. This occurred on the 26th June, 1830. The king had been regent since 1811, and sovereign since 1820.

The kind and good King William had a truly Christian death. He departed from life amid the general and unfeigned lamentations of his subjects. His Majesty expired at twelve minutes past two o'clock, on Tuesday morning, the 20th June, 1837, in the presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Dean of Hereford, and other dignitaries. On the previous Sunday he received the sacrament from the Archbishop. He had expressed a wish to survive the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo on the 18th, and so far he was gratified. The Duke of Wellington came, and laid upon his bed the flag commemorative of the victory, by which act his grace has tenure of Strathfieldsay. It was also a singular circumstance, that one of the last deeds of the dying king, whose life had been so mild and merciful, was to sign the pardon of a condemned criminal. Shortly after this, a distressing cough, extreme oppression in breathing, and very languid circulation, left little hope of recovery. He was lethargic, but conscious to the last of the presence of those on whom

* How forcibly does this prove the truth of the quotation from the poet Malherbe, at the head of this article!

Digitized by Google

his affections were fixed. He was fervent in his expressions of religious hope, and just before breathing his last, faintly articulated, "Thy will be done." Queen Adelaide had been unremitting in her attentions; was scarcely ever absent from the sick chamber, and for twelve days did not take off her clothes. The humblest person in the realm could not have exceeded her in the exercise of the last said duties of affection, and in the kind offices she rendered to her afflicted consort. A *post mortem* examination showed the nature of the disease; exhibiting a general tendency to ossification and decay about the heart, the lungs, and other vital organs. His Majesty was in the seventy-third year of his age, and had completed within a few days the seventh year of his reign.

With this peaceful death of William IV our subject concludes; it may have been long, but the theme is certainly one of interest—one that ought to make men pause, and think, and know, that even the puissance of potentates is a passing shadow, and that this life, though the diadem of empires may glitter around it, is but the nothingness of nothing.

A PROBLEM IN CHESS POETICALLY SOLVED.

Position of THE WHITES.—The King in the Black King's Bishop's place; Queen's Rook in his Queen's place; King's Rook in his King's Bishop's place; King's Knight in his King's Bishop's third square; King's Pawn in his King's fourth square. THE BLACKS.—The King in his third square; King's Pawn in his King's fourth square; Queen in the white Queen's Rook's fourth square; Queen's Rook in his Queen's Knight's second square; Queen's Knight in her Bishop's third square; King's Knight in his King's Rook's third square; Queen's Rook's Pawn in his Rook's second square; Queen's Knight's Pawn in his Queen's Knight's third square; King's Rook in his King's Knight's third square. *The White Men have the Move.*

SOLUTION.

The White Knight moves to the Castle Wall,
  To bid the Black King yield;
But the frowning turrets proudly sweep
  The bold Knight from the field.

But now the White King's Castle threats
  The bold Black monarch's throne;
But the Monarch moves, and in his strength
  Hurls all the Castle down.

One moment's triumph allowed the King,
  He stands in kingly pride;
But falls by a shaft from a moving tower,
  But one space from his side.

Totterridge. ROBERT SHEDDEN SCRIMGEOUR.

Digitized by Google

HISTORIC RUINS.

Spencer's House at Kilcolman.

"Lift not thy spear against the Muses' home,
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus when temple and tower
Went to the ground; and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's port had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare."
MILTON.

THERE are few ruins in Ireland possess more interesting reminiscenses than Kilcolman Castle, the house of Edmund Spencer. Other spots may be recommended by sounding names, pompous titles, or warlike achievements; we pass them by. Here, within these blackened walls, was achieved more lasting fame than all the herald's honours can convey, more brilliant feats of war than ever knightly lists displayed to an applauding world. The proud races have lived and died and are forgotten, or perhaps remembered with contempt for the vices with which they sullied their birth. Deeds of blood mark the ruthless career that prevented the advance of civilization—the spread of industry—the flowing of the bright stream of intelligence amongst their countrymen; but the power of the gifted being who dwelt on this spot of land which my eyes now traverse, is remembered with pleasure, and recurred to with delight. The verses of Spencer are alive to-day, though two hundred and two score years have elapsed since his death. His constant labours, within these walls are recollected, though, bare and exposed, they tremble in the blast. This is the great privilege of genius—to ennoble the lowly—to exalt the humble—to perpetuate the memory of the gifted. Nations disappear from the world—cities rise and fall—temples and palaces sink into a common grave, and are forgotten; but the song of a blind beggar, dead full two thousand five hundred years, preserves the fame of Troy, although no trace exists to mark its foundation. A dull and shallow river glides along the plain, and presents no object to excite the slightest emotion; but when you remember that it is the Scamander sacred to poetry, and the mystic rites of the ancients, the feelings are aroused and memories of the days that are gone crowd upon the brain. Thus it is with Kilcolman. As a mere building it is nothing. Fragment of a tower blackened by time and fire. A few walls contiguous hang tremulously together, forming chambers half choked by the encroaching mould and weeds that grow from the earthen floors. The situation at present is forbidding enough. The castle stands on a slightly elevated mound, in an undulating country, about three miles from Buttevant, county Cork. A rough and uncared-for causeway leads from the high road past some scattered cabins, through a farm yard. Thence a pathway leads by the verge of a small piece of water, luxuriating in the opaque hue imparted by the ver-

Digitized by Google

dant mud with which the bottom is coated, and unshaded by tree or flower. But towering over all stands the castle, and undoubtedly, the interest which the lone ruin creates, asserts the superiority of intellectual renown. The poetic visiter speedily invests it with suitable attractions. The mullioned window frames display the glories of emblazoned panes, reflecting the light of day in many a varied hue. The rooms are such as a poet might wish to dwell in, flowers bloom in vases of alabaster, and books and statues bespeak the tasteful possessor. As we climbed the stair, recollection of the days when Raleigh dwelt here, the guest of Spencer, came o'er us, as we looked through the ivy curtained casement, and beheld a scene around, which in all, save the presence of trees and occasional flight of imagination, suggesting additional charms, might be fairly enough described in these lines—

"It was an hill plaste in an open plaine,
That round about was bordered with a wood,
Of matchlesse hight. that seem'd the earth to disdaine;
In which all trees of honour stately stood.
And did all winter as in summer bud,
Spreading pavilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower branches sung aloud;
And on their tops the soringe hawke did towre,
Sitting like king of fowles in maissty and powre.

And at the foote thereof a gentle flood
His silver waves did softly tumble downe—
Unmard with ragged mosse or filthy mud,
Ne mighte wylde beaste, ne mote the ruder clown,
There to approach; ne filthe mote thereon drowne,
But Nymphs and Fairies by the banks did sit,
In the woods shade which did the waters crowne,
Keeping all noysome things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit."

The hill still remains, and the open plain spreads its green bosom for the sunbeams to nestle. The river still tumbles his silver waves free from all impurities; but the sweet songster is silent—the nymphs and fairies are fled, and

"The wood's shade which did the waters crowne,"

have long since ceased to cast their boughs to the wind.

The history of Kilcolman Castle is brief. It was a fortalice belonging to the Fitz-Geralds, Earls of Desmond, and, on the attainder of Gerald the renowned rebel in Queen Elizabeth's reign, escheated to the crown. The estates of this puissant lord were said to have extended one hundred and fifty miles in length throughout the province of Munster, and afforded a plentiful harvest to the successful undertakers, who were willing to become planters in the Hibernian colony. There was no lack of needy men—soldiers of fortune—men of good connexions and small means—hangers-on of the great in England who eagerly sought for the prizes in fortune's wheel. Spencer's poetical talents had made for him powerful friends about the gay court of Queen Elizabeth, and they were willing to serve him. Accordingly a grant of the forfeited lands to the extent of 3028 acres was procured, through the influence of the Earl of Leicester, Lord Grey of Wilton, and Sir Philip Sydney. He seems to have

Digitized by Google

lost no time in taking possession, for we find the attainder of the Earl and Spencer's arriving, at Kilcolman, noticed in the same year 1586. When we remember the career he spent, his noble soul and high aspiration, we do not wonder at his haste to enjoy independence. Accustomed to the hard fate of attendance on the courtiers, whom he was compelled to address in the humility of a dependant, obliged to cringe and flatter men whose intellects he well knew were so far beneath his own, doomed to repay for the daily food which sustained life, eulogistic verses which he knew were beneath the glorious outburst of a genius longing to fling forth its ample stores on some work more suited than adulatory sonnets, the wonder indeed is how he had patience and resolution to bear it. That he felt most intensely the degrading chains he wore is powerfully told by himself—

> "Full little knowest thou, that hast not tried,
> What hell it is in sueing long to bide:
> To loose good days that might be better spent;
> To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
> To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,
> To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
> To have thy prince's grace, yet want her peers;
> To have thy asking, yet wait manie years.
> To fret thy soule with crosses and with cares,
> To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs,
> To fawne, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to ronne,
> To spend, to give, to want, to be undone:
> Unhappy wight borne to disastrous end,
> That doth his life in so long tendance spend."

Freedom to the captive—liberty to the slave—a reprieve to the culprit about to expiate his crime on the scaffold, are blissful events, but not more so than the feeling of independence in a mind like Spencer's—the haven of repose after the sea of troubles he so perseveringly buffetted through. Some of the writers who have mentioned his career, compassionate the fate that banished him into Ireland—an "exile from necessity not choice," and unquestionably he was well suited to ornament the court of the Queen, thronged as it then was by the great pioneers of civilization whose fame has descended to our time, sparkling and pure as the living water which falls from a perpetual spring.

To lose the society of Bacon, Shakespeare, Raleigh, Sydney, and the famed warriors, statesmen and philosophers who swelled the blaze of glory, that casts its brilliancy over the era, must have been a sore trial, but it was better to do so, and I have no doubt the world were the gainers. The uncertainty of mind in which Spencer lived in London, his anxiety to raise himself above the servile position in which his want of fortune placed him, must ever have prevented his undertaking any great consecutive work, therefore it is to the grant of his estate of Kilcolman, to his residence here, removed from the distractions of a London life, the dissipations of the court, the interruptions of his associates, that we owe the composition of the "Fairie Queene," the most superb allegorical work that human brain ever conceived. The glorious thoughts and sublime images here pourtrayed are the genuine emanations of a spirit walking forth from the cares and anxieties of this world, into a region of etherial brightness and beauty. An intense lover of nature, the scenery

Digitized by Google

around found him a true votary at every picturesque shrine. The mountains he called by some poetical name suggested by their appearance or locality; and are immortalized in verse. The Ballyhowra range, he denominated the mountain of Mole; the river Awbeg, which flows by their base, the Mulla—

"And Mulla mine whose waves I whilom taught to weep."

The high peak of the Galters near the glen of Aberlow, he called Arlo hill, and introduces a most glowing description of the source of the Brackbown, which he calls Molanna. Indeed nearly all the surrounding country is noticed in one or other of his poems. Spencer early had his attention turned towards the political state of Ireland. Although four hundred years had elapsed since the arrival of the English, it was most extraordinary how little progress was made in the bringing the Irish under English rule. As Spencer remarks in his view of the state of Ireland—"There be many wide countries in Ireland which the laws of England were never established in, nor any acknowledgement of subjection made, and also even in those which are subdued and seem to acknowledge subjection, yet the Brehen law is practised." It would be altogether foreign to our present purpose to enter into a disquisition on the causes which led to this state of things; but Spencer left his views on the subject, and although many are tinged deeply with the absolutism of the times, such as having martial law always ready to keep the lower orders in subjection, several of his opinions are exceedingly correct. One I beg to refer to. The manner in which churches, Protestant and Roman Catholic have been built and repaired of late years affords a strong and glaring contrast to the elegant structures which the taste and piety of our forefathers reared. The barn-looking erections of our times standing often in unseemly juxta-position with the stately ruins of antiquity, suggest comparisons no way creditable to modern taste. Spencer says—"Next care in religion is to build and repayre all the ruined churches, whereof the most part lye even with the ground, and some that have been lately repayred, are so unhandsomely patched, and thatched, that men doe even shonne the places for the uncomliness thereof; therefore I would wish that there were order taken to have them built in some better form, according to the churches of England; for the outward show doth greatly drawe the rude people to the reverencing and frequenting thereof."

The opportunities which Spencer had of making himself well acquainted with Ireland, and such portions of the country as then owned the English authority, were very considerable. He had filled the office of Secretary to Lord Grey of Wilton, when that nobleman was Lord Deputy. He had also an appointment in the Irish Court of Chancery. During his sojourn in Munster from 1586 to 1598, when his troubles came thick upon him, he devoted himself to fulfilling the duties of a country gentleman very actively, and must have established a high position in the country, as in the last named year he was recommended sheriff for the county of Cork. But the atmosphere of Ireland was charged with the electricity of war, and the spark now convulsed the whole kingdom. The terrible scourgings which the unhappy natives had received, almost depopulated the fairest provinces. Spencer thus describes Munster:—

"Notwithstanding that the same most rich and plentiful country, full

Digitized by Google

of corn and cattle, yet in one year and a half, they were brought to such wretchednesse so that any stony heart would rue the same. Out of every corner of the woods and glynes they came creeping forth upon their handes, for their legs could not bear them: they looked like anatomies of death; they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves, they did eat the dead carrion, happy were they could find them, yea, and one another soon after, insomuch, as the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of their graves, and if they found a plot of watercresses or shamrocks, there they flocked as to a feast for a time, yet not able to continue there withal; that in a short space, there was none almost left, and a most populous and plentiful country suddenly left void of man and beast."*

The English Lord Deputy at this time, Perrott, was a wise statesman, and brave soldier, but his intentions were frustrated, and his views defeated by the agents of his government, who only looked to enrich themselves by the plunder of the natives. Leland, who cannot be accused of any bias towards the Irish, relates numerous instances of the rapacity and atrocity of the officials, to whom the administration of affairs was committed in the provinces.—"Sheriffs and other officers of Justice entering the several counties attended with large bodies of armed men, pillaging the inhabitants whom they affected to despise, terrifying them with their military train, and rendering the execution of law odious and oppressive: so as to confirm their aversion from a system accepted with reluctance."

This spirit of aggression and insult provoked resistance, especially in the province of Ulster, which had, previously to Elizabeth's reign, held out against the Lord Deputy and the English rule. Being at length induced to accept the laws of England, and place themselves under the protection of the system of jurisprudence so strongly recommended as a substitute for the Brehen code, they were grievously disappointed to find the execution of these laws entrusted to men who exercised their power with insolence and oppression. They speedily shook off the intolerable yoke, and had recourse to their old habits and chieftains for protection. Religion was infused with sectarian feelings, and hatred to Roman Catholics formed an additional feature in the dissensions between the English and Irish. The war, which had been smouldering for some time, burst forth with fury. The Earl of Tyrone combined with the other lords of Ulster; and the fearful atrocities committed on both sides, stain the pages of Ireland's history. The act which more particularly concerns our present subject is so exquisitely narrated by a gifted friend, whose contributions have frequently graced our pages, that we cannot forbear quoting him. After drawing a sweet family group in colours Morland would have envied, could that exquisite English painter have used words instead of tints, he thus continues† his account of Spencer. "It was a

* Spencer's State of Ireland, p. 158. Does not the perusal of this description of Ireland in 1580, which so painfully depicts the state of this very province (Munster), in this very year 1847, suggest grave reflections to the reader's mind. At the period in which Spencer wrote, Ireland was not brought under English government. These provinces kept constantly asserting their independence, and their rebellions were incessant, but in our time it is otherwise. For half a century Ireland has been obedient to the government. How comes it then that the picture so hideously painted for the days of her disloyalty is a fitting representative of her united state?

† Dublin University Magazine, November 1843.

Digitized by Google

lovely day in the autumn of the year, and the sun was now westering his course towards the remote hills; and that young couple sat there, watching with unspeakable rapture the magnificent sun's going down; and the declining rays glistened on the surface of a small calm lake near them, and further off were multiplied in the waters of a winding river, which sparkled in them like burnished steel or silver. Then like a thick black curtain, darkness was slowly drawn over their prospect, and after a little while were heard tones of the evening hymn, and a low calm voice pleaded humbly in prayer, and soon after all sounds ceased, and the inmates of the castle were hushed in repose: then succeeded an hour or two of stillness, and after that was borne to us on the night wind the tramp of a thousand feet; and louder they grew and yet louder, and they drew near that lonely building. And rude knocking was heard at the gate, and the passage was forced in; and lights flared up on all sides; and there were shrieks and groans, and commingling cries of men engaged in deepest battle. And savage numbers prevailed, and the application for mercy was met by the sweep of the broadsword; or the thrust of the skein, or the low short laugh of derision. And the tumult grew less, and the cries died away, and then all was hushed in the silence of death."

The castle was burned by the insurgents, and one of Spencer's sons perished in the flames. The poet, his wife, and two little ones escaped; but the days of Spencer were numbered, he could not survive the wreck of his fortune. Disease, fever, preyed upon his busy brain, he died in 1589, and his fame is commemorated in Westminster Abbey.

With reverence we bade adieu to the scenes of his joys and sorrows, of his glorious works and his bitter pangs; and thought, such is the chequered fate that man, in whatever position placed, must endure until he enters everlasting happiness or misery.

Digitized by Google

DEVOTION.

A TALE.

In smiling lawn, by elms o'erspread,
An humble dwelling raised its head,
In vines and clust'ring roses wreathed,
Of peace its simple beauty breathed :
'Midst groves of flow'ring shrubs it stood,
The distance bounded by a wood
Of beech and pine, of ash and oak,
O'er which the storms of ages broke.
They bowed beneath the tempest's rage,
Which still had spared their green old age.
A lovely lake lay on the right,
With winding shore and bosom bright ;
While lofty hills, with rugged brow,
Sheltered the smiling scene below.
Nursed in this fair romantic spot,
Young Fanny blest her happy lot !
She graced a dear loved father's side,
Alike his darling and his pride ;
Her native feelings, tender heart,
Had never known one touch of art ;
Her form, of nature's loveliest mould :
Her clust'ring ringlets tinged with gold,
Played round a brow serenely fair,
Unclouded by a single care ;
Her joyous smile, so sweetly gay,
Was soft as parting sunbeams' ray .
Her eyes in modest lustre shone,
And brightened all they looked upon.
Sole comfort of her father's life,
For he had lost a cherished wife ;
In giving Fanny birth, she died,
He never had her place supplied ;
Since, all unlike his fellow men,
He did not wish to wed again.
That wife was shrined within his heart,
When doomed by ruthless death to part ;
He kept alive with jealous care,
Her image love had planted there.
Though withering in the silent tomb,
Again she lived in Fanny's bloom ;
And when that little darling smiled,
He saw his Marian in her child.

Digitized by Google

This treasure left—he still was blest:
'Twas resignation soothed his breast.
Once merchant in a prosperous trade,
Both character and wealth he made.
Then to the country he repaired,
Where he his little daughter reared.
As years flew by, his Fanny grew,
In virtue and in beauty too.
Amidst her shrubs, her birds, and flowers,
She passed gay childhood's happy hours.
Her father every winter sought
The city, to have Fanny taught
Accomplishments, of every kind,
And studies to improve her mind.
But Fanny blessed the welcome day,
Which called them from the town away,
And brought them to their mountain home,
Where she, from morn 'till night might roam.
She hailed the sweet return of spring,
With hope and life upon its wing,
Whose breath awoke her own fair flowers,
That slept away the wintry hours,
And called them from their frozen tomb,
To blush once more in new-born bloom.
She long'd again, each bud to view,
Glittering in the morning dew;
Before the brilliant orb of day
Had chased the pearly drops away;
Within the city's gloomy round
Those simple pleasures were not found.
Far happier in her lone retreat,
Those guileless hours were but too fleet!
Within a mile of Fanny's home,
A castle stood, whose lofty dome
Proclaimed its lord of high degree,
Descended from nobility.
Of woods and splendid parks possess'd,
Cold haughty feelings ruled his breast:
He thought e'en worth could boast no claim,
Without high birth and ancient name.
His lady several children bore,
Whom death had now reduced to four;
Three of them had their father's mind,
But Henry was both good and kind;
He was the youngest of the whole;
His true nobility of soul
In every thought and deed appeared,
Which made him loved—the rest were feared!
In figure he surpassed them all,
Of gallant bearing, stature tall;
Possessing every manly grace,
While feeling marked his handsome face.

Digitized by Google

In his young school days' long career,
He hailed vacation every year;
Which to his home, each boy recalls,
And brought him to his father's halls.
What happy scenes rose to his view,
The lake, the woods—and Fanny too!
Full many a year he shared her plays,
For they had loved from childhood's days.
How often on a summer's eve
Would he, his father's castle leave,
And soon the boat upon the lake,
He'd row across for Fanny's sake;
His youthful bosom beating high,
When her neat cottage met his eye—
To him a heaven of peace and rest,
With her the mistress of his breast!
Who bright as poet ever feigned,
Queen of his youthful fancy reigned.
Their evenings past in converse sweet,
Unheeded in love's calm retreat;
Until the gentle moon's soft ray,
Reminded him to haste away;
Full oft he lingered at the door,
Or strolled with Fanny to the shore
Of that fair lake he must pass o'er.
While Fanny on her father's arm,
Lent to the scene a dearer charm.
Thus time flew by, on love's bright wing
Nor left one doubt to cloud their spring.
Though hid, like violet in the shade,
Yet many a suitor sought the maid;
A rich man wooed her for his bride,
But she his love had oft denied;
A house in town great wealth and land,
Awaited but fair Fanny's hand.
Ah! what availed his proffered gold,
To her, whose heart could not be sold.
Henry's was the valued treasure;
For her, ambition had no pleasure;
Her lover's worth alone she prized,
And he sweet Fanny idolized.
For years he loved the gentle maid,
While she each tender thought repaid:
Her father prized the generous youth,
Whose noble brow was stamped with truth.
But fortune seldom love befriends,
And oft some cruel barrier sends,
To chase the visions of our youth
When hope assumes the guise of truth!
Now Henry was a younger son,
And had not much to call his own;
He often had his father prayed,
To let him wed the lovely maid.

Digitized by Google

But he replied in angry tone,
" That son he ever would disown,
Who thoughtless of his rank and pride,
Should from the city seek a bride."
He bade him chuse a soldier's life,
For she should never be his wife!
'Twas useless such false hopes to nurse,
Unless he'd feel a father's curse!
'Twas destined,—he should go next day,
And vain to plead—he must away.
Henry that night his true love sought,
Victim of agonizing thought;
That dreadful tale he must unfold,
Yet knew not how it could be told!
Fanny with woman's quickness guessed
Some grief was lab'ring in his breast:
Her hand he grasped—then turn'd aside
His bosom's agony to hide.
Next moment pressed her to his heart
And murmured,—we are doomed to part,—
But no, 'tis vain—the Powers above
Can only part me from my love!—
In faltering accents Fanny cried
" I see it all,—your father's pride
Has destin'd two fond hearts to sever,
And Henry—we must part for ever!"
" O say not so,—my cherish'd love,
Though cruel parents disapprove,
They cannot part us!—hearts are free,
Who shall divide my love and me?"
Fanny, as drooping lily pale,
Which shrinks beneath the with'ring gale,
Vainly essay'd to speak her woes,
Till woman's pride at length arose.
" Henry,—in this sad parting hour,
'Twere vain I should deny your power,
That love which from our childhood grew,
This heart can only feel for you.
Yet though thy Fanny's humbly born,
She'll not deserve thy father's scorn:
Nor shall he ever mourn his son,
By her who loved him most undone!
Yes Henry,—we must part e'en now,
In spite of every tender vow,
I am too weak alas! as yet
To bid you all our love forget!"
" No, Fanny no, life I'll resign,
E'er I renounce thy vows and mine!
'Tis vain as cruel thus to speak,
Nor could I think thy love so weak,
As thus to shrink before the blast,
When clouds our destiny o'ercast.

Digitized by Google

Then promise dearest e'er we part,
That I shall live in that lov'd heart!
I ask but this—thy love to test;
Then, hope triumphant in my breast,
I'll brave the war, the stern decree,
While Fanny lives, and lives for me!"
Condemn her not, if in that hour,
Her reason slept—and love had power
To win the promise which he claimed;
Though even then her reason blamed.
He pressed her in a last embrace,
And wildly kissed her pale cold face;
Then gazed upon her matchless charms,
As she sank lifeless in his arms.
" Oh cruel fate! how can I part,
From her, the life spring of my heart?
Yet I must go,—for Fanny's sake,
Ere she to consciousness awake."
Her father took his hapless child,
While Henry's air became more wild;
Again he turned one more caress,
And knelt that Fanny's sire might bless.
Then rushing through the cottage door,
Which he must never enter more,
He paused a moment for relief,
In all the hopelessness of grief.
Those trees, those shrubs, each well known flower,
That slumber'd in the moonlight hour,
All breath'd of Fanny's taste and care:
And filled his bosom with despair?
Next day his father's halls he left,
Of all but youthful hope bereft.

* * * * * * * *

Years in their course could not impart
Forgetfulness to Fanny's heart.
Her father tried each art in vain,
And she was grieved to cause him pain;
Then often sought to chase his fears,
By smiling on him, through her tears,
Yet faintly, like a sunbeam's ray,
Struggling through mists on wintry day,
A moment its sweet smiles appear,
Then leaves the prospect but more drear!—
Few would revert to Henry's name,
But yet 'twas borne on wings of fame.
She wept to think that one so dear
Might fall in battle's wild career.
His letters, though with rapture prest,
And treasured in her faithful breast,
Served but its sorrow to renew,
For one so tender and so true.
Now Henry had been gone two years,
Numbered by faithful Fanny's tears,

Digitized by Google

For never can that source be dry,
Which springs from love's fond memory!
Yet still she strove to seem resigned
As she observed her father pined:
And oft his solitude she sought
When he seemed wrapt in gloomy thought.
One morn she found him cold and pale,
With scarcely strength to speak his tale:
Tidings had reached him by the post,
That all their former wealth was lost,
Gone by an unexpected stroke—
A friend had failed, his bank was broke.
Too soon their cruel landlord sent,
To sell their cottage for the rent.
An execution came that day;
'Midst scenes like these they cannot stay.
And must they leave that cherished spot,
Where they had bless'd their happy lot?
Where every walk and shady grove,
Were records of her early love?
Alas! her tears could not avail,
She saw her father lodged in jail,
Where she with filial duty strove
To soothe him with a daughter's love:
Yet secret grief prey'd on her frame,
No news from her loved Henry came;
Alas! could he forsake her now?
Had he forgot his plighted vow?
She knew not letters were suppresst,
Which might console her aching breast;
His cruel father's gold had paid
Those wretches, who their love betray'd,
And soon he had the rumour spread,
That Henry slumber'd with the dead!
She heard,—and sank beneath the stroke;
Weeks passed, ere she to reason woke!
And from that hour, a settled gloom,
Seemed her young beauty to consume,
Stealing each day, some former grace;
While sorrow marked her lovely face.
Her voice had lost its joyous tone,
And e'en her sunny smile was flown!
Like some fair flower of genial soil,
Which chilling tempests break and spoil;
It never more can raise its head,
Or blossom in the parterre bed.
Thus Fanny never more shall bloom,
Like spring's young leaves from wintry tomb,
Or blush again in summer bower,
The wither'd heart or broken flower.
And soon another sorrow came,
The rich man urged his former flame,

Digitized by Google

And said, "he heard of their distress,
Which could not make his passion less;
Fair Fanny's love was all he sought."
And must poor Fanny's love be bought?
Like any other worthless thing,
Be bartered for a purse and ring?
She tried to school her heart, in vain—
With love, it ne'er could beat again.
But can she see her father lie,
Within a prison's walls to die?
No—she would selfish thoughts disown,
And buy his freedom with her own.
She soon became the rich man's wife,
To save her parent's cherished life.
And when the sacrifice was made,
Her father's debts he quickly paid.
Her husband had a common mind,
Yet he was generous, good and kind;
And sought to purchase by his wealth,
Poor Fanny's peace, her father's health;
But fruitless all,—no skill could save,
The old man slept within the grave.
Fanny the bitter cup had drained,
No motive now her life sustained;
And daily drooped her lovely form,
Like tender plant beneath the storm!
Her peace was gone, her step grew weak,
Though blushes mantled on her cheek;
Alas! consumption's chilly breath
Had blighted her for early death,
And lent that false, though lovely bloom,
Like roses on a marble tomb:
It seemed so fresh—her face so fair,
You'd never dream that death was there!
And still her golden ringlets wave,
Like garlands o'er a maiden's grave!
Shading that forehead marked with care,
They seemed alas! as mock'ry there!
Her blue eyes shone with brilliant ray,
Ling'ring o'er beauty's sad decay;
Beneath that pure and polished brow,
As lights within a ruin now.
Like those bright stars that love to shine,
O'er noble temples, once divine,
Lighting awhile the mould'ring scene,
To show, what once the shrine had been.
'Twas evening of an autumn day,
And on a couch poor Fanny lay;
It had been to a casement drawn,
That she might see the verdant lawn;
She always loved that silent hour,
Wafting the breath of every flower;

Digitized by Google

And wished, as oft, in other days
To look upon the sun's bright rays,
As he in glory sank to rest,
Behind those mountains in the west.
This evening she was very weak,
And found it painful e'en to speak;
A chilly tremor o'er her past,
Her fluttering pulse was sinking fast;
Death touched her cheek with pallid hue,
And dimmed her eyes of heavenly blue.
His cold dews on her forehead shed,
Like tears of pity, o'er the dead!
One struggling pang, one deep drawn sigh,
She raised to Heaven each languid eye,
Then closed them both!—to open never:
That sun had set,—on her for ever.
It was poor Fanny's last request
That she might with her father rest,
Within the little churchyard, near
That cottage, to them both so dear;
Her husband piously fulfilled,
What dying, his poor Fanny willed;
And shed full many a bitter tear
O'er her loved corse, and mournful bier;
Nor did he, e'en in death divide,
The daughter from her father's side.
And weeping willows marked the spot,
Where all their sorrows were forgot.

* * * * * * * *

'Twas evening, and the veil of night
Was falling o'er each mountain height;
That veil, which peaceful nature throws,
To wrap the earth in soft repose;
The golden west began to fade,
Beneath the twilight's deep'ning shade;
The moon till then, hid by a cloud,
Now burst aside, her fleecy shroud;
And lit up with her silvery light,
Each feature of the scene that night;
A youth of noble martial air,
Seemed like some spirit hov'ring there;
With folded arms, and walking slow,
He looked o'erwhelmed with heartfelt woe;
And paused to heave a heavy sigh,
When that sweet cottage met his eye.
As in the stilly hour it slept,
The gallant soldier gazed and wept;—
He turned to view each shrub and tree,
Shades of his happy infancy;
And could of each some record tell,
He knew their hist'ry but too well.
Oh painful memory! how few,
Thy page with pleasure can review;

Digitized by Google

Recording, love's fond hopes and fears,
Bright visions of our early years;
With blossoms of our life's young morn,
Which ere they bloomed, were rudely torn;
Their leaves by breath of sorrow cast,
To wither on the desert blast!
And we must journey on uncheered,
Deprived of all that life endeared;
Of all we loved our hearts bereft:
With only fruitless memory left!
Oh! better far, the volume close,
Or blot the page which marks our woes!—
For when our star of hope is set,
Tis better if we can forget.
Thus Henry thought,—for oh! 'twas he
Who felt those pangs of memory.—
As early dreams his fancy crossed,
Of all he loved,—and all he lost.
And as he called on Fanny's name,
Did he her seeming falsehood blame?
Ah no! her motive well he knew,
Nor breathed one thought to love untrue;
From her old nurse he learned the tale,
Of bankruptcy, the cottage sale,
That when she thought her Henry dead,
All hope had from her bosom fled.
Ere he from those loved scenes returned,
He sought the grave of her he mourned;
And kneeling on that hallowed stone,
He felt in the wide world alone.
And vowed no love should hers replace,
Nor time its memory efface:
'Till death he'd keep that tender vow,
Glory should be his mistress now,
He'd seek her on the battle field,
At honor's voice the sword to wield.
In freedom's cause he'd bravely die
Victim of love and constancy.—

M. D.

Digitized by Google

THE CLUBS OF LONDON.*

If we may believe the tales handed down to us, but which, it must be owned, carry a very apocryphal sound with them, the next club upon the list, called the *Calves-Head Club*, was established by no less a person than Milton. It was intended, we are told, in opposition, though the case of opposition seems hardly to be made out, to certain prayer-meetings of Bishop Juxon, Dr. Sanderson, Dr. Hammond, and other divines, held privately during the time of the Protectorate, on every 30th of January; for this occasion they had compiled a form of service not very different from what we now find in the liturgy, and the rival establishments might, with no great impropriety, have written up over the doors of their respective club-rooms, "Here we fast and pray"—"Here we feast and curse,"—for a terrible affair seems to have been this of the *Calves-Head*. It was held to commemorate the beheading of Charles, on every return of the day, when they celebrated that event in the same unmanly spirit of vengeance which subsequently led the royalists to disinter the bones of Cromwell. Upon the Restoration it followed as a matter of course that the club was carried on with greater secrecy, but in the reign of King William III. this necessity for extreme caution had in some measure ceased, and their meetings were now held almost openly. The only sign of their not being altogether free from danger, or at least from the apprehension of it, was in their not having any fixed place to assemble in, the club removing from one part of London to another, according as the convenience or the prudence of the members dictated, and in this case no doubt the terms were commensurate. That some caution should be requisite, even in that reign of toleration, will not surprise any one when he is told of their proceedings, though it must be confessed that Butler's account, and it is, we believe, the only one extant, has very much the raw-head and bloody-bones character of an ogre-tale. In the club-room an axe was hung up, and reverenced as a principal symbol in what he calls the *Diabolical Sacrament*. The feast was in the same style, the various dishes serving not only to satisfy the hunger of the revolutionists, but at the same time to symbolize their feelings, so that they gratified their appetite and their revenge by one and the same operation. Thus they had calf's-head dressed in various ways as emblematical of the cavaliers in general, and a huge cod's head as typifying the king himself. Next, as the unlucky Charles was to be considered both a tyrant and a beast, they had a huge pike with a lesser fish of the same kind in its mouth to denote his despotism, while a boar's head holding an apple in its jaws signified that he was bestial. It is true that "the allusion holds *not* in the exchange;" but let it pass.

The banquet being ended, grace was said, the table-cloth removed, and, a *calf's-skull* filled with wine being passed round, each one drank "to the pious memory of those worthy patriots that had killed the tyrant, and delivered the country from his arbitrary sway." One of the elders then produced a copy of the "Eikon Basilike," that very loyal fraud, which was forthwith burnt in hangman fashion, as a sacrifice, it

* Continued from p. 274.

Digitized by Google

may be presumed, to the father of lies, who doubtless suggested the imposition which was thus being committed to the flames. At the same time a set of ribald songs were sung, called, in derision of the church, anthems, and which were much less remarkable for poetry than for a furious party spirit. Let the reader of the following specimen judge for himself:—

"Touch, now touch the tuneful lyre,
  Make the joyful strings resound;
The victory's at last entire,
  With the royal victim crown'd.

* * * * * *

England long her wrongs sustaining,
  Press'd beneath her burthens down,
Chose a set of heroes daring
  To chastise the haughty crown.

Thus the Romans, whose beginning
  From an equal right did spring,
Abhorring Romulus his sinning,
  To the gods transferred their king.

Let the Black Guard rail no further,
  Nor blaspheme the righteous blow.
Nor miscall that justice murther,
  Which made Saint and Martyr too.

They and we this day observing,
  Differ only in one thing;
They are canting, whining, starving,
  We rejoicing, drink and sing.

Advance the emblem of the action,
  Fill the CALVES-SKULL full of wine;
Drinking ne'er was counted faction,
  Men and gods adore the wine.

To the heroes gone before us
  Let's renew the flowing bowl,
Whilst the lustre of the (their) glories
  Shine (shines) like stars from pole to pole.

It is hardly necessary to add that by the *Black Guards* in the fourth of the verses quoted, a sort of punning allusion is intended to the black robes of the regular clergy.

After the chaunting of these exquisite stanzas, and the sacrifice of the Eikon Basilike, another of the elders brought forward Milton's celebrated "Defensio Populi Anglicani," when all laid their hands upon the volume, solemnly pledging themselves to stand by it and maintain its principles. There are some grains of truth, doubtless, mixed up in this account, though the whole is exaggerated into fiction, and has very much the appearance of a mere party pamphlet. That the grave, high-minded Milton, should ever have made one in a society where such fooleries were practised, seems most improbable, however he might approve their political principles. Then, too, the mixture of Independents with Anabaptists seems very questionable. If, moreover, the club continued to flourish in the time of Queen Anne, which from this account it must have done,

Digitized by Google

it seems strange that Addison should never once have alluded to it in the "Spectator," nor Steele in the "Tatler," while discussing so many real and fictitious associations of the same kind. But the pamphlet carries a lie in the title page; it professes to be "written in the time of the usurpation, by the celebrated Mr. Butler, author of Hudibras." Now Butler died in September, 1680, and could hardly, therefore, have inscribed his pamphlet, in an ironical dedication, to John Tutchin, *Observator*, for the earliest number of Tutchin's periodical did not appear till April 1, 1702, more than one-and-twenty years after the poet had been quietly interred in the church-yard of Covent Garden.

In spite, however, of all these falsehoods and exaggerations, there can be no doubt that such a club as "The Calves-head" did really exist. In the "Grub-Street Journal" for January, 1735, is an epigram signed *Dactyl*, that is quite conclusive of the fact; but as it is not overdecent, we can only give it in fragments:

"Strange times! when noble peers, secure from riot,
Can't keep Noll's annual festival in quiet.
Attack'd by mob, their gen'rous wine set on fire.
* * * * * * * * *
Through sashes broke, dirt, stones, and brands thrown at 'em,
Which if not *scand-* was *brand*-alum magnatum,
Forc'd to run down to vaults for safer quarters,
And in cole-holes their ribbons hide and garters.
They thought, their feast in dismal fray thus ending,
Themselves to shades of death and hell descending;
This might have been if stout Clare Market mobsters,
With clevers arm'd, out-march'd St. James's lobsters;
Num-skulls they'd split to furnish other revels,
And make a *Calves-Head* feast for worms and devils."

The explanation of this is, that a party of young noblemen met at a tavern in Suffolk Street, calling themselves a *Calves-Head Club*. On the occasion alluded to, they had a calf's-head dressed up in a towel, which, after some huzzas, they threw into bonfires below, dipping their napkins in red wine, and waving them out of the window. The mob had strong beer given to them, and for a while hallooed as loudly as the frantic revellers themselves, till, taking offence at some healths proposed, they grew so outrageous that they broke the windows, and forced their way into the house. Luckily for all parties, before any serious mischief could be effected, the guards—the "Saint James's lobsters" of the epigram—arrived, and put an end to the tumult.

As far as can be judged from these details, the meeting in question must have been a burlesque upon the real Calves-Head Club, and intended in mockery of its principles; but this of course is sufficient to establish the fact of such an association having really existed. The very brevity of the account in the "Gentleman's Magazine" (February, 1735) shows, moreover, that the club was, at least in those days, sufficiently notorious.

The old spirit of good fellowship seems, in the reign of James the Second, to have given rise to the *Kit-Cat Club*, about the time of the trial of the seven bishops for refusing to publish from the pulpit the king's ill-timed "Declaration for Libertie of Conscience." It was held in Shire Lane, and is said to have derived its name from one Christopher Cat, the provider of mutton-pies for this merry institution, wherein men met to converse at freedom from the din of politics that prevailed abroad. The

Digitized by Google

celebrated artist, Sir Godfrey Kneller, who was himself a member, painted the portraits of many of his brother clubbists; and these for a long time ornamented their room of meeting, but, by some means not very clearly explained, in the end they became the property of Mr. William Baker. From the particular size of the portraits, if the story be true, we have the name of *Kit-cats* applied, even in the present day, to all pictures of similar dimensions. But it may be questioned whether even this club, based as it was upon the solid foundation of mutton-pies, did not degenerate in the reign of Queen Anne into a political society; for we find it then comprised, among others, above forty noblemen and gentlemen of rank and fortune, who are peculiarly remembered as being "firm friends to the Hanoverian succession." It does not seem very likely that either Tory or Jacobite would find their way into an association that could merit to be so distinguished, yet at this time it was considered to be in all its glory.

The reign of Queen Anne seems to have abounded in clubs of all kinds, and far beyond any preceding period. Parties ran high, and meetings of this sort were found peculiarly convenient in bringing men together of the same way of thinking, in disseminating their political opinions, and in giving them the strength which is ever derived from union. The first of these clubs in date, and probably in importance, was the *October Club*, which was held at the Bell Tavern, in King Street, Westminster. It was purely of political origin, having grown out of the discontent of the ultra Tories with the minister of their own faction. Harley, afterwards Lord Oxford, appears, like Sir Robert Peel in the present day, not to have moved fast enough, nor far enough, to satisfy the more zealous of his party, who were for making a clean sweep of all the Whigs, and not leaving a single one in office. Such a measure was alien alike to his policy and his ideas of justice. He contended, as Swift informs us, "that there were many employments to be bestowed that required both skill and practice; that several gentlemen, who possessed them, had been longed versed, very loyal to Her Majesty, had never been violent partymen, and were ready to fall into all honest measures for the service of their queen and country." He even offered, as places became vacant, to fill them up with the candidates of their recommendation, so far as it should be at all consistent with the public service, or perhaps even without considering that point too nicely. But all this failed to conciliate the ultra-Tories, and hereupon more than two hundred of the malcontents formed themselves into a new body under the name of the *October Club*, the avowed object of which was "to consult upon some methods that might spur those in power, so that they might make a quicker despatch in the removing all the Whig leaven from the employment they still possessed." In other words, it was a cabal for the express purpose of driving the minister into measures that could hardly have been otherwise than fatal to the entire party. According to the pamphlets of the day—and this was the very age of pamphleteering—these *Highflyers*, or *High-Churchmen*, as they now began to be called, in opposition to the *Moderates* or *Low Churchmen*, "insulted the Queen and the ministry with libels, memorials, lampoons," and even went so far as to bring a bill into the House of Commons for appointing commissioners to examine into the value of all lands and other interests granted by the Crown since the 13th day of February, 1688, and upon what considerations such grants had been made. The object, it need hardly be said, was the resumption

Digitized by Google

of so many of these gifts as was possible, and as they suspected that both the court and the treasurer would be hostile to them on this point, they proposed the bill should be *tacked* to another for raising a fund by duties upon soap and paper. Hence they obtained the soubriquet of *Tackers*, a name which rendered them odious to all parties. No one was more active in endeavouring to reconcile this remnant of a faction to the minister than his fast and sagacious friend Dean Swift, who appears to have been not a little satisfied with his own exertions, if we may judge from one of his confidential communications to Stella, wherein, speaking of his *Letter to the October Club*, he observes, "'tis fairly written, I assure you." Most authors would, no doubt, come to a similar conclusion if allowed to sit in censure of their own works, though few perhaps might have as good reasons for self-eulogy as the Dean. His pamphlet is written with consummate tact, throwing a sort of dubious twilight upon the question, that must have pleased while it puzzled the country gentlemen. To what extent it succeeded, or what share it had in producing the schism amongst the ultras, and thus weakening their opposition, it is scarcely possible to tell in the present day, but the more moderate among them did actually begin to show symptoms of alarm at the progress of the common enemy. The Whigs, though they could hardly be called popular at this time, had yet begun to recover their strength, and it was evident that the minister must be supported, or a more dangerous enemy was likely enough to thrust into his place. Still the more bigoted of the party refused to be convinced, and a division in consequence arose amongst themselves, which led to the formation of the *March Club*. This was made up of the most zealous members of the old society, men who were incurably jealous of the minister, and many of whom, no doubt, went the whole length of Jacobitism, and were determined, if possible, to reverse the Act of Settlement. It did not, however, long subsist, the death of Queen Anne, and the accession of the House of Hanover to the throne, in all probability making such an open display of Jacobitism much too dangerous for the members.

Another association, but of a very different nature, had its origin in this reign. This was the celebrated *Beef-Steak Club*, the first of its name, which had for its president the well-known Peg Woffington, the only female that ever gained admission into it, and as this popular actress was much more celebrated for the good things she said, than for the good things she did, it is fair to presume that the club was a right merry one.

> "I cannot tell how the truth may be,
> I say the tale as 'twas said to me."

The caterer also was drawn from the theatre in the person of Richard Estcourt, the comedian who is so highly spoken of in the Spectator. "The best man," says Steele, the author of the paper in question—"the best man that I know of for heightening the revel gaiety of a company, is Estcourt, whose jovial humour diffuses itself from the highest person at an entertainment to the meanest waiter. Merry tales, accompanied with apt gestures and lively representations of circumstances and persons, beguile the gravest mind into a consent to be as humorous as himself. Add to this, that when a man is in his good graces, he has a mimicry that does not debase the person he represents; but which, taking from the gravity of the character, adds to the agreeableness of it. This pleasant fellow gives one some idea of the ancient pantomime, who is said to have

Digitized by Google

given the audience in dumb show an exact idea of any character or passion, or an intelligible relation of any public occurrence with no other expression than that of his looks and gestures."

A rare fellow must Richard Estcourt have been, to have deserved this elegant eulogy, and well fitted to play the part of caterer to a club where beef-steaks were consumed *à discrètion*, and of which Peg Woffington was the merry president. As an honourable badge of office, the providore, as they called him, wore a small gridiron of gold, suspended from his neck by a green silk riband.

The Mohock Club, if it ever existed at all, which, however, many have doubted, was of a very different kind from the social or political clubs, the whole and sole ambition of the members being to do as much mischief as possible. To carry out this principle in its full strength and perfection, it was usual with them, like the Japanese before running a muck, to get rid of the little reason they had inherited from nature, as in the one case by opium, so in the other by wine and spirits. Having thoroughly intoxicated themselves, they would then make a sally into the streets, and assault all who were unlucky enough to come in their way, their modes of attack being varied with considerable ingenuity. Some of these Mohocks, a name derived from the American Indians, were distinguished for happy dexterity in *tipping the lion* upon their victims, which should seem to have been neither more nor less than the gougings even now practised by the gentle inhabitants of Kentucky as a graceful adjunct to the Bowie knife. Another set called themselves *dancing-masters*, and they taught their unwilling scholars to cut capers, by stabbing them in the legs. A third sort rejoiced in the title of *Tumblers*, and their amusement was to set females upon their heads, and practise other indecencies which are better left untold. Swift was, or pretended to be, in continual dread of these ruffians, who were supposed to be peculiarly hostile to all of the ministerial party, and his "Journal to Stella" teems with the story of his terrors. In one part he says,—"Here is the devil and all to do with these Mohocks. Grub Street papers about them fly like lightning, and a list printed of near eighty put into several prisons, and all a lie; and I begin *almost* to think there is no truth, or *very little*, in the whole story. He that abused Davenant was a drunken gentleman, none of that gang. My man tells me, that one of the lodgers heard in a coffee-house publicly that one design of the Mohocks was upon me, if they could catch me; and though I believe nothing of it, *I forbear walking late, and they have put me to the charge of some shillings already.*" At another time he writes to Stella,—"Lord Winchelsea told me to-day at court, that two of the Mohocks caught a maid of old Lady Winchelsea's at the door of their house in the park, with a candle, and had just lighted out somebody. They cut all her face and beat her without any provocation. I hear my friend Lewis has got a Mohock in one of the messenger's hands."

But it is not only in his private journal to Stella that the Dean has alluded to this subject; in his "History of the Four last Years of the Queen" he says, that Prince Eugene, who was then in England for the express purpose of urging the British cabinet to continue war with France, "had conceived an incurable hatred for the Treasurer, as the person who principally opposed this insatiable passion for war—said he had hopes of others, but that the Treasurer was *un mechant diable*, not to be moved; therefore, since it was impossible for him or his friends

Digitized by Google

to compass their designs while that minister continued at the head of affairs, he proposed an expedient often practised by those of his country, that the Treasurer (to use his own expression) should be taken off *à la negligence*; that this might easily be done, and put for an effect of chance, if it were preceded by encouraging some proper people to commit small riots in the night; and in several parts of the town a crew of obscure ruffians were accordingly employed about that time, who probably exceeded their commission, and, mixing themselves with those disorderly people that often infest the streets at midnight, *acted inhuman outrages on many persons, whom they cut and mangled in the face, and arms, and other parts of the body, without any provocation;* but an effectual stop was soon put to these enormities, which probably prevented the execution of the main design." Whether Swift himself believed this extraordinary tale, or not, it is equally clear that he is here alluding to the Mohocks, though he does not mention them by name.

These testimonies are farther corroborated by the fact of a proclamation having been issued with an offer of one hundred pounds for the apprehension and bringing to justice of any one of these desperados. It does not, however, appear that any but common footpads were tried for these alleged offences, and hence the Whigs took occasion to argue that the whole was an exaggeration at least, if not an invention of the ministers, so that the question must still remain undecided.

In addition to these more distinguished clubs, which have become embodied, as it were, in our literary or political history, we have a great variety of minor associations upon one or other of the models already mentioned. Thus there was the *Georges*, which used to meet at the sign of the George on St. George's Day, and swear, "before George"—the famous Scriblerus Club, of which Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot were the leading members—the *Hanoverian* a political club—the *Brothers*, which seem from its name to have been a social institution—with many more, of which it is difficult at this time of day to discover whether they were in *rerum naturâ*, or had their existence only in the imaginations of the writers. Some there are, which no one at the first sight would hesitate to set down as pleasant fictions invented merely to amuse the reader, but others are more doubtful, and in the absence of all means of verifying the point, it would be useless to give a mere catalogue of their names. Most of them, however, will be found in the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, or the *Guardian*.

Before finally quitting this period, there is one club we can hardly bring ourselves to pass over, though, strictly speaking, it may not come within our prescribed limits, since it is of Scottish origin, having been established at Edinburgh in 1717. It was called *The Fair Intellectual Club*, and consisted wholly of females. According to the rules of this society, the profoundest secrecy was to be observed; and for two long years the ladies kept their own council in spite of the proverbial talkativeness of the sex, till at last a faithless sister, under the influence of love, vindicated the old adage by betraying the mystery to an "honourable gentleman." This indiscretion, however, seems to have been indulgently considered by the ladies for its cause, which in their eyes would no doubt have executed a much greater fault; and in an *Advertisement to the Readers by Appointment of the Club*, the fair writers leniently observed, "Who can blame our sister? she has a generous motive to make the revelation. Reason might well quit the field when that almighty pleasing

Digitized by Google

passion took place." With such mild sentiments, the only penance inflicted upon the offender, who was secretary to the club, consisted in ordering her to draw up an account of it for publication; and to this we owe the narrative from which, whether true, or only fabulous, we have derived our information. It sets out with informing us that "in the month of May, 1717, three young ladies happened to divert ourselves by walking in Heriot's Gardens, where one of us took occasion to propose that we should enter into a society for improvement of one another in the study and practice of such things as might contribute most effectually to our accomplishment. This overture she enforced with a great deal of reasoning, that disposed the other too cherfully to comply with it. The honour of our sex in general, as well as our particular interest, was intended when we made that agreement. We thought it a great pity that women, who excel a great many others in birth and fortune, should not also be more eminent in virtue and good sense, which we might attain unto if we were as industrious to cultivate our minds as we are to adorn our bodies."

Having come to this understanding the trio held divers grave meetings, whereat, after much serious conference suited to so important an occasion, they concluded that their club should be called the "Fair Intellectual," and that it should consist of neither more nor less than nine members, in imitation, we may presume, of the Nine Muses. But now arose another difficulty; where could they hope to find six more *Intellectuals?* Day after day was spent in weighing, and sifting, and deliberating; and when this knotty point was satisfactorily adjusted, they proceeded with no less care and caution in framing a constitution. Only mark how anxious the fair secretary is to impress this point upon the gentleman addressed. "You must have the charity, sir, to believe we were very serious and deliberate in our retirements, while we endeavour to be fully satisfied in our minds concerning the reasonableness and expediency of what we were to do. The more time we spent in thinking and conferring together upon the measures we had laid down, we were the more cheerfully disposed to adhere to them, insomuch that, when the time of meeting came, we were all ready to accomplish our design with the greatest success, and expressions of mutual love and friendship."

The rules of the club were sixteen; the principal points being, that the members were to be unmarried; that they should not be admitted before fifteen, or after twenty years of age; that they never should exceed nine in number; that the principles or politics should be no bar to admission; and that they should all be good Protestants, maintain the secrets of the club, and love one another. The president, who was to be chosen quarterly, was addressed as Mistress Speaker, with a power of determining differences, silencing debates, censuring transgressors, and returning votes; and also to open the affair with a set speech. "Thus," observes the secretary, "thus gradually are great affairs brought to perfection:" a dogma which few will deny, and which seems particularly applicable to the formation of a ladies'-club. But we are most struck by the writer's naïve expressions of delight, when these notable arrangements are concluded, and the society meets for the first time. "You cannot," she says, "you cannot imagine, sir, the joy we had when we found ourselves convened in the character of members of the 'Fair Intellectual Club.' For my part, I thought my soul should have leaped out of my mouth when I saw nine ladies, like the Nine Muses, so advantageously posted. If ever

Digitized by Google

I had a sensible taste and relish of true pleasure in my life, it was then. Oh! how delightful is the pleasure of the mind! None know it but those who value reason and good improvement above fine shapes, beauty, and apparel."

It may be shrewdly expected that these *fair intellectuals*, if indeed they ever really existed, were fair after the inverted fashion of Macbeth's witches—"fair is foul, and foul is fair;"—that they were silly pedants is beyond all question.

We have already spoken of one *Beef-Steak Club*, and have now to record a second association under the same title, though originating under very different circumstances. To understand this matter rightly, it will be requisite that we should say a few words of its founder, Henry Rich.

It is to this individual that the English public is indebted for the modern pantomime, or harlequinade, which may almost be considered an original invention of his own, since it exhibits few traces of its Italian descent beyond the mere anglicised names of the principal dramatis personæ. The plots he wrote himself, the tricks and transformations he invented himself, and as if all this were not enough to fill up his time and show his versatility, he used to play the part of the motley hero under the assumed name of Lun, and, according to all accounts, with singular success. But these were the classic days of pantomime, for he had all an author's feeling for the bantling of his fancy, and held with Hamlet —"Let those, that play your clowns, do (speak) no more than is set down for them." He would allow of no interpolated capers, no extempore grimaces, no gratuitous thumpings or bumpings. All these matters were under strict regulation, and whoever presumed to exceed was subject to green-room penalties, proportioned to the gravity of his offences.

Rich's first exhibitions in this way were at the little theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, from which he subsequently removed to Covent Garden. Of this establishment he became the manager, and he had his *atelier*, where he planned and prepared pasteboard models of the various pantomimic scenes and transformations. So popular had the new class of entertainment become, that men distinguished by rank or talents took an interest in the inventor, and flocked to his workshop with as much eagerness as the amateurs of art in our own day frequent the studio of Bacon or Westmacott. Strange as it may seem to us, Lord Peterborough, Hogarth, Sir James Thornhill, and others of no less note, were to be found amongst the visitors to the industrious mime, whose lively talk appears to have had an irresistible charm for them, for he never allowed their presence to stop him in his work, nor his work to be a reason for suspending conversation. In fact it should seem that his room was a pleasant gossip-shop, where loungers could get rid of their superfluous time with satisfaction to themselves, and without much inconvenience to their host. On one occasion it chanced that Lord Peterborough found the conversation so agreeable, that he protracted his stay in total unconsciousness of the hour, when Rich, who was by no means so forgetful that two o'clock was his dinner hour, proceeded to make the necessary preparations with as much indifference as if no one had been present. He laid his cloth, blew up his fire into a bright clear flame, and forthwith set about cooking a beef-steak, of which, when done, he courteously invited his Lordship to partake. The peer, who was to the full as whimsical as his host, made no scruple for the matter; the steak was des-

Digitized by Google

patched, accompanied by a bottle or two of excellent wine from a neighbouring tavern—taverns did sell good wine in those days—and he experienced so much pleasure in this rude sort of meal, that he proposed a repetition of it at the same place on the following Saturday. This of course was acceded to by Rich, and, punctual to the hour, came his Lordship, but with three or four companions, "men of wit and pleasure about town,"—to use the phraseology of the time; and so pleasant did the dinner again prove to all parties, that it was now proposed to found a club, to be held always in the same place, and be restricted to the same viands. Sumptuary laws were accordingly enacted, forbidding the introduction of any thing beyond beef-steak, punch, and wine, and from the first of these, as being what Justice Greedy emphatically styles "the substantials," the club derived its name. Slight as was this beginning, the club soon increased so much that Rich's gridiron was no longer large enough to cook the requisite supply of steaks for the members; it was therefore superseded by one of the largest dimensions, and thenceforth preserved in honourable repose as a memorial of the founder, who had so often had his solitary dinner from it. Even the fire-god, when he subsequently burnt down Covent Garden Theatre, yet respected this culinary relic, though he made less scruple in consuming the original archives of the society. By his want of consideration in this respect, we have lost, it is said, not only the names of the early members, but many a witty effusion also, for it was then the rule to preserve in the weekly records any thing that had been said of more than usual brilliance, by the members in their potations—we say their *potations*, for however famous beef may be for adding strength to the thews and sinews, we do not recollect that it was ever particularly famous for adding poignancy to the fancy. As to the gridiron, it is still held in honour, being suspended from the ceiling over the heads of the symposiasts, who still adhere to the original law, which binds them to meet within the walls of a theatre.

It is said of this club that petulance or ill-humour can no more subsist in it, than serpents or other venomous reptiles can live in Ireland. Peevishness, conceit, and all such foes to good fellowship, are right speedily drubbed out of a man by the witty flagellations to which he is subjected, the slightest symptoms of any thing of the kind being visited by instant and merciless chastisement. Many a miracle, "if they have writ their annals true," has been wrought in this way on stubborn offenders, who by the alchemy of wit have been transmuted from base lead into something which, if not exactly the precious metal, might at least pass for it; eager disputants have been tamed down into placid listeners, the morose and sullen have been changed into the gay and lively, and egotism of the most confirmed kind has, like a penitent Magdalene, become a gentle convertite to modesty. To this account we have only to add that the club was established in 1735, and that it numbered in its ranks, besides those already mentioned, David Garrick, Bubb Doddington, Aaron Hill, Doctor Hoadley, the author of the "Suspicious Husband," Glover, the poet of "Leonidas," Lord Sandwich, Wilkes, Bonnell Thornton, Arthur Murphy, Churchill, Tickell, the late Duke of Norfolk, and George IV. at the time he was Prince of Wales.

On coming down to the time of Dr. Johnson, we find that the spirit of *clubbism*, if we may be allowed to coin a very useful word, had suffered no diminution. The Doctor himself, who could never be really said to have a home, or to be calculated for the enjoyment of its peculiar com-

Digitized by Google

forts, was a member of several clubs, the greater part of which he had founded. It was the element in which he breathed, for to talk was to him something more than a pleasure—it was an actual necessity of life: and though it pleased him to fancy he was interchanging ideas, he was in truth only gratifying his inordinate passion for argument, and for that species of triumph which belongs to a superiority in verbal disputes. That this is no exaggerated view of the subject may be gathered from every page of Boswell's biography, and he has left on record his opinion that "the great chair of a full and pleasant club, is, perhaps, the throne of human felicity." No doubt there was another, and scarcely less powerful cause for the Doctor's club mania—his morbid mind, and more particularly in the decline of life, could not endure loneliness; he shrunk from solitude as a child does from darkness, and there is good reason to believe that his fancy was hardly less active in filling up vacancy with phantoms. "Stay with me, for it is a comfort to me," was his frequent exclamation to his visitors,—a pregnant proof of the tyranny exercised over him by his own gloomy thoughts.

The first club with which we find him in connection, is one that he himself founded in 1747, by way of relaxation when employed upon his Dictionary. It was held at the King's Head, a famous beefsteak house, kept by a man of the name of Horseman, in Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row. There the members, whose number was limited to nine, met every Tuesday evening. Doctor Hawkesworth, Sir John Hawkins, and Payne, the bookseller, being of the party. But death and other causes, such as business and marriage, having in less than ten years made seceders of some of the convivial associates, in 1756 the club was broken up.

The next institution of the kind in which we find Johnson concerned, was, as regards the reputation of its members, of a much higher order. This was the club known by the name of the *Literary*, a distinction, however, which it did not obtain till after it had been some time established. There is some confusion, not to call it contradiction, in Boswell's account of this matter, which is passed over unnoticed in Croker's edition. In one page we are told, "soon after his (Doctor Johnson's) return to London was founded that club which existed long without a name, but at Mr. Garrick's death became distinguished by the title of the Literary Club." All this seems plain enough, but in the very next page the story goes to a somewhat different tune. "A lady, distinguished by her beauty and taste for literature, invited the club twice to a dinner at her house. Curiosity was her motive, and possibly a desire of intermingling with their conversation the charms of her own. She affected to consider them as a set of literary men, and perhaps gave the first occasion for distinguishing the society by the name of the Literary Club, an appellation which it never assumed to itself."

Be this as it may, the club was suggested by Sir Joshua Reynolds to the Doctor, and upon his acceding to the proposition, it was established in 1764, the earlier members being the two originators, Edmund Burke, Doctor Nugent, Beauclerk, Langton, Goldsmith, Mr. Chamier, and Sir John Hawkins. It had been Johnson's first intention that the association should consist of nine members only, but on the return from abroad of Dyer, who had belonged to the old Ivy Lane Club, an exception was made in his favour, although there was no vacancy. Thus constituted, they met every Friday evening at the Turk's Head in Gerrard Street, Soho, at the early hour of seven, but it was generally late before they

Digitized by Google

parted, a concession made, it may be presumed, to the peculiar habits of Doctor Johnson, who seems to have been as little willing to go to bed as to leave it when once he was there. The conversation was miscellaneous, but for the most part literary, politics being rigorously excluded, a very necessary regulation, considering the fierce uncompromising prejudices of him who was a principal member. In a short time the celebrity of the associates made many anxious to join them, and so early as 1791 their number had gradually increased to thirty-five, many other changes having taken place in the meanwhile. Instead of a supper, it was agreed to dine together once a week during the meeting of parliament, most probably to accommodate their time to Burke's parliamentary duties, and as their original tavern had been converted into a private house, they moved first to Prince's in Sackville Street, then to Le Telier's in Dover Street, and later still to Parsloe's in St. James's Street.

Two clubs of minor importance must not be forgotten, since they too have obtained a sort of notoriety from Johnson's connection with them. Of these the first was established by Hoole, at the Doctor's request, in 1781, and met at the Queen's Arms, in St. Paul's Churchyard. Patriots of all kinds were rigidly excluded from it by the especial veto of the founder, who, as he grew older, grew more intolerant upon all subjects of politics and religion, and probably found the arguing, he was once so fond of, became less palatable to his exhausted energies, than a patient acquiescence in his opinions. The second of the associations alluded to was held in Old Street; it was evidently an obscure one, and has left no record of its existence beyond the name of its locality.

We have now come down to 1783, so far at least as regards Doctor Johnson. He was in his seventy-fourth year, and finding his distaste for loneliness grow yet more upon him, he resolved to form a new association, that should meet three times a week. This gave rise to the *Essex Head Club*, which was held at a tavern of that name in Essex Street, kept by Samuel Greaves, an old servant of Mr. Thrale's. The company was more numerous than select, though amongst the miscellaneous heap might be found some few of those whom Menenius would call "the right-hand file." The record tells us of Daines Barrington, Doctor Brocklesby, Murphy the dramatist, John Nichols, Mr. Cook, Mr. Joddrell, Mr. Paradise, Doctor Horseley, and Mr. Windham, quite enough in all conscience to prove that Sir John Hawkins's sneer of its being "a low ale-house association," was totally undeserved, whatever show of truth it might seem to derive from Sir Joshua Reynolds having refused to belong to the club. That Johnson himself prized this society is certain, or he would not have drawn up for it the rules, which we now give, that the reader may more easily compare them with the elegant regulations of his dramatic namesake.

RULES.

"To-day deep thoughts with me resolve to drench,
In mirth, which after no repenting draws."—MILTON.

The club shall consist of four-and-twenty.
The meetings shall be on the Monday, Thursday, and Saturday of every week; but in the week before Easter there shall be no meeting.
Every member is at liberty to introduce a friend once a week, but not oftener.

Digitized by Google

Two members shall oblige themselves to attend in their turn every night from eight to ten, or to procure two to attend in their room.
Every member present at the club shall spend at least sixpence; and every member who stays away shall forfeit threepence.
The master of the house shall keep an account of the absent members, and deliver to the president of the night a list of the forfeits incurred.
When any member returns after absence, he shall immediately lay down his forfeits, which, if he omits to do, the president shall require.
There shall be no general reckoning, but every man shall adjust his own expenses.
The night of indispensable attendance will come to every member once a month. Whoever shall, for three months together, omit to attend himself, or by substitution, nor shall make any apology in the fourth month, shall be considered as having abdicated the club.
When a vacancy is to be filled, the name of the candidate and of the member recommending him, shall stand in the club-room three nights. On the fourth he may be chosen by ballot, six members at least being present, and two thirds of the ballot being in his favour, or the majority, should the numbers not be divisible by three.
The master of the house shall give notice, six days before, to each of those members, whose turn of unnecessary attendance is come.
The notice may be in these words:—"Sir, on —, the — of —, will be your turn of presiding at the Essex Head. Your company is, therefore, earnestly requested."
One penny shall be left by each member for the waiter.

The small fines and very moderate expenses of this society might seem to lend a colour to Sir John Hawkins's insinuation, but we have elsewhere sufficient proofs of Johnson's aversion to low society. When Boswell signified to him his intention of becoming a member of a club held at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, the very tavern where Falstaff and his joyous companions had met, he gravely admonished him to do nothing of the kind. The members, it seems, assumed Shakspeare's characters at their meetings; one being Prince Henry, another Bardolph, another the fat knight, and so on, to mingle in which he maintained would lessen the character of his consulter.

One club more remains to be mentioned, and we have then done with Dr. Johnson. This is the *Eumelian*, founded by Dr. Ashe, in honour of whom it obtained its name, the Greek Ευμελιας, from which it was derived, signifying *well-ashed*. According to Boswell, this designation had not passed without challenge, many of the members considering that *Fraxinean*, from the Latin, would be a much more obvious appellation.

There are yet two or three clubs which, as they belong to the same kith and kin, require to be noticed before we speak of what may be more peculiarly called the modern club, a pure creation of our own day, and essentially differing from every thing that has gone before it. The most prominent of them is the *King of Clubs*, founded in 1801 by Bobus Smith, a nickname which Mr. Robert Smith had acquired when a boy at Eton, where he was the companion of Canning, as he was his friend in riper years. Subsequently he became Advocate-General of Calcutta, and has been described as having somewhat of the bow-wow manner in his conversation, qualified, however, with no small degree of pleasantry, which last adjunct must have been a prodigious relief in a society that labours not a little under the suspicion of learned dulness. Politics, it is true, were absolutely excluded, but the same salutary restriction was not extended to philosophical discussions, and the members in consequence had

Digitized by Google

often to gape over first and secondary causations, the systems of Empedocles and Lucretius, or the speculations of Cicero and Galen.

This society, which at first consisted of a small knot of clever lawyers, who had much leisure and little practice, used to meet at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand. It still exists, or at least did exist in 1828; and if in its origin it could show such names as Sharpe, Macintosh, Scarlett, Sam Rogers, and Dumont, the friend of the Abbé de Lisle, in later times it has had to boast of Lord Holland, Lord Lansdowne, and many others distinguished either for their rank or their talent.

The Hole in the Wall Club and the *Iona Club* may hardly seem to come within the fair limits of our essay, the one belonging to Norwich and the other to Scotland. We will, therefore, content ourselves with recording of them, that the first was an association of many clever, but eccentric, characters for mere amusement; and that the last was instituted in the March of 1833, for the purpose of investigating and illustrating the history, antiquities, and early literature of the Scottish Highlands. The results of their inquiries are given to the world in periodical numbers, which contain much novel and curious information.

(To be continued.)

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

FROM THE GERMAN—BY A LADY.

Towards his home he returns, his staff in his hand,
Full long has he wandered, and distant the land—
His face is embrowned, and he's covered with dust,
The poor wayworn stranger, who first shall accost?

He reaches the barrier, enters the town,
See close by its portal, the keeper sits down,
At the sight of that face, his delight who shall tell?
'Tis a friend of his youth, he remembers full well.

But alas! this old friend knows the wanderer not,
For burnt are his cheeks, and his features forgot,
Their greeting was short, and quick onward he goes,
And the dust as he walks, he shakes from his shoes.

Near a casement he halts, his own loved one is there,
"Oh, welcome dear maiden, how welcome, how fair!"
In vain the appeal, for that eye knows him not,
So burnt are his cheeks, and his features forgot.

Slow and sad he moves on, a kind greeting to seek,
Dim and moist is his eye, a tear rests on his cheek:
But who now approaches, and totters this way,
'Tis his mother: "God bless thee," is all he need say.

She hears him, she see him, she sinks on his breast,
"My son, oh! my son! now my heart is at rest."
More embrowned must he be, and the sun be more hot,
Ere the child, by the mother, be recognized not.

Digitized by Google

THE LANDS OF ENGLAND, AND THEIR PROPRIETORS SINCE THE CONQUEST.

Ankerwycke in Wyrardisbury, Bucks.

In this sequestered parish are situated the remains of a Nunnery, founded by Sir Gilbert de Montfichet, Knt., and Richard his son, about the reign of Henry II. This religious house, of the order of Benedictines, was dedicated to St. Mary Magdalene. The inmates in the time of Edward III. modestly styled themselves "the Poor Nuns of Ankerwycke." To this priory many and considerable were the benefactors; among them King Richard II. constituted his quota of alms. The seal of the priory is well preserved in a deed, 54 Henry III., and on it is a building similar to a tent, which is surmounted on either side by Greek crosses. The exergue bears the words SIGILL ECCLE SCE MARIE MAG DE ANKWIC.

Previous to the dissolution of the monasteries, the conventual edifices here were in a state too dilapidated to be returned as amenable to the king's commissioners. King Henry VIII. gave this nunnery to Bisham Abbey, Berks, and it was held by Andrew, Lord Windsor, for life, and then to his issue, by the twentieth part of a knight's fee. This nobleman surrendered it again to the Crown, when by deed, 6th August, 1550, it was granted to Sir Thomas Smijth, Knt., who paid a fee farm rent of £1 6*s.* 8*d.* per annum. On the death of this distinguished knight, (whose name sheds a lustre over the Universities of England, for the depth of his erudition, and over the government of Britain, for the wisdom of his counsels and diplomacy, being thrice Ambassador to France and once to Brussels—as well as coadjutor with the learned Cheke, "who taught our Cambridge and King Edward, greek." Ankerwycke was devised by him in 1577, with his estates at Hill Hall, Essex, to his only surviving brother, George Smijth. He lived in the old mansion until his death, in 1584, and was interred in the chancel of Wyrardisbury church.

Wiresberie is cited as being held by a thane in King Edward's time, and in Domesday Book by Robert Gernon, and in Testa de Neville by Sir Richard Montfichet in capite. In 1281 the manors were in the Crown, and were granted conditionally to Christiana de Mariscis, at a fee farm rent of £110.

This lady gave certain lands to the prioress and monks of Ankerwycke. Subsequently the Queens of England were dowered in Wyrardisbury, until the manorial rights were purchased of the crown in 1627, by John Sharowe, for £617 : 16*s.* 1¼*d.*; the regalian rights being however held in reservation. It was held as of the manor of East Greenwich, in common soccage and not in capite or by knight's service until 1641, when Andrew King, Gent., son of Ambrose King, of Wales, purchased it, and he died lord thereof, 1659. His son, Sir Andrew King, Knt., succeeded, and his nephew and heir continued here until it was alienated in 1685 to John Lee, Esq., of the Middle Temple, whose widow, Mary, enjoyed it till her decease in 1725, when it devolved on Elizabeth Lee, his sister, who had married Sir Philip Harcourt, Knt.

Digitized by Google

The ancient mansion and property passed into another hand by purchase in 1805, when Mr. Blagrove, its owner, pulled down the house and erected the present, which, with the lands, he bequeathed in 1824 to his daughters and coheirs, who retained them till 1829, when the present proprietor, George Simon Harcourt, Esq., repurchased the inheritance of his ancestors.

The house bears no characteristic of grandeur, and is situated on a low level near the course of the Thames, and a small branch of the Coln: the grounds interspersed with lofty trees are charmingly disposed with every attention to their natural beauties, which consist of the softer cast of landscape. If the bold crag and deep dell be wanting, these are amply compensated by the richly enamelled meadows and highly cultivated plains on the banks of the Thames, while Windsor Castle bursts in all its majesty on the distant view. It boasts also of some celebrated yew trees, said to have existed 1000 years, and under their shade tradition alleges that King Henry VIII. woed the ill-fated Boleyn.

What scenes have passed, since first this ancient YEW—
In all the strength of youthful beauty grew—
Here Patriot Barons might have musing stood,
And plan'd the CHARTER, for their country's good—
And here perhaps from RONNYMEDE retired
The haughty John, with secret vengeance fired—
Might curse the day which saw his weakness yield
Extorted rights in yonder tented field—
Here too the tyrant HARRY felt love's flame,
And sighing breathed his Anna Boleyn's name.
Beneath the shelter of this yew tree's shade
The royal lover woo'd the illstarr'd maid,
And yet that neck round which he fondly hung,
To hear the thrilling accents of her tongue—
That lovely breast, on which his head reclined
Formed to have humanised his savage mind—
Were doomed to bleed beneath the tyrant's steel,
Whose selfish heart might doat—but could not feel—
Oh! had the yew its direst venom shed
Upon the cruel Henry's guilty head—
Ere England's sons with shuddering grief, had seen
A slaughtered victim in their beauteous queen.

WM. THOMAS FITZGERALD.

But by far the most famous object, perhaps of equal interest with any in England, is Magna Charter Island, now annexed to the land, in the parish of Wyrardisbury, rendered sacred to freedom, and admitted to be the spot where the celebrated charter of British liberty was ratified. Runnymede is on the opposite bank, where in 1215, the confederated barons having secured the person of King John, the terrified monarch yielded to the demands of his subjects; was conveyed to this part of the possessions of the nuns of Ankerwycke, where he signed the instrument of England's deliverance from the yoke of a despotism which had become intolerable.

In the interior of the fisherman's hut on the island is preserved a stone called the Charter Stone, on which the deed is affirmed to have been executed. A very curious old oak table, removed from Place farm, (formerly the Manor House and in the village styled, King John's Hunting box,) to the hall of Mr. Gyll, of Wyrardisbury House, lays claim to some such traditional honor.

Digitized by Google

The village of Wyrardisbury is very rural in its appearance, and it boasts a modern luxury, the gift of Mr. Harcourt, who in 1842 causd an iron suspension bridge to span the road, which in wet seasons was inundated by the joint overflowings of the Thames and Coln. The church for its external simplicity and interior embellishments, should not be pretermitted in a notice of this hamlet. It is of a very antique structure, and is adorned with two handsome stained glass windows of scrollage and mosaic patterns, which are relieved by the heraldic ensigns of the families of Gyll and Flemyng. It also contains in the chancel thirteen very noble monuments of the families of Gyll and Hassell, and in the body of the church are beautifully finished monuments to the memory of the ancient and illustrious family of Harcourt, to whom also the church is indebted for an organ.

The principal families resident in this secluded village seem to have very laudably vied with each other in contributing to the decoration of this church, and in thus affording to every admirer of these interesting repositories of the sacred remains of our departed ancestors and friends, an example worthy of imitation. The family of Gyll succeeded at Wyrardisbury, after the extinction of the Hassels, who leased the ecclesiastical lands of the Dean and Canons of Windsor, and became, as early as 1696, proprietors of freeholds there, which were devised to Wm. Gyll, Esq., who married the eldest coheir of the House of Hassel, and which have since descended to B. H. Gyll, Esq., who possesses the property originally in the tenure of Sir Thomas Smijth, Knt., and his brother Sir George Smijth, with whose posterity there is also an intermarriage.

On the whole we may add here in conclusion, while recounting the marvellous events which have taken place on Magna Charter Island, what Dr. Johnson said of the Isle of Iona in Scotland.

"To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible; and if it were endeavoured it would be foolish if it were possible—whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses—whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, and whose piety would not grow warm among the ruins in Iona." We may justly superadd—"or whose zeal would not quicken of the birth place of our constitutional liberties."

Edenhall, co. Cumberland.

Watered by the silvery stream from which the name is derived; and embosomed in richly wooded groves, peculiarly our country's own, Edenhall, "aula ad rivum Eden," is one of those lovely spots so abundantly scattered over the beautiful county of Cumberland:

Here thine eye may catch new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures:
Russet lawns and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;

Digitized by Google

Mountains, on whose barren breast
Labouring clouds do often rest:
Meadows trim with dasies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees.

The lands of Edenhall, situated in the forest of Inglewood, were first granted to Henry, son of Sweine, the second brother of Adam Fitz-sweine, and are next found, *temp.* Henry III., in the possession of Robert Turpe, whose grandson Robert Turpe left two daughters and coheirs, one of whom Julian wedded, 1 Edward III., William Stapleton. Subsequently, for five generations, her descendants, the Stapletons, held the property; but at length their direct male line failed, and Edenhall was conveyed by Joan de Stapleton in marriage to Sir Thomas de Musgrave. This alliance, which first fixed the Musgraves on the banks of the Eden, occurred in the reign of Henry VI., and from that period to the present its descendants have continued resident there in repute and honour.

"The martial and warlike family" of Musgrave, as it is styled by Camden, was renowned in border warfare and border minstrelsy, from the earliest period, and has maintained an unbroken male succession, even to the present day. In early times the chief seat of the Musgraves was at Musgrave, in Westmorland, and subsequently at Hartley Castle in the same county, but after their alliance with the Stapletons, Edenhall seduced them altogether from their former residences. The present possessor is Sir George Musgrave, 10th Bart. His immediate ancestor, Sir Philip Musgrave, who acquired great renown under the royal banner during the civil war—at Marston Moor—as Governor of Carlisle,—at Worcester, and under the heroic Countess of Derby, in the Isle of Man, had a warrant, after the restoration, raising him to the peerage, as Baron Musgrave, of Hartley Castle, but the patent was never taken out. This gallant cavalier's grand uncle, Thomas Musgrave, was captain of Bew Castle, and occurs in a curious indenture of the time, which exhibits the form and manner of proceeding to the ancient trial at arms in single combat. A copy of this deed will not, we think, be uninteresting:

"It is agreed between Thomas Musgrave and Lancelot Carleton, for the true trial of such controversies as are betwixt them, to have it openly tried by way of combat, before God and the face of the world, in Canonby Holme, before England and Scotland, upon Thursday in Easter week, being the 8th day of April next ensuing, A.D., 1602, betwixt nine of the clock and one of the same day: to fight on foot; to be armed with jack and steel cap, plaite sleeves, plaite breeches, plaite socks, two swords, the blades to be one yard and a half a quarter of length, two Scotch daggers, or dirks at their girdles, and either of them to provide armour and weapons for themselves, according to this indenture. Two gentlemen to be appointed in the field to view both the parties, to see that they both be equal in arms and weapons, according to this indenture; and being so viewed, the gentlemen to ride to the rest of the company, and to leave them; but two boys, viewed by the gentlemen, to be under sixteen years of age, to hold their horses. In testimony of this, our agreement, we have both set our hands to this indenture of intent: all matters shall be made so plain as there shall be no question to stick upon that day; which indenture, as a witness, shall be delivered to two gentlemen; and for that it is convenient the world should be privy to every particular of the ground of the quarrel,

Digitized by Google

we have agreed to set it down in this indenture betwixt us, that knowing the quarrel their eyes may be witness of the trial."

The Grounds of the Quarrel.

1. Lancelot Carleton did charge Thomas Musgrave, before the Lords of her Majesty's Privy Council, that Lancelot Carleton was told by a gentleman, one of her Majesty's sworn servants, that Thomas Musgrave had offered to deliver her Majesty's castle of Bewcastle to the King of Scots; and to which the same Lancelot Carleton had a letter under the gentleman's own hand for his discharge.

2. He charged him, that whereas her Majesty doth yearly bestow a great fee upon him as captain of Bewcastle, to aid and defend her Majesty's subjects, therein Thomas Musgrave hath neglected his duty; for that her Majesty's Castle of Bewcastle was, by him, made a den of thieves, and an harbour and receipt for murderers, felons, and all sorts of misdemeanors, &c.

Thomas Musgrave doth deny all this charge, and saith, that he will prove, that Lancelot Carleton doth faulsely belie him and will prove the same by way of combat, according to the indenture, Lancelot Carleton hath entertained the challenge, and by God's permission, will prove it true, as before; and hath set his hand to the same.

THOMAS MUSGRAVE.
LANCELOT CARLETON.

What the event of the combat was we do not find.

The mansion of Edenhall is a handsome stone structure, built in the taste which prevailed about the time of the Charleses. In the house are some good old fashioned apartments, and throughout the grounds the most picturesque scenery opens on the view. Among the family treasures the most carefully preserved relic is the famous old drinking glass, called the "Luck of Edenhal." The letters "I.H.S" on the top indicate the sacred use from which it has been perverted—but tradition gives to it a curious association. The legendary tale records that it was seized from a company of fairies, who were sporting near a spring in the garden, called St. Cuthbert's Well, and who, after an ineffectual struggle to regain the pilfered chalice, vanished into air, singing :—

If that glass either break or fall
Farewell the luck of Edenhal.

Did our space permit, we would add to this brief record of Edenhall's fair demense the local ballads associated with its history—especially "Johnny's Armstrong's Last Good Night" and "the pleasant Ballad, shewing how two valiant knights, Sir John Armstrong and Sir Michael Musgrave fell in love with the beautiful daughter of Lady Dacre of the North; and of the great strife that happened between them for her, and how they wrought the death of one hundred men." We must however content ourselves with the celebrated Duke of Wharton's poem :—

The Drinking Match of Edenhall.

1. God prosper long from being broke
*The Luck of Edenhall,**
A doleful drinking bout I sing,
There lately did befall.

* The drinking glass above alluded to.

Digitized by Google

2. To chase the spleen with cup and cann
Duke Philip took his way;
Babes yet unborn shall never see
The like of such a day.

3. The stout and ever-thirsty Duke
A vow to God did make
His pleasure within Cumberland
Three live long nights to take.

4. Sir Musgrave too, of Martindale,
A true and worthy knight,
Eftsoon with him a bargain made
In drinking to delight.

5. The bumpers swiftly pass about,
Six in one hand went round;
And with their calling for more wine
They made the hall resound.

6. Now when these merry tidings reach'd
The Earl of Harold's ears,
"And am I" (quoth he, with an oath,)
"Thus slighted by my peers?

7. Saddle my steed, bring forth my boots,
I'll be with them right quick:
And master Sheriff, come you too,—
We'll know this scurvy trick."

8. "Lo, yonder doth Earl Harold come,"
Did at one table say:
"'Tis well," replied the mettled Duke,
"How will he get away?"

9. When thus the Earl began. "Great Duke
I'll know how this did chance;
Without inviting me:—Sure, this
You did not learn in France.

10. One of us two, for this offence,
Under the board shall lie;
I know thee well,—a duke thou art,
So some years hence shall I.

11. But trust me, Wharton, pity 'twere
So much good wine to spill
As those companions here may drink
Ere they have had their fill.

12. Let thou and I, in bumpers full,
This grand affair decide."
"Accurs'd be he," Duke Wharton said,
"By whom it is deny'd."

13. To Andrews, and to Hotham fair
Then many a pint went round;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay sick upon the ground.

14. When, at last, the Duke found out
He had the Earl secure,
He ply'd him with a full pint-glass,
Which laid him on the floor.

Digitized by Google

15. Who never spake more words than these,
After he downwards sunk,
"My worthy friends, revenge my fall,
Duke Wharton sees me drunk."

16. Then, with a groan, Duke Philip held
The sick man by the joint;
And said, "Earl Harold, stead of thee,
Would I had drank this pint.

17. Alack, my very heart doth bleed,
And doth within me sink:
For surely, a more sober Earl
Did never swallow drink."

18. With that the sheriff, in a rage,
To see the Earl so smit,
Vow'd to revenge the dead drunk peer
Upon renown'd Sir Kitt.

19. Then stepp'd a gallant squire forth,
Of visage thin and pale:
Lloyd was his name, and of Gang Hall,
Fast by the river Smale.

20. Who said, he would not have it told,
Where Eden river ran,
That unconcern'd he should sit by,
So, sheriff, I'm your man.

21. Now when these tidings reach'd the room
Where the Duke lay in bed,
How that the squire thus suddenly
Upon the floor was laid,

22. "O heavy tidings," (quoth the Duke)
"Cumberland thou witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he."

23. Like tidings to Earl Thanet came,
Within as short a space,
How that the under-sheriff too
Was fallen from his place.

24. "Now God be with him" (said the Earl)
"Sith 'twill no better be,
I trust I have within my town
As drunken knights as he."

25. Of all the number that were there,
Sir Bains, he scorn'd to yield,
But with a bumper in his hand,
He staggered o'er the field.

26. Thus did this dire contention end,
And each man of the slain
Were quickly carried off to sleep,—
Their senses to regain.

27. God bless the king, the duchess fat,
And keep the land in peace;
And grant that drunkenness henceforth
'Mong noblemen may cease.

Digitized by Google

St. Pierre, co. Monmouth.

The broad brown oak
Stretches his ancient arms, and length of shade,
High o'er the nearer glens; and the wild ash
Hangs wavering on the upland croft, whose ridge,
With distant sheep, amid the goss and fern,
Is dotted: gleams of momentary light
Shoot o'er the long retiring sands, and fall
Direct upon the battlement and tow'rs
Of St. Pierre's mouldering Castle.

MONMOUTHSHIRE may be justly considered the connecting link between England and Wales, uniting as it does the scenery, manners, and language of both and partaking of the beauty of each. The birth-place of the most renowned of the Plantagenets—"Harry of Monmouth,"—the hero of Agincourt, this picturesque county has many pleasing associations connected with it, and is surpassingly rich in monastic remains. At the present day, numerous "stately homes" are scattered over its fair expanse; all attractive from the natural beauty of the district, and several, remarkable for their architectural grandeur, or their former celebrity. Among the latter we may mention Tredegar, Clytha, Llanwern, Llantarnam, Courtfield, Troy House, and ST. PIERRE. St. Pierre stands at a short distance from the Severn, nearly half a mile from the high road leading to Chepstow. It is an ancient structure, much altered and modernized, but still bearing marks of the period of its erection, which appears to have been in the fourteenth century. The old gateway, a gothic portal flanked by two pentagon embattled turrets, still remains and is evidently a part of the castellated mansion of feudal times.

The first Norman Lord of the estate was, in all probability, URIEN DE ST. PIERRE. In 1764, two curious sepulchral stones were discovered, in laying the foundation of a building adjoining the house, and are now deposited in the church porch.

On one of these stones is carved a plain cross and a sword with an inscription round the verge in old French rhyme:

Ici git le cors v de sene pere
Preez pur li en bore manere;
Qe Jesu pur sa pasiun,
De phecez li done pardun.
Amen P. P.

"Here lies the body of Urien St. Pierre; pray devoutly for his soul; that Jesus, for his passion's sake, would give him pardon for his sins."

The other stone being exactly of the same size and shape, is supposed to have been a partner to the former; it contains no inscription but bears the figure of a hand holding a cross; the stem of which is ornamented with rude figures, representing three falcons, a dragon and a lion. Above the cross is a vacant space for a coat of arms with ten pellets or bezants.

Dr. Milles, late Dean of Exeter concludes, from the sculpture and inscriptions, that these stones were about the age of Edward I., and suppose the words cors v, to be corsu, the old French term for body. Others conjecture with greater probability that V is intended for Urien and that it is the tomb of Urien St. Pierre, Knt.—According to Dugdale he lived in the reign of Henry III., and died 1239, leaving by his wife Margaret a son URIEN DE ST. PIERRE, then sixteen years of age. He was also a knight,

Digitized by Google

and left issue JOHN DE ST. PIERRE, 8 Edward III., who was probably the last male heir of that line, for Isabella de St. Piere, his sister and heiress about 30 Edward III. was married to Sir Walter Cokesey, who died 6 Henry IV. About this period DAVID son of PHILIP AP LEWELLIN was possessor of St. Pierre; but whether it devolved on him by purchase or by marriage, there are no documents to determine. Philip ap Lewellin, founder of the line of Lewis of St. Pierre, was a younger son of Lewellin, Lord of St. Clere, co. Carmarthen, who became Lord of Tredegar, by marrying Angharad, daughter of Sir Morgan Meredith. The succession has continued in an uninterrupted line from the first settlement of David ap Philip at St. Pierre to the present time.

The ferry over the new passage, which is certainly not less ancient than that over the old passage, has from time immemorial belonged to the Lewises of St. Pierre. An interesting incident in the life of Charles I., occasioned its suppression by Oliver Cromwell. The king being pursued by a strong party of the enemy, rode through Shire Newton, and crossed the Severn to Chisell Pile, on the Gloucestershire side: The boat had scarcely returned before a corps of about sixty republicans followed him to the Black Rock and instantly compelled the boatmen, with drawn swords, to ferry them across. The boatmen who were Royalists, left them on a reef called the English stones, which is separated from the Gloucestershire shore by a lake fordable at low water, but as the tide which had just turned, flowed in with great rapidity, they were all drowned in attempting to cross. Cromwell informed of this event, abolished the ferry; and it was not renewed till 1718. The renewal occasioned a law suit between the family of St. Pierre and the Duke of Beaufort's guardians. In the course of the suit, several witnesses were called and depositions taken, before a commission of the high court of Chancery, held at the Elephant Coffee House, in Bristol, which stated the undoubted right of Mr. Lewis, and incidentally mentioned this interesting anecdote relating to the escape of Charles I.

Otterburn, co. Northumberland.

"Where schall I byde the?" sayd the Dowglas,
"Or where wylte thow come to me?"
"At Otterborne in the hygh way,
Ther maist thow well logeed be."
The Battle of Otterburn.

THE character of the Ballad Minstrelsy is rude and careless, but, nevertheless it has a charm, and an influence on the imagination, we seek for, in vain, among the more cultivated verses of modern poetry. "I never heard," said Sir Philip Sidney, "the old song of Percie and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with the sound of a trumpet; and yet it is sung but by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style."

Chevy Chase is familiar to us from our infancy: our first poetic feelings were awakened by its glowing rhymes, and our earliest dreams of martial prowess and chivalric adventure are associated with "the stout Earl of Northumberland," and his gallant foe the Douglas.

Oft would we leave, though well beloved our play,
To chat at home the vacant hour away.

Digitized by Google

Many's the time I've scampered down the glade,
To ask the promised ditty from the maid,
Which well she loved, as well she knew to sing,
While we around her form'd a little ring:
She told of innocence fore-doom'd to bleed,
Of wicked guardians bent on bloody deed,
Or little children murder'd as they slept;
While at each pause we wrung our hands and wept.
Beloved moment! then 'twas first I caught
The first foundation of romantic thought;
Then first I shed bold Fancy's thrilling tear,
Then first that Poesy charm'd mine infant ear.
Soon stored with much of legendary lore,
The sports of childhood charm'd my soul no more.
Far from the scene of gaiety and noise,
Far, far from turbulent and empty joys,
I hied me to the thick o'er-arching shade,
And, there, on mossy carpet, listless laid,
While at my feet the rippling runnel ran,
The days of wild romance antique I'd scan;
Soar on the wings of fancy through the air,
To realms of light, and pierce the radiance there.

So powerful indeed is the influence of legendary poetry on the mind that we seem to have a personal interest in the scenes and localities with which it is connected; and visit those cherished spots, with some of that heart felt devotion which the poetic pilgrim pays to the lowly Home at Stratford upon Avon or the proud castle of Penshurst.

The village of Otterburn, renowned in border Raid and border Minstrelsy, has its name from its situation on the burn called the Otter. It basks finely under the shelter of higher grounds on the north and east. Trees of every common variety thrive well about it; and the Otter rising in the moors to the north, and coming through the lands of Davyshiel, has its steep sides covered with wood as it approaches the village; and after passing it, and turning the wheel of an ancient fuller's mill, winds through rich houghs, and soon joins the Rede.

The Castle is a modern edifice, with the initials of "John Hall" over one of its doors. Some part of the ancient building can be traced in it. In 1245, the demesne lands of the manor of Otterburn consisted of 168 acres of arable, and 43 of meadow ground; to which were attached a mill, and cottages and lands for ten bondagers. In 1308, it had a capital messuage upon it, besides a park stocked with wild beast, and nearly a league in circuit. Froissart describes the castle as tolerably strong; and says that the Scots, before the English came up with them to fight the field of Otterburne, "attacked it so long, and so unsuccessfully, that they were fatigued, and therefore sounded a retreat." In the old list of castles and towers, it is called the Tower of Otterburne, and said to belong to Sir Robert Umfreville, who died in 1436. It seems probable that the Umfrevilles frequently came here to indulge in sporting; for though Leland says, "in Ridesdale no plenty is of wood," yet it had both its game and its covers; for the old song of the battle of Otterburne tells us that—

"The roe full reckless there she runs
To make thee game and glee;
The falcon and the pheasant both
Among the holts on 'hee.'"

Digitized by Google

Lord Dacre, in a letter to Henry the Eighth, mentions his brother Christopher lying all night "at the tower of Otterburne," on his return from a destructive raid in Scotland in 1513. After this time the family of Hall are mentioned as domicilated at this place; but how they became possessed of the castle we have met with no account.* That they were anciently seated in Redesdale is plain, from their clan being the "greatest, and of most reputation of any" in it, in Henry the Eighth's time. The records of the courts of the franchise prior to that time have, we apprehend, been all lost; and with them the names and history of its thanes and public men have perished. But, about the year 1540, "John Hall, of Otterburne," occurs in the company of the Greys, Ogles, Widdringtons, and other great country names, as a pensioner of the crown for services under the deputy warden of the Middle Marches. He was also in the commission for inclosures in 1552. In 1568, Richard Hall had lands in Otterburne, Daveyshielhope, and other adjoining places; and John Hall, of Otterburne, gentleman, 4th of August, 1630, purchased Tallowlees, of Robert Ogle, Knight, Lord Ogle. One of the same name and place was a sequestration under Cromwell; but the advantages which this family are supposed to have reaped from the commonwealth were not permitted to remain with many generations of their descendants, who were banished from their ancient seat, and had their property confiscated, by an ill-fated attachment to the house of Stuart. In 1715, John Hall, of Otterburne, a magistrate of the county, and a man of daring and pertinacious spirit, engaged in the rebellion of that year. A bill for high treason was found against him, on the 7th of April, and on the 16th of May, 1716, after a trial at the Exchequer Bar, he was sentenced to die as a traitor.

"God's will be done," was the unhappy man's only exclamation on judgment being past. There seemed a disposition in government to save him, for he was five times reprieved; but his zeal for the justice and confidence in the eventual success of his own cause, so overcame his prudence as to make him boast that his dying speech would turn the hearts of the kingdom "to his lawful sovereign King James the Third." At midnight, on the 12th of July, there was a great shout in the prison for joy, that a reprieve came down for all but Parson Paul and Justice Hall, who on the following day, were drawn upon a sledge, from Newgate to Tyburn, and there executed. The son of this luckless Jacobite, John Hall, had the offer of a commission in the army, but he rejected the favour of government with the true spirit of a cavalier. He appears to have died unmarried. On his father's attainder, Otterburn was sold to Gabriel Hall, Esq. of Catcleugh, from whose son Reynald the estate passed, by testamentary devise, to Robert Ellison, Esq. of Newcastle. That gentleman's son and successor, Henry Ellison, a merchant at Whitehaven, served as High Sheriff of Cumberland, in 1764, but subsequently sold Otterburn to James Storey, Esq. at whose death, it again devolved, by purchase, on James Ellis, Esq.

* Hodgson's Northumberland.

Digitized by Google

THE KNIGHT OF TOGGENBURG.

A BALLAD;

BY SCHILLER—TRANSLATED BY A LADY.

"Sir knight! in faithful sister's love,
  Within this heart you live;
Oh! ask me not for other love,
  No other can I give.
When with you tranquil I would be,
  I'd tranquil see you go.
The meaning of that silent tear,
  I must not—dare not know."

Speechless he hears his doom of woe,
  His faithful heart must bleed,
He closely clasped her in his arms,
  And sprung upon his steed.
He gathered quick his trusty men,
  His Switzers bold and brave,
Upon their breasts the cross they bind,
  And seek the Holy grave.

Of bold and daring deeds of fame
  That hero's arm may boast,
His nodding plume was ever seen,
  Where thickest thronged the host.
Until th' affrighted Paynims shrink
  At that redoubted name—
But to his grieved and broken heart
  No ray of comfort came.

Twelve moons have passed, and still he's there—
  No longer can he stay.
For peace he sought, no peace he finds,
  He tears himself away.
And soon he sees with sails all set,
  A ship in Jappa's strand,
To breathe the air his loved one breathes,
  He seeks his native land.

And now disguised in Pilgrim's dress,
  Her castle walls before,
He loudly for admittance knocks,—
  The porter opes the door—
"She, whom you seek, now wears the veil,
  She is the bride of Heaven,
Graced by the Church's pomp and power,
  Her vows to God are given."

Digitized by Google

Proud stands the castle of his race,
  He leaves it—bids adieu,
Sees not again his gallant steed,
  Nor falchion tried and true.
Descending from the rocky height
  To where the valley lay;
His knightly form in sackcloth girt,
  Unknown he wends his way.

He built himself a lonely cell,
  A silent spot he chose—
Where, tow'ring midst the dusky limes,
  The convent's walls arose.
And then—from morning's early dawn,
  'Till evening's sun had shone,
Hope! silent hope, within his eye,
  He patient sat—alone.

His looks were to the convent turned,
  Unwearied from below;
Still towards the casement of his love,
  Until it opened slow.
'Till her loved form he sees appear,
  That form and face so fair,
As glancing o'er the vale beneath,
  She looks an angel there.

And then he joyfully withdrew
  And laid him down to rest;
Still longing for the early dawn,
  When he'd again be blest.
And thus for many a day and year,
  He sat alone and hoped—
He heaved no sigh, he shed no tear,
  For still that casement oped.

Still her loved form he sees appear,
  That form and face so fair;
As glancing o'er the vale beneath,
  She looks an angel there.
And there he sat, of life bereft,
  As morning once returned,
Still t'wards the casement of his love
  That face in death was turned.

Digitized by Google

FRAGMENTS OF FAMILY HISTORY.

The Earldom of Berkeley.

A Correspondent enquires as to the state of this peerage:

It was conferred by patent in 1679 on George 14th Lord Berkeley, of Berkeley Castle, co. Gloucester, and has remained unassumed since the decease of Frederick Augustus, 5th Earl, in 1810. Shortly after that event, the present Earl Fitzhardinge, who then bore the courtesy title of Lord Dursley, and had a seat, under that designation, in the Lower House of Parliament, presented a petition to the crown for a writ of summons, as Earl Berkeley; but, some doubts having arisen touching the marriage upon which the Petitioner's right to the peerage rested, the Prince Regent was pleased to refer the petition to the consideration of the Lords, and a decision was come to adverse to the claimant. By that judgment, the alleged marriage of the deceased Lord in 1785 was disallowed, and the inheritance to the title opened to the eldest son, born after the nuptials of 1796, which the decision of the Peers confirmed—viz. the Hon. Thomas Morton Fitzhardinge Berkeley, who is, *de jure*, Earl of Berkeley, but does not assume the title. As he has no child, being in fact unmarried, his next younger brother the Hon. G. C. Grantley F. Berkeley is heir presumptive to the Honours. By the will of the late Earl, (in which the marriage of 1785 is solemnly declared to have taken place), Berkeley Castle and all the broad demesnes of the family are bequeathed to his eldest son, the present Lord Fitzhardinge, and an annuity of £700 a year is bequeathed to each of his younger sons, the estates being strictly entailed (after the death of the present possessor, Earl Fitzhardinge and his male heirs of his body,) on each in succession, but a proviso forbids the as sumption of the title by any one of them under penalty of a forfeiture of all benefit to be derived from the testamentary bequest.

The deceased Earl's public marriage as confirmed by the Lords' decision, took place, as we have already mentioned in 1796: prior, however, to this date, four of his Lordship's children, by the same lady, were born; but the Earl declared that he had been privately married to the Countess, in Berkeley Church, 30th March, 1785, assigning, as a reason for the second nuptials, that the witnesses to the first were all dead and the vouchers to establish all destroyed, in consequence of the great secrecy observed; and he confirmed that assertion in his last will and testament.

Great Alliances.

There is no doubt that great alliances have been productive of the happiest results to families of distinction in times of arbitrary government and great political changes, and even now they have their advantages, although of a totally different character, in cementing those friendships amongst the aristocracy and upper classes of society which form an impenetrable barrier to the visionary principles of republicanism, while they maintain those sacred

Digitized by Google

institutions, under which England has so long flourished the pride and envy of the world. And although many are of opinion that society is too exclusive in this country, it cannot be denied that as soon as a person in the middle or even humbler class of life shall have distinguished himself, either by talent, or courage, or by industry and its consequence—wealth, these considerations raise him to an equality with those of the higher class, whence alliances are contracted, which tend on each occasion to strengthen the phalanx of aristocracy, and destroys at once the absurd and chimerical idea of our Gallic neighbours, that the destruction of the English aristocracy is essential to the happiness of the people.

Thus it is that the House of Peers, however noble its members, however exalted its rank, forms but a small portion of the real aristocracy of the land. The private gentleman of ancient family, and often of illustrious descent from princes and peers, from warriors and statesmen who have nobly served their country, are equally members of that body of which the hereditary legislators are but a portion, generally descending from them, as cadets of their families obliged to embrace some profession for the means of existence.

There are to be found in history and in our own times most honourable examples of men rising from the humblest class of life without any influence whatever, beyond their own individual merit, to whom as a distinctive mark, of which they might well be proud, should be given as a motto with their patents of creation "virtus sola nobilitas." But even here, despite the opinions of cold philosophy, will be found in the second generation an alliance with antiquity as necessary to ensure the full measure of respect to nobility. Thus it happens, almost invariably, that the daughters of a great nobleman, no matter how numerous may be his family, are eagerly sought after for the honour of the alliance, and this feeling of pride of ancestry is the only exception to the overpowering question of money. Instances, however, are to be found of great alliances being formed from worthier motives, although in connection or rather coupled with noble birth. One of the most remarkable of which occurred in the reign of King James the First in the family of John Lord Harington of Exton, co. Rutland, which estate is now the property of the Earl of Gainsborough, who descends from one of his lordship's daughters, and has never been out of the possession of his lordship and his paternal and maternal ancestors from the Conquest, when it was granted to Waltheof or Wallef, Earl of Huntingdon, who had espoused Judith the Conqueror's niece.*

The lineage of the Haringtons, as shown in the note below, and particularly at that period of aristocratic sway, must have been an important feature with any gentleman of the day in fixing his choice of a wife, but added to

* Waltheof's daughter and heir Matilda (relict of Simon de St. Liz, Earl of Huntingdon, jure uxoris,) remarried David Earl of Angus and Huntingdon (3rd son of Henry Prince of Scotland, by Matilda, daughter and coheir of Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester,) and had issue a daughter and heir, who married John de Brus, grandson of Bernard de Brus brother to Robert Earl of Carrick, from whom the royal line of Scotland descended. Joan, daughter and heir of the above John de Brus, married Sir Nicolas Grene, Knt., in whose right he became owner of Exton, and his only daughter and heir married Thomas Culpeper, whose son Sir Thomas Culpeper, Knt. had an only daughter and heiress Catherine, married to John Harington, of Exton in right of his wife, whose great grandson John Harington of Exton married Elizabeth daughter and coheir of Robert Moton of Peckleton, co. Lincoln, whose eldest son Sir James Harington, of Exton, Sheriff of Rutland, married Lucy daughter of Sir William Sidney, of Penshurst, Knt., and was the father of John created Baron Harington of Exton, Sir Henry, of whom above, and Sir James ancestor of the author of Oceana, and the present Sir John Harington, of Reddlington, Bart.

Digitized by Google

the royal and illustrious descents, of which Wright, in his History and Antiquities of Rutland, speaks in most glowing terms, as well as Fuller, in his Worthies; both of whom state that "this family was related or nearly allied to eight dukes, three marquises, seventy earls, nine counts, twenty-seven viscounts, and thirty-six barons, amongst whom were sixteen knights of the garter;" the personal consideration in which Lord Harington of Exton was held by the King (James I.) who had selected him, from his learning and great accomplishments, as the fittest person in the kingdom to superintend the education of his daughter, the much beloved princess Elizabeth, wife of the Elector Palatine, and subsequently Queen of Bohemia, the most popular, the most accomplished, but the most unfortunate of princesses, —it cannot be wondered at that such a man should find good husbands for his daughters, or that the daughters of such a man should have been so much in request. Their alliances, however, in the whole were greater than perhaps ever occurred in one and so numerous a family—for his lordship had eight daughters.

1st. Elizabeth *m.* Sir Edward Montague, father of the Lord Montague, the Earl of Manchester and Lord Privy Seal, and Sir Edward Montague, afterwards Earl of Sandwich.

2d. Frances *m.* Sir Edward Lee, created Lord Chichester and Earl of Dunsmore, one of whose daughters *m.* the Earl of Southampton (and their daughter *m.* the Earl of Northumberland), and the other *m.* Colonel Villiers, and was governess to the Lady Mary, afterwards the wife of William the Third.

3d. Margaret *m.* Don Bonnito de Sisnores, Duke of Fantesquo in Spain, whose only daughter *m.* the Duke de Ferio, whose daughter and heir *m.* the King of Portugal.

4th. Katherine *m.* Sir Edward Dimmock, of Lincolnshire, Knt.

5th. Mary *m.* Sir Edward Wingfield, Knt., of an ancient and noble family in Kent.

6th. Mabelle *m.* Sir Andrew Noell, Lord Cambden, ancestor of the present Earl of Gainsborough, owner of Exton, which estate his ancestor obtained partly by inheritance, and partly by arrangement with the coheiresses, his sisters in law and nieces.

7th. Sarah *m.* Lord Hastings, son of the Earl of Huntingdon.

8th. Theodosia *m.* Lord Dudley of Dudley Castle, one of whose daughters *m.* the Earl of Hume in Scotland, and had issue two daughters, *m.* to the Duke of Lauderdale and the Lord Morrice.

John, the only brother of these ladies, 2d Baron Harington of Exton, died without issue male, when his uncle Sir Henry Harington, of Elmsthorpe, who *m.* the dau. and coheir of Francis Agar, a privy councillor for Ireland, became the head of the family, and upon the death of his two sons, who were slain in battle, the eldest male line of the Haringtons was again broken, for the third time (the ancestors of the first possessor of Exton in the Harington family having been summoned to Parliament as Barons of Harington in Cumberland, by King Edward III., a title which is still in abeyance), and the two daughters became eventually his coheiresses; the youngest was maid of honour to the Queen of Bohemia, and followed her in all her wanderings and distresses in the Palatinate, and the eldest Elizabeth Harington, married the celebrated Sir Benjamin Rudyard, of West Woodhay, in co. Bucks, and originally of Rudyard Hall, near Leek, in Staffordshire, and there seated at the time of the Conquest, whose represen-

Digitized by Google

tative and heiress of the family upon the death of her brother, Captain Benjamin Rudyard, of the Coldstream Guards, unmarried, was the late Mrs. Jane Shipley, mother of the late General Sir Charles Shipley.

In the church of Exton is the following curious monumental inscription, recording the death of the before named Sir Nicholas Greene, of Exton, whose granddaughter brought that beautiful estate into the Harington family.

Vous qe par ycy passor ez
Pur l'alms Nicol Grene priez,
Son corps gist South cette pere
Par la mort qe taunt est fere,
En la cynkaun tisme an mort luy prist
Mercy luy fate Jesu Christ, Amen.

Which may be rendered into equally quaint English as follows :—

All ye who e'er pass by this waye
For Nicol Grene his soul do praye,
His bodie south of this stone lyes
For proud deathe claimed him as his prize,
Deathe took him in his fiftieth yere
But Jesus Christ his soul will spare, Amen.

Peculiar Privileges.

Antiquarians and genealogists have ever dwelt with interest upon the chivalrous actions of our ancestors and the privileges they acquired at different periods of the history of this country, many of which are remarkable, but none so singular, so striking, so illustrative of the bold and daring spirit of our old barons, as that of "wearing the hat in the royal presence," accorded by King John to De Courcy, Earl of Ulster, (direct ancestor of the premier Baron of Ireland, Lord Kinsale) and his heirs for ever. It is however *not a little singular* that such slight notice should have been taken of the circumstances under which that privilege was acquired by subsequent historians, for it is not pretended by any writer that the story is fabulous; and were such a statement made, the existence of the grant would set the matter at rest. The story itself may be accompanied by some exaggerations in its detail; but if it be true that De Courcy refused to obey both the commands and intreaties of the king, but was instantly roused to an acceptance of the French knight's challenge in the cause of his country, not only must the illustrious name of De Courcy stand forth prominently as one of England's earliest patriots, but the very demand for himself and his heirs for ever to remain covered in the royal presence must have displayed the contempt in which he held King John, and the scorn with which he treated his protestations of gratitude. History however affirms that the bargain was made, De Courcy was to have whatever he demanded, and the royal word was pledged solemnly to that effect as a king and a knight in the presence of a king and the flower of chivalry. That De Courcy should make so bold a demand, one which from his known aversion to the king was in itself an aggravated insult, is astonishing for the times in which he lived, had he asked for the restoration of his earldom, of which he had been so unjustly deprived, his interests (a feeling which the men of those days as well as these generally consulted) would have been better served; but his desire to mortify the monarch was the ruling passion with him, and he succeeded, and he and his heirs to this day have preserved their barony and their pri-

Digitized by Google

vilege, although no reason has ever been advanced to shew why the earldom itself should not have been restored. Indeed, if *not the law*, custom and practice have played very strange vagaries upon the whole question of improperly attainted persons and titles, who according to all justice when proved to be innocent, should have been restored in title as well as blood, and many of our best lawyers are of opinion, that no time ought to bar the rights of their descendants from the consideration of the crown.

In the above cited case, it is evident that feelings of contempt, revenge, and scorn on the part of a subject towards his Sovereign were the cause of the enjoyment of so singular a privilege by the De Courcy's; at any rate a reason for exacting it after the unconditional promise of the king to do whatever he asked, is apparent; but how will antiquarians account for a precisely similar grant in all respects, indeed of a more extended nature, although not hereditary, on the part of England's capital tyrant Henry VIII., towards a private gentleman, Francis the son and heir of Mr. Christopher Brown of Tolethorp, in the county of Rutland? It is true that Mr. Christopher Brown assisted Henry VII. in his wars against Richard III., for which that monarch might have recompensed him with a peerage, or his successor might have amply rewarded his son Francis by honours or abbeys, as peerages and church lands were equally within his gift, although more lavish of that which did not belong to him. But whatever may have been the cause it is quite clear that Henry VIII. granted to Francis Brown of Tolethorp, Esquire, a charter of exemption from serving on any jury whatever, or the office of sheriff or escheator, granting also by the same deed to the said Francis Brown the liberty and privilege to be covered in the presence of him the said King Henry VIII., his heirs, and all other great persons spiritual or temporal of this kingdom for the term of his the said Francis Browne's life. It would be interesting to trace the origin of the grant, although curious as it is, there can be no doubt that the suggestion must have emanated from the king himself during one of his royal freaks of merriment, which, according to all historians, approached as near as possible to insanity; and as Mr. Brown died with a head on his shoulders, it is equally probable that he never enjoyed the use of the privilege in question in the presence of his sovereign. Tolethorp, the seat of this gentleman, was purchased by his ancestor John Brown, Esq. of Stafford, in the 50th of Edward III. of Sir Thomas Burton, son and heir of Sir William Burton, one of the Justices of the King's Bench, from the 17th of Edward III. to the 36th of that king's reign, in whose family the estate had been from the 9th of Edward II. Mr. Francis Brown left a son and heir Anthony, who had issue Thomas, whose eldest son Christopher Brown, of Tolethorp, Esq. was living in 1684.

Arms.—sa. three mullets ar.

Digitized by Google

THEATRES.

Shakespeare in September.

The glories of her Majesty's Theatre are now suspended. Jenny Lind is enchanting the provinces; her's is a temporary absence, however, for the nightingale returns with the spring to London. The attractions of the French classic drama have ceased for the present, with the departure of Rachel. In fine, the fascinations of the politer stage have fled for a while with the great crowd of fashion that have fostered them so devotedly. In the interval, the honied voice of Shakespeare is heard again, though in the distance. The far off theatre of Sadler's Wells, (though not too far off for its merits), has re-opened with the play of Cymbeline, that piece of fiction so beautifully strange and romantic, where the poet seems to have been seized with one of his fine fits of tragi-comic inspiration, and to have roamed in a land of bright imagination, to which mortal, other than himself, could make no approach: The very singularity of Cymbeline stamps it at once the work of Shakespeare.

"Cymbeline," (says Schlegel.) "is also one of Shakespeare's most wonderful compositions. He has here connected a novel of Boccacio with traditionary tales of the ancient Britons, reaching back to the times of the first Roman Emperors, and he has contrived, by the most gentle transitions, to blend together into one harmonious whole, the social manners of the latest times with heroic deeds, and even with appearances of the gods. In the character of Imogen, not a feature of female excellence is forgotten: her chaste tenderness, her softness, her virgin pride, her boundless resignation, and her magnanimity towards her mistaken husband, by whom she is unjustly persecuted; her adventures in disguise, her apparent death, and her recovery, form altogether a picture equally tender and affecting."

In producing Cymbeline, and in the manner in which he has produced it at Sadler's Wells, Mr. Phelps displays that refined taste for the beauties of the supreme dramatist which has already told so much to his credit. The manner in which the play is got up at his theatre, is really admirable. Scenery, dresses, groupings, and other arrangements are most creditably true and picturesque. The acting was good throughout. Phelps himself played Leonatus Posthumus with feeling and energy. The part of the clownish prince, Cloten, was represented with much comic force by Scharf, though we do not think that he has quite hit the idea of the character. Mr. Scharf has usually so correct a notion of Shakespeare, that we almost hesitate to differ with him; yet we deem Cloten not a fribble, but a kind of brute of the Quilp species, whose uncouth appearance, and savage manners, should form the humour of the performance. But the brightness of this drama certainly lies in that exquisite creation, Imogen,—the gentle, graceful, all-confiding, all-loving Imogen. Miss Laura Addison played the part to perfection; she had exactly caught the thought and tone Shakspeare meant to exhibit. Imogen is dignified in her innocence, and, though passive under suffering, is impatient of insult. She bears calmly and courageously all woe for her lord's sake; badly as he treats her, she never breathes word against him, and her affection leads to anger, when aught is said by others in his disparage-

Digitized by Google

ment; this enhances the interest and admiration she excites, and in this Miss Addison was to the life the Imogen of the poet. She gave full effect to that famous scene where Iachimo first introduces himself to her, endeavouring to make her doubt the constancy of her husband, and then insinuates his own foul purpose. The contrast between the wife when injured by her husband, and when insulted by another, Miss Addison made most impressive in the following lines:—

Iachimo. ..... Be revenged;
Or she that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.
Imogen. Revenged!
How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,
How shall I be reveng'd?
Iachimo. Should he make me
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it!
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;
More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.
Imogen. What, ho! Pisano!
Iachimo. Let me my service tender on your lips.
Imogen. Away!—I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base as strange.
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What, ho! Pisanio!—
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault; if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romish stew, and to expound
His beastly mind to us—he hath a court
He little cares for, and a daughter whom
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!—

The speech of Imogen as she approached, in the youth's dress, the cave of Belarius, was delivered with intense feeling;—

Imogen. I see, a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think,
Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
I could not miss my way: Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
A puishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in fulness
Is sorer, than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord!
Thou art one o' the false ones: Now I think on thee
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was

Digitized by Google

At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother.—Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter,
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens!

This performance of Cymbeline augurs well for the re-opening of Sadler's Wells. Not alone here, however, but in another quarter of the town, an endeavour is making to restore the superior drama of the English stage. A hitherto obscure theatre in Marylebone has been opened by Mrs. Warner, with much of that attraction which refined taste and real intellect can bestow upon it. At this new place of entertainment, Shakspeare is also in the ascendent. The play chosen is "The Winter's Tale," a beautiful drama, which bears the character and stamp of its mighty author in its whole conception, and in every line of its verse. In this play, Leontes, with his absurd, fierce jealousy, and Hermione, that personification of a devoted gentle wife, borne down by wrongs and sorrow, are the grander and more sombre tints of the painting: Florizel and Perdita—an exceedingly lovely creation of the poet,—with their romantic attachments, fill up the picturesque part; and the lighter touches are admirably worked out in the portraits of Autolycus, a prince among rogues, and of the shepherd and his clownish son. The gloom vividly fronts the gaiety; the dignity, the drollery; and the graceful, the grotesque: by such marks we recognize the work of Shakespeare. There is a certain life infused into the representation of the Winter's Tale at the Marylebone Theatre, which appears in the exertions of the actors employed, which asserts itself in the costumes, which speaks through the appropriate scenery, and which altogether leaves an exhilirating impression on the spectator.

The part of Hermione was excellently sustained by Mrs. Warner. The combination of suavity and queenly dignity, and afterwards of strength in conscious right with physical debility, were most successful. The other actors and actresses were of such tolerable cultivation and power as to render this representation of the Winter's Tale, an interesting and harmonious whole.

The prosperity of Sadler's Wells, and this new success of another theatre belonging to the same intellectual class, give cheering proof that the people of London are never dead to that sense of sublime enjoyment which lies in the works of our mighty Shakespeare. His house at Stratford has just been purchased by a noble association, with the approbation of all England. Oh! may the day be not far distant when his wonders may be restored in their full magnificence to the British stage! It is right that perfection should be always honoured and encouraged. It is fair that the Opera and Jenny Lind, that the French theatre and its admirable acting, should be fostered by a rich and refined population; but, without deteriorating from this, there is quite room enough for a great Shakesperian temple, where such laudable undertakings as those of Mr. Phelps and Mrs. Warner might be carried out to eminent success.

M. Jullien has it appears become the lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, and announces that "by providing during the year a variety of enter-

Digitized by Google

tainments, and by producing each with the same excellence and completeness which he trusts has characterized his former works, he hopes to secure that approbation and consequent success which will well compensate him for all his labours and anxieties."

Prosperity certainly seems ever to attend M. Jullien's undertakings, and we have no doubt this theatre, under his management, will become a very splendid affair. He opens in October, with a series of his famous concerts, but he promises in December a "Grand Opera" on a new and magnificent scale.

EXHIBITIONS.

Burford's Panorama, Leicester Square. View of the Himalaya Mountains with the British Stations of Kussawlee, Soobathoo and Simla, and a vast extent of the plains of Hindostan.

This, from its very singularity, is a most interesting panorama. It displays a scene of vastness, of wildness, of natural magnificence that is not to be surpassed in any other part of the world. The artist has wonderfully realised the splendour of the view, and one may, in looking on it, wander at once, in imagination and almost substantially, to this territory of icy horror, and sunny fertility. The book given at the panorama thus graphically describes the Himalaya mountains:

"The Himalaya is a stupendous and magnificent chain of mountains in Asia, extending from the seventy-third degree of east longitude, along the north of Hindostan to the borders of China, separating Hindostan from Tibet and Tartary, and forming the general boundary of Tibet through its whole extent, from Cabul to Upper Assam. This vast chain was the Imaus and Emodus of the ancients, and was sometimes termed the Indian Caucasus; the natives at present call it the Hindoo Koosh, or Indian mountains, as well as Himalaya, a Sanscrit word, signifying snowy. On the side of Hindostan, the central part of the ridge rises rapidly from a level into sharp and precipitous cliffs, far exceeding the Andes in height, whilst the Tibet side falls gradually into green hills, and ends in sloping plains. The mountains, which vary from seventy to one hundred and eighty miles in breadth, run in irregular ridges of every imaginable shape, and are undivided by any valley of consequence from the one plain to the other. The various peaks of the snowy ridge seen, are estimated to be from 16,203 to 25,742 feet in height.

"The mountain from which the present panorama is taken, from its height and situation, commands a most comprehensive view of this vast and fearfully imposing scene—a scene that defies language to convey an adequate idea of, so grand are its colossal proportions, so sublime and glorious its general effect. Towards the north, the immediate foreground is broken by precipitous rocks, rugged cliffs, wooded heights, and cultivated ravines, some of which, two or three thousand feet in depth, have their sides covered with dark forests, where it is impossible to cultivate the soil; but where the ground admits of husbandry, even when the descents are most precipitous, successive lines of terraces ap-

Digitized by Google

pear, like the steps of some magnificent amphitheatre, upon which the produce waves in many colored hues, abundantly irrigated by streamlets, frequently conducted from very remote springs. In many places these terraced fields are carried up to an extraordinary height, even to the very tops of the ranges, in situations apparently inaccessible, and there the effects of the elevation upon the temperature of the atmosphere are strikingly observable from the diversity of tints the produce assumes, the highest being in fresh blade brilliantly green, whilst the lowest is sear and ripe. Many small hamlets and neat houses are dotted about, presenting a look of neatness and comfort; shut out from the world, their inhabitants, if they do not live in peace among themselves, are at least undisturbed by the visits of travellers.

"All around the lower hills spread out in every direction, romantic and picturesque, mountain, plain, and precipice, in ten thousand varied forms, blended by distance, and softened by the various tints of sunshine and shade; shattered peaks, black mural precipices, ravines purple from their depths, and graceful hills covered most luxuriantly with dark cedars, oaks clustered with acorns, and rhododendrons blushing with scarlet bloom. The British station of Soobathoo is seen on one side in an arid plain, and Simla, another station, with the mountain of Jacko on which it is partly built, stands boldly prominent in front. Almost on a level with the spectator are the summits of the Bayree, Daybee, and Kurroll mountains, and rising still higher the Whartoo, Choor, and Sirgool, with their peaks covered with snow, like giants mantled in white, shining brilliantly against the azure depth of the heavens. These, although but mere vassals of the mighty Himalaya, would be the boast of other countries, as they rise from eight to twelve thousand feet perpendicular height.

"In the extreme distance the wide stretching snowy range occupies an immense extent of uninterrupted outline, and fascinates the eye with its huge but aerial sublimity,—

> "Snow piled on snow, the mass appears,
> The gathered winter of ten thousand years."

A wide undulating plain of everlasting snow, from which three mighty peaks, called the Jumnootree, shoot up to an immense altitude; two joined by a ridge being irregular, curiously rugged, and majestically distinct; the third, at some distance, being isolated and black, forming a singular contrast with the hoary desert around. Other immense peaks, probably above the source of the Ganges, are seen towards the east, succeeded again by others, until lost in the vast and boundless distance. Over this forlorn and desolate field of snow, and between the peaks, are the passes which lead into Koonawur and Chinese Tartary, the principal of which, the Shatool, Yoosoo, and Boorendoo passes, although nearly fifty miles distant, being distinctly visible, such is the delicate purity of the atmosphere.

"In the opposite direction towards the south is the beautiful valley of Pinjore, and the verge of sight melting into a line of vapour scarcely to be distinguished from the horizon, is bounded by the Punjab, the glowing plains around Sirhind, the North-West Provinces, the country towards Bengal, and it is said even to the Pir Panjal of Cashmir; the whole like an exquisite map spread out beneath, through which the Sutlej, the Ganges, the Indus, and numerous tributary streams glittering like veins

Digitized by Google

of silver, are seen winding amongst the fertile plains, until lost in the blue etherial mist of the distance. Dark lines and spots mark towns and villages, and the luridly glaring air over them indicates a burning wind which never reaches this happy mountain region. Altogether the scene is one of sublime magnificence, once seen, never to be forgotten: above, around, beneath, all is on the grandest of Nature's scales—the beautiful, the terrific, fertility and barrenness finely contrasted. On the one side a noble, lovely, and almost boundless prospect, a fairy-like scene, gorgeously glowing under the deep splendour of an Asiatic sky; on the other,

> "Nature's bulwark, built by time,
> 'Gainst eternity to stand,
> Mountains terribly sublime,"

which are not to be equalled for extent and height in the whole world, the vastness of which is almost oppressive; yet when some definite idea of their size can be formed, their immensity strikes the mind with awe, whilst the deep and universal repose, and voluptuous tranquillity, so soothing to the senses, leads to their contemplation with silent admiration, unmixed pleasure, and pure natural devotion.

"This first barrier of mountains, enormous as it is, peaks of every imaginable shape, varying in height from 16,203 to 25,749 feet, from one to ten thousand feet of which is eternal snow,* is but the screen to other assemblages of higher mountains, which again are still inferior to the world like bulwarks on the left bank of the Indus, from whence they slope to the Steppes of Tartary, and are at length lost in the immeasurable deserts of Cobi, and the deep woods and countless marshes of Siberia, the summits of which ranges have been estimated at the enormous elevation of 30,000 feet, or nearly six miles perpendicular height. A mournful, awful, and barren region, where surrounded by the most gigantic pillars of the universe, sublimity veiled in mystery sits fettered to desolation.

"The immense space occupied by the mountains, varying, as before mentioned, from 70 to 180 miles in breadth, is divided into a number of small states, governed by Rajahs or Ranas, and very thinly populated. Many are independent, others are tributary to Tibet, Nepaul, Cabul, &c. The inhabitants are generally a bold and hardy race—

> "Wild warriors of the Turquoise Hills,—and those
> Who dwell beyond the everlasting snows
> Of Hindoo Koosh, in stormy freedom bred,
> Their fort, the rock, their camp, the torrent's bed."

"The hill porters, or Coolies, are celebrated for their great powers of endurance, and the Ghoorca regiments, raised in the Nepaul States, have proved themselves good soldiers, by the effective services they rendered at Sobraon and elsewhere. The women in most parts are good-looking and healthy. The houses are generally placed in picturesque and sheltered situations, and are well built; the severity of the winter, and

* The line of eternal snow in the latitude 30°, 31′, in Asia, is fixable at 15,000 feet on the southern or Indian aspect of the Himalaya mountains, and on the northern (not the Tartaric) may be concluded at 14,500; but there are so many conflicting conditions of the question, that no precise boundary can be assigned without an explanation.—*G. Gerard's Visit to Shatool, &c.*

Digitized by Google

the heavy rains, which continue for several months, rendering it necessary that they should be strong. The mountains are considered very sacred, consequently temples dedicated to Krishna, Siva, and other Hindoo deities, are found in all parts, and Brahmins are numerous. The wealth of the mountaineers consists in their flocks of sheep, goats, and a few horned cattle of a small breed; wild animals are rarely seen, occasionally perhaps a tiger or panther, and a few bears; deer are by no means numerous, but the domestic cat is met with every where. "Wheat, barley, rice, as well as potatoes, and many European vegetables, are cultivated for use, and poppies and ginger for trade; scarcity and famine often occur in the most elevated parts, from the grain not ripening, when the inhabitants eat their sheep and goats, dried fruit and roots. Many of the finest fruits of Europe are cultivated, the apricot especially is abundant round every inhabited spot, and is frequently the only vestige of long deserted villages; wild strawberries, raspberries, grapes, pears, mulberries, and all sorts of nuts are in profusion, to the elevation of 7,000 or 8,000 feet, and in some instances higher. In many parts the forests and woods present an appearance scarcely differing from the most splendid and luxuriant British scenery: the cedar, oak, sycamore, deodar, yew, &c., seem to attain their best growth at the height of 10,000 or 11,000 feet, where trees of the noblest size flourish, die, and fall unheeded, returning to their primeval element to afford nourishment to another race. Flowers are abundant, and are much prized, especially the double white rose of India, which is found wild in all parts, creeping to the tops of the tallest trees, the flowers hanging in thousands of beautiful clusters; the rhododendron, also, is very ornamental, it here grows to the height of forty or fifty feet, and is so numerous that the banks and dells in some parts are covered with its extraordinary magnificent scarlet or delicate pink flowers.

"Grain crops ripen at the height of 10,000 feet, and the birch and juniper flourish at 13,000; at 14,000 the grass begins to break, but still slips of verdure and many hardy plants flower to 14,500 or 15,000 feet; patches of soil are even met with, and plants of the cryptogamous lichen family vegetate at 16,000 feet absolute elevation, above which vegetable life ceases altogether."

Digitized by Google

LITERATURE.

Remains Historical and Literary, connected with the Palatine counties of Lancaster and Chester, published by the Chetham Society, Vols. X. XI. The Coucher Book or Chartulary of Whalley Abbey. Edited by W. A. Hulton, Esq. Vols. I. II. Printed for the Chetham Society. 1847.

By the publication of this valuable collection of ancient documents relative to Lancashire and Cheshire, Mr. Hulton adds new credit to the Chetham Society, and renders essential service to the public. The transcription of this legal Chartulary, and the correction of it as it went through the press, must of necessity have been confided to a lawyer: Mr. Hulton, a counsel of extensive knowledge and practice, was the very person to undertake the task. His performance of it displays wonderful care and patience; and we have no doubt the accuracy of the whole may be relied on.

Mr. Hulton prefaces his labours with a luminous introduction. He gives in it the following history of the Abbey of Whalley whence this Chartulary comes:

"The subject itself will not be inaptly introduced by a slight sketch of the history of the Abbey, and its parent house, Stanlawe.

"The monastery of Stanlawe was most probably an affiliation from its neighbour, Combermere. It was founded by John, constable of Chester, on the eve of his departure for the Holy Land, in the year 1178, at that period when the vibrations of the movement in favour of holy poverty, originated by our countryman, St. Stephen, at Citeaux, were the strongest. The abbey was of the Cistercian order; it was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary, the patron saint of the Cistercians; the founder directed that it should be called Locus Benedictus; and he endowed it with the townships of Staneye and Aston.

"Its site was well calculated to carry out the views of the founder of that ascetic order. Placed on a low rock at the confluence of the Gowy and the Mersey, in one of the most barren spots in Cheshire, it was a fitting place for the followers of those devoted men who looked on the loneliness and sterility of Citeaux as its chief recommendation. And if it be true, as alleged, that Citeaux derived its name from the flags and bulrushes which were found there in abundance, the site may have been endeared to the monks by a similarity in its natural productions.

"Nothing is recorded of the monastery for nearly half a century after its foundation. The fruits of their patient poverty then began to appear; and it was discovered that the place was not without its peculiar advantages. Robert de Lascy, the last of the original De Lascys, had died; the descent of his immense possessions had enriched Roger, constable of Chester; and a monastery, founded by his father, and situated close to his paternal castle of Halton, became the fitting recipient of his bounty. Towards the close of a turbulent life, he endowed Stanlawe with the advowson of the church of Rochdale, four bovates of land in Castleton, the lordship of Merland, the waste of Brendewood, and the township of Little Woolton; and, from motives of gratitude towards the enricher of his family, the successive grants were made, not merely for the souls of himself, his father, and mother, but also for the soul of Robert de Lascy.

Digitized by Google

"His example was followed by his descendants; and the grants of the advowsons of the churches of Blackburn and Eccles, and of the township of Steyninges, by John de Lascy; and of the township of Cronton by Edmund de Lascy, showed the steady attachment of the house to the family monastery of Stanlawe. But it was reserved for 'the great and good' Henry de Lascy, earl of Lincoln, to confer the brightest gem on the fortunate abbey, in the advowson of the church of Whalley.

* * * * * * *

"This increase of wealth led to its natural consequences; vows of poverty, uttered when worldly possessions were wanting, were forgotten, and towards the close of the thirteenth century the monks longed for a translation to a more congenial site. The inconveniences of the locality began to be perceived, and if the chronicle of St. Werburgh be correct, the monks met with some well-timed misfortunes. In 1279, the sea broke in upon Stanlawe, did the greatest damage, interrupted the highway, and washed down the bridge towards Chester. In 1287 the great tower of the church was blown down; and two years after, not only did the greatest part of the abbey perish in a conflagration, but the sea a second time inundated the abbey, and stood in the outhouses to the depth of three or four feet.

"The bounty of Earl Henry was opportune: and under this accumulation of misfortunes the monks petitioned Pope Nicholas IV. to grant them permission to remove to Whalley. He acceded to their request; and, in 1289, a bull was issued authorising their translation, and empowering them to appropriate the revenues of the church and its dependencies, on the condition of endowing a sufficient vicarage, whenever the opportunity of removal should be afforded by the resignation or death of the then incumbent. This bull was revoked by Boniface VIII., but it was afterwards confirmed, and the desired privileges granted, by the same supreme pontiff.

"The event, so anxiously looked for by the monks at Stanlawe, took place on the feast of St. Fabian and St. Sebastian, in the year 1294, when Peter de Cestria, the last secular rector of Whalley, died. But the translation was delayed by the want of an appropriation, and a ratification by the founder. These were obtained in 1295; and on the 4th April, 1296. Gregory de Northbury, the then abbot, and his monks, took possession of Whalley; the former abbot, Robert de Haworth, preferring to remain at Stanlawe

"But Haworth had most probably arrived at that time when 'those that look out of the windows be darkened,' for it is perhaps difficult to imagine a stronger contrast than must have been afforded by the two sites of Stanlawe and Whalley. Mr. Ormerod says: 'Even at the present day it is difficult to select in Cheshire a scene of more comfortless desolation than this cheerless marsh; barely fenced from the waters by embankments on the north; shut out by naked knolls from the fairer country which spreads along the feet of the forest hills on the south-east; and approached by one miserable trackway of mud; whilst every road that leads to the haunts of men seems to diverge in its course as it approaches the Locus Benedictus of Stanlawe.' While the words of Dr. Whitaker, in describing the situation of Whalley, are tinted with a Claude-like warmth: 'A copious stream to the south, a moderate expanse of rich meadow and pasture around, and an amphitheatre of sheltering hills, clad in the verdant covering of their native woods, beyond, were features in the face of nature which the earlier Cistercians courted with instinctive fondness.'

"In this favoured situation the monks of Stanlawe fixed their habitation. The foundation of their new abbey was laid by Earl Henry in person, and in 1306 the greater part of the abbey was consecrated. But difficulties beset them; and ten years after the consecration the monks are found dissatisfied with their new situation, complaining of the deficiency of wood for the construction of the monastery, and prevailing on their patron, Thomas, earl of Lancaster, to grant them a new site for their monastery. This was done in 1316, and Toxstath was assigned to them for the new establishment. But the design was abandoned, if ever seriously entertained. The building was proceeded with; but the last finish was not put

Digitized by Google

to the work until the abbacy of Eccles, who succeeded in 1434. From the translation until the dissolution, a period of nearly two centuries and a half, the monks resided at Whalley, 'a point of refuge for all who needed succour, counsel, and protection; a body of individuals with wisdom to guide the inexperienced, with wealth to relieve the suffering, and often with power to relieve the distressed.'

* * * * * * *

"The dissolution of the house took place in 1539. The zeal of Abbot Paslew, the last abbot, had driven him into the ranks of the rash and ill-advised pilgrimage of grace; he was tried and attainted for high treason at the Lancaster spring assizes in 1536-7, and, with a refinement of cruelty, he was brought to Whalley, and executed on the 12th of March in that year, within sight of the monastery over which he had presided for thirty years. The possessions of the monastery were confiscated; and, on the 12th April, 1539, the bailiwick of the demesnes was granted to John Braddyll: and he, with Richard Assheton, afterwards purchased from the crown the whole manor of Whalley, with the site of the dissolved monastery. A partition took place immediately afterwards, by which Assheton obtained exclusive possession of the house."

To the following assertion of Mr. Hulton we cordially assent:

"To the local antiquary and the genealogist this collection of muniments will be invaluable. The state of property at a very early period is developed; in some instances the names of places may be identified; but so great has been the change in language and nomenclature, that even in the districts of Rochdale and Rossendale, where the language still smacks of its Saxon origin, comparatively few names can be identified with existing places. Perhaps a close attention to the names, and their resolution by translation, when that is practicable, may facilitate their recognition. The rapidity with which the grants were made, limits its usefulness to the genealogist. But for a century the record is perfect; and there are few ancient families in the south and east of Lancashire, who will not find the name of an ancestor in its pages, either as a grantor or a witness to some of the recorded transactions. The narrowness of the limit is to be regretted; but an attempt has been made to supply the deficiency by notes."

Mr. Hulton has given throughout the work some valuable notes; and in conclusion, we would remark that the book, in common with all the publications of the Chetham Society, is exquisitely printed, and elegantly brought out.

THE RIVER DOVE, WITH SOME QUIET THOUGHTS ON THE HAPPY PRACTICE OF ANGLING. London: William Pickering. 1847.

Is this a new or an old book? If it be a novel production, the imitation of the ancient tone and style is excellent: if it be a reprint, its publication is scarcely less creditable, from the taste shown in its selection. The work is a kind of light commentary on, or rather pleasant commendation of Walton and Cotton's labours in the service of the same gentle craft—the Art of Angling, The book is written, according to a custom common at the time of its date, 1687, in dialogue form: the main conversation passes between an angler and an artist who have journeyed together into that lovely locality which lies upon the river Dove, to enjoy the delightful occupations of sketching, and fishing. Their route is well chosen, for there scarcely exists in England a more beautiful region than that watered by the Dove; the river issues from

Digitized by Google

the peak in Derbyshire, and passes near Buxton. Here do the two travellers jog on, their discourse quaint and queer, yet right merry and agreeable. The following is an example:—

Painter.—You have angled me on, and beguiled the way with these colloquies most pleasantly; for we have walked some miles, and I heartily thank you.

Angler.—Look Sir; now you have a view of some rocks before you in a little distance; there are the steep declivities overhanging the other side of the Dove, which is at a great depth below. A few steps more, and we are come to Hanson Grange.

Painter.—It is a pretty sequestered spot; and the house stands on the very brow of the cliff, which is ornamented with wood; and I hope we are arrived at Dove Dale.

Angler.—Have patience: not yet, Sir;—this is Nab's Dale: but turn again this way to the right, for there is Hanson Toot. And look, yonder is the church at Alston fields; and, I beseech you, deny me not the contrivance of a picture.

Painter.—I'll do it cheerfully; and the hills array themselves to an advantage. What a general harmony is in the works of nature! Here, by a few lines, with seeming carelessness put together, even those bleak and craggy hills are made to the congruity and order of beauty; and the aspect of the church on the hill is pretty for a distance.

Angler.—And when you are come there, you shall find a retired village, and a decent house of entertainment; where we may have supper and a clean bed.

Painter.—Was it there Piscator cheered his companion after his journey?

Angler.—Not so: for Mr. Cotton conducted him to his handsome seat at Beresford, and there you may believe he made amends, as he promised to do, for bringing him "*an ill mile or two out of his way;*" for he gave him a hearty welcome; and after that they made no strangers of each other, but with good Moorland ale, and a pipe of tobacco, passed an hour or two in conversation before they went to bed.

Painter.—And I am ready to do the same; so let us be going, for there is my poor copy of Alston fields church.

Angler.—It is the church itself, and those distant hills, that stand behind it with a natural gloom. Come on, Sir.

How exhilirating too is their talk prior to "pleasantly walking to the source of the Dove."

Angler.—How now! brave gentleman, how fares it with you this morning?

Painter.—Trust me, I am full of joyful expectations.

Angler.—Then you do not repent your sudden challenge to walk across the moors to the Dove Head?

Painter.—Oh, Sir, never fear me.

"Hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins to rise,
His steed to water at those springs,
On chalic'd flowers that lies."

The air of these mountains hath a wholesome freshness that gives wings to the spirit.

Angler.—Very true; and I have the authority of learned Sir William Temple to declare that health and long life are to be found on the Peak of Derbyshire, and the heaths of Staffordshire. Are you for breakfast?

Painter.—Ay! and look, our host has provided for us in this arbour in his garden; see, how it is grown over with jessamines and honey-suckles.

Angler.—And here is a hedge of sweet briers—it all breathes fragrancy.

Painter.—It is very pleasant; and now let us discuss our breakfast with freedom, as honest anglers ought to do: here's new baked bread, and milk and honey; and here's a bowl of curds and whey, with nutmeg and ginger. Are you for that?

Angler.—With all my heart Painter. What say you, brother; is not here a most fresh and unmatchable morning for travellers? Do look over those hills;

Digitized by Google

and there are the blue moors, backed by the burnished light of the sun rising behind them. What can be more glorious?

Painter.—Nothing, nothing—see how "*he cometh forth as a bridegroom from his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.*"

The following incident is one of the prettiest things in the whole book:—

Angler.—There let them go, and to-morrow we shall meet them by Hanson Toot. But what comes here?

Painter.—It is a little country damsel.

Angler.—Good morning pretty maiden. What are you come for?

Maiden of the Mill.—To fetch some water Sir.

Painter.—I pray you to be civil, and let me taste some of this clear spring of the Ludwell from your pitcher.

Maiden.—You are welcome, Sir. I'll dip it in.

Painter.—Thank you gentle maid; 'tis as cold as an icicle; and what is your name?

Maiden.—Margery, so please you, Sir.

Angler.—Well my pretty Margery; we are greatly beholden to you; and here is a half sevil piece to buy ribands for Sundays and holidays; and so farewell.

Maiden.—Your servant kind gentlemen, and I thank you both.

Angler.—God speed you, pretty Margery; and may you live as harmless and happy as you now appear to be, and some day or other walk to church on flowers. Come, brother let us be forward; for you and I must up to the Wheeldon Hill, that towers to the skies yonder.

Painter.—With all my heart: farewell, Margery.—What a secret charm is in a youthful innocency, that hath not put off the white garments washed in the fountain of baptism! I have heard it said, a child's mind gives a pattern of a church temper; it looks to have come fresh from heaven, and to be the only thing fit to re-ascend to the celestial presence.

Angler.—And that we may believe, was the reason of our Redeemer exhorting mankind to have the mind of children. And did he not openly declare that their angels do always behold the face of their Heavenly Father—meaning their guardian angels.

The book, coming from the press of Charles Whittingham, is of course a specimen of curious and exquisite printing.

Amy Robsart, Drame en cinq actes, et huit tableaux, arrangé d'après le célèbre roman "Kenilworth" de Walter Scott, par William Robert Markwell. Paris, chez Martinon, Libraire, Rue du Coq Saint-Honoré, 4. 1847.

This is certainly a curiosity in literature—a French play written by an Englishman, with the subject English also. Mr. Markwell, however, seems a perfect master of the French language, and expresses himself in it not only with fluency, but with much force and feeling. He has dramatised very well the story of poor Amy Robsart, though he rather strangely is led away by some gentler fancy, when he changes the well known catastrophe of the tale into a happy conclusion. According to this play, Amy Robsart is saved, and it is Varney who is killed by falling into the trap which he had contrived. The curtain drops on the news that the bride of Leicester is appointed first lady of honor to Queen Elizabeth. As a specimen of the drama, which has interest throughout,

Digitized by Google

we give in its French dress the following scene—one which in the original is so popular, and which has formed so often a theme for the painter.

SCENE XI.—LEICESTER ET AMY, *entrant par la gauche.*

Leicester, en costume de cour, portant l'ordre de la Jarretière d'Angleterre, l'ordre de la Toison-d'Or, et l'ordre de Saint-André d'Écosse.—Amy est magnifiquement parée ; elle s'appuie languissamment sur le bras de Leicester,—Leicester s'assied sur le fauteuil qui est à la droite ; Amy s'appuie sur le dossier, et contemple avec amour lord Leicester.—Un moment de silence.

AMY.—Que vous êtes beau ainsi, mon lord bien-aimé !..

LEICESTER.—Amy, vous êtes comme toutes les femmes..le velours et les joyaux vous charment plus que l'homme qui les porte..

AMY, *avec un ton de reproche.*—Oh ! Dudley. croyez-vous que votre Amy puisse vous aimer mieux sous ce costume magnifique que sous l'humble pourpoint que vous portiez lorsqu'elle vous donna son cœur dans les bois de Devon ?..

LEICESTER.—Allons.., ne me grondez pas, ma belle comtesse (*Il se lève ; Amy s'appuie sur son bras, et tous deux se dirigent vers le sopha qui est à la droite*), et laissez-moi à mon tour vous admirer..vous portez à ravir le costume qui convient à votre rang..Que penses-tu du goût de nos dames de la cour ?

AMY.—Je n'en sais rien..j'aime ces parures parce qu'elles me viennent de vous, mais je ne puis songer à moi quand vous êtes là..Dudley, ne parlons que de toi. (*Leicester s'assied sur le sopha*).

LEICESTER.—Prends à mes côtés la place qui t'appartient.

AMY.—Non, je veux m'asseoir à tes pieds..je pourrai mieux te voir..(*Elle s'assied sur un tabouret, aux genoux de Leicester*). Je veux admirer à mon loisir toute ta splendeur..je veux savoir comment sont vêtus les princes.

LEICESTER *sourit.*—Enfan !..(*Amy le regarde avec une curiosité enfantine mêlée d'amour.*)

AMY.—Quelle est cette bande brodée qui entoure ton pennon ?

LEICESTER.—C'est la Jarretière d'Angleterre..ornement que les rois sont fiers de porter.

AMY.—Et cette étoile ?

LEICESTER.—C'est le diamant George, le joyau de l'ordre.. ; tu sais que le roi Edouard et la comtesse de Salisbury..

AMY, *l'interrompant.*—Je connais cette histoire..je sais que la jarretière d'une dame est devenue l'emblème le plus illustre de la chevalerie d'Angleterre.

LEICESTER.—Je le reçus en même temps que le duc de Norfolk et le comte de Rutland.

AMY.—Et ce magnifique collier ?

LEICESTER.—C'est l'ordre de la Toison-d'Or, institué par la maison de Bourgogne..de grands priviléges, car le roi d'Espagne lui-même, qui a succédé aux honneurs de cette maison, ne peut juger un chevalier de la Toison-d'Or sans le concours du grand chapitre de l'ordre..

AMY.—Et celui-ci ?

LEICESTER.—C'est le plus pauvre de tous :—c'est l'ordre de Saint-André d'Ecosse, rétabli par le roi Jacques..Maintenant, chère comtesse, vos désirs sont satisfaits : vous avez vu votre vassal sous le costume le plus brillant qu'il pouvait prendre en voyage..car les robes d'apparat ne peuvent se porter qu'a la cour..

AMY.—Mais vous le savez, mon cher lord, un désir satisfait en fait toujours naître un nouveau.

LEICESTER.—Il n'est pas un seul des tiens, chère Amy, que je ne puisse satisfaire.

AMY.—Je désirai voir mon époux éclairer de toute sa splendeur cette obscure retraite..eh bien ! maintenant, je voudrais me trouver dans l'un de ses magnifiques palais, et l'y voir revêtu de la modeste redingote brune qu'il portait quand il gagna le cœur de la pauvre Amy Robsart.

Digitized by Google

LEICESTER.—Enfant!.. eh bien, aujourd'hui même je reprendrai la redingote brune..

AMY.—Oui, mais j'irai avec vous dans l'une de ces superbes demeures, où je serais si fière, parmi les dames anglaises, de porter, dans tout son éclat, le nom du plus noble comte du royaume.

FINE ARTS.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO JERSEY, 3rd SEPT. 1846.—Pub. by Philip Falle, Jersey; Eldred, 168, Bond Street, London.

THIS magnificent volume illustrative of Her Majesty's visit to Jersey is a befitting record of an event which will be long memorable in the annals of the Island. The work, a splendid folio, comprises twenty fine lithographic views from ably executed sketches by a native artist, Mr. Le Capelain. Abounding as Jersey does in rich and picturesque scenery, it was a task of no little difficulty to make a selection where all is beautiful. Mr. Le Capelain has however, exercised considerable taste and judgment; and the result is, a collection of views which cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Those which have particularly gratified us are "St. Aubyn's Bay," with Elizabeth Castle and the town of St. Heliers, in the distance "Grosnez Castle" exhibiting its time worn arch in dark relief against a moonlight sky; and, above all, the famous "Castle of Mont Orgueil"—the most celebrated historical relic in the Island. This mighty fortress stands forth in bold relief and presents an object of national veneration from the chivalrous associations connected with its history. Here it was that Reginald de Carteret resisted the renowned Bertrand du Guesclin and here at a long subsequent period Sir Philip Carteret, a descendant of Reginald's, and the inheritor of his daring spirit boldly sustained the cause of King Charles against all the forces of the Parliament.

Digitized by Google

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

Births.

Agnew, Lady Louisa, of a dau., at Exton-park, 22nd Aug.
Ailsa, The Marchioness, of a son and heir, 1st Sept.
Aitchison, Mrs., wife of Captain A. N. Aitchison, Bombay Army, of a son, 7th Sept.
Allan, Mrs., wife of Dr. Allan, of a dau., at Islington, 23rd Aug.
Anderson, Mrs. G. W., of a son, at Westbourne-terrace, 24th Aug.
Arbuthnot, the Hon. Mrs., of a son, at Blatchworth House, 28th Aug.
Archer, Mrs. Clement, of a dau., at Somerford Booths, Cheshire, 26th Aug.
Armitage, Lady, of a son, 7th Sept.
Astley, Lady, of a dau., at Hyde park-street, 18th Aug.
Banting, Mrs. T., of a son, at Bayswater, 14th Sept.
Baynes, the Hon. Mrs. R. Lambert, of a son, at Stanwell, 13th Sept.
Baynes, Mrs. W. I. W., of a son and heir, at Norwood, 14th Sept.
Beldam, Mrs. Edward, of a son, at Royston, 18th Sept.
Benecke, Mrs. F. W., of a dau. at Denmark-hill, 12th Sept.
Bennett, Mrs. Rowland Nevitt, of a son, at Denmark-hill, 23rd Aug.
Bentley, Mrs. John jun., of a son, at Lloyd-square, 24th Aug.
Bernard, Mrs. John, of a dau. at Edmonton, 9th Sept.
Birkett, Mrs. John, of a dau., of Broad-street Buildings, 15th Sept.
Blogg, Mrs. John, of a son, at Norwood, 17th Sept.
Bonham, Mrs. S. G., of a son, at Wimpole-street, 28th Aug.
Bowden, Mrs. Ellis T., of a dau., at Stoke Newington, 29th Aug.
Brettell, Mrs., of a son, at Camden-road Villas, 10th Sept.
Bridge, Mrs. Alexander, of a son, 15th Sept.
Bromley, Mrs. R. Maddox, of a son, at Dublin, 16th Sept.
Brown, Mrs., wife of Lieut-Col. Brown, of the Royal Regiment, of a son, at Antigua, 17th July.
Brund, Mrs. Henry, of a son, at Brighton, 20th Sept.
Bryan, Mrs., wife of the Rev. I. W. Bryan, rector of Cliddesden, of a dau. at Naples, 28th July.
Buckley, Mrs., wife of the Rev. I. W. Buckley, of a son, at Brighton, 23rd Aug.
Burnett, Mrs., wife of the Rev. Wm. Burnett, M.A. rector of Tangmere, Sussex, 9th Sept.
Burrow, Mrs., of a son, at Stockwell, 26th Aug.
Calvert, Mrs. Edmond, of a son, at Hunsdon, 12th Sept.
Campbell, Mrs., of a dau., at Glendarnel, 5th Sept.
Campbell, Mrs., of a dau., at Blythswood, co. Renfrew, 10th Sept.
Chapman, Mrs. D. B., of a dau. at Roehampton, 27th Aug.
Chapman, Mrs. John, of a son, at Peckham, 28th Aug.
Chester, Mrs., wife of Captain C. M. Chester, of a dau., at Rowdell House, Sussex, 8th Sept.
Clarke, Mrs., wife of the Rev. Charles Clarke, of a dau., at Hanwell, 6th Sept.
Clarke, Mrs. Frederick, of a dau. at Dulwich, 10th Sept.
Cole, Mrs. John C., of a son, at Upper Bedford-place, 29th Aug.
Conquest, Mrs. John, of a dau., at Woburn-square, 11th Sept.
Cotton, Mrs. Charles, of a son, at Broughton Hall, co. Flint, 18th Aug.
Cowie, Mrs., wife of the Rev. Morgan Cowie, of a dau., at Putney, 31st Aug.
Crewe, Mrs., wife of the Rev. Henry R. Crewe, of a son, at Breadsall Rectory, 25th Aug.
Culpeper, Mrs. John Bishop, of a son, at Stanhope-street, 21st Aug.
Darley, Mrs. Henry, of a dau., at St. John's-wood, 28th Aug.
David, Mrs. M. E., of Montreal, Canada, of a dau. at Chandos-street, Cavendish-square, 10th Sept.
Davies, Mrs. Richard, of a dau., at St. John's-wood, 11th Sept.
Dolphin, Mrs., wife of Captain James Dolphin, of a dau., at Reading, 21st Aug.
Downs, Mrs. Edwin, of a dau., at Dalston, 11th Sept.
Doyle, Mrs. Edward, of a son, at Camden-town, 24th Aug.
Dunnage, Mrs. Thomas, of a son, at Clapham, 26th Aug.
East, Mrs. Gilbert, of a dau., at Worley Hall, 26th Aug.
Ellis, Mrs. G. H., of a son, at Lavender Hill, 23rd Aug.
Emmet, G. N., of a son, at Kensington, 24th Aug.
Foot, Mrs. Joseph James, of a son, at Dalston Rise, 19th Sept.
Forbes, Mrs., wife of Alex. Kinloch Forbes, Esq., Bombay Civil Service, of a son, 17th June.
Forster, Mrs. Perceval Wm., of a son, at Holloway, 14th Sept.
Fraser, Mrs. John, of a son, at York-terrace, Regent's-park, 31st Aug.
Freshfield, Mrs. Charles, of a dau., at Brighton, 18th Sept.
Fry, Mrs. Thomas Homfray, of a dau., at Peckham, 2nd Sept.
Fuller, Mrs. G. Arthur, of a son, at Chester-sq., 19th Sept.
Galloway, the Countess of, of a dau., 29th Aug.
Gardiner, Mrs. Wm., of a dau., at Uxbridge, 15th Sept.
Garpit, Mrs. Thomas, of a son, at Boston, co. Lincoln, 8th Sept.
Girdler, Mrs. Thomas, of a dau., at Croydon, 18th Sept.
Gisby, Mrs George, of a dau., at Arnwell Mount, Herts, 4th Sept.

Digitized by Google

Gordon, Mrs. Cosmo Wm., of a son, at Oxford-terrace, 9th Sept.
Graves, the Hon. Mrs. Henry, of a son, at Boulogne, 10th Sept.
Groucock, Mrs., of a son, at Dulwich, 29th Aug.
Guest, Lady Charlotte, of a dau., 25th Aug.
Gurney, Mrs. Henry, of a son, at Hoxton, 7th Sept.
Haes, Mrs. Henry, of a dau., at Wandsworth Road, 20th Sept.
Haig, Mrs. Thomas, of a dau. at Brentford, 21st Aug.
Hales, Mrs. John, of a son, at Malvern House, Tulse Hill. 2nd Sept.
Harvey, the Lady Henrietta, of a son, 12th Sept.
Head, Mrs. Frank Somerville, of a dau., at Wyreside, 18th Sept.
Hecker, Mrs., wife of the Rev. H. T. Hecker, of a dau., at Wheathampsteed, Herts, 5th Sept.
Henderson, Mrs. Benjamin, of a dau., at Bayswater, 20th Aug.
Henslowe, Mrs., wife of the Rev. E. P. Henslowe, vicar of Huish Episcopicum Langport, co. Somerset. of a dau., 24th Aug.
Hill, Mrs. Henry Reginald, of a dau., at Clapham, 25th Aug.
Hinde, Mrs., wife of the Rev. Charles Hinde, B.A., of a son, at Oxford-place, 25th Sept.
Horner, Mrs. Edward, of a dau. at Dulwich, 11th Sept.
Houlding, Mrs. John, of a son, at Mornington-road, 13th Sept.
Howard, Mrs. Cosmo Richard, of a dau., at Berkeley-square, 23rd Aug.
Hughes, Mrs. H. P., of a son, 5th Sept.
Hughes, Mrs., of a son, at Eaton-terrace, 26th Aug.
Humfrey, Mrs. I. H., of a son, at Mount-villa, near Sheffield, 5th Sept.
Huth, Mrs. C. F., of a dau , at Upper Harley-st 30th Aug.
Ingram, Mrs. Capt. C., of a son. at Blackheath, 7th Sept.
Jackson, Mrs. George, of a son, at Greenlands, Bucks, 19th Aug.
Jackson, Mrs. J. T., of a son, at Islington, 19th Sept.
James, Mrs., wife of Lieut. Henry James, R.N. of a son, at Brighton, 15th Sept.
Jeaffreson, Mrs. I. F., of a dau., at Islington, 19th Sept.
Jennings, Mrs. Joseph, of a dau., at King-street, Portman-square, 29th Aug.
Johnson, Mrs. John, of a son, at St. John's-wood, 12th Sept.
Jones, Mrs. F. W. Reeve, of a dau., at Brunswick-square, 13th Sept.
Jordan, Mrs. L., of a dau., at Berners-street, 4th Sept.
J pp, Mrs. Edward Basil, of a dau. at Blackheath, 25th Aug.
Kelsey, Mrs. E. E. P., of a son, at the Close, Salisbury, 22nd Aug.
Keyser, Mrs. Charles, of a son, at Chester-terrace, 10th Sept.
Kingscote, Mrs. Robert, of twin daus., at Brecon. 9th Sept.
Lawford, Mrs. Wm., of a dau., at Grove House, Hackney, 24th August.
Lee, Mrs. Henry, of a son, at South Raynham Vicarage, 24th August.
Leon-de. Mrs., wife of I. M. de Leon, of a son, at Maida Vale, 25th August.
Mackintosh, Mrs., of a son, at Mackintosh, 7th Aug.
Macnaughten, Mrs. E., of a dau., at Monkhams Woodford, 11th Sept.
Mann, Mrs., wife of the Rev. W. Moxon Mann, of a dau., 15th Sept.
March, the Countess of, of a son, 19th Sept.
Mathias, Mrs. George, of a son, at Glastonbury, 24th Aug.
McAdam, Mrs. James, of a dau., at St. John's Wood, 13th Sept.
McLeod, Mrs. Bentley, of a son, at Upper Montague-street, 10th Sept.
Moller, Mrs., wife of Capt. I. O. Moller, 50th Regt , of a son, 12th Sept.
Moore, Mrs. Wm. Gurdeon, of a dau., at the vicarage, Asbackby, co. Lincoln, 4th Sept.
Napier, Mrs. Wm., late of Singapore, of a son, at Richmond, 23rd Aug.
Neale, Mrs. Johnstoun, of a son, 5th Sept.
Need, Mrs., wife of Lieut. Henry Need, R.N., of a son, 16th Sept.
Nettleship, Mrs Thomas, of a son, at East Sheen, 21st Sept.
Nevins, Mrs. Wm., of a son, at Miningsby Rectory, 5th Sept.
Nixon, Mrs. Charles, of a son, at Mountain View, co. Cork, 19th Aug.
Norton, Mrs. Edward, of a son, at Upper Baker-street, 5th Sept.
Nugent, the Hon. Mrs., of a dau., at Westhorpe House, 4th Sept.
Ollivier, Mrs. Wm., of a dau., at Queen's Elms, 29th Sept.
O'Malley, Mrs. P. Frederick, of a dau., at Woodlands, near Ipswich, 13th Sept.
Otten, Mrs. James, of a dau., at St. Petersbu 21st Aug.
Ottley, Mrs. Drewry, of a dau., at Bedford-place, Russell-square, 15th Sept.
Palmer, Mrs., wife of the Rev. Henry Palmer, of a son at Bishop's Cleeve Rectory, 13th Sept.
Palmer, Mrs. Wm., of a dau., 18th Sept.
Parker, Mrs. John, late of Trafalgar House, Brighton, of a dau., at Kentish town, 9th Sept.
Payne, Mrs., wife of Col. Charles Payne, E.I.C.S., of a dau., at Stonetoun, 17th Sept.
Payne, Mrs. F. A., of a dau., at Pyntre Uchs, 26th Aug.
Perry, Mrs. Richard Rogers, of a dau., at Hampstead, 29th Aug.
Pettigrew, Mrs. W. V., of a dau., at Chester-st., 19th Sept.
Phepson, Mrs. Weatherley, of a son, at Mornington-road, 16th Sept.
Pinching, Mrs. Charles John, of a son, at Gravesend, 10th Sept.
Pitchford, Mrs. E. B., of a son, at Bromley, 21st Aug.
Plunkett, Mrs., wife of the Hon. Capt. Plunkett, R.N., of a dau., 5th Sept.
Pole. Mrs. Lambert, of a dau., at Upper Harley-st., 28th Aug.
Pollock, Mrs. George Kennet, of a dau., at Upper Montague-street. 7th Sept.
Ponsford, Mrs. Henry, of a son, at Seymour-place, 26th Aug.
Pope. Mrs. John Robinson, of a son, at Manchester-square, 16th Sept.
Portal, Mrs. Richard Brinsley, of a dau., at Tottenham, 16th Sept.
Potter, Mrs. Thomas B., of a son, at Seedley, near Manchester, 1st Sept.
Preston, Mrs., wife of Capt. Preston, R.N., of a son, 29th Aug.
Preston, Mrs. Wm., of a son at Upper Berkeley-street, 2nd Sept.
Ramsay, Mrs. Major. of twins. (daughters), one still born, at Hill Lodge, Enfield, 21st Aug.
Repton, Mrs., wife of Lieut. W. Wheatley Repton, B.N.I., &c., of a dau., at Jutogh, near Simla, 30th June.
Reynolds, Mrs. Frederick, of a son, at Dalston, 25th ug.
Rice, the Hon. Mrs Spring, of a dau., 27th Aug.
Rolleston, Mrs., of a son, at Watnall, Notts, 19th Aug.
Sands, Mrs. Bransom, of a son, at Aigburth, Liverpool, 5th Sept.
Scarlett, Mrs., wife of the Hon. P. Campbell Scarlett, of a son, 9th Sept.
Selfe, Mrs. Henry, of a son, at Ambleside, 9th Sept.
Sewell, Mrs. Henry, of a son, at Upton-upon-Severn, 21st Aug.

Digitized by Google

Sheppard, Mrs. Philip, of a son, at Hampton Manor House, 11th Sept.
Sibeth, Mrs. Edmund, of a son, at Herne Hall, 9th Sept.
Smith, Mrs., wife of Dr. Tyler Smith, of a son, at Bolton-street, 27th August.
Smith, Mrs. W. Castle, of a dau., at Cambridge-place, Regent's-park, 27th Aug.
Smith, Mrs., wife of the Rev. Benjamin Frederick Smith, of a dau., 20th Sept.
Smythe, Mrs., wife of Lieut. Frederick Smythe, Staff Officer of Pensioners, of a son, at Oxford, 30th Aug.
Snow, Mrs., wife of the Rev. Henry Snow, of a dau., 6th Sept.
Spring, Mrs. Herbert, of a dau., at Higher Broughton, near Manchester, 28th Aug.
Squire, Mrs. W. T., of a son, at Barton-place, Suffolk, 10th Sept.
Stanbrough, Mrs. James Wm., of a son, at Sutton House, 28th Aug.
Stephenson, Mrs. Captain, of a son, at Saundersfoot, co. Pembroke, 14th Sept.
Stokes, Mrs. Henry Graham, of a dau., at Greenwich, 23rd Aug.
Stone, Mrs. Coutts, of a son, at Great Marlborough-street, 3rd Sept.
Strachan, Mrs. James, of a son, at Teddington, Middlesex, 20th Aug.
Strangways, the Hon. Mrs. John Fox, of a son, 13th Sept.
Struvé, Mrs. Wm. Price, of a son, at Swansea, 18th Sept.
Tahourdin, Mrs. Charles, of a son, at Brompton, 10th Aug.
Tanqueray, Mrs. George, of a dau., at Hendon, 18th Sept.
Taylor, Mrs Herbert, of a dau., at Lowndes-sq., 12th Sept.
Teignmouth, Lady, of a son, at Clifton, 29th Aug.
Thomas, Mrs. Arthur T., of a dau., at Kensington, 7th Sept.
Thompson, Mrs. Samuel, of a son, at Douglas, Isle of Man, 12th Sept.
Tindal, Mrs. R. H., of a dau., at Scarborough, 28th Aug.
Twigg, Mrs., wife of the Rev. Robert Twigg, Vicar of Tilmanstone, of a dau., 16th Sept.
Tyerman, Mrs. C. R., of a son, at Gresham-street, 14th Sept.
Vansittart, Mrs., wife of Lieut.-Col. Vansittart, Coldstream Guards, of a dau., 16th Sept.
Walker, Lady, wife of Sir Edward Walker, of a dau., 23rd Aug.
Wallace, Mrs., wife of the Rev. George Wallace, of a dau., at Canterbury, 26th Aug.
Watkins, Mrs., wife of the Rev. H. G. Watkins, jun., of a dau., 7th Sept.
Welch, Mrs. Montague Stuart, of a son, at Chiswick, 13th Sept.
Williams, Mrs. Philip P., of a son, at Stoake House, Salop, 28th August.
Wilmott, Mrs Edward, of a son, at Albion-street-Lewes, 12th Sept.
Wood, Mrs., wife of the Rev. Peter A. L. Wood, of a son, at Littleton Rectory, 26th Aug.
Woodhouse, Mrs. Coventry M., of a son, at Doughty-street, 4th Sept.
Woodward, Mrs. Henry Wm., of a son, at Notting Hill, 29th Aug.
Wynell-Mayow, Mrs., wife of the Rev. Philip Wynell-Mayow, of a dau., 26th Aug.
Yeoman, Mrs. James, of a son, at Tubbendens, 15th Sept.
Yolland, Mrs. Captain W., of a dau., at Southampton, 3rd Sept.
Young, Mrs. Heathfield, of a dau., at Dorking, 22nd Aug.

Marriages.

Adams, William, Esq. surgeon, of 39, Finsbury-square, to Mary Ann, daughter of John Mills, Esq. of Canton-place, Poplar, 21st Aug.
Adams, William Pitt, Esq., Her Majesty's Charge d'Affaires to the Republic of Peru, to Georgiana Emily, third daughter of the late Robert Lukin, Esq., 16th Sept.
Addison, Thomas, Esq. M.D., to Elizabeth Catherine, widow of the late W. W. Hanxwell, Esq. nephew and protege of the late Admiral Selby, of Grangemouth, 14th Sept.
Allnutt, George S., of the Middle Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-law, to Mary Lea, eldest surviving daughter of Henry Allnutt, Esq. of Maidstone, 25th Aug.
Anderson, the Rev. James Richard, to Elizabeth Julia, eldest daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Edward Pellew, 19th Aug.
Baker, the Rev. Stephen Catteley, vicar of Skenfrith, Monmouthshire, to Mary Dorothea, dau. of H. Graham, Esq. and grand-daughter of the late Rev. J. Graham, rector of St. Saviour's, York, 2nd Sept.
Banister, Edward, thrd son of the Rev. John Banister, rector of Kelvedon Hatch, to Eliza-Ann, only daughter of Lichfield Tabrum, Esq. of Boishall, Essex, 2nd Sept.
Bates, Thomas Charles, eldest son of Robert Makin Bates, Esq., to Christiana Frances, younger dau. of the late Arthur Francis Stone, Esq. of Brompton, 9th Sept.
Baxter, Mr. Henry Phelps, of Southall, Middlesex, to Julia Malvina, only child of Joshua Smith, Esq. Hill-house, Southall, 22nd April.
Belfour, Edmund, only son of Edmund Belfour, of Lincoln's-inn-fields, Esq., to Maria Godfrey only daughter of the late Edward Turner, of Woburn-square, and of the Hon. East India Company's Service, Esq. 11th Sept.
Benson, George, Esq. of Armagh, to Clara Elizabeth, youngest dau. of the late Thomas Miller, Esq. of Peckam-rye, Surrey, 26th Aug.
Blake, V. W., Esq. surgeon, late of Ditchling, to Sarah Maria, eldest daughter of George Farncombe, Esq. of Bishopstone, Sussex, 8th Sept.
Bouverie, Philip Pleydell, only son of the Hon. Philip Pleydell Bouverie, to Jane, eldest daughter of Henry Seymour, Esq. of Knoyle-house, Wilts, 21st Aug.
Boys, the Rev. M., M.A., to Henrietta, youngest daughter of the late Major-General Trewman, of the Madras Army, 16th Sept.
Britten, Thomas, Esq. of Grove-end-road, St. John's Wood, to Jessie Jane, youngest daughter of Charles Pearse, Esq. of Carlton Colville, Suffolk, 3rd Sept.
Bruce, Captain, Grenadier Guards, to Anna Maria Frances Suart, daughter of the late James Stuart, Esq., Member for Huntingdon, 15th Sept.
Buckle, Captain Claude Henry M., R.N., son of Vice-Admiral Buckle, to Harriet Margaret, eldest daughter of Thomas Deane Shute, Esq. of Bramshaw-hill, New Forest, Hants, 24th Aug.
Buckley, the Rev. George, to Marianne, only dau. of Mr. D. Fraser, of Islington, 21st Aug.
Burleigh, Sampson, youngest son of the late Robert Burleigh, Esq. of Sible-Hedingham, Essex, to Charlotte Arabella, eldest daughter of the late James Simmons, Esq. of Canterbury, 2nd Sept.
Carter, Matthew, Esq. M.D., eldest son of Matthew

Digitized by Google

Carter, Esq. late Her Majesty's Consul for Carthagena, in Spain, to Cornelia, youngest daughter of Francis Woodforde, Esq., 2nd Sept.

Clarke, the Rev. Walter T., vicar of Swinderby, Lincolnshire, third surviving son of General Tredway Clarke, of the Madras Artillery, to Maria Frances, youngest daughter of the Rev. Joseph Mayor, rector of South Callingham, 17th Sept.

Clay, the Rev. Edmund, B.A., incumbent of Skerton, Lancaster, to Sarah Howes Lucas, youngest daughter of John Phipps, Esq. of Little Shelford Park, Cambridgeshire, 26th Aug.

Clode, Charles Matthew, Esq. of Staple-inn, to Charlotte, youngest daughter of John Richards, Esq. of Devonshire-square, 25th Aug.

Cochrane, William, Esq. of Grantham, Lincolnshire, to Catherine Elvira, younger daughter of W. K. Jenkins, Esq. of Avenue-road, Regent's Park, 16th Sept.

Colman, Charles Frederick, Esq. of Swansea, in the county of Glamorgan, to Mary Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late James Mill, Esq. 23rd Aug.

Colman, William Gooding, Esq., architect (late of 2, New-inn, Strand, London), eldest son of the late William Colman, Esq. of Shirley, to Eleanora Harriett, second daughter of the late John William Pfeil, Esq., 21st Aug.

Cornish, John Robert, Esq. Barrister-at-law, of the Inner Temple, and student of Christ Church, Oxford, to Elizabeth Gray, only child of the late George Isaac Mowbray, Esq. of the county of Durham, and grand-daughter of Robert Gray, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Bristol, 19th Aug.

Cowley, Frederick Thomas, second son of William Kearse Cowley, Esq., R.N., to Louisa Emily, second daughter of Thomas Boddy, Esq., 25th Aug.

Cox, Wiltshire, Esq. of Henley-grove, Westbury-upon-Trym, Gloucestershire, to Lydia Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. Clement Oliver, of Devonshire-place, Brighton, 21st Aug.

Cracknall, Stephen, of St. John's-road, Nottinghill, Esq. and Queen's College, Cambridge, B.A. to Ann, only daughter of Borthwick Wight, Esq. of Loraine place, Holloway, 26th Aug.

Crake, John, eldest son of William Crake, Esq., of 10, Stanhope-street, Hyde-park-gardens, to Mary Anne, younger daughter of the late Robert Todd, Esq. of St. John's-wood, and of Datchet, 8th Sept.

Cramer, William, eldest son of François Cramer Esq. Bayswater, to Catherine, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Jennings, of New Windsor, Berks, 31st Aug.

Croker, Robert Nettles, M.D., to Mrs. Anne Lloyd Bowser, 6th Sept.

Crosley, Mr. William, C.E., of Edinburgh, to Rosa Ann, second daughter of John Gandell, Esq., Mecklenburgh-street, Mecklenburgh-square, 16th Sept.

Daniels, Nathaniel, of London, to Harriette, dau. of the late N. Benjamin, of Paris, 26th Aug.

Darby, Walter, Esq. of Fortess-terrace, Kentish-town, to Elizabeth Julia, only daughter of the Rev. Samuel Crooke, of Bromley, Kent, 8th Sept.

Davies, James Phillips, Esq. to Mary, only dau. of the late William Whitelaw, Esq., 8th Sept.

Dent, John C., Esq., Barrister-at-law, of Sudley Castle, Gloucestershire, to Emma, eldest dau. of John Brocklehurst, Esq., M.P. of Hurdsfield-house, Cheshire, 16th Sept.

Drogheda, Henry Francis Seymour, Marquis of, to the Hon. Mary Caroline, eldest daughter of Lord Wharncliffe, 25th Aug.

Drummond, George, Esq. of Regency-square, Brighton, to Mary, second daughter of the late Edward Berney, Esq. of Cleves, 7th Sept.

Eastcourt, Charles Wyatt, Esq. of Newport, in the Isle of Wight, to Frances Emma Coker, only daughter of Charles Holcombe Dare, Esq. of North Curry, in the county of Somerset, 14th Sept.

Edmond, William, Esq. of Swansea, to Elizabeth Clarke, second dau. of John Richardson, Esq. of Swansea, 2nd Sept.

Edwards, William, second son of J. S. Edwards, Esq, Stanton Lacey, Shropshire, to Emily, dau. of the late M. Joshua Jowett, of Chelsea, 26th Aug.

England, Daniel, fourth son of Thomas England, Esq. of Surrey-square, to Phœbe, second dau. of Edward Moxhay, Esq. of Stamford-hill, 11th Sept.

Evans, the Rev. William Sloane, Fellow Commoner, B.A., Trinity College, Cambridge, assistant-curate of St. David's, and grand chaplain of the Temple, London, second son of the late Colonel William Evans, of Her Majesty's 41st Regt., nephew of his Excellency Lieut.-General Thomas, Governor of Tynemouth Castle and Cliff Fort, to Selina, second daughter of William Branscombe, Esq., 21st Aug.

Evans, the Rev. James Joyce, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, curate of Wareham, Dorset, eldest son of the Rev. James Harrington Evans, to Caroline Eliza, eldest daughter of the late Joseph Freeland, Esq. of Chichester, 16th Sept.

Feltoe, Francis Frederick, eldest son of Francis Feltoe, Esq. of Newington-place, Kennington, to Sarah Anne, daughter of Thomas Deeble Dutton, Esq. of Althorp-lodge, Garratt, Wandsworth, 7th Sept.

Fenwick, N. A., Esq. late stipendiary magistrate at Geelong, Port Philip, to Julia, fourth daughter of his Excellency the late Lieutenant-General de Flindt, in his Danish Majesty's service, at Copenhagen.

Firman, George Jordan, son of George Firman, Esq. of Great Alie-street, (formerly of Colchester) to Anna Louisa, dau. of Robert Penny, Esq. of Birchin-lane, niece of Lieut.-Colonel N. Penny, C.B., and of the late, Major-General G. R. Penny, both of the Hon. East India Company's service.

Foley, John Henry, Esq. of Edward-street and Osnaburgh-street, Regent's park, sculptor, to Mary Ann Gray, second daughter of Samuel Gray, Esq. of Brecknock-cresent, Camden New-town, 21st Aug.

Fuzion, Edward, Esq. Paymaster of Depôts, Isle of Wight, to Margarette, fourth daughter of J. Thomas, Esq. of Brecknock, 9th Sept.

Fyler, the Rev. James Fyler, eldest son of James C. Fyler, Esq. of Woodlands, Surrey, and Heffleton, Dorset, to Rosalind Charity, eldest daughter of Dr. Chambers, of Brook-street, London, and Hordle Cliff, Hants, 7th Sept.

Godfrey, Mr. John, of St. Helier's, Jersey, to Frances Anne, third daughter of the late Mr. William Bowes Dadley, 18th Sept.

Gonne, Charles, Esq. of Abington-hall, Cambridgeshire, to Charlotte Maria, third daughter of John Cotton, Esq. of Upper Harley-street, 9th Sept.

Graham, the Rev. Henry Elliot, rector of Ludgvan, and one of Her Majesty's justices of the peace, for the county of Cornwall, to Louisa, third daughter of Burrage Davenport, Esq. of Russell-place, Fitzroy-square, 26th Aug.

Griffith, Arthur C. A., Esq., to Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Delamain, of the Bengal Army, 25th Aug.

Guthrie, Alex., Esq. to Bridget Isabella Jane, widow of the late Assistant-surgeon William Purnell, of the Bombay Establishment, 14th Sept.

Hamilton, Francis Alexander, of Liverpool, to Eliza Pennell, eldest daughter of Samuel Johnston, Esq. Olinda-cottage, Liscard, Cheshire, 7th Sept.

Hamilton, J. P., Esq. Barrister-at-law, Dublin, to Martha, second daughter of Anthony Brownless, Esq. of Richmond-terrace, 7th Sept.

Hamley, Captain William George, of the Royal Engineers, to Olivia Arbuthnot, second daughter of Captain T. Gallwey, Royal Navy, 8th Sept.

Harper, Joseph W., eldest son of Fletcher Harper, Esq. of New York, to Ellen Urling, younger dau. of Mr. Jeremiah Smith, Sturt-place, Hoxton, 21st Aug.

Digitized by Google

Haverfield, Rev. A. E., vicar of Cople, near Bedford, to Frances Mary, eldest daughter of George J. A. Walker, Esq. of Norton, in the county of Worcester, 16th Sept.

Hawley, Frederick, Esq. of Islington, to Emma Cox, only child of the late Thomas Euens, Esq. of North Shields, 6th Sept.

Hayes, Joseph, Esq. of Her Majesty's St. Helena Regiment, to Harriett, youngest daughter of the late John Martin, Esq., of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, 7th Sept.

Hayes, Fletcher, Esq., 62nd Regiment Bengal Army, only son of the late Commodore Sir John Hayes, to Frances Henrietta, only daughter of the late Robert Torrens, C.B., Adjutant-General Her Majesty's Forces in India 15th Sept.

Heigham, John Henry, Esq. of Hunston hall, to Lydia, second daughter of the Rev. H. W. Rous Birch, vicar of Reydon and Southwold, in the county of Suffolk, 2nd Sept.

Heintz, Robert, second son of Robert Heintz, Esq of Canonbury-lane, to Isabella, younger dau. of William Young, Esq. of Highbury-grange, 21st Aug.

Heywood, Oliver, Esq. second son of Sir Benjamin Heywood, Bart., of Claremont, to Eleanor, only daughter of R. W. Barton, Esq. of Springwood, 7th Sept.

Hilton, James, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn fields, to Maria Bernard, second dau. of James Bleazby, Esq. of Stonehouse, 11th Sept.

Hincks, the Rev. Thomas, M.A. rector of Culfeigtrin, county of Antrim, to Mary Annie, daughter of the late George Lewis, Esq. of Tottenham, Middlesex, 25th Aug.

Holmes, Joseph Foster, eldest son of Charles Holmes, Esq. of Gorton, Lancashire, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late William Johnson, Esq., land-surveyor, of Manchester, 21st Aug.

Hope, James Robert, Esq. Barrister-at-law, son of the late General the Hon. Sir Alexander Hope, G.C.B., to Charlotte Harriett Jane, daughter of J. G. Lockhart, Esq., 19th Aug.

Hunter, John, Esq. of Islington, to Elizabeth, only daughter of the late John Cheap, Esq. of Tyndale-place, 7th Sept.

Hyde, Henry, Esq. of Mecklenburgh-square, to Julia, youngest daughter of Charles Cox, Esq. of Cedar lodge, Stockwell park, 19th Aug.

Izard, Rev. W. C., A.B., of Horton-square, London, to Jane, third daughter of W. J. Tilley, Esq., of Woodhatch, near Reigate, 9th Sept.

Jameson, Mark, Esq., of Gray's-inn, to Elizabeth, only child of George Jackson, Esq., of High Wickham, 2nd Sept.

Jennyns, Clayton, Esq., of the 15th, or King's Hussars, only son of the late Clayton Jennyns, Esq., formerly Governor of Demerara, to Elizabeth, only child of Capt. Willes Johnson, Royal Navy, 30th Aug.

Jones, J., Esq., of Love-lane, Aldermanbury, London, to Sarah, second daughter of the late Thomas Bowen, Esq, of Welshpool, Montgomeryshire, 13th Sept.

Jopling, C. M., Esq, of Urswick, to Emily Sophia, youngest daughter of James Blacket, Esq., of Brixton, 26th Aug.

King, Paul John, second son of Captain J. D. King, of Kingville, county of Waterford, to Anna Maria, second daughter of William Man, Esq., of Bromley, 2nd Sept.

Knight, Henry jun., Esq., of Terrace-lodge, Axminster, Devon, to Mary, second daughter of A. Barns, Esq., of Broome, Swindon, Wilts, and of Hawkchurch, Dorset, 7th Sept.

Kuper, Wm., Esq., to Mary, eldest daughter of W. H. Driffill, Esq., of Thealby, Lincolnshire, 20th Aug.

Lambe, Frederick, Esq., of Ceylon, to Catherine Ann Mary, eldest daughter of James Goddard, Esq., 7th Sept.

Lambert, Edward John, Esq., eldest son of the late John Edward Lambert, Esq., Solicitor, to Emma, youngest daughter of the late John Edward Longley, Esq., 9th Sept.

Lamb, Christopher, Esq., of Camberwell-grove, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Wm. Francis, Esq., 75, Minories, 14th Sept.

Landon, Francis Newcombe, Esq., Solicitor, Brentwood, Essex, to Margaret Laetitia, fourth dau. of Wm. Brown, Esq., of St. Nicholas, Ipswich, 25th Aug.

Laycock, Henry Stamton, Esq., M.A., of the Inner Temple, to Henrietta Carolina, elder daughter of W. R. Jenkins, Esq., of Avenue-road, Regent's Park, 16th Sept.

Lee, Mr. Wm. Allen, of Chapel-street, Belgrave-square, to Eliza, eldest daughter of Allen Bilzard, Esq., of Half Moon-street, Piccadilly, 21st Sept.

Levick, Joseph, Esq., of Sharrow, Sheffield, to Mary Ann, daughter of the late John Hovil, Esq., of Thornton heath, Croydon, 3rd Sept.

Livois, Dr. Eugene, to Elizabeth Susanna, second daughter of the late Arthur Wm. Morris, Esq., at Paris, 14th Sept.

Lloyd, E. A., Esq., of Bedford-row, to Marie Caroline Stephanie Garnier, eldest daughter of M. P. Garnier, of Paris, 19th Aug.

Loraine, Edward, Esq., of Wallington, Surrey, to Henrietta Maria, only daughter of Edward Filder, Esq., of Southwick-place, Hyde-park-square, London, 14th Sept.

Lowther, Robert, Esq., of the H.E.I.C.C.S., to Laura, third daughter of B. Martindale, Esq., Victoria-square, Grosvenor-place, London, 10th June.

Lumley, W. B., Esq., second son of the late Major-General Sir James Lumley, E.I.C.'s , to Elizabeth, daughter of Thos. Haines, Esq., late Royal Navy, in July.

Lynn, the Rev. Geo. Goodenough, M.A., of Hampton-wick, Middlesex, to Henrietta, youngest daughter of Ralph Naters, Esq., of Sandyford, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 28th Aug.

MacOubrey, John, Esq., of the Middle Temple, and Northern Circuit, barrister-at-law, to Clara, second daughter of Thomas Carlisle, Esq., of Hyde park-place West, London, 16th Sept.

Main, Robert, Esq., of Ravensbourne-park, Lewisham, to Christiana, eldest daughter of W. J. Bicknell, Esq., of Sloane-terrace, 11th Sept.

Maplestone, Henry, Esq., to Emily May-rose, third daughter of the late T. F. Hunt, Esq., 17th Aug.

Marshall, Brevet Major Hubert, of the 33rd Regiment Madras Infantry, to Jessie, youngest dau. of the late Mr. John Brooke, of Dunbar, 24th Aug.

Martin, J. D., Esq., of Trieste, to Georgina Williamson, youngest daughter of G. Lovell, Esq., of Ely-place, her Majesty's Inspector of Small Arms, 4th Sept.

MacAurthur, William, Esq. of Glasgow, to Margaret, youngest daughter of James Williamson, Esq, Carmyle, 26th Aug.

MacCallum, Charles Campbell, Esq., of the 7th Regiment Madras Native Infantry, to Maria Louisa, eldest daughter of Richard Kirkman Lane, Esq., of Argyll-street, Regent-street, 20th Sept.

MacLaren, Wm. C., Esq., merchant, Leith, to Maria Amelia, daughter of the late George Wilson, Esq., Bengal, 9th Sept.

Milbourne, Joseph Henry, Esq., youngest son of Perceval William Milbourne, Esq., of Brunswick-place, Islington, to Miss Sabina Allsup, the youngest daughter of John Allsup, Esq., of 16, St. Paul's Church-yard, and Glocester-villa, Hornsey-road, 11th Sept.

Moore, Richard, Esq., eldest son of the Right Hon. Richard Moore, Attorney-General for Ireland, to Emma Frances, eldest daughter of Richard Sharp, Esq, of Apps-court, in the county of Surrey, 9th Sept.

Morris, William, Esq., of Carmarthen, to Magdelene Mary Anna, only daughter of Sackville F. Gwynne, Esq., 31st Aug.

Digitized by Google

Mostyn, Llewellyn William, Esq., fifth son of the late Sir Edward Mostyn, Bart., to Caroline, only daughter of the late Henry Mostyn, of Usk, in the county of Monmouth, Esq., 7th Sept.

Nalder, Fielding, Esq., barrister-at-law, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. Thos. Bellas, vicar of St. Michael's, Appleby, 26th Aug.

Openshaw, Henry, Esq., of Prestwich, to Ellen, eldest daughter of William Durham, Esq., of Manchester, 3rd Sept.

Palmer, Edward, Esq., to Caroline Amelia, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Wm. Gunthorpe, of the island of Antigua, 24th Aug.

Parsons Mr. Wm Billington, of Berkhamsted, to Ann Susanna, eldest daughter of Mr. Henry Lane, 18th Sept.

Patmore, Coventry K., Esq., to Emily, daughter of the late Rev. Edward Andrews, L.LD., 11th Sept.

Payne, G. A., Esq., M.A., Barrister-at-law, of Lincoln's-inn, to Amelia, youngest daughter of the late John Carter, Esq., of Kelmscott, Oxon, 16th Sept.

Pedder, Henry Newsham, third son of the late James Pedder, Esq., of Ashton-lodge, Lancashire, to Emma, only daughter of the late Alexander Simpson, Esq., 19th Aug.

Perry, John George, Esq., of Westbourne street, Hyde-park-gardens, to Elizabeth Anne, second daughter of the late Samuel Chappell, Esq., of George-street, Hanover-square, 25th Aug.

Perigal, Arthur, jun., Esq., A.R.S.A., Edinburgh, to Hannah, the eldest daughter of James Stevenson, Esq., Procurator-Fiscal for Roxburghshire, 1st Sept.

Peters, Thomas, Esq., of Knighton, Radnorshire, to Elizabeth Whitfield, eldest daughter of Thomas Du Gard, Esq., M.D., late of Shrewsbury, 26th Aug.

Peters, Mr. J. C., of Cambridge, to Catherine Beaumont, youngest daughter of the late Thos. Patmore, Esq., of Bishop's Stortford, 28th Aug.

Phené John S., Esq., of London, to Margaretta, eldest daughter of Thomas Forsyth, Esq., of South Shields, 7th Sept.

Philby, Henry Adams son of Joseph Philby, Esq., of Goldings, Loughton, Essex, to Mary, second daughter of James Weddell Bridger, Esq., of Belmont, Chigwell, 9th Sept.

Pickering, R.H., Esq., of Earl Soham, in the county of Suffolk, to Anne Hester, second dau. of the late Major General Reeves, C.B., K.H., Lieutenant-Governor of Placentia, 1st Sept.

Pocklington, Joseph Pain, of York-place, City-road, to Jane Finch, of Priory-villas, Canonbury, Islington, 20th August.

Portarlington, Henry John Reuben Earl of, to the Lady Alexandrina Octavia Vane, second dau. of the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, 2nd Sept.

Portlock, Samuel, Esq., of Brighton, to Miss Paddison, sister of the late Henry Paddison, Esq., of Ingleby, near Lincoln, 31st Aug.

Price Wm., Esq. of Craven-street, Strand, to Emily Mary, youngest daughter of General Sir Colin Halkett, K.C.B., G.C.H., Colonel of the 45th Regiment, 7th Sept.

Purdon, W.A., Esq., to Elizabeth C., only dau. of Joseph Atwell, Esq., of Wilmington square, 18th Sept.

Pyne, George, Esq., R.N., to Mary Eliza, daughter of Edward Dixon, Esq., of Dudley, 16th Aug.

Randolph, Rev. William Cater, M.A. of Trinity College, Oxford, eldest son of the Rev. Henry Randolph, of Yate house, Gloucestershire, and of Forest farm, Berkshire, and vicar of Hawkesbury, Gloucestershire, to Grace, fourth daughter of the late Rev. Herbert Randolph, rector of Letcombe Bassett, Berks, and vicar of Chute, Wilts, 24th August.

Rashleigh, the Rev. Henry Burvill, eldest son of the Rev. George Rashleigh, to Sarah Maria, eldest daughter of the Rev. James King, 14th Sept.

Rathbone, William, jun. Esq. to Lucretia Wainwright, eldest daughter of the late S. S. Gair, Esq. 6th Sept.

Redpath, Henry Syme, Esq of St. Swithin's lane London, younger son of James Redpath, Esq. of Shooter's hill, Kent, to Harriett, eldest daugater of the late Charles Adeney, Esq. of Gibson square, Islington, 9th Sept.

Reid, Edward, eldest son of W. K. Reid, Esq. of Claremont square, to Anna, eldest daughter of John Barnard, Esq. of Cross street, Islington, 26th Aug.

Reynardson, Henry, fourth son of the late General Birch Reynardson, of Holywell hall, Lincolnshire, to Eleanor Dorothea, youngest daughter of Henry Samuel Partridge, Esq. of Hockham hall, Norfolk, 9th Sept.

Rhys, Charles Hutton, Esq only son of Major Rhys, of Portland place, Bath, and grandson of the late Sir Watts Horton, Bart. of Chaddesden hall, Lancashire, to Agnes Cuthbert, eldest dau. of Colonel Cureton, C.B. Aide de Camp to the Queen, and Adjutant General in the East Indies, 16th Sept.

Rivolta, D. A. Esq. of No. 10, Hart street, Bloomsbury square, to Ann Maria Caroline, eldest dau. of the Rev. J. M. Knott, vicar of Hardwick Priors cum membris, 2nd Sept.

Roberts, Richard J. Esq. of Worcester, son of the Rev. Richard, M.A. of Wallingford, and grandson of the late Rev. W. Hancock Roberts, D.D. and rector of Broadwas, to Rosa Edwina, widow of the late C. H. Bainbridge, Esq. of Bombay, third daughter of Captain J. L. White, of Theresa place, (late 68th Light Infantry) and granddau. of the late Major General John White, of Bengal, 9th Sept.

Rossiter, Robert Grafton, Esq. M.A. Christchurch, Oxford, only son of James M. Rossiter, Esq. of Kennington place, Surrey, to Elizabeth Mary Skelton, niece and heiress of the late Henry Hurley, Esq. 26th Aug.

Sargent, Mr. Edward, to Miss Rebecca Clark Smith, 18th Sept.

Schwarzschild, A. Esq. of Lombard street, London, eldest son of the late J. A. Schwarzschild, Esq. of Frankfort on the Maine, to Abigail, third daughter of John N. Messena, Esq. surgeon, of Poplar, 8th Sept.

Selby, James, jun. Esq. surgeon, Greenwich, to Eliza, eldest dau. of the late Richard Thompson, Esq. of Stockwell common, 4th Sept.

Seymour, William Digby, Esq. barrister at law, of the Middle Temple and Northern Circuit, third son of the late Rev. Charles Seymour, vicar of Kilronan, to Emily, second daughter of Joseph John Wright, Esq. of Bishopwearmouth, co. Durham, 1st Sept.

Sheringham, the Rev. J. W. eldest son of John Sheringham, Esq. of Kent lodge, Hanwell, to Caroline Harriet, second and youngest surviving daughter of the late Lieut. Col. Tryon, of the 38th Regiment, 19th August.

Smith, the Rev. Henry, vicar of Easton Mandit, Northamptonshire, son of the late Dean of Christchurch, to Frances Bell, eldest daughter of the Rev. William Macbean, rector of Peter Tavy, 2nd Sept.

Smith, John, Esq. of Grange road, Bermondsey, to Henrietta Anne, only daughter of the late George Humphreys, Esq. of Greenwich, 26th Aug.

Smyth, Leigh Churchill, Esq. of Mornington road, Regent's park, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Robert Bliss, Esq. of Rose hill, near Oxford, 7th Sept.

Smyth, the Rev. Hugh B. B.A. Incumbent of Thornes, Wakefield, son of Edward Smyth, Esq. of Norwich, to Jane Ewart, second daughter of William Gott, Esq. of Leeds, 2nd Sept.

Snow, Walter Charles Edward, Esq. Her Majesty's 84th Regiment, to Harriett Eliza Maria Vaughan

Digitized by Google

third daughter of the Venerable Archdeacon Edward Vaughan, late of Madras, 25th August.

Sothern, Edward Askew, Esq. of Liverpool, to Julia, youngest dau. of the late Andrew Pinson, Esq. of Dartmouth.

Standly, Henry John, Esq. eldest son of the Rev. J. Standly, of Southoe, Hunts, to Agnes Georgina, third daughter of the late Sir Edward Poore, Bart. of Cadnalls, Hants, 17th August.

Strans, A. J. Esq. to Bertha, eldest daughter of the late F. E. Fald, Esq. banker and general agent of Frankfort on the Maine, and at 53, Cornhill, London, 22nd August.

Street, the Rev. Benjamin, B.A. curate of South Kelsey, Lincolnshire, to Mary, third daughter of the late Captain J. Platt, R.N. of Hatfield, 24th August.

Strong, Henry Linwood, Esq. barrister at law, to Fanny Louisa, daughter of the Hon. and Rev. H. D. Erskine and the late Lady Harriet Erskine, 16th Sept.

Swann, Richard R. Esq. to Charlotte Mary, youngest daughter of the late William Barton, Esq. of Rotherhithe, 1st Sept.

Swayne, the Rev. Robert George, to Catherine, fourth daughter of the late Rev. George Holme, of Shinefield, Berks, 7th Sept.

Tennant, William, Esq. Collector of Her Majesty's Customs, Rochester, to Miss Ramsay Tennant Whiteside, youngest daughter of the late Dr. Philip Whiteside, of Ayr, 16th Sept.

Tennant, Charles, Esq. of Russell square, co. Middlesex, to Gertrude Barbara Rich Collier, eldest daughter of Captain Henry T. B. Collier, of the Royal Navy, 11th Sept.

Tennant, William, Esq. of Thrapstone, Northamptonshire, solicitor, to Mary Fanny, eldest daughter of John Miller, Esq. of Peterborough, 16th Sept.

Thomasset, Theodore, Esq. Leytonstone, to Sarah Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. Frederick Bartlett, Wanstead, Essex, 7th Sept.

Thompson, Mr. Henry Ayscough, of Upper Clapton, to Rebecca, youngest daughter of Thomas Dixon, Esq. of Tardebigg, near Bromsgrove, Worcestershire, 17th Sept.

Tollemache, the Hon. Frederick James, M.P. to Isabella Anne, eldest daughter of Gordon Forbes, Esq. 4 h Sept.

Townsend, the Rev. William C., incumbent of Turlough, to Emma Mary, second daughter of the late Colonel Edward Thomas Fitzgerald, of Turlough park, co. Mayo, 9th Sept.

Udall, Mr. Robert, of Edmonton, Middlesex, to Marianne, eldest dau. of Mr. William Pocock, of Brighton, and of Hurst, co. Sussex, 9th Sept.

Vaughan, the Rev. Walter Arnold, vicar of Chart Sutton, and domestic chaplain to Viscount Barrington, M.P. to Maria, daughter of the Rev. Daniel Francis Warner, vicar of Hoo St. Werburgh, Kent, 7th Sept.

Venables, the Rev. Edmund, of Hurstmonceaux, Sussex, to Caroline Mary, eldest daughter of Henry Virtue Tebbs, Esq. of Southwood house, Highgate, 8th Sept.

Verity, George Hamilton, Esq. Sarn Vawr, Glamorganshire, to Elinor Joanna, second daughter of T. R. Wilson France, Esq. Rawcliffe Hall, Lancashire, 24th August.

Vyvyey, Henry Annesley, Esq. to Henrietta, dau. of Captain Henry Curtis, Royal Artillery, 9th Sept.

Walters, Mr. Daniel, jun. of Upper Edmonton, and Wilson street, Finsbury, to Lucy, youngest daughter of William Howard, Esq. of Comer hall, Hemel Hempstead, Herts, 14th Sept.

Waters, William, Esq. of Cholderton, Hants, to Mary Anne, second daughter of Robert Hatfull, Esq. of Deptford, Kent, 8th Sept.

Watherston, the Rev. J. D. M.A. Head Master of Monmouth Grammar School, to Sophia, daughter Joseph Price, Esq. of the same place, 16th Sept.

Weber, Victor, Esq. of Ramsgate, to Julia Lucas, youngest daughter of Thomas Higham, Esq. of Margate, and of Charleston, South Carolina, 7th Sept.

Weddell, William Esq. of Stokes-bay cottage, Alverstoke, to Mary, eldest daughter of Edward White, Esq. of Great Marlborough street and Cambridge square, 7th Sept.

Weldon, Robert Henry, Esq Norfolk road, Regent's park, to Caroline Jane, only daughter of the late Gilbert George Mitchell, Esq. of Calcutta, 14th Sept.

Williams, Robert, Esq. of Bridehead, to Mary Anne, daughter of the Rev. John William Cunningham, vicar of Harrow, 7th Sept.

Wilson, Henry, youngest son of the late John Wilson, Esq. of Wandle grove, Mitcham, to Charlotte Alner, third daughter of Ralph Good, Esq. of Hursley, Winchester, 8th Sept.

Woldridge, James, Esq. son of Colonel Woldridge, of Bath, to Charlotte Augusta Field, daughter of the late Joseph Field, Esq. of Hatfield, Herts, and of 9, Guildford street, Russell square, 2nd Sept.

Woodard, Mr. Edward, of Bellericay, Essex, solicitor, to Caroline, youngest daughter of the late Thomas Bridge, Esq. of Ramseys Tyrrell, Buttsbury, Essex, 18th Sept.

Woodroffe, John Edward, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, barrister at law, son of John Woodroffe, Esq. M.D. of Dublin, to Maria, youngest daughter of the late Broome Phillips Witts, Esq. of Brunswick square, and Surbiton Lawn, 11th Sept.

Yardley, William, Esq. Judge of the Supreme Court at Bombay, to Amelia, third daughter of John Wilkin, Esq. of Spring gardens, 4th Sept.

Annotated Obituary.

Ashton, Joseph, Esq. Barrister-at-law, at Woolton Hall, aged 27, 27th Aug.

Auriol, Edward James, only child of the Rev. Edward Auriol, Rector of St. Dunstan's in the West, London, drowned at Geneva, aged 17, 19th Aug.

Baker, John Valentine, Esq. late Master Attendant, E.I.C., 8th Sept.

Baker, John Rose, Esq. late of Chalk, Kent, at Milton, aged 66, 20th Aug.

Barrett, Samuel Tufnall, Esq. formerly Captain 37th Regiment, at Connaught Square, aged 87, 20th Aug.

Beard, Thomas, Esq. M.D., formerly of the Royal Artillery, aged 61, 29th Aug.

Becher, Anne Catherine, only daughter of the Rev. Michael H. Becher, of Clyda, near Mallow, co. Cork, 21st Aug.

Beckwith, Lieut.-Col. Henry F., of the Rifle Brigade, at Upper Canada, 31st July.

Beetson, William, Esq. of Woburn Place, at Brighton, 11th Sept.

Digitized by Google

Bells, Arthur, Esq. of Brompton Grove, aged 73, 14th Sept.

Birch, Jonathan, Esq. at the Palace of Belle Vue, near Berlin, where the poet had the honour to reside by favour of the King of Prussia, aged 64, 8th Sept. Mr. Birch was the translator of Goethe's "Faust," both parts; and had, just before his death, completed a poetical translation of the popular German legend, "The Nibelungen Lied," which, under Royal patronage, will be published in German and English.

Bishop Thomas, Esq. Surgeon, R.N., at Islington, aged 59, 23rd Aug.

Bishop, Elizabeth Kyd youngest daughter of Lieutenant William Edward Bishop, R.N., and sister of William Edward Coyte Bishop, surgeon, Easington, of consumption, at Easington, Durham, aged 18, 10th Sept.

Bowyer William, Esq. at Hitchin, Herts, aged 69, 31st Aug.

Bramston Charlotte, relict of Thos. Gardiner Bramston, Esq. of Skreens, and second daughter of the late Sir Henry Hawley, Bart., of Leybourn-grange, Kent, at Sprinfield Lyons, Essex, aged 65, 25th Aug.

Broad, Mary Boase, only daughter of Francis B. Broad, at Beaconsfield, 7th Sept.

Brodie, Ellen, eldest daughter of the late David Brodie, Esq. of Calcutta, at Brixton, 25th Aug.

Buckland, Mrs. Elizabeth, at Plumstead, 13th Sept.

Budd, Caroline Anne, youngest daughter of the late Richard Budd, Esq. of Haverstock Hill, 14th Sept.

Burke, Colonel Sir John, Bart., of Marble Hill, co. Galway, at his son, Mr. Charles Granby Burke's House, in Dublin. This gentleman inherited a very considerable estate from his father, who acquired it by successful agricultural pursuits. That gentleman, the late Sir Thomas Burke, on whom the title was conferred, died in 1813, leaving one son, the Baronet just deceased, and five daughters: first, Maria, wife of Maurice O'Connor, Esq. of Mount Pleasant, and mother of the Countess Dowager of Dysart; second, Julia, *m.* to Malachy Daly, Esq. of Raford; third, Elizabeth, Countess Dowager of Clanricarde; fourth, Anne, widow of the late Sir Henry Tichbourne, Bart., and Eleanor, who *m.* first Nicholas Browne, Esq. of Mount Heazle, and secondly, Percy, present Viscount Strangford. Sir John Burke, the only son, whose death we now record, sat, for a period, in the House of Commons, as Knight of his native shire, and always supported the Whig Government. He *m.* in 1812, Elizabeth Mary, eldest daughter of the late Right Hon. John Calcraft, M.P., and leaves six sons and two daughters: of the former the eldest is now Sir Thomas John Burke, Bart., of Marble Hill, M.P. for the county of Galway.

Burnaby, Rita Briones, the youngest dau. of Major R. B. Burnaby, Royal Artillery, in Dublin, after a short but severe illness, aged three years and eight months, 13th Sept.

Burton, Rev. W. G. P, upwards of 32 years rector of St. Thomas-in-the-Vale, in Spanish-town, Jamaica, 29th July. He was the second son of the late Rev. W. Burton, formerly rector of Faccomb cum Tangley, Hants, and latterly of Falmouth Trelawney, in the Island of Jamaica.

Caddell, Capt. Walter, E.I.C S., 22d June.

Cane, Thomas, Esq. late of Norwood Green, aged 71, 15th Sept.

Carlisle, Nicholas, Esq. K.H., D.C.L., F.R.S. &c., upwards of 40 years one of the Secretaries to the Society of Antiquaries, aged 77, 27th Aug.

Cartwright, Thomas, Esq. at the Hill, Bewdley, aged 80, 10th Sept.

Chamberlain, John, Esq. of Teignmouth, at London, aged 70, 26th Aug.

Chandless, Henry Burton, only child of John Chandless, Esq. 8th Sept.

Chapman, Sarah, wife of Thomas Sands Chapman, Esq. at the Park, Ashton Clinton, 14th Sept.

Christie, Lieut.-Col. G. L., late of the 3rd Regiment or Buffs, at Belmont, Bath, 16th Aug.

Clarke, Dinah Mary, wife of W. Lawrence Clarke, Esq. at Pentonville, 28th Aug.

Clarke, Charles, Esq., at Dulwich, aged 75, 7th Sept.

Clement, Sarah, wife of James Kinlock Clement, Esq. of Leytonstone, Essex, at Brighton, 22nd Aug.

Cooch, William, Esq. of Kennington, formerly of Vale Cottage, near Markgate Street, Herts, aged 77, 10th Sept.

Cook, Charles, Esq. of Montpelier, South Lambeth, aged 50, 14th Sept.

Cotton, Charles B., Esq., of Kingsgate, Isle of Thanet, at Montague Place, aged 80, 5th Sept.

Crafer, John Esq. Collector of Customs at Galle, at Columba, Ceylon, aged 34, 29th June.

Cronsdaile, Mrs., widow of the late J. A. Cronsdaile, Esq., at Hargrave-lodge, Stansted, 11th Sept.

Cundy, John William, Esq. at Ramsgate, aged 62, 24th Aug.

Cust, General Frederick, Esq. of the 51st N. I., third son of the late Hon. W. Cust, Commissioner of Customs, at Lahore, 8th June.

Digitized by Google

Dalrymple, Lieut.-Col. Campbell James, at the Havana, on the 17th of July, after a long and painful illness. This gentleman formerly A. D. C. to Lord Viscount Combermere, when Governor of Barbadoes and H. M. Commissioner of Arbitration in the mixed court of justice, established at the Havana between Great Britain and Spain for the suppression of the slave trade, fell a victim to the unhealthy tropical climate of Surinam and the Havana, in which he served his Queen and country nineteen years. He leaves a widow and five children to lament his loss. Colonel Dalrymple was the eldest son of Hew Dalrymple, Esq., Major of the 49th Regiment and A. D. C. to the Duke of Rutland when Lord-Lieut. of Ireland, by Maryanne, his wife, daughter and heiress of James Straker, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, by Elizabeth, his wife, daughter of the Hon. James Bruce, of Gartlet, co. Clackmanan, Chief Judge of the Island of Barbados, grandson of Robert Bruce, Esq., of Kennet. The Colonel's father, Major Hew Dalrymple, was third son of General Campbell Dalrymple, Col. of the 3rd Dragoons and Governor of Guadaloupe, who first taught the British Army the broad sword exercise and published in 1761, "A military essay on the raising, arming, clothing, and discipline of the British infantry and cavalry." General Dalrymple was a younger son of the Hon. Sir Hew Dalrymple, Bart., M.P. for North Berwick, Lord President of the Court of Session, and one of the Commissioners appointed to accomplish the treaty of the union, third son of James, 1st Viscount Stair.

Dalziel, Sarah, widow of the late R. Dalziel, Esq. artist, 3rd Sept.

Davenport, Edward Davies, Esq. at Capesthorne Hall, aged 69, 9th Sept. Mr. Davenport, who possessed the estates of Calveley, Woodford, and Capesthorne in Cheshire, and that of Court Garden, Bucks, was the eldest son of the late Davies Davenport, Esq. of Capesthorne, M.P. for Cheshire from 1806 to 1830, by Charlotte, his wife, daughter of Ralph Sneyd, Esq. of Keel, co. Stafford. He was born 27th April, 1778, and *m.* 8th November, 1830, Caroline Anne, dau. of Richard Hurt, Esq. of Wirksworth, and has left a son and heir, Arthur Henry. Few families in Cheshire, a county abounding in ancient and eminent houses, hold a higher possession than that of Davenport, deriving as it does from Ormus de Davenport, living *temp. Conquestnis.*

Day, Agnes, Eliza, daughter of Dr. Day, of Southwick-street, 17th Sept.

Dayshe, Elizabeth, relict of the late George Dayshe, Esq. formerly of New Grove, near Petworth, 18th Sept.

Deane, Anne, widow of the late Captain Charles Meredith Deane, of the 24th Dragoons, at Bath, 20th Aug.

De Horne, George, second son of Abraham de Horne, Esq. of the Stock Exchange, at Thetford, aged 27, 13th Sept.

Dent, Mrs., of Fitzroy Square, aged 54, 17th Sept.

Dermott, George Darby, Esq. of Bedford Square, the eminent lecturer on anatomy and surgery, aged 45, 12th Sept.

Desbrisay, Harriet Anne, wife of the Rev. T. H. Desbrisay, at Yealmpton Vicarage, 20th Aug.

Dillon, La Baronne Henrietta Sophia Isabella, at Blackheath, 25th Aug.

Dimond, John Baker, Esq. of Torquay, aged 62, 31st Aug.

Disney, Augusta Georgina, relict of Wm. Disney, Esq. at Kingston-on-Thames, 18th Sept.

Dobson, Sir Richard, M.D., F.R.S. &c., Inspector of Hospitals and Fleets, aged 74, 1st Sept. This gentleman, descended from a branch of an ancient Westmoreland family, was born in 1744, entered the navy as a surgeon in 1797, and, after a service of seven and twenty years, was appointed Chief of the Medical Staff of Greenwich Hospital, with a salary of £500 a year. In 1814 he became a Knight of St. Wladimir, in 1815 received the insignia of the Order of the Danuebrog, and in 1831 was knighted by his own Sovereign. Sir Richard married, first, in 1841, Miss Alsten, second dau. of the late Wm. Alsten, Esq of Rochester; and secondly, in 1824, Miss Purves, third daughter of Sir Alexander Purves, Bart., of Purves Hall.

Drake, Elizabeth Anne, only surviving dau. of Capt. John Drake, R.N., aged 27, 5th Sept.

Duffield, Mrs., of Duke-street, Portland Place, aged 79, 21st Aug.

Farrar, Thomas, Esq. late of Cheltenham, and formerly of the Exchequer Office, Somerset House, aged 76, 21st Aug.

Fead, Lieut.-Col., Geo. C.B., late of the Grenadier Guards, son of the late Lieut.-General Fead, Royal Artillery, aged 65, 13th Sept.

Follett, Lady, relict of the late Sir William Webb Follett, Attorney-General, 9th Sept. Lady Follett was the eldest dau of Sir Ambrose Hardinge Giffard, Chief Justice of Ceylon, by Harriett, his wife, dau. of Lovell Pennell, Esq. of Lyme-Regis, and grand-daughter of John Giffard, Esq., Accountant-General of H. M. Customs at Dublin, whose father Henry Giffard, was the eldest though disinherited son of John Giffard, Esq., of Brightely, co. Devon.

Digitized by Google

Forster, Sarah, widow of Joseph Forster, Esq. late of Bromley, 8th Sept.

Fraser, Vincent Hanson, medical pupil of King's College, second son of Simon Fraser, Esq., member of the Board of Commissioners at Meerut, in the Hon. East India Company's Bengal Establishment, a most amiable and promising young man, aged 21, 7th Sept.

Freeth, Miss, of Standard Hill, near Nottingham, at Brighton, 14th Sept.

Fullerton, George Alexander, Esq. of Ballintoy Castle, co. Antrim, and Tockington Manor, co. Gloucester, aged 71, 16th Sept. He was the son of Dawson Downing, Esq., of Rowesgift, co. Londonderry, and great grandson of the famous Col. Adam Downing, a distinguished adherent of William III., in the Irish war. The surname of Fullerton he assumed on inheriting a considerable property from his maternal grand-uncle, Alexander Fullerton, of Ballintoy. The family of Downing is of very ancient descent, and was settled, in the time of Henry VIII., in the county of Essex, the head of the house, Geoffrey Downynge, Esq., of Poles Belcham, being then described as a person of rank and fortune. To the munificence and public spirit of one of his descendants, Sir George Downing, Bart., K.B., of East Hatley, the University of Cambridge owes the foundation of Downing College. Mr. Fullerton, whose decease we record, has left several children. His eldest daughter, Frances, is wife of Sir Andrew Armstrong, Bart., M.P.; and his eldest son, Captain Alexander George Fullerton, married in 1833, Lady Georgiana Leveson Gower, second daughter of the late Earl Granville, a lady well known in the literary world by her popular novels of "Ellen Middleton" and "Grantley Manor.

Gell, Mary-Ann, wife of F. T. Gell, Esq of Devonshire-street, Portland-place, 16th Sept.

Gordon, Rosa, relict of the late James Gordon, Esq of Xerez-de-la-Frontera, near Cadiz, aged 83, 14th Aug.

Gregg, Maria, widow of the late Henry Gregg, Esq., at Park-square, aged 75, 2nd Sept

Gre n, Theophilus, Esq., at Brighton, aged 77, 15th Sept.

Gresley, the Rev. Sir William Nigel, Bart. He was eldest son of the late Rev. Wm. Gresley, of Netherseale, and succeeded to the Baronetcy at the demise of his kinsman, Sir Roger Gresley, M.P., of Drakelow, co. Derby. He was born in 1806, and married in 1831, Georgina Anne, second daughter of the late Geo. Reid, Esq., by whom he has left issue, the eldest son being the present Sir Thos. Gresley, Bart. The family of Gresley ranks in antiquity with the oldest in the empire, and was founded in England by one of the companions in arms of the Conqueror, Nigell, the youngest son of Roger de Toeny, standard bearer of Normandy.

Grosvenor, Margaret, wife of W. L. Grosvenor, Esq. at Lower Edmonton, 17th Sept.

Hague, Miss Judith, of Tottenham, at Hastings.

Hamilton, John, Esq. Advocate of Edinburgh, 3rd Sept.

Harman, Anne, wife of H. W. Harman, Esq., C.E. of Northfleet, Kent, 31st Aug.

Harvey, Elizabeth Frances, eldest child of the Rev. Richard Harvey, rector of Hornsey, 12th Sept.

Havers, William Joseph, second son of Thomas Havers, Esq. of Thelton Hall, co. Norfolk, at Rio Janeiro, 27th June.

Hawtayne, Esther, wife of the Rev W. G. Hawtayne, at Blackheath, 25th Aug.

Higgins, the Rev. Joseph, rector of Eastnor, (to which he was instituted in 1795), and of Pixley, co. Hereford, a Deputy-Lieutenant for that shire, and in the commission of the peace for the counties of Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester; aged 76, 7th Sept. The following day his widow, Mary, daughter of T. Hussay, gent., died aged 75. They have left issue, 1st, Thomas, in holy orders, of Stoulton, co. Worcester; 2nd, Joseph Allen, of West Bank, near Ledbury; 3rd, Samuel, of Berrow Court, co. Worcester 4th, Edward, in holy orders, of Bosbury House, near Ledbury; 5th, Robert; 6th, William; 7th, Francis; 1st, Ann *m.* to the Rev. Joseph Lawson Whatley, and 2nd, Mary. The family of Higgins represents the ancient house of Clynton of Castleditch, which owned in early times the greater part of the parish of Eastnor.

Hill, James, Esq. late of Gray's-Inn, at Islington, aged 46, 26th Aug.

Hobson, Miss Louisa, youngest daughter of the late Samuel Hobson, Esq. of West Burton, co. York, at London, 13th Sept.

Hohenzollern-Hechingen, The Princess. The Catholic princedom of Hohenzollern-Hechingen lies in Suabia, one of the circles of the Germanic Confederation. The reigning princess Eugenia, whose death we record, was the second daughter of the famous Eugene Beauharnois, Duke of Leuchtenberg, by his wife Augusta, dau. of Maximilian, late King of Bavaria. The Princess Eugenia was born the 23rd December, 1808, and was married the 22nd May, 1826, to Frederick William Hermann Constantine, reigning Prince of Hohenzollern-Hechingen, and Duke of Sagan, by whom she had no issue.

Digitized by Google

Her Serene Highness died on the 1st inst.

Huddleston, Richard, Esq. at Sawston Hall, co. Cambridge, aged 79, 15th Sept. The Sawston branch of the ancient race of Hodelston, or Huddleston of Millum Castle, co. Cumberland, became fixed in Cambridgeshire some time in the 15th century through an alliance with the illustrious House of Nevill, an alliance which brought large estates to the family, and entitled its descendants to quarter the Plantagenet arms. Major Huddleston, whose death we record, served as High Sheriff for Cambridgeshire and Hunts in 1834. He was 10th in lineal descent from Sir William Hoddleston, Knt., and the Lady Isabel Nevill, his wife, sister and coheir of George Nevill, Duke of Bedford. As he dies unmarried, the estates and representation of the family devolve on his brother EDWARD HUDDLESTON, Esq.

Hughes, Susanna, wife of the Rev. Henry Hughes, Incumbent of All Saints, Gordon-square, 1st Sept.

Humby, Elizabeth Jane, wife of Edwin Humby, Esq. and eldest daughter of William Clarke, Esq. of St. John's Wood, 8th Sept.

Hume, Sally, relict of the late Abraham Hume, Esq. formerly of Bilton Grange, co. Warwick, aged 78, 24th Aug.

James, Richard, Esq. at Lower Phillimore place, Kensington, aged 86, 3rd Sept.

Jeans, Jane, wife of Thomas Jeans, Esq. at Naples, 5th August.

Jocelyn, the Hon. Mrs. Two years have only intervened between the marriage of this young lady and her death. The latter melancholy event occurred at Tollymore Park, 26th August. Mrs Jocelyn, who had just completed her 25th year, was daughter of Major-General Sir Neil Douglas, K. C. B., Commander of the Forces in Scotland—a gallant and highly distinguished officer, who, following the footsteps of his illustrious ancestors—

And Douglases were heroes every age—

commanded the celebrated Highland Regiment, the 79th, at Waterloo. The branch of the noble House of Angus, from which he descends, was known as that of "Cruxton and Stobbs." Cecilia, Sir Neil's second daughter, the lady whose early death we record, married, 19th February, 1845, the Hon. Augustus George Frederick Jocelyn, Captain in the 16th Dragoon Guards, youngest son of Robert, late Earl of Roden, by his second wife; and half-brother, consequently, of the present Earl.

Johnson, John Bulkeley, Esq. of Mortlake House, Congleton, aged 75, 14th Sept.

Jones, Mrs. Charlotte, formerly miniature painter to H. R. H. the late Princess Charlotte of Wales, 2nd Sept.

Jones, Margaret, relict of the late Rev. John Jones, vicar of Foy, co. Hereford, aged 78, 7th Sept.

Keating, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Henry Shechy, K.C B. Colonel of the 33rd Regiment, aged 70, 12th Sept. Sir Henry entered the army in 1794, and served in the West Indies, where, at Guadaloupe, he was severely wounded. In 1810 he commanded the attack upon St. Paul's, Isle of Bourbon, and also at the capture of the island itself. In 1837 he became Lieut.-General, and in 1845 obtained the Colonelcy of the 33rd Foot.

Kelsey, F. Esq. late of the Colonial Office, at Newington, aged 86, 6th Sept.

Kennedy, the Rev. George John, M.A. late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and one of the Masters of Rugby School, at Rugby, aged 36, 11th Sept.

Kerr, Helena Augusta, infant daughter of Niven Kerr, Esq. H. B. M. Consul, Cyprus, 3rd July.

Kirby, Elizabeth, wife of R. C. Kirby, Esq. of Blandford square, 25th August.

Kenmure, Adam Gordon, Viscount, the chief of the house of Gordon, of Lochinvar, died at Kenmure Castle, in the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, on the 1st September. His Lordship was born 9th January, 1792, and married, in November, 1843, Mary-Anne, daughter of the late James Wildey, Esq. In early life he served in the Royal Navy, and took part in Sir R. Calder's action, and in the glorious victory of Trafalgar. In 1808, while in the *Seahorse*, he was present at the capture of a Turkish frigate; and, subsequently, gained further distinction at the taking of the Islands of Peanosa and Zuneta, as well as in a variety of successful operations on the coast. His Lieutenant's commission bore date 1st July, 1815. As his Lordship has left no issue, the family estates devolve on his sister, the Hon. Louisa Bellamy (widow of Charles Bellamy, Esq. of the East India Company's Service), who assumes, under the terms of the entail, the name and arms of Gordon. The succession to the title remains in doubt. William Henry Pelham Gordon, the deceased Lord's brother, went to India many years ago, and has not since been heard of. Few branches of the illustrious house of Gordon have held a more prominent place in Scottish history than "Kenmure's line." In the patriotic struggle of Bruce and Wallace, at Halidon Hill, at Flodden, and at Pinkie, the chiefs of the family fought with conspicuous gallantry; and in the memorable rising of '15, the sixth Viscount sealed by his death his devotion to the Royal dynasty of the

Digitized by Google

Stuarts Taken prisoner at Preston Pans, his Lordship was conveyed to London, where he was tried, condemned, and executed on Tower-hill.

Lambert, General Sir John, G.C.B., K.S.W. and Knight Commander of Maximilan Joseph, Col. of the 10th Regiment of Foot, at Weston-house, Thames Ditton, aged 75, 14th Sept. This gallant officer served his country full fifty years, and fought in the Peninsula and at Waterloo.

Lane, Ursula, wife of Lieut.-Col. Charles R. W. Lane, C. B. Bengal Army, aged 39, 9th Sept.

Lear, Jeremiah, Esq. of Lyminster, Sussex, aged 83, 18th Sept.

Lee, Mary Anne Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. Henry Lee, at South Raynham Vicarage, 9th Sept.

Levett, Philip Stimpson, Esq. of Albert Road, Regent's Park, aged 76, 3rd Sept.

Lewis, James, Esq. lately one of the Chief Commissioners in London, and subsequently, in 1841, appointed sole arbitrator for adjudicating on claims to compensation under the act for abolishing slavery; formerly Speaker of the House of Assembly of Jamaica, and Advocate-General for that island; at his house in Park street, Grosvenor square, in his 70th year, 18th August.

Mackay, Alexander, Esq. at Brighton, aged 29, 31st Aug.

Mackenzie, Henry, Esq. of Islington, aged 64, 21st Aug.

Macleod, Col. Sir Henry George, K.H. late Governor of Trinidad, 20th August. The death of this gallant officer, a Colonel in the Army, occurred at Bishopsgate, near Windsor His military services were highly distinguished. For his conduct at the siege of Dantzic he received the Order of St. Wladimir, and in the glorious conflict of Waterloo he had the honour of taking part. At one time he was Lieutenant-Governor of St. Kitts; became, subsequently, Lieut. Governor of Trinidad; and was appointed, eventually, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of that island. Sir Henry married, in 1843, Henrietta, daughter of the late Rev. Sir John Robinson, Bart. of Rokeby Hall, co. Louth.

Macnabb, Mary, relict of the late James Macnabb, Esq. of Arthurstone, co. Perth, aged 33, 27th Aug.

Marris, Mary Anne, widow of the late William Marris, Esq. of Gray's Inn, 6th Sept.

Mayers, Anne, wife of John Pollard Mayers, aged 68, 6th Sept.

M'Caskill, Elizabeth Mary, sixth daughter of the late Major-General Sir John M'Caskill, aged 15, 2.th Aug.

Meelkerke, Maria Henrietta, wife of Adolphus Meelkerke, Esq. of Julians, Herts, 21st Aug.

Montague, William, Esq. of Constitution House, Gloucester, one of her Majesty's Justices of the Peace for that city, and son of the late John Montague, Esq. of Cookham, Berks, suddenly, at the Newarks, Leicester, the residence of his son-in-law, the Rev. Octavius F. Owen, M.A., from disease of the heart, in the 37th year of his age, 19th Aug.

Montesquiou, Count Alfred. The family of Montesquiou is one of very ancient and highly honourable descent in France. Count Alfred de Montesquiou, whose melancholy death we here record, was a much respected member of this house. He was the brother of Count Anatole de Montesquiou, Chevalier d'Honneur to the Queen of the French, and uncle to M. de Montesquiou Deputy for the Department of the Sarthe. Count Alfred had married the daughter of General Peyron, and was the father of eight children. He was in the enjoyment of all the advantages of rank and fortune; nevertheless on the morning of Friday, the 27th August, he stabbed himself to death in his sleeping apartment, at his residence, in the Faubourg St. Germaine. No satisfactory reason can yet be given for this terrible suicide, which forms a kind of minor tragedy to that of the wicked Duke de Praslin, and his unfortunate wife.

Moreton, Sophia, relict of William Moreton, Esq. at Hornsey, aged 92, Sept. 6.

Morris, William. Esq. of Woodford Hall, Essex, aged 50, 8th Sept.

Mott, John Thruston, Esq. at Barningham Hall, Norfolk, aged 63, 12th Sept.

Munro Catherine, relict of the late David Munro, Esq. of Quebec, aged 63, 18th Sept.

Murray, Henry Charles, eldest son of James Murray, Esq. of Queen Anne-street, aged 8.

Murray, Ellen, wife of Lieut.-Colonel Kent Murray, Knt. St. F. aged 25, 27th Aug.

Newhouse, Frederick Dundas, son of the late Col. Newhouse, R. Art. at Limerick, aged 33, 23rd Aug.

Newton, Thomas, second surviving son of Samuel Newton, Esq. of Croxton Park, aged 43, 19th Sept.

Norton, Susanna, wife of William Norton, Esq. late of Peckham, at Woodbridge Abbey, Suffolk, 12th Sept.

Nortzell, Thomas, Esq. late of Abingdon, aged 70, 3rd Sept.

Overend, Mrs. of Bolsover Hill, near Sheffield, aged 71, 25th Aug.

Parker, Charles George, Esq. of Springfield Place, Essex, aged 68, 21st Aug.

Pearson, the Rev. William, LL D. rector of

Digitized by Google

South Kilworth, co. Leicester, aged 81, 6th Sept.

Peckham, William Scott, Esq. of the Inner Temple, at Greenwich, aged 75, 6th Sept.

Peel, Lady Jane, wife of the Right Hon. William Yates Peel, M.P. and daughter of Stephen, late Earl of Mountcashell, 5th Sept. This estimable lady was born 17th September, 1796, and married 17th June, 1819. She leaves a very large family to mourn her loss The noble house of Mountcashell deduces its descent from Thomas de Moore, one of the Knights who accompanied the Conqueror to England, and who survived the decisive battle of Hastings, in which he had a principal command. About the middle of the fourteenth century, the ancestors of the present Earl were seated in the West of England; and in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, they purchased an estate near Lurden, co. Salop, whence, for nearly a century, they were designated the Mores of "Shropshire." In the time of James Richard More, Esq. emigrated to Ireland; and his son, Stephen, purchasing the estate of Kilworth, co. Cork, became the ancestor of the Moores, of Kilworth, now Earls of Mountcashell.

Pennefather, the Rt. Hon. Edward, at Dublin, 6th Sept. This distinguished gentleman, beyond all question the ablest equity lawyer in Ireland, was called to the Bar in Easter term, 1796, and after practising with pre-eminent success for nearly half a century, attained one of the highest honours of his profession, being appointed Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench. This dignified office he held at a very remarkable crisis—the memorable period of the State Triais when Mr. O'Connell was arraigned. His Lordship did not continue long after to preside over the Court. His health failed, and he retired into private life. Mr. Pennefather belonged to the highly respectable family of Pennefather, of New Park, co. Tipperary. His father, Major William Pennefather, of the 5th Dragoons, who sat in the Irish Parliament for Cashel, was second son of Richard Pennefather, Esq. of New Park, by Mary, his wife, daughter of John Graham, Esq. of Platten. Mr. Pennefather's death occurred at his residence in Fitzwilliam-square, Dublin, after a lengthened illness. He was married o Miss Darby, daughter of John Darby, Esq. of Great George-street, Westminster, and of Leap, in the King's County, and leaves issue three sons and two daughters. The right honourable gentleman's elder brother, who still survives, is also a distinguished lawyer, and sits on the Irish Bench as one of the Barons of the Exchequer.

Penner, Caroline Dorothy, wife of Charles Penner, Esq. Lachine, near Montreal, Canada, at the residence of her brother, Mr. Rowland, Tottenham-court-road, London, 10th Sept.

Penney, Sarah, wife of William Penney, Esq. of Northwick Terrace, Maida Hill, aged 74, 21st Aug.

Perceval, Lieut.-Colonel Philip Joshua, late of the Grenadier Guards, at Brighton, 10th Sept.

Pigot, Mary, wife of Sir Robert Pigot, Bt. 6th Sept.

Pinkney, Prudence, relict of the late Francis Pinkney, Esq of Whitehall and Swansea, at Notting hill, 6th Sept.

Pryce, Mary, relict of the late Thomas Pryce, Esq. of Greenwich, aged 87, 26th Aug.

Puddicombe, G. B., Esq., Captain and Paymaster of the Plymouth division of Royal Marines, 21st Aug.

Rackstraw, Anne, wife of G. B. Rackstraw, Esq. at Gravesend, 19th Sept.

Ramsden, Charles, youngest son of Captain Ramsden, at Hexthorpe, 6th Sept.

Randal, Mary, wife of Alexander Randal, Esq. banker of Maidstone, aged 61, 29th Aug.

Redifer, Mary, relict of the late William Redifer, Esq. of Stamford, 7th Sept.

Rennell, Caroline, wife of Henry Rennell, Esq. of the Bank of England, at Boulogne, aged 36, 5th Sept.

Reynolds, Mrs. Sophia, relict of the late John Reynolds, Esq. of Pimlico, 1st Sept.

Richards, Mary, widow of the late Rev. Edward Richards, at Epsom, 17th Sept.

Robinson, Mary Anne, widow of the late Matthew A. Robinson, Esq., at Fareham, 13th Sept.

Rohde, Samuel, Esq. at Dover, aged 59, 29th Aug.

Roskell, Robert, Esq. of Gatacre, near Liverpool, aged 74, 11th Sept. Mr. Roskell, a magistrate for the borough of Liverpool, was eldest son of the late Nicholas Roskell, of Garstang, by Jennet his wife, dau. of John Fox, of Forton. He married twice, by Elizabeth, his first wife, dau. of William Tarleton, Esq. he has left two sons, Nicholas and Robert, and three daughters, the youngest of whom Catherine, is married to John Kendal, Esq. of Kensington. By Anne, his second wife, dau. of John Kaye, Esq. he had four sons and two daughters.

Ruddach, John Montague, only son of the late Dr. Ruddach, of Jamaica, at Calcutta, 16th June.

Russell, John Griffith, eldest son of J. F. Russell, Esq. of South Lambeth, aged 11, 28th Aug.

Russell, Charlotte, relict of Claude Russell,

Digitized by Google

Esq. Bengal Civil Service, at St John's Wood, 16th Sept.

Saberton, J. S., Esq. at Chatteris, aged 61, 7th Aug.

Saltoustall, Mrs. Mary Susannah, of Little Hillingdon, Middlesex, aged 76, 27th Aug.

Sarel, Mrs. Louisa, of Hengar House, Cornwall, &c. 7th Sept.

Scoles, Matthew, Esq. of Melton Street, aged 81, 27th Aug.

Scott, William Francis, Esq. senior partner with firm of Currie and Co., of Calcutta, at Manchester Buildings, Westminster, aged 45, 9th Sept.

Sharpe, Nanny, widow of John Sharpe, Esq. F.R.S., at Richmond, 24th Aug.

Shaw, Captain John C. Madras Engineers, at Bellary, East Indies, aged 36, 28th June.

Shewell, Julia, dau. of the late Edward Shewell, Esq. of Lewes, aged 20. 8th Sept.

Shore, the Rev. William Thomas, at Hanover, aged 51, 17th Aug.

Sibley, William, of Wellingborough, co. Northampton. aged 76, 31st Aug.

Sissmore, the Rev. Henry, curate of Wymering, near Portsmouth, aged 54, 6th Sept.

Slocock, the Rev. Samuel, rector of Shaw, &c. aged 68, 20th Aug.

Slous, Sophia, wife of Gideon Slous, Esq. of the Oval Road, Regent's Park, aged 79, 27th Aug.

Smithers, Lucy Anne, wife of John Smithers, Esq. at Camberwell, 10th Sept.

Sperlin, Francis William Theodore, son of the Rev. Harvey J. Sperlin, rector of Papworth, St. Agnes, 21st Aug.

Stables, Walter William, Esq. of Crosland Hall, near Huddersfield, aged 83, 9th Sept.

Stamp, Mr. Edw. Blanshard, of Brighton, formerly of Low Elswick, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, third son of the late Rev. John Stamp, of Woodhouse-grove, Yorkshire, at Hamburgh, aged 43, 9th Sept.

Stanhope, Algernon Russell, eldest son of Col. the Hon. Leicester Stanhope, aged 9 years and 8 months, 11th Sept. His remains were interred in the ancestral vault of his uncle the Earl of Harrington, at Elvaston church, co. Derby.

Stather, Charlotte Anna Seymour, wife of Captain Stather, Bombay Army, and only surviving dau. of the late Lt.-Col. William Ormsby, at Brighton, 3rd Sept.

Stenies, Mr. James, of Brixton, aged 77, 15th Sept.

Sterling, Edward, at Knightsbridge, aged 74, 3rd Sept.

Stevens, Nathaniel, Esq. of Grays Inn, 4th Sept.

Stevens, Sarah, fourth dau. of the late John Stevens, Esq. of Lower Caversham, Oxon, at Kensington, 27th Aug.

Stevens, Harriet, wife of F. Stevens, Esq. of Camden Town, aged 37, 23d Aug.

Stiles, Sarah Anne, daughter of the late Carter Stiles, Esq. of Bristol, 19th Sept.

Strange, Mrs. John, of Hornton Villas, Kensington, 18th Sept.

Swanston, Miss, 8th Sept.

Swinburne, Edward, brother of Sir John Swinburne, Bart. aged 83, 6th Sept.

Taubman, Caroline, wife of Colonel Goldie Taubman, at the Isle of Man, 9th Aug.

Taylor, Emma, wife of Mr. S. Taylor, of Manor-house, John-Street Road, 20th September.

Taylor, Mr. Frederick William, of Oak-House, Farnborough, co. Kent, aged 74, 5th Sept.

Taylor, Mr. Charles, many years member of the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, 16th Sept.

Teague, John, Esq. at Dartmouth, aged 74, 8th Sept.

Turner, Captain T. M. B. of the Bombay Engineers, youngest son of Dr. Turner, of Curzon Street, at Bombay, aged 37, 9th July.

Turner, Samuel, Esq. F.R.S. of Derwent Lodge, near Liverpool, aged 71, 28th Aug.

Twisleton, Hon. Mrs. relict of the Hon. and Rev. Thomas James, D.D., Archdeacon of Colombo, and mother of the Right Hon. Lord Saye and Sele, in Suffolk Square, Cheltenham, in the 77th year of her age, 11th Sept.

Underwood, George Pye, youngest son of Joseph Underwood, Esq. at Black Heath Park, aged 2½, 29th Aug.

Vaughan, Thomas Nugent, Esq. of Grosvenor Place, London, a Justice of the Peace for the county of Longford. Mr. Nugent Vaughan, eld. son of the late R. Vaughan, Esq. of the 1st Royal Regt., married 14th Dec. 1838, Frances Mary, Dowager Viscountess Forbes, only child of the late William Territ, Esq. L.L.D. of Chilton Hall, Suffolk, and leaves, we believe, an only daughter; at 51, Rutland Square, Dublin, 14th Sept.

Wakefield, Edward Watson, only child of Edward Wakefield, Esq. of Grulford, Ireland, at London, 26th Aug.

Walker, Mrs. of Brynterion, near Bangor, aged 63, 23rd Aug.

Ware, Thomas, Sen. Esq. of Kingsland, aged 72, 9th Sept.

Webber, the Very Rev. James, D.D. Dean of Ripon, and Prebendary of Westminster, 3rd Sept.

Weston, William Roper Esq. Surveyor-General of Her Majesty's Customs, while travelling on an official tour, from injuries received by an accident on the Manchester and Leeds Railway, at Sowerby-

Digitized by Google

bridge, Yorkshire, deeply regretted, 16th Sept.

Whately, Mary, eldest dau. of Henry P. Whately, Esq. formerly of Handworth, co. Stafford, at Tours, in France, 23rd Aug.

Whitburn, Mr. William Henry, of Esher, Surrey, at Invernesshire, from extreme cold and fatigue, aged 35, 1st Sept.

White, Lieut.-Colonel Taylor, formerly of 7th Hussars, at Hadley, aged 76, 11th Sept.

Whitemore, Anna Maria, wife of Thomas Greenslade Whitemore, Esq. 23rd Aug.

Wilson, Georgiana, second dau. of the late John Wilson, Esq. at Barton under Needwood, aged 14.

Winckworth, Augusta Sophia, youngest dau. of the late William Winckworth, Esq. of Great Marlborough Street, 11th Sept.

Winn, Christopher, Esq. New Crane, Shadwell, 28th Aug.

Winstanley, Rev. Charles, late of Devonport, at Upper Canada, aged 89, 19th Aug.

Witham, George, Esq. late Capt. 68th Regt. at Lartington Hall, co. York, 8th Sept. This lamented gentleman, a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for the counties of York and Durham, and formerly Capt. in the 68th Light Infantry, was son of the late Henry Silverton, Esq. who assumed the surname of Witham, in consequence of his marriage with Eliza, niece and heiress of William Witham, Esq. of Cliffe; and was thus descended from one of the oldest families in the North of England, originally settled in Lincolnshire, and named from the River Witham, in that county. Capt. Witham has died unmarried, leaving one surviving brother, the Rev. Thomas Edward Witham, a priest of the Church of Rome; and three sisters, Catherine, wife of Henry Eaglefield; Emma-Seraphina, of Wm. Dunn, Esq.; and Winifred, of Gerard Salvin, Esq. of Croxdale.

Wood, Miss Harriett, late of Bath, aged 64, 18th Aug.

Wood, Georgiana Elizabeth, wife of the Rev. Thomas Wood, M.A. at Calcutta, 7th July.

Wootten, John, Esq. M.D. of Baliol College, and one of the Physicians of the Radcliffe Infirmary, at Oxford, aged 48, 26th Aug.

Workman, Lieut.-Col. Samuel Payne, late of the 35th Regt. aged 61, 14th Sept.

Wortley, Anne, wife of James Wortley, Esq. of Cannonbury Place, Islington, 6th Sept.

Wrench, Lucy Madaline, eldest child of the Rev. Harry Ovenden Wrench, of Overton, co. Flint, 26th Aug.

Wright, Silas, senator of the United States, died suddenly at his residence, in St. Lawrence County, a short time since, aged 52. He had filled various public offices, and was for a period, Governor of the State of New York. He was no ordinary man, and exercised a controling influence with the Democratic party, whose candidate he would have been at the next election for the Presidency of the United States. His death, at this moment, is, therefore, an important event; and may, in its consequences, affect the future policy, foreign and domestic, of America. It will be found no easy matter for the dominant party to fill the void, the death of Silas Wright has created. In another point of view, he is a national loss. He favoured the Wilmot Proviso, and, had he lived, would, doubtless, have contributed to the settlement of the Slavery question.

Digitized by Google

THE PATRICIAN.

THE CASTLES AND MANSIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Knebworth, co. Herts.

"So sweet a spot of earth, you might (I ween)
Have guessed some congregation of the elves,
To sport by summer moons, had shaped it for themselves."

"Vix ea nostra voco," has been applied to hereditary honours with more pertinacity than reason; and were men machines, and life regulated like a timepiece, the application might bear some degree of justness; but when matters of fact and action intervene, we are sure to encounter something that sets our theory at nought, and laughs at the dreamings of our philosophy. In truth, we are of the time present, not of the time past; yet how fondly do we cling to the recollections and traditions of former ages—the more remote and the more obscure, the more profound is our reverence, and the more intense our worship. The old castellated mansion has a halo around it which may be sought for in vain in the stateliest of modern halls: this, we regard with admiration and indifference—it talks but of wealth, listlessness, and luxury: we have nothing ideally or really to do with it; but that, with its iron-grey gables, its ivied towers, its quaint architecture, and its associations, which all these engender, seems to be our own almost as much as it does its true possessor's.

These observations are suggested by the subject before us—the venerable mansion of Knebworth, in feudal times the stronghold of knights and warriors, renowned in chivalry and arms: in our own more peaceful days, the inheritance and abode of a man of letters, as celebrated for mental, as his illustrious ancestors were for physical, prowess. Knebworth was among the manors granted to Eudo Dapifer at the Conquest, and at various times became the property of several illustrious owners, of whom we may mention Thomas Mowbray Plantagenet, Sir Walter Manny, the Duchess of Norfolk, and John Hotolf, Treasurer to Henry VI. In the reign of Henry the Seventh, it passed, by purchase, into the hands of Sir Robert Lytton (of Lytton in the Peak), a Knight of the Bath, and one of the monarch's privy councillors. The good Knight, who was also the keeper of the great wardrobe, and under treasurer, had no sooner entered into possession of his fort, for it was no better, than he set about enlarging it; and what he had thus begun, but left unfinished, was continued by his successor, William De

Digitized by Google

Lytton, governor of Boulogne Castle. Such, however, was the slow and steady pace of building in those days, that he also left the work unfinished; nor was it completed till the reign of Elizabeth, when a finishing hand was put to it by Sir Rowland De Lytton, a man who, by the many offices he held, could scarcely have been of less distinction than any of his predecessors. It is now that this castellated mansion begins to possess an historical interest. The wife of Sir Rowland (Anne, dau. of Oliver Lord St. John, of Bletsoe, and great-granddaughter of Margaret Beauchamp) was not very remotely connected with the queen; and hence perhaps it was that we often find Elizabeth a visitant at the Castle. The room in which she slept has been with great good taste preserved to the present day, with little or no alteration, and is still known by the name of Queen Elizabeth's chamber.

The house was built in a quadrangular form, the east front or gateway being of a very early date; in fact, it was a portion of the ancient fort. Till of late years the mansion had been little inhabited, and had fallen into so ruinous a state, that when, in 1811, the mother of the present Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton came into possession of it, she found it necessary to remove three sides. The remaining portion, however, contains the principal rooms, and is the part which was built by Sir Robert De Lytton in the reign of the seventh Henry. In effecting the necessary renovations, care was taken to interfere as little as possible with the character of the ancient building; hence all that remains has much the same appearance that it ever had, being a castellated mansion, though without strong works, and exhibiting a pure specimen of the Tudor style of architecture. Some remains of the moat are still to be seen on the west side, and portions even of the old foundations of outer walls may yet be traced by the curious in such matters.

If we again look back upon the earlier history of Knebworth, we shall find that it had other, and no less celebrated visitors than Elizabeth herself. In the reign of Charles the First, there was a Sir William Lytton, who sat in Parliament for the county, and was an intimate friend of Pym, Elliot, and Hampden: In a letter still in the family possession, he mentions the meeting of that party in his house to concert their parliamentary measures; and the room to all appearance still remains, adjoining the great hall. This same Sir William was one of the commissioners appointed to treat with Charles at Oxford; but at a later period he opposed Cromwell, and was among the members confined in the place popularly called Hell-hole. To commemorate this event, an old subterranean chamber in one of the towers, now removed, received the same name.

The principal rooms in the house as it now stands, are—1st, the great banquetting hall, of which the ceiling belongs to the time of Henry the Eighth, the screen is Elizabethan, and the chimney-piece, with the panneling, appear to date from Charles the Second, when Inigo Jones had made the Corinthian column fashionable. One door leads out of it into the room now called the oak drawing-room, the same that we have just mentioned as having been the chamber where the great parliamentary leaders met to hold council; a second door, which has long since been closed up, communicates with a vast cellar, this being a rare remain of a singular ancient custom. In the olden time, it was usual for the gentlemen after dinner to retreat, for the purpose of drinking, to a cellar adjoining the great hall, which, with that view, was always kept in the utmost order, and this vault is the more curious, from the fact that there are few

Digitized by Google

houses now remaining with similar constructions. The oak room opens upon a large Gothic library, the chimney-piece of which is ornamented with the arms of the Lyttons, St. Johns, Beauchamps, Robinsons, Stanleys of Hooton, and Grosvenors. A double flight of stairs leads to the state-rooms, the carved balustrades of which support the lion rampant, one of the ancient crests brought in by the alliance with the Strodes. The staircase itself is hung with trophies, of armour of the time of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., as well as various family and other pictures. The windows are blazoned with the descents from the alliance with Barrington and the alliance of the St. Johns.

The first state room is very ancient; it is small, and the walls are covered with curious old stamped leather, richly gilt, and in high preservation, while the woodwork is grotesquely carved in pannels, and upon the ceiling the arms are painted of Sir Rowland Lytton, as heir general to the families of Booth, Godmanster, Oke, Burnavil, and Drereward.

From this is a communication with the long state room, which is hung with *bugle tapestry*, perhaps the only specimen to be found in England. You next pass through the oval drawing-room into the old presence chamber, which modern fashions have metamorphosed into a principal drawing-room. Upon the ceiling and windows of this apartment are introduced ninety-nine quarterings, which were brought in through the ancient families of Norreys and Robinson in the time of Anne, and the frieze below shews the arms of the descents from the ancient British kings, through Sir Owen Tudor and Elystan Glodrydd, the Plantagenets through Ruth Barrington, and the Tudors through Sir William Norrey's marriage with Anne Tudor, aunt to Henry VII. Many relics of the olden time are preserved here, giving to the room a marked air of antiquity; amongst other precious remains, are two Gothic cabinets of the time of Henry VII., sets of chairs of the old cloth of gold, a very curious carved and gilt procession of our Saviour to the cross, the workmanship of the fourteenth century, and some ebony tables, in their original state, of the time of Elizabeth. Other curiosities are also preserved in this room, of a very different character: such, for instance, as a chair of solid ivory and gold, that once belonged to the redoubted Tippoo Saib. But the antiquary will, perhaps, dwell with more real satisfaction upon the rare old pictures, the memorials of men who form a portion of our national history. There, in the midst of his kindred companions, is the portrait of Sir Philip Sidney, his own gift to Sir Rowland Lytton—the *vera effigies* of Edward VI., which acquires a double value when we are told that the royal hand presented it to William De Lytton, his Governor of Boulogne Castle—the likenesses of Lord Strafford and his wife—and many other genuine old portraits, preserved as heir-looms in the family. But the portraits do not form the sole pictorial ornaments of this chamber; there are a few paintings of another class, valuable as works of art, from which we may be allowed to select an exquisite Magdalene by Galleyo, a Spanish painter,—a beautiful Nativity, by Albert Durer,—several Dutch pictures, and some very valuable specimens on wood, of the earliest period of Dutch, and perhaps of English, art. It must not, however, be imagined that the treasures of antiquity are confined to this one spot. In other parts of the mansion are collections of armour, ranging in date from the time of the Crusades to the period of the Civil War, some of the best and most perfect specimens being those in the banquetting hall; they

Digitized by Google

date variously from the reigns of Henry VII., Henry VIII., and James I.

Another flight of stairs conducts to the music gallery over the hall, which communicates with the round tower chamber, fitted up with gold and stamped leather, after the fashion prevailing in the age of Charles the Second. In this is the portrait of Viscountess Falkland, daughter of a Sir Robert Lytton, and it communicates with the Falkland chamber, containing portraits of the same date, as well as with a corridor that opens into the Hampden room, where the illustrious John Hampden once slept, if we are to believe the family tradition. The same passage leads to Queen Elizabeth's room, wherein is a very curious old oak bedstead, the only thing probably of the kind in England, if we except one in Berkeley Castle. The ancient tapestry, which at one time had been removed from the walls, has latterly been replaced, and the same good taste has also brought back the old chimney-piece, a very curious sample of the workmanship of other days. It bears the following inscription:—

"Hic anno devictis armis Hispan: memorabili requievit Elizabetha, R.A. 1588."

Adjoining this is the room that was occupied by the mother of the present Sir Edward. It contains many of her drawings and paintings, for it appears that she inherited her full portion of the family taste, and was an accomplished artist. Here also is a cabinet with many curiosities and antiquities, the collected heir-looms of different periods. Altogether this is a noble apartment to those who take a delight in the solemn splendour of our ancestors—a splendour so grave and massive that we have often felt tempted to doubt if they ever laughed outright, like their more light-hearted or more frivolous descendants. There is something in an ancient hall that seems to forbid a jest, as altogether out of place; one would as soon think of dancing the Polka in a cathedral cloister. And here, amidst the grave ornaments, the panels of white and gold, the dark painted ceiling, one would feel more inclined to pore over some ancient tome of severe philosophy, than to read the last new novel. Nor is this serious tendency at all lessened by the following beautiful inscription over the chimney-piece:—"This room, for many years occupied by Elizabeth Bulwer Lytton, and containing the relics most associated with her memory, her son trusts that her descendants will preserve unaltered. LIBERIS VIRTUTIS EXEMPLAR!" There are few who will not heartily respond to the spirit of this inscription, when they reflect how much this fine estate has been indebted for its preservation to her taste, energy, and talent. She it was who redeemed it from a century of neglect, and with unwearied patience and assiduity saved the mansion from the total ruin that must otherwise have ere long fallen upon it. That she removed what was too decayed for preservation, and repaired and fitted up in the most appropriate style whatever remained, we have already seen; but her improvement did not stop here. Out of the old gateway that had of necessity been removed, she formed a curious and picturesque lodge to the entrance from the London road, and erected a very elegant stone mausoleum in the park. The church itself is of ancient date, and is dedicated to St. Mary, containing a private chapel belonging to the Lyttons, in which are some beautiful monuments, and three of the oldest and rarest helmets in England, surmounted with a Lytton crest,—"a bittern among reeds."

Digitized by Google

But in this, as well as so many other respects, Mrs. Elizabeth Bulwer Lytton would appear to have been a woman of no ordinary mind, combining in herself qualities that are seldom found united in the same person. She had the talents of a writer both in prose and verse, painted more like an artist than an amateur, and yet was a thorough woman of business, who transacted all her affairs for herself, with less need of an agent than many men. Nor was she at all deficient in the gentle spirit of charity; for, though saving in herself, she was munificent to others, and all the time, her generosity was pure and free from ostentation. This noble and kind-hearted woman died December 19, 1843, preserving her activity, both of mind and body, to the last. Requiescat in pace!

The park belonging to the mansion is not large, but it contains some of the best deer of the county, and is celebrated for the view from the east. It stands on very high ground, broken by dells, and has several avenues of the reign of Elizabeth; and if this do not afford sufficient amusement to the owners, they have a right of free warren over the whole of the surrounding districts, granted to them in the time of James I.

It may be easily supposed that so noble a remnant of the olden days is not without its traditions. In the beginning of the present century, a very interesting little book was published, called "Jenny Spinner, or the Hertfordshire Ghost," the scene of which was laid at Knebworth, and the plot founded upon a popular story of a *spinning* phantom that haunted the old mansion. It is not above thirty or forty years ago that the very spinning-wheel was still extant which served the ghost in her nightly occupations, though it has since that time been destroyed, and likely enough by some one who sagaciously thought to put an end to the phantom's visits, by destroying the cause of them.

Other traditions there are that haunt the old mansion, and though not impossible, nor even very improbable, yet perhaps not a whit more real than this of the spinning phantom. Thus it has been said that the unfortunate Earl of Warwick, beheaded by Henry VII., was at one time confined at Knebworth under the care of Sir Robert De Lytton; but history makes no mention of such a fact, nor does a place so beautiful in itself, and allied with so many high and noble recollections, stand in need of any spurious fancies to enhance its interest with those who love the memory of their forefathers.

Holwood, co. Kent.

"Oh, dread was the time, and more dreadful the omen,
When the brave on Marengo lay slaughter'd in vain,
And beholding broad Europe bow'd down by her foemen,
Pitt clos'd in his anguish the map of her reign!
Not the fate of broad Europe could bend his brave spirit
To take for his country the safety of shame;
Oh, then in her triumph remember his merit,
And hallow the goblet that flows to his name."

There is a charm attached to the abode of greatness, whether living or departed, that never can belong to the most splendid structures if unhallowed by such recollections. The noblest specimens of architecture excite at best a cold unsympathizing admiration if considered only as such; they are like Pygmalion's statue ere it was animated by a living

Digitized by Google

soul—mere stone—finely shaped indeed, yet still nothing but a chiseled and dextrous production of the human hand: but once let us be able to say, "This was the home of Shakspere, or of Milton, or of Newton, and even the rudest pile assumes a something sacred to our imagination. If the reader should say with Horatio, "This were to consider too curiously," we must borrow our reply from Hamlet: "Not a whit." Even the American, who may be said to live in a world of yesterday, who has no antiquity whether historical or otherwise, is yet found to be touched by this feeling; and when he visits England, sympathizes as warmly with the relics of other times as the most enthusiastic among ourselves. Analyze and philosophize as we will, there is a charm in these matters, which is not the less real because it does not square with the maxims of the logician.

We have been involuntarily led into these remarks—and we would fain hope not too discursive remarks—by the mansion of Holwood, near Bromley, in Kent, the seat of John Ward, Esq., about fourteen miles from London, in the parish of Keston. How many recollections cleave to the site of the old building that has disappeared, and which still fling their glorious shadow—light, rather—upon the beautiful structure which has succeeded it! While admiring the modern building for its architectural elegance, the spectator is yet more attracted by the idea that on this very spot stood the favourite residence of William Pitt, the civil competitor of the warlike Napoleon, and whose plans, though long after his death, were destined to be the overthrow of his soldier rival. Never was Cicero's saying of "Cedunt arma togæ" more realized to the letter, though in a different meaning from what was originally intended.

At present Pitt is only a name to us;—but what a name! In regard to this extraordinary man, there can be but two opinions—a presiding genius, or a devil: he has either saved or he has ruined England, the greatest country of ancient or of modern times. For our own part, we heartily coincide with the opinion of the best and wisest, who think that England would have sunk under the tremendous energies called forth by the French revolution, except for the genius and the indomitable spirit of William Pitt; and whether we are right or wrong in this idea, it is quite plain, and more to our present purpose, that the history of Europe, if not of the world, must for many, many years to come turn upon him and Napoleon Buonaparte. The counsels and the actions of either have left a legacy for after times—a riddle, which the wisdom and the experience of our far-off posterity must solve.

The present mansion occupies the place of the old house, which was pulled down in 1823. The latter was a small old plastered brick building, but had long been tenanted by various gentlemen who delighted in fox-hunting, at the time the Duke of Grafton kept a pack of hounds in this neighbourhood. It afterwards came into the hands of the late Mr. Calcraft, and served as a house of rendezvous for the heads of one of the parties which at that time divided the House of Commons. From Mr. Calcraft it passed into the possession of the Burrell family; by them it was sold to Captain Ross; and purchased of him by Mr. Burrow, nephew of the late Sir James Burrow, who stuccoed the house, added greatly to the grounds by various purchases, grubbed and converted considerable woods into beautiful pasture and pieces of water, and planted those ornamental shrubberies which rendered it so justly admired. An

Digitized by Google

eminent ship-builder, named Randall, purchased it of Mr. Burrow, and he afterwards disposed of it to the Right Hon. William Pitt, who was a native of the adjoining parish, and under whose own personal superintendence most of the ornamental plantations were made, which rendered the park so justly admired. As to the interior, the house underwent no other alteration than the addition of a small drawing-room covered with pantiles, and facing the whole with a curious new-invented variegated stucco. Mr. Decimus Burton has preserved a sketch of this old house, such as it was when taken down to make room for the new mansion; and which, as connected with the history of this great statesman, may hereafter prove an object of interest.

The history and structure of the modern building may be thus described: It was erected in the year 1825, by the present proprietor, from the designs and under the superintendence of Decimus Burton, Esq., architect. The exterior presents an uniform architectural elevation in the Grecian style; the walls faced with the light-coloured bricks from Southampton; the columns, pilasters, entablatures, window-dressings, and the plinth, of solid Portland stone.

The south front extends 180 feet in length, and has a circular portico of four columns of the Grecian Ionic order, the height of the building; in the wings are Doric columns in recesses. The principal apartments are in this front, and consist of the dining-room, saloon, library, drawing-room, billiard-room, and conservatory, *en suite*. The kitchen offices also occupy part of the south front, but so concealed under the same elevation as to avoid the incongruity sometimes observed, where, either from injudiciousness, or with the idea of economy, the domestic offices are seen attached to the mansion in a character of architecture totally different. A handsome conservatory, principally constructed of Portland stone and iron, and 40 by 17 feet wide, forms the termination of the western wing.

The north, or entrance front, is of the same extent, but of a plainer character than the south front, with a recessed portico of two Doric columns. The interior presents several well-contrived vistas through the suites of apartments. The saloon, which has an extremely pleasing appearance, occupies the centre of the house, and extends two stories in height, surmounted by a large lantern light, and supported by columns.

Although the rooms are not large, yet it may be truly said that Holwood is one of the most ornamental, convenient, and substantial mansions in the county of Kent. The scenery around is very beautiful, varied, and extensive, owing to the elevation of its site, the broken and undulating surface of the ground in the immediate vicinity, and other local advantages. The present proprietor has likewise been at great expense in embellishing the park and pleasure grounds, and has entirely enclosed the former with a strong oak fence, extending about four miles in circumference; he has also built two ornamental rustic lodges, rebuilt the farmery, and put all the premises in perfect condition.

But the ground itself has yet older recollections than any that belong even to the former building. It is supposed to have given a name to the parish of Keston, of which it forms a part, from the camp commonly called Julius Cæsar's camp at Holwood Hill. The remains of this fortification are of an oblong form, commanding an extensive view on every side. It consisted of a circular double, and in some places treble, entrenchment, enclosing about twenty acres of land; into which there

Digitized by Google

appeared to have been no original entrance but by the opening to the north-west, which descends to the spring called Cæsar's spring. Some have imagined this was the camp Julius Cæsar made when the Britons gave him the last battle; others have supposed this to have been the remains of the first Roman station from London towards Dover. A third conjecture is, that it was the place where Aulus Plautius the prætor, after his fourth action with the Britons, encamped with his forces, whilst he awaited the arrival of the emperor Claudius. But however antiquaries may differ as to the person by whom this celebrated camp was formed, they all concur in stating it to have been originally a strong and considerable Roman station, though not of the larger sort; but rather from its commanding situation and short distance from the Thames, a camp of observation, or *castra oestiva*. To Mr. Kempe, who carefully investigated the antiquities of Holwood Hill, and favoured the public with the result of his labours, through the medium of the *Military Register*, in 1814, we are indebted for the few following remarks :—

"Cæsar's camp is situated on that side of Holwood Hill which forms a sort of inclined plane in a northerly direction; and the site commands a fine view into the Counties of Kent, Surry, Middlesex, and Essex. It was about a mile in circumference; and partook in some degree of the ordinary plan of Roman encampments, oblong, with rounded corners. The whole extent of the remains measured along the interior vallum is about eight hundred paces. The western side is double-ditched; on the northern only one foss is discernable. The inner trench is about fifty-four feet in width, the outer forty-two; the depth of the inner trench may be about thirty feet, that of the outer considerably less. The camp has two entrances; one to the north, the other to the west. It appears probable that the former was not original, but may have broken through in later days, to form the high road which formerly passed through the centre of the camp. The western aperture conducted the garrison down to the source of the river Ravensbourn. South of the spring there runs out for six or seven hundred yards, in a westerly direction from the camp, an elevated ridge, ditched on the southern side. This ridge might have been a sort of military way, or perhaps was intended as an outwork for the protection of the watering place."

Mr. Kempe, in conclusion, suggests the idea that what is generally known by the name of Keston Camp, was primarily a British town, and the following extract from Cæsar's Commentaries tends in a great measure to confirm his opinion :—

"Oppidum autem Britanni vocant quum sylvas impeditas vallo atque fossâ munierunt, quo incursionis hostium vitandæ causâ convenire consueverunt. Eò proficiscitur cum legionibus locum reperit egregie naturâ atque opere munitum. Tamen hunc duabus ex partibus oppugnare contendit. Hostes paulisper morati militum nostrorum impetum non tulerunt,, seseque ex aliâ parte oppidi ejecerunt. Magnus ibi numerus pecoris repertus."—*Cæsar*, lib. v. cap. 7.

It may be that the fortifications were originally British, and that the Romans upon their arrival, finding the situation commodious, occupied it as a permanent station. The outlines do not conform to the known character of Roman castrametation, yet there can be no doubt of its having been one of their strongholds. A variety of articles have, from time to time, been dug up, which, although of great antiquity, do not afford any precise date of Roman occupation.

Digitized by Google

In the rear of Holwood the proprietor has formed a vineyard, which, if conducted with the judgment and circumspection that mark the commencement, may prove that the climate of England is suited to the open culture of the grape. Ten sorts of vines, five black and five white, from different parts of the Rhine and Burgundy, have been imported. They are planted on a slope towards the S.S.E. Difficulties and partial failures are to be expected on the outset of the experiment, and are to be overcome, in its progress, by enlarged experience and information respecting the treatment of the plants in foreign countries. That the vine flourished here several centuries ago can be proved historically. There is likewise evidence of it in the old names of places still existing. For instance, in London there is "Vineyard Gardens," Clerkenwell; and in Kent, there is a field near Rochester Cathedral, which has been immemorially called "The Vines." Many examples of this nature might be adduced. But far stronger than presumptive testimony is the fact, that, in some parts of the weald of Kent, the vine grows wild in the hedges.

Appleton-upon-Wiske, co. York.

"Where Hamilton's far hills do westward rise,
A sylvan country, sweet, contiguous lies,
Those people came from fertile Cleveland's plain,
Some from Tees' banks, and Yarm so near the main."

THE manor of Appleton-upon-Wiske, in Cleveland, in the North Riding of the county of York, at the time of the general survey, was in the hands of the Conqueror; in "Doomesday-book" we find it thus mentioned:—

"Terra Regis.
Manerium in Apeltune. Orme VI. Carucatas ad
Geldum. Terra ad III. Car. XX. Solidos."

It was afterwards granted by the Conqueror to Robert de Brus, Lord of Skelton, who gave the same to the famous Abbey of St. Mary's at York, founded by Stephen, Abbot of Whitby, about the year 1080. It continued part of the possessions of that rich monastery (whose annual revenues at the time of the dissolution were computed at £2085 1*s.* 5¾*d.*—an immense sum in those days) to the time of the general dissolution, when it was granted by King Henry VIII. to Charles Brandon, afterwards Duke of Suffolk. Male issue failing in this family, the manor was granted by King Edward VI., in 1551, to Charles Vincent, Esq. After divers alienations, Appleton-upon-Wiske came into the possession of the Ferrands, and was subsequently purchased by the Allans, of Blackwell Grange, in the county of Durham; "a family," says Ord, in his History of Cleveland, "illustrious not only in antiquity and honourable descent, but also in science, literature, and the achievements of the intellect; without which the glittering coronet is but an empty bauble, and the pomp of heraldry a ridiculous burlesque." It passed to James Allan, of Blackwell Grange, Esq., and descended to his son George Allan, Esq., F.S.A., the eminent antiquary, genealogist, and local historian, and then to his son George Allan, Esq., M.A., F.S.A., M.P., who died in 1828. Robert Henry Allan, of Blackwell Hall, Esq., F.S.A., a Justice of the Peace for the county of

Digitized by Google

Durham, and North Riding of the county of York, is the present proprietor and Lord of the Manor. It is a somewhat remarkable coincidence, that this gentleman should be directly descended from William the Conqueror as well as Robert de Brus, the ancient lords of Appleton-upon-Wiske.—See "Burke's Royal Families, with their Descendants," Pedigree lxvii.

Appleton-upon-Wiske is famous as the reputed birth-place of Thomas Rhymer, the celebrated author of "Fœdera," who was educated at the grammar-school of the neighbouring town of Northallerton. He was afterwards admitted a scholar of Cambridge, then became a member of Gray's Inn, and was appointed historiographer to King William. To the severer studies of history was added an intimate acquaintance with the arts of polite literature, including poetic composition, which he exhibited in his "View of the Tragedies of the Last Age," and the production of a Tragedy founded on the history of King Edgar. His "Fœdera"—a collection of all the public transactions, treaties, &c., with the Kings of England and foreign Princes—is esteemed one of the most laborious, authentic, and valuable of records, and is frequently referred to by the best English writers. This illustrious historian died in 1713. Two persons of the name of Rhymer still reside at Appleton-upon-Wiske, probably descendants of the same family—viz., John Rhymer, schoolmaster; and William Rhymer, innkeeper. One Thomas Rhymer, another schoolmaster, also resides at the neighbouring village of Crathorne.

Forglen House, Banff,

THE SEAT OF SIR ROBERT ABERCROMBY, BART.

"I envy them, those monks of old—
Their books they read, their beads they told,
To human passions dead and cold,
And all life's vanity.
They dwelt like shadows on the earth,
Free from the penalties of birth,
Nor let one feeling venture forth,
Save charity." JAMES.

AMONG the many changes which are occurring in the world around us, we have to notice the very great estimation in which the monks of old are held now, in comparison to the opinions that prevailed upon the subject of religious orders some few years back; and, as we mean to strengthen our assertion, we quote the following:—

"Monastic orders were beyond all price in those days of misrule and turbulence, when (it may be imperfectly, yet better than elsewhere) God was worshipped—as a quiet and religious refuge for helpless infancy and old age—a shelter of respectful sympathy for the orphan maiden and the desolate widow—as central points whence agriculture was to spread over bleak hills and barren downs and marshy plains, and deal its bread to millions perishing of hunger and its pestilential train—as repositories of the learning which then was, and well-springs of the learning which was to be—as nurseries of art and science, giving the stimulus and the means, and the reward to invention, and aggregating around them every head that could devise, and every hand that could execute."

Digitized by Google

Thus speaks a voice from the library of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of the Church of England; and this is the conclusion arrived at by the Keeper of the MSS. at Lambeth.

This just tribute to the teachers of religion and learning in England, is from the pen of the Rev. S. R. Maitland, F.R.S. and F.S.A., Librarian to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Convents were usually placed in picturesque situations, often retired from the prying eyes of the worldly. They stood environed by woods or mountains, and commonly had, in Byron's words—

"A hill behind
To shelter their devotions from the wind."

Here the brethren dwelt in prayer and peace, surrounded by a happy and contented tenantry, and poured forth their store with bounteous hand to prince or peasant seeking them in need. Whether he came begirt by retainers, or making his lonely round, the wayfarer was sure of a welcome and refreshment. But you will say, what reference has this to Forglen House, the seat of Sir Robert Abercromby? Much, dear reader! for where now that splendid specimen of Tudor architecture stands, uprearing its turrets into the azure air, an ancient dwelling stood, and, with the lands of Forglen, belonged to the Monks of Aberbortwick.

The house is a truly magnificent building, in the form of a hollow square, with a tower eighty-six feet high rising from the centre. It is more than 150 feet in frontage, but not above 120 in depth. The accommodation, however, must be very great, from the size of the mansion. The situation is exceedingly well chosen. Ascending from the river Doveron rises a lawn adorned with clumps of noble trees, and, on the ascent, stands Forglen House. The name is said to be derived from Forglen, signifying the hollow valley; and, if this be true, the appellation is very suitable. It appears likewise that *Forber* meant church lands, which probably might be used to denote the proprietors. North and west is a range of highlands, clothed in wood, adding much to the beauty of the scene; and the lover of nature and art combined has a rich treat in visiting this domain. In the house is the gigantic head and antlers of one of the ancient Irish elks found in a bog under Cain Thurna Mountain, near Fermoy, Sir Robert's town in Ireland. These magnificent remains of a lost tribe of deer measure—

	Feet.	Inches.
From point to point of horns - - -	8	1½
Breadth across the flat of horn - - -	2	8
Height from mouth to top of horn - -	5	4

As it was long considered to be an argument against Ireland being thickly wooded that these giant antlers were extant, which would have prevented the animal from making way through any wood, I happened to mention the subject on a late visit to the Royal Dublin Society house, and there learned that Providence provided for this very difficulty; for that muscles were placed near the root of each antler, by which the elk could project one and throw back the other, so as to form nearly a horizontal line, and thus get through any place the head could make way in. There are many fine oil-paintings adorning the sitting rooms.

The present dwelling was built by Sir Robert not many years ago, and occupies the site of a very ancient edifice erected about the middle of the

Digitized by Google

fourteenth century, and, as a stone over the doorway informs us, added to A. D. 1575--7. Several stones, rudely carved with moral maxims, somewhat in the style we observe now-a-days on Swiss cottages in the German cantons, have found preservation, being built into the walls of the present house. This place, and all the lands adjoining, were granted in the years 1178 and 1211, by William the Lion to the Monks of Abyrbrothoc, on the terms of their keeping and bearing the sacred standard, or breacbannoch, in the king's army.* Stalwart men I ween were the monks of Abyrbrothoc to have such an honour conferred on them, and not inconsistent with the tonsured head was the steel morion. Churchmen lost nothing of their martial prowess in those days by their vows of religion, and in matters of civil, if not religious, controversy, shewed themselves

> "Fire-eyed disputants, who believed their swords
> On points of faith more eloquent than words."

The Know, a stout soldier-bishop, moved in the thick of the fight at Brannockburn; and, in Lord Campbell's entertaining "Lives of the Lord Chancellors of England," he mentions many a reverend chancellor, and grave lord keeper, who "led the brawls," and set lance in rest and sword in hand during the wars of the Roses. Even in our times a military ardour seems not inconsistent with the clerical habit, and it would cause no great surprise if the public prints announced that his holiness, Pius IX., appeared before Ferrara at the head of his legions, commanded by cardinals for generals, and other ranks of the hierarchy in relative positions throughout the army.

The estate of Forglen, and the honours thereunto appertaining, appear to have remained with the monks until the reign of Henry VIII. caused such a revulsion in monastic institutions. It seems, however, they were in the habit of granting these lands of Forglen in tenure with the conditions annexed, on which they held themselves, as appears by the following: "Instrumentum super homagio Alexandri Irwyn pro terris de Forglene, et quod tenentis Regalitatis cum dicto Alexandro ad exercitum Domini Regis, sub le Brebannoch meabunt et equitabunt." These grants were renewed from time to time, and in testimony of this royal distinction, the arms of Scotland were placed over the doorway of the mansion, above the heraldic honours of the family.

From the monks and their tenants, the broad lands and hills, with their woods and waters, passed into the hands of the Ogilvies of Banff, and, on the death of William, eighth lord of Banff, the property descended to Lady Abercromby, of Birkenbog, mother of Sir Robert. The present baronet is chief of his clan, which dignity, previous to the seventeenth century, belonged to another branch of this ancient family, who derived the name from a territory in Fifeshire, upon the extinction of which the chieftaincy came to the branch of Birkenbog. Sir Alexander Abercromby, the first baronet, created in 1637, took a very active part against the Stuart claims, and was so devoted an adherent to the Kirk against Prelacy, that he was styled "*a main Covenanter.*" He took the field, and fought so stoutly against the Royalists at the battle of Auldearn, that Montrose vowed vengeance against him, and never rested until he quartered his army at Birkenbog.

* View of the Diocese of Aberdeen, printed from the MSS. in the Advocate's Library, Edinburgh, and presented by the Earl of Aberdeen to the Spalding Club.

Digitized by Google

The present amiable and worthy chief is the fifth baronet; and, besides his estates in Scotland, has recently become the purchaser of a valuable property in Ireland. His town of Fermoy is one of the handsomest inland towns in that kingdom, and has every opportunity for commerce and manufactories, if the inhabitants had the spirit and enterprise to turn to account the valuable gifts nature has placed within their reach. The noble river that flows idly through their many-arched bridge, might readily be made a channel for export and import trade. I am surprised that the intelligent proprietor does not endeavour to stir his tenants into useful activity.

Lisnegar,

THE SEAT OF LORD RIVERSDALE.

"See how the day beameth brightly before us!
Blue is the firmament, green is the earth;
Grief hath no voice in the universe-chorus—
Nature is ringing with music and mirth.
Lift up the looks that are sinking in sadness—
Gaze, and if beauty can capture thy soul,
Virtue herself will allure thee to gladness—
Gladness, philosophy's guerdon and goal."

A FEW days ago I visited Lisnegar, the mansion of Lord Riversdale. Although the summer has passed, and the autumn is verging on the decline, and the leaves are fast dropping in sere and yellow heaps, the scenery and dwelling looked truly enchanting. A more striking contrast to the Castle in my former paper than this mansion can hardly be conceived. They are every way different—in state, and purpose, and appearance. The one calling up visions of days and years when the earth was filled with war, and there was required a site where the eagle would seek a place for his nest whereon to build the fierce knight's dwelling—and moat and barbican, portcullis and loop-hooled wall, contributed to render that dwelling secure from assault. That time is gone by—but its vestige remains in the strong-built castle. Here, on the other hand, upon the verdant turf stands the beautiful and graceful mansion, denoting how days of peace and security have come. No walls surround it—no flanking towers protect the portal—there is no need. Lisnegar is a house for enjoying life peaceably and tranquilly, not a fortress to keep in defiance of the foeman; and though so different in date and appearance they are not far apart, a few miles—not above six—between them. I rode across the hills, and the way is somewhat difficult of access where the mountains raise their crests aloft, but it is wild and picturesque, therefore I persevered. Passes are met away from the level road, and these I traversed as they swept round the base of highlands, affording glimpses of rich tillage country beyond—vallies white with fields from which the corn had been severed, and the farmer's houses looked comfortable and prosperous with their well-filled yards, crowded with corn-stacks and hay-ricks. I passed through the neat town of Rathcormac, and reached the Lodge gate. A long avenue bordered on either hand by laurel hedges, close cut and forming an impervious screen, invited my progress. I proceeded along. Forest trees of magnificent dimensions

Digitized by Google

dotted the lawns, and some rose from amid the screen and threw their boughs over the evergreens. An archway, verdant as ivy could make it, permitted my passing under its battlements into a yard—the walls, the dwellings, surrounding, being clad in ivy green. The poet says—

> "A rare old plant is the ivy green
> It creepeth where no life is seen."

but not only there, but elsewhere; as life was seen in shape of sundry fine little dogs—well-bred terriers—a maid servant, and serving man, who took in my card and presently returned—"With the greatest pleasure my lord wishes you to visit all the place," and added a detail of all the sights worth seeing—which, however, I do not mean to trouble the reader with recounting, as in truth, except the house, the grounds are nothing extraordinary—they are very nearly a dead level, and it bespeaks a great deal for his lordship's taste and assiduity in landscape gardening that so much has been made of them; but the house is well worth seeing. It is in the Elizabethan style, and the peaked and pointed gables, the deep mullioned square-casemented windows, and heavy clusters of chimneys produce their usual picturesque effect. Some very fine antlers are judiciously placed over the door-way and near the centre of a tall archway leading from the court-yard, which have a good effect. The entrance is in the centre, a plain door surmounted by an embayed projecting window, and, over the embattled parapet appears a quaint front, from the centre of which rises a large cross and flag-staff. This mansion, in its present tasteful aspect, is not of very ancient date, but it might pretend to vast antiquity from the luxuriant garb of ivy in which it is profusely invested. A very good argument in favour of this friend to the admirers of the picturesque, is in a volume of agreeable Essays, by one of Nature's most ardent followers, Charles Waterton It is a commonly received notion that ivy is ruinous to any tree to which it attaches, and, as I am particularly fond of it, I made the extract to shew from so high an authority as my esteemed friend, that the notion is quite erroneous. Mr. Waterton says, "Ivy derives no nutriment from the timber trees to which it adheres. It merely makes use of a tree or a wall, as we ourselves do of a walking stick when old age or infirmities tell us that we cannot do without it. There can be no doubt as to the real source from which the ivy draws life and vigour —from the ground alone the maintenance proceeds. An opinion prevails that ivy not only deforms the branch to which it adheres, but that it is injurious to the growth of the timber itself. My wish for the preservation of birds urges me to attempt the defence of my favourite plant on these two important points. If I may judge by what I see with my own eyes, I must conclude that ivy is noways detrimental to the tree which has lent it a support. Having given ivy to many trees, and refused it to others in the immediate vicinity, and on the same soil, in order to have a good opportunity of making a fair examination, I find upon minute inspection of these several trees that they are all of fine growth, and in a most healthy state; those with ivy on them, and those without it not varying from each other in appearance more than ordinary groups of forest trees are wont to do. Neither is this to be wondered at when we reflect, that the ivy has its roots in the ground itself, and that it does not ascend in spiral progress round the bole and branches of the tree; its leading shoot is perpendicular. Hence it is not in a position to compress injuriously the expansive powers of the tree, proportionably stronger

Digitized by Google

than its own. Thus we find that the ivy gradually gives way before them, so that on removing the network (if it may be so called) which the ivy has formed on the bole of the tree we find no indentations." I am sure I need no apology for the length of this extract, so valuable from the high character of the writer; and the effect of ivy in ornamenting buildings is fully exhibited in the mansion of Lisnegar. The grounds are extensive, and beautifully kept, but, as we have already remarked, are too level to afford any variety of scenery. Directly in front of the mansion is a wide gravel walk of great extent, running straight towards the demesne wall and a gate leading to the road. A profusion of evergreens are planted at each side of the walk, and rustic seats are placed under shady canopies. To the left stretches a fine expanse of water, fed by a mountain rill which flows through the grounds. It crosses the walk in front of the mansion, and stepping stones enable the passenger to continue his progress dryshod. On another road is a handsome bridge, thrown across the limpid water, which makes a pleasing object in the landscape. Lisnegar was the ancient seat of the Barrys, a very ancient Anglo-Norman family, who acquired vast possessions in this part of Munster. David De Barry, of Rathcormac, sat in the upper house of Parliament as Baron, in the reign of King Edward I., anno 1302.*

The family name of Lord Riversdale is Tonson, and the present peer is the second Baron. The peerage is Irish, created in 1783. The father of Lord Riversdale was an officer in the army, and a member of the Irish Parliament. He represented the Borough of Baltimore in the House of Commons for forty-six years. By marriage with the eldest daughter of James Bernard, Esq., of Castle Bernard, sister of the first Earl of Bandon, he had issue his heir and successor, William, now Lord Riversdale. His lordship married a daughter of Viscount Doneraile, but has no offspring. He succeeded his father in 1787, and is Colonel of the South Cork Militia. The heir presumptive to the title is the Hon and Right Rev. Ludlow Tonson, Bishop of Killaloe, one of the most gifted preachers in Ireland, which talent is often eloquently exercised in the divine cause of charity.

Castle Widenham,

THE SEAT OF HENRY MITCHEL SMYTH, ESQ.

"I know each lane and every alley green,
Dingle and bushy dell of this wild wood.
And every bosky bourne from side to side
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood."

MILTON.

THUS we may well exclaim, in recording some reminiscences of scenes among which we have lived since the merry days when we were young.

"Pleasant days, that through the wild wood
Echo back the thoughts of childhood."

The memory of such days in after life tempts us, for a moment, to moralize. To us and to many of our readers they are freighted with stores of tender and pure feelings, the richest treasures of the heart; while

* Smith's History of Cork.

Digitized by Google

dwelling upon their memory, pride and worldly ambition, envy and jealousy, selfishness and deceit, the mean and despicable passions which the world and commerce with men engender, are hidden and trampled down by the vivid and soothing recollections of early days; the boyish sports, the early friends, the long, long absent, the departed, all start into life, bright and joyous and loveable as in early days.

Castle Widenham was to us, from our youth, the *beau ideal* of a feudal castle. The tall keep soaring high above the waving forests, the embattled towers, the parapets, and the well within the precincts of the castle to supply the garrison with water when the beleaguering enemy intercepted any communication beyond the walls, were so many links in the chain that wound round our juvenile imagination while sauntering through the lordly woods, climbing the tall trees, or listening to the dash and flow of the bright river as it winded through the glen. But principally at eventide, when the sun, like a tired chieftain, had sunk to his slumber, and the woods increased their shade to blackness, and silence sat on the castled steep, and the moon arose and cast a silvery light over the old grey stones, bringing every embrazure and loop-hole into a flood of light, it seemed like some haunted fortress, or—

> "Castle high where wicked wizards keep
> Their captive thralls."

But in actual sober reality it is a majestic dwelling. This castle, with the adjacent town, was formerly a portion of the territory of the Lord Roche, Viscount Fermoy, one of the Anglo-Norman families, who, in the days of Henry Fitzempress arrived and settled in Ireland. They gave their name to castle and town—the latter still retains the appellation Castletown Roche, and is a very considerable village in the county of Cork. There is a charming view opening from the east bank of the river near the bridge. The Aubeg here runs into the gloom of the arches, the bridge itself being a conspicuous object in the foreground. On one side is a lofty ledge of rock crowned by hanging woods. A gentle hill breasts the opposite side; and along the brow is the parish church and portion of the town. The background is filled up by extensive mills, and a rocky steep surmounted with a tiara of towers—the castle we have mentioned. Having renewed our acquaintance with the honoured walls very lately, we remarked considerable renovations and additions, all of which met our warmest approbation, as they are in perfect keeping with the Anglo-Norman castle yet erect. This remnant of feudal times rises to a great elevation, and the summit, which is easily reached, the stone stair being perfect, affords from every side superb prospects.

The family who built this castle traced their descent, Mr. Burke* tells us, from David de la Roche, who lived in the reign of Edward II. He was royally descended by his mother's side, she being daughter of the Princess Joan of Acre, and granddaughter of the English Justinian, Edward I. They were created Lords Fermoy after their arrival in this kingdom; and it would appear, the name originally was De Rupe, for in Charles the First's reign the peer's signature was, "De Rupe and Fermoy." The following account of the seizure of Lord and Lady Roche by Sir Walter Raleigh is very interesting. †

* Vide Dictionary of the Landed Gentry. † Smith's History of Cork, vol. ii. p. 60.

Digitized by Google

While Ralph lay in this city (Cork), he performed signal pieces of service against the rebels; among others, Zouch ordered him to take Lord Roche and his lady prisoners, and bring them to Cork, they being suspected of corresponding with the rebels. The Seneschal of Imokilly and David Barry, having notice of this design, assembled 7 or 800 men, to fall on Raleigh either going or on his return. Raleigh quitted Cork with about ninety men, at ten of the clock at night, and marched towards Bally-in-Harsh, twenty miles from Cork, the house of Lord Roche (a nobleman well beloved in this country), and arrived there early in the morning.

He marched directly up to the castle gate; whereupon the townsmen, to the number of five hundred, immediately took up arms. Raleigh, having placed his men in order, took with him Michael Butler, James Fulford, Nicholas Wright, Arthur Barlow, Henry Swane, and Pinking Huish, and knocking at the gate, three or four of Lord Roche's gentlemen demanded the cause of their coming: to whom Raleigh answered, that he came to speak with their lord; which was agreed to, provided he would bring in with him but two or three of his followers. However, the gate being opened, he, and all the above-mentioned persons, entered the castle; and, after he had seen Lord Roche, and spoken to him, he, by degrees and different means, drew in a considerable number of his men, whom he directed to guard the iron gate of the court lodge, and that no man should pass in or out; and ordered others into the hall, with their arms ready. Lord Roche set the best face he could upon the matter, and invited the captain to dine with him. After dinner, Raleigh informed him, that he had orders to carry him and his lady to Cork. Lord Roche began to excuse his going, and at length resolutely said, "That he neither could or would go;" but Raleigh, letting him know, that if he refused, he would take him by force, he found there was no remedy, and therefore he and his lady set out on the journey, in a most rainy and tempestuous night, and through a very rocky and dangerous way, whereby many of the soldiers were severely hurt, and others lost their arms. However, the badness of the weather prevented their being attacked by the Seneschal and his men; for they arrived safe in the city by break of day, to the great joy of the garrison, who were surprised that Raleigh had escaped so hazardous an enterprise. As for Lord Roche, he acquitted himself honourably of the crimes he was charged with, and afterwards did good service against the Irish. From the date of the following inscription on a stone imbedded in the wall of the church at Castletown Roche, we think it must refer to this lord and lady. The date Smith assigns for the above arrest is A. D. 1580.

Orate
Pro bono statu
Domini Maurici
Roche vice co-
mes de Fermoy et
Domini Elinorie
Maurici et
Pro A ime ejus
Anno Domini 1585.

The loyalty of this family should have preserved them from suspicion. In a petition presented to the Lords of the Council in 1614, it is stated that

Digitized by Google

in Tyrone's rebellion, three of the sons of Lord Roche were slain, and many of his people. The castle maintained a brave defence against the beleaguering army of Cromwell during the Parliamentary war; and the famous Countess of Derby was not singular in displaying the heroism so remarkable in a female breast, for Lady Roche proved that her fidelity to her sovereign was superior to regard for her own safety. She refused to yield up the castle, and sustained a siege for several days with great spirit; but a battery having been brought to bear on the walls from a place since called Camp Hill, she found the place untenable, and was forced to capitulate. Though the Lord Roche might have retained his estates on submitting to Cromwell, he refused to break his allegiance, and accordingly confiscation deprived him of his possessions. He retired to Flanders, where he obtained the command of a regiment, and would have lived in comfort, if not affluence, but the pay which should have supported his family, was contributed to assuage the exile of his prince; and how was he repaid?—"Put not thy trust in princes," saith the Proverb. Charles II. was restored to the throne of his fathers! but was Lord Roche to the castle of his? The following letter, addressed from the Earl of Orrery to the Duke of Ormond, dated June 14th, 1667, recommending Lord Roche and his destitute family to his Grace's favour, is the fullest answer:—"It is a grief to me to see a nobleman of so ancient a family left without any maintenance; and being able to do no more than I have done, I could not deny to do for him what I could do, to lament his lamentable state to your Grace." The family sought and found, like so many of their countrymen, the maintenance and employment in foreign kingdoms they of right ought to have found in their own.

The present proprietor of this castle and the estate on which it stands, is Henry Mitchell Smyth, Esq., J.P., descended from the house of Ballinatray. He acquired the property by marriage with Priscilla Widenham Creagh, heiress to Charles Widenham, into whose family the castle and lands came in Cromwell's time. The founder of the house of Smyth appears, from a full and accurate account in "Burke's Landed Gentry," to have been Sir Richard Smyth, Kt., who married Mary, sister of the celebrated Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork. His son, Sir Percy, was conspicuous for his loyalty during the fearful civil wars of 1641, and subsequent years. He raised a force of one hundred men to assist the President of Munster, Sir William St. Leger. Various political appointments rewarded his zeal; and he was one of the remonstrants against the cessation of arms agreed upon between the Marquis of Ormond and Lord Muskerry, in A. D. 1644. His son represented the borough of Tallow in the Irish Parliament.

Castle-Cooke, co. Cork, Ireland,

THE SEAT OF WILLIAM COOKE COLLIS, ESQ., J.P.

On a lofty hill, which flings its shadow fully across the silver waters of the Ariglin river, rushing for its cradle among the Gualty mountains, a few miles from Kilworth, co. Cork, stands a high solitary tower. This is Castle-Cooke; and a few hundred yards from the castle steep stands the residence of the Collis family. Like many houses of the old school, it is of very irregular architecture, apparently built more as convenience sug-

Digitized by Google

gested than art designed, and now full of angles and gables, returns and fronts A roomy house nevertheless, and a sweet residence for an ardent lover of the chase. In the adjoining kennel have long lived—

> "Hounds that made the welkin ring,
> And fetched shrill echoes from the hollow earth."

The old tower, in its airy height, gives a look of respectable antiquity to the place. The view from this portion of the demesne is extensive and beautiful. In front opens a deep and wooded glen, through which the waters of the Ariglin river force their way, and the plains of sand borne by the floods in winter shew the strength and breadth the waters then display. Oak coppices and fir groves darken the hill sides, and clothe the steep on which the castle is built. To the east extends the picturesque glen, where the earl of Kingston has recently added a tasteful summer villa to his other residences in this country. The blue and lofty peaks of the Gaultys bound the view in this quarter. A wild and primitive district extends from Castle Cooke to the Kilworth mountains, where the Waste Land of Ireland Improvement Society might labour with signal advantage. In this retired and secluded region there settled down, sometime about the year 1670, by some singular chance, one Thomas Cooke, a wealthy merchant of London town. What on earth induced him to quit the sound of Bow bell for the lair of the Rapparec, near Kilworth mountains, I cannot conceive; but it is possible he lent monies to the Williamite generals, as many adventurous men then did, on condition of getting grants of the lands forfeited by the adherents of James II., and in return for his gold Cooke got the acres along the Ariglin banks. Certain it is he fixed his dwelling here, in this tower upshooting high, and "Burke's Landed Gentry" records the descent of his progeny. The castle and lands having passed into female hands, went with them to the Collis family, by marriage of Martha Cooke with the Rev. William Collis, and from these is descended William Cooke Collis, Esq., J.P., the present proprietor. His eldest son married Miss Hyde, of Castle-Hyde, but, he dying without male issue, the heir apparent is the Rev. Maurice A. Collis, who is married to Anne, daughter of the Rev. John Talbot Crosbie, of Ardfert Abbey, and granddaughter of Lady Anne Crosbie, eldest daughter of William, Earl of Glandore.

Digitized by Google

NOTES RESPECTING THE LIFE AND FAMILY OF JOHN DYER, THE POET.

By William Hylton Longstaffe.

No. III.

The first mention of Clio by Dyer appears to be in his "Country Walk," which, from the style in which it is written, I conjecture to have been composed about the same time as "Grongar Hill."

"Some trace the pleasing paths of joy,
Others the blissful scene destroy,
In thorny tracks of sorrow stray,
And pine for *Clio far away*.
But stay—Methinks her lays I hear,
So smooth! so sweet! so deep! so clear!
No, 'tis not her voice, I find
'Tis but the echo stays behind.

* * * * *

Up *Grongar Hill* I labour now, &c.

* * * * *

See below the pleasant dome,
The poet's pride, the poet's home,
Which the sunbeams shine upon,
To the even, from the dawn;
See her woods, where Echo talks,
Her gardens trim, her terrass walks,
Her wildernesses, fragrant brakes,
Her gloomy bowers, and shining lakes;
Keep ye gods, this humble seat
For ever pleasant, private, neat.

* * * * *

But oh! how bless'd would be the day
Did I with *Clio* pace my way,
And not alone and solitary stray."

Thus it appears that Clio, whoever she was (and I think there can be no doubt, from the sequel, that she was a real fleshly personage), did not live in the poet's native country, but afar off. In the collections of British Poetry will be found a small poem, "The Enquiry," on the sadness of him as a shepherd, in the absence of his Clio. "To Mr. Dyer, by Clio," also. This begins with

"I've done thy merit and my friendship wrong,
In holding back my gratitude so long," &c.

And ends thus, after praising his poems and pictures:

"I wish to praise you, but your beauties wrong;
No theme looks green in Clio's artless song;
But yours will an eternal verdure wear,
For Dyer's fruitful soil will flourish there.
My humble lot was in low distance laid—
I was—oh, hated thought—a woman made;
For household cares and empty trifles meant,
The name does immortality prevent.

Digitized by Google

Yet, let me stretch beyond my sex, my mind,
And, rising, leave the flattering train behind;
Nor art, nor learning, wish'd assistance lends,
But nature, love, and music, are my friends."

Again, there is an epistle by Savage (who seems to have been very friendly with our poet), "To Mr. John Dyer, a painter, advising him to draw a certain noble and illustrious person; occasioned by seeing his picture of the celebrated Clio." He praises the picture in unmeasured terms of approbation, and calls him "enriched with Clio's praise." So Dyer and Clio were friendly, and he drew her picture; and did he love her? Yes, doubtless. And was the passion returned? It might be. We know not.

Let now his MSS. be examined, and we shall find some more definite notices of her perhaps. First, there is a fragment, apparently in answer to Savage's.

"O deeply learned, wisely modest, tell,
Is it a fa lt to like thy praise so well?
Pleas'd to be praised by thee, my spirits glow,
And could I ever, I could praise her now.
I meet her beauties in a brighter ray,
And in my eye-beams all her graces play.
Enlivened by your praise, my genius wakes,
And a bold notice of her beauty takes.
Too long in lethargy my soul has lain,
{But now I dare her charms. Alas! in vain;
But hold my muse, thy praise has made thee vain;}
So the rash Icarus {his way mistook.
mistook his way.}
{O who can limn the beauties of her look!
And so {young / bold} Phaëton in floods of day!"}

And then he rambles on in general remarks on painting. But the prettiest little poem on the subject of Clio was written at Rome. It occurs in two metres; the longest is the best, and is here given:

"To Clio, from Rome.

"Alas, dear Clio, every day
Some sweet idea dies away!
Echoes of songs, and dreams of joys,
Inhuman Absence all destroys.

"Inhuman Absence, and his train,
Avarice, and Toil, and Care, and Pain,
And Strife, and Trouble! Oh, for Love,
Angelic Clio, these remove.

"Nothing, alas! where'er I walk,
Nothing but Fear and Sorrow stalk;
Where'er I walk, from bound to bound,
Nothing but ruin spreads around,

"Or busts that seem from graves to rise,
Or statues stern with sightless eyes,
Cold Death's pale people: Oh, for Love,
Angelic Clio, these remove.

Digitized by Google

"The tuneful song, O speed away,
Say every sweet thing Love *can* say;
Speed the bright beams of Wit and Sense,
Speed thy white Doves, and draw me hence.

"So may the carv'd fair-speaking stone,
Persuasive half, and half moss-grown;
So may the column's graceful height,
O'er woods and temples gleaming bright,

"And the wreath'd urn among the vines,
Whose form my pencil now designs,
Be, with their ashes, lost in air,
No more the trifles of my care."

Some, however, may prefer the shorter version:

"To Clio.

[A corner torn off, evidently having had some note on it.]

"Ah, my Clio, every day
Some sweet image dies away;
All my songs and all my joys,
Cruel Absence all destroys.

"Cruel Absence, and his train,
Strife and Envy, Care and Pain,
Toil and Trouble! Oh, for Love,
Gentle Clio, these remove.

"Speed, O speed the song away,
Say the sweet things Love can say;
Speed the beams of Wit and Sense,
Speed thy Doves, and draw me hence.

"So be the urn among the vines
Which my pencil now designs,
With its ashes lost in air,
Lost with every idle care."

Finally, there is one more fragment, most mysterious, on which I can throw no light:

"Part of a Letter to Clio—it was wrote sometime in the year 1727. . . . . the subject is too delicate. Had custom made us all free to unrestrained love, had law exacted no vows, I could then disturb the confidence of no man; I could then see and hear my Charmer, without doing an injury, real or imaginary. O Clio, I have often sate down with desire to do universal good, in the purest love, to be true to all. I have put myself in the place of the injured, and grieved at many things. For the future I am bent to do nothing that, were it known to all the world, would be thought unjust to any one. O Clio, forgive me, and still believe your faithful," &c.

1727 was the year "Grongar Hill" was published in, and probably the "Country Walk," first quoted, written. Whoever this Clio might be, it seems likely that she was engaged to some other person, who was jealous of her intimacy with Dyer. But an impenetrable darkness rests on this early love of our poet. Certainly Clio was not his future wife, for *she* would only be fifteen years old at this date.

Digitized by Google

"Sarah, the daughter of James Ensor, borne June the 12th, 1712."—*Family Prayer Book.*

"1712, June 16. Bapt. Sarah, dau. of James Ensor, of Willingcoat."—*Tamworth Par. Reg.*

"Sarah Dyer, died Sept. 1760, aged 48."—*Prayer Book.*

This is an anticipation, however, and the only reason for mentioning Miss Ensor here is a desire to prevent any notion springing up in a casual reader, that she might be identical with Clio, and that there had been an early attachment, especially as the former lady was actually married to another before the poet, viz., a Mr. Hawkins, whom I know only by name.

The supposition of Dyer returning from Italy only in 1740, prevents his biographies having any notices of him in the preceding years; and all I can say of him at this period must be derived from the scattered minutes he made in his pocket-books, which form miscellanies of extracts, thoughts, and maxims. Hitherto he had been a painter—now he turned farmer; and seems to have resided chiefly with his aunt, Miss Cocks of Mapleton, engaged in matters of husbandry. His books must tell their own tale:

"1729.—July 3. Bought South Sea Bonds, £100 each, interest paid to the 26th March, 1729, No. 685, 1017, 2236, 6129." [So he was not very much poverty-stricken.] "Took lodgings in Covent Garden, July 8th. At Mr. Pond's, Nov. 18. Left Mr Pond's and London, July 25. Came to Mapleton Aug. 1.

"1734."—[This book is full of husbandry matters.]—"Came to Mapleton 23d April. Paid Lady Williams £52. May 2.—Lent my aunt, to pay Mr. Haylings, £20. Lent brother Bennet £3 5s." [Then follow the expenses of a hop-yard he seems to have cultivated at Mapleton.]

"May 29, 1734.—I frequently wish I could abandon Mapleton with the fancied advantages of it; but the fear that by so doing my aunt would be involved with troubles confines me here."

[Aunt Cocks would appear, from the following fragment of a draft letter to her, to have been a fidgetty quarrelsome person, and doubtless Dyer had his own troubles with her]:—

"What would you have me do (for I hear of great complaints)? Would you have me injure myself, while you say you are doing me a kindness? You put things in a flattering light towards yourself and others, and I fear by a false prudence you will ever draw troubles upon yourself. Take, if you please, this my last proposal. Instead of a consideration for the chance of the hop-yard—I'll insist not on the reversion of the three copyhold pieces Mapleton side of H. brook, for I own myself disgusted, but never will oblige myself to live with you at Mapleton—to have the house for myself, and let all things else stand as it was agreed on. If you comply with this, I'll endeavour to give all the assistance I can in paying off your private debts, and making you pass the rest of your life in quietness and happiness. This, indeed, I would beg you to do.

"I am about to grant a lease of the farm for 21 years or for lives. If 'tis disagreeable to any scheme you have, be pleased to let me know, and I won't do it, but will prefer any offer of yours which I shall think reasonable, and I'll wait a day or two for the favour of an answer."

"Gave Brother Bennet a bond for £100 ye 22d October.

"*Mem.* To get a copy of Aunt Wms. Bond I gave for J. Davies.*

* Davies is an old name in Kidwelly. One John Davies of that place published, in 1672, the curious Rites and Monuments of the Church of Durham, collected out of ancient MSS. about the time of the suppression.

Digitized by Google

"Took lodgings at Mr. Wilkinson's. Monday, 26th January, 1735. Agreed with the barber 31st Jan. Paid to Monday, 8th of March."

In 1735 and 1736 he was lending money to different people, and about this time was preparing a large commercial map of England, of which hereafter. In 1737 he was paying hop-yard expenses incurred in 1734, and in 1739 was also in England, for there occurs this date affixed to some political remarks, in a book of exactly the same writing, entitled, "The Geography of the Counties, their lengths and breadths, surface and soil—Reflections on the several Counties of England and Wales, with regard to trade, &c.: occasioned by a question, Whether 'tis possible to maintain the rights and extend the trade of a Nation without tricks, frauds, and villany in the Ministers?" In this little MS. an immense number of extracts, schemes, and remarks are congregated; and as he was now also finishing the "Ruins of Rome," striking out the general idea of the Fleece, and studying for the church, this period was doubtless one of the busiest in the poet's career.

"Grongar Hill" was published in 1727. Quite as early, or perhaps earlier, are "The Country Walk," before referred to, and "To Aurelia" (in MS.), begging her to leave the town, "though pleasant spring is blown," for the country:

> "Come, Aurelia, come and see
> What a seat is decked for thee;
> But the seat you *cannot* see,
> 'Tis so hid with jessamy,
> With the vine that o'er the walls,
> And in every window crawls.

Of the same writing is an invitation to some of his London relatives (in MS.):

> "From social converse of the town,
> And dearer friends of Marybone,"

to breathe the mountain air, and view the green hills and flowery vales of Cambria, wherein he once more wanders to where

> "*Towy*, in whose crystal wave,
> The train of Cambrian Genii lave,
> Flows gently on, with conscious pride,
> Views fertile plains on either side,
> And thence, collecting many a rill,
> Paints the fair fields of *Grongar Hill*;"

which he mounts, and pictures again its various prospects, with much more preciseness, but less grace, than in his well-known description of it; and while his friends would admire what he loved so much—the verdant charms of a Welsh landscape—

> {Maria's / Cleora's} hospitable care,
> At home provides the frugal fare;"

with a description of which he concludes.

Digitized by Google

1728.—"Occasioned by the behaviour of some of the Hereford Clergy, 1728."

"I hate the proud; the reptile of an hour,
Whose little life is insolence, I spurn:
I scorn him more (ridiculous vain thing!)
Than the lone idiot, outcast of his kind,
The naked mark of laughter! but alas,
Alas poor brother! why disdain I thee?
Thine is no crime, yet be it—Pride alone
Is that mean vice to be chastised with scorn."

June, 1735.—"Too much my soul hath fastened on the World," &c., a short piece in blank verse.

The following are without date, though all doubtless before 1740, which year forms a sort of epoch in Dyer's life.

"An Epistle to a famous Painter," (see "British Poets.") A few altered readings and additions occur in the MSS.

"To Aaron Hill, Esq., on his Poem called Gideon." Mr. Hill, in a poem entitled "The Choice—to Mr. Dyer" (both these are in the "British Poets"), names Dyer thus:

"While charm'd with Aberglasney's quiet plains,
The Muses and their empress court your strains,
Tir'd of the noisy town, so lately tryed,
Methinks I see you smile on Towy's side!
Pensive, her mazy wanderings you unwind,
And, on your river's margin, calm your mind.
Oh!—greatly bless'd—whate'er your fate requires,
Your ductile wisdom tempers your desires!
Balanced within, you look abroad serene,
And marking both extremes, pass clear between."

"The Cambro-Briton," a fragmentary description of a friend, a contented shepherd poet of Wales, blank verse.

Query, does the following scrap relate to himself?

"From travell'd realms the curious swain returns,
Sees a fair face,* imagines charms, and burns;
Pure in his passion, tries each modest art,
And every chaste embrace, to win her heart.
Blest lover, blest in thy mistake, rejoice!
Blest in repulse; and now no more thy choice
Be the false beauties of a face or voice:
But softness, plainness, nobleness of mind;
But clear sweet sense, by easy art refined;
But bright good-natured wit, and Myra† shall be kind.
E'en now the Graces, for thy longing arms,
Profusely deck her with unfading charms."

Celia,‡ the picture of Good Nature:

"How has Good Nature drawn her own dear face,
How wantons every smile with every grace,

* Miss Shen—e. † Mrs. G——r. ‡ Miss Fith. Wor.

Digitized by Google

And dances in her eyes! delicious view!
The rest which is but handsome, Venus drew."

To Celia:

"Oh, to my bosom Celia come,
For I am thine, thy gentle home,
And thou art mine, my better part;
Why, Nature made thee of my heart."

What had got Clio? I am afraid Dyer was fickle, like his brethren poets. The following has too much truth in it:

"Adieu, sweet vision! fled how soon!
Farewell, beauty—ah, ye blind!
Deck ye the flower that fades at noon,
And not th' immortal mind?

"See the fair shrine of virtue, where it lies
In the cold grave—that face and mien!
O grief! one little hour we mourn and praise
The next, forget and sin.

"See dead, poor Phillis, yesterday's delight!
Among the fair and is there sorrow?
Ah now, my lovely Celia, now e'er night,
What graces wilt thou wear to-morrow?"

"Nature in the Wilderness, a poem;"—a few heads defined.

Had Dyer had more perseverance, and finished the many schemes he contemplated, and of which he only struck out the main ideas, he would now have ranked far higher in the scale of British poets. His energies were, like those of too many persons at the present day, wasted in small and unimportant effusions.

Darlington, October 1847.

Digitized by Google

HISTORIC RUINS.

Castle-Connell, co. Limerick.

THERE is, perhaps, no period of English history which, when contemplated in relation to remote and permanent results, possesses a more interesting or important character than that of the Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland; an event which, though immediately arising from the ambition of a Plantagenet and the vices of an Irish monarch, constituted, in reality, an indispensable preliminary to the formation of that vast empire, and world-embracing influence, which England subsequently achieved. In support of this proposition, it becomes merely necessary to observe, that had the condition of Ireland, as a distinct and completely independent sovereignty, remained intact and inviolate, England could not have embodied those armies, and established that formidable marine, which have so powerfully co-operated in the production and maintenance of that supremacy, which, identified, as it were, with the principles of civilization, would seem to run parallel with the universal interests of mankind. Independently of this consideration, it is abundantly evident, that in the event of Ireland having been subjugated by a foreign power at any time hostile to England, or in a state of alliance with one indisposed to maintain friendly relations, consequences perhaps of the most calamitous description might have arisen. The invasion, therefore, of Ireland, together with her subsequent absorption in the British empire, is justly entitled to be regarded as a proceeding highly important indeed as an abstract consideration, but assuming, in its multiplied bearings and enduring influence, an aspect of paramount and transcendant gravity. The reflections associated with this view of the subject are, confessedly, manifold and interesting. The establishment of our colossal Indian empire—the overthrow of the Napoleon dynasty—the usurpation of the red man's forest-home and boundless hunting-grounds—the establishment of the star-spangled banner's broad empire—the colonization of Southern Africa—the transposition of Anglican energy to the island-continent of Australia, and polynesian groups of the far-off Pacific—the train and combination of circumstances, and other instrumentalities, which seem destined ultimately to confer on the language of Great Britain a world-wide universality, may be legitimately recognised as forming a portion of the veritable results deriving themselves from that distant but prolific source.

Associations such as these are eminently calculated to invest, as with an encircling halo, the mouldering ruins of those castellated structures, erected by the early Norman adventurers in attestation of their pretensions to rule and retain the ample domains, for whose possession they were indebted to their trusty blades alone. Consecrated by their antiquity, they present to the imaginative and well-informed, an extrinsic charm and character, and awaken a host of long-buried memories, in the past-irradiating splendour of which, the mailed warrior and haughty dame, the beleaguered fortress and prostrate suppliant, the baron's revelry and the victim's dungeon, spring into unreal but poetically palpable existence.

Digitized by Google

Amongst the historic ruins of Ireland, there are none, perhaps, whose claims on the attention of the antiquarian and philosophic inquirer, are of a more decided and unequivocal nature, than those of the ancient and once magnificent castle of Castle-Connell; combining, as they do, the double interest derived from Anglo-Norman and Milesian reminiscences, and cresting the rude and precipitous rock, which lifts its huge and isolated form, in gloomy grandeur, above the surrounding scene. The distant outline, and blue undulations of the Clare mountains, presenting an attractive feature towards the north-west, whilst the dim prospect of the Tipperary hills, terminated by the giant bulk of the lordly keeper, confers no inconsiderable charms on the north-eastern horizon. Immediately adjacent, and along the left bank of the Shannon, stretches the rambling and beautiful village of Castle-Connell, the diversified appearance of which is produced as much by the picturesque intermingling of cottages, gardens, lodging-houses, orchards, and villas, as by the pleasing inequality of the surface on which it stands. It is surrounded by beauty of the most varied character, and embosomed in an amphitheatre, consisting of noble demesnes, verdant slopes, undulating lawns, and fine spreading woods; whilst the Shannon—broad, clear, and broken into a multitude of sparkling eddies—gives perfection to a scene, resembling rather "a spirit's dream of beauty," than a visible and veritable reality.

An English tourist, speaking of this locality, doubts whether Killarney itself greatly surpasses Castle-Connell in scenic loveliness and picturesque combinations. In a southern direction, and about half-a-mile distant, commence the rapids of the Shannon, which, in the neighbourhood, are known by the appellation of the "Leap of Doonass"—a term deemed by native philologists to be suggestive of the leading or general character of the scene; inasmuch as "Doonas" is composed of two Irish words, signifying, in allusion to the inclination down which the river is precipitated, the *Water-Hill* The Shannon, which, above the rapids, is forty feet deep, and over three hundred yards in width, is there compressed into a chasm nearly half a mile in length, and of considerably less than one-third the breadth of the previous channel. Through this contracted passage, the rugged sides of which, in many places, present a nearly perpendicular elevation and in others, bold and abrupt projections, the accumulated waters of the "mighty river" rush with headlong and impetuous fury and stunning reverberations: over and amongst a succession of ledges and ponderous rocks, the chafed and angry element is fearfully precipitated, dashing tumultuously and thunderingly onwards, being for more than a quarter of a mile almost a cataract, and presenting in its adjuncts and *tout ensemble*, a spectacle so awfully superb, so thrillingly impressive, that it may be well regarded as a truer expression and embodiment of the sublime, than the Geisbach in Switzerland itself.

Some years ago, a boat, containing the Honourable Mrs. Massy, a servant, and two boatmen, in crossing the river at the head of the rapids, was, in consequence, it is conjectured, of a dense fog which prevailed at the time, engulphed in the foaming waters, and dashed to pieces; the bodies of the three men, which were found a few days afterwards, were frightfully mangled; that of Mrs. Massy was not discovered until some months had elapsed.

William Fitzadelm, or De Burgho, grandson of Hubert De Burgho, Earl of Kent, who was nearly allied to the Conqueror, and esteemed the

Digitized by Google

most powerful subject in Europe, received from the king five military fiefs, by charter, in the vicinity of a place called Joth, where the ruins of the castle of Castle-Connell, which he forthwith erected, now present a beautifully picturesque memorial of departed greatness and baronial magnificence. The indefatigable energy and untiring zeal manifested by this nobleman in the extension of English power, and consolidation of his own authority, naturally rendered him obnoxious to the hostility and hatred of the aboriginal inhabitants, of whose fast-waning power and influence he had become so formidable an antagonist. Keating, in the second volume of his History of Ireland, quoting an Irish manuscript of the thirteenth century, entitled the Book of Mac-Eogain, furnishes the following account of an expedition which he conducted into the province of Connaught: "Cruelty was the ruling passion of this nobleman; he put priests and people to the sword without distinction, and destroyed the religious houses and other holy places in this province; so that he drew upon himself, by his tyrannical conduct, the censure of the clergy, and he was solemnly excommunicated by the church, in which state he died of an extraordinary sickness, which caused frightful distortions. He gave no signs of repentance. His body was carried to a village, the inhabitants of which he had put to death, and there thrown into a well, from which it was never afterwards taken."* The honours which he conferred on any one were always but a mark of his treacherous intentions, only poison beneath the honey, and resembling a snake lurking in the grass; liberal and mild in his aspect, but carrying more aloes than honey within.

> "Pelliculam veterem retinens, vir fronte politus,
> Astutam vapido portans sub pectore vulpem
> Impia sub dulci melle venena ferens."
>
> HIBERNIA EXPUGNATA, c. 16.

Stanihurst, following Cambrensis, gives the following account of him: "He was a man solely occupied in amassing riches, a mercenary governor, and detested both by prince and people; the duties of his office he discharged in a shameful and sordid manner, disregarding justice when his own interests were in question." He furthermore observes, "It is not surprising that his memory should be detested by the people, *ut non mirum fuerit, si incolis, tristem, horribilemque memoriam nominis sui reliquerit.*"

In the year 1576, the celebrated James Fitzmaurice having arrived at Rome, as the principal delegate of the disaffected Irish, was received with the most flattering marks of distinction by Pope Gregory XIII. He there entered into immediate communication with Cornelius O'Moel Ryan, titular bishop of Killaloe, and Thomas Stukely, of whose paternity and country no information of a positive or decided character has ever been ascertained—some regarding him as a natural son of Henry VIII., and others as the offspring of an English knight and an Irish lady. The Sovereign Pontiff evinced great zeal for the Irish Catholics, to whom he despatched numerous letters, exhorting them to persevere in the faith, and employ the most strenuous exertions in the discomfiture and extinction of the heresy which so seriously threatened the existence of the true religion in Ireland. His Holiness raised the Earl of Desmond to the

* Hist. Cathol.

Digitized by Google

position of Generalissimo of the Holy League, and nominated James Fitzmaurice his lieutenant; to be replaced, in case of death or other disqualifying casualty, by Sir J. Desmond, the Earl's second brother. Gregory XIII. gave a large sum of money in furtherance of the enterprise, causing also two thousand men to be embodied in the Papal territories, to serve as auxiliaries in the projected expedition to Ireland, who were placed under the command of Hercule De Pise, a general of considerable talent and experience. The necessary preparations having been completed, the troops were embarked on board a small fleet, the command of which was conferred on Thomas Stukely, with directions to sail for Lisbon, and await the arrival of Fitzmaurice, whom circumstances constrained to proceed thither by land. The armament having, after a prosperous voyage, reached that port, Stukely was easily persuaded, by the promise of magnificent rewards, and effective assistance in carrying on the war in Ireland, to join a most powerful and numerous army, which Sebastian, King of Portugal, had organized for the African war, in which he was then engaged. On arriving in Africa, a fierce and sanguinary battle was fought, in which Sebastian of Portugal, and Abedelmelic, King of Mauritania, lost their lives;—in which catastrophe Stukely, and a large proportion of the Italian brigade, also participated. Fitzmaurice arriving in Portugal by land, felt indignant and distressed beyond measure, at Stukely's flagrant violation of the solemn engagement which he had contracted, and the almost inevitable frustration with which, in consequence, the great object of the expedition was threatened. Making, however, the utmost possible exertions, and having no resource left, he collected and re-organized the remnant of the Italian force which had returned to the Peninsula, and which, when united to some Cantabrians provided by his Catholic Majesty, formed a body amounting to about twelve hundred men, with which he sailed for Ireland; his fleet consisting of six vessels, containing abundant supplies of ammunition, and arms and accoutrements for ten thousand men. The expedition was accompanied by Cornelius, Bishop of Killaloe, and Doctor Sandus, an English priest, invested with the functions of legate from the Pope.

Towards the close of July, 1579, the fleet arrived at Ardnacant, or Imerwick, near Dingle, in the County of Kerry. In this harbour, an islet, connected by means of a natural causeway with the mainland, and almost impregnably fortified by nature, was strengthened by such additional works as were calculated to remedy whatever deficiences might have existed, on which it was converted into an arsenal by the indefatigable Fitzmaurice, who placed therein a garrison of six hundred men, under the command of Don Sebastian De Saint Joseph. The arrival of Fitzmaurice becoming generally known throughout the south and west of the kingdom, Sir John Desmond, his brother James, and most of the influential noblemen and chieftains of Munster, with their respective and numerous followers, forthwith and eagerly repaired to Ardnacant, where a junction was effected with the Italian and Spanish auxiliaries; and extensive preparations instituted for the accomplishment of a universal and simultaneous insurrection against the government of Elizabeth. Whilst raising troops, and establishing a correspondence with the disaffected chieftains in other portions of the island, Sir John Desmond assaulted the town of Tralee, which was defended by an English garrison, putting, after a desperate conflict, the majority to the sword, and dispers-

Digitized by Google

ing the remainder. Coincident with this proceeding, Fitzmaurice, with a numerous and well-appointed force, commenced his march in the direction of Connaught, in which province he was impatiently expected by the entire mass of the native population—a coalition with whom would, in all probability, not only have endangered the stability, but annihilated the very existence of British domination throughout the land.

Sir William De Burgh, of Castle-Connell, foreseeing these consequences, and vividly aware of the necessity which dictated a bold and desperate course of action, as constituting the only means whereby the apprehended catastrophe was capable of prevention, resolved on gathering his vassals and feudatories together; which body, on being joined by such forces as, under existing circumstances, could speedily be collected from other quarters, was forthwith despatched, under the command of his eldest son, Theobald, to intercept the progress of Fitzmaurice, who, finding a contest inevitable, formed the resolution of achieving victory, or dying on the battle-field the glorious death of a hero. Being wounded in the breast by a musket ball, he roused himself to a last effort, and, by almost superhuman exertions, clearing a passage through the enemy, entered into personal conflict with Theobald De Burgh, whose head, after a fearfully desperate contest, he struck off with a single blow. Meanwhile the battle raged with unabated and impetuous fury on all sides; two other sons of Sir William De Burgh being also numbered with the slain. Fitzmaurice survived his wound but six hours; his death not only involving an abandonment of the object of the expedition, but the loss to his party of that master mind, without whose directing energies it was found impossible to effect that combination of elements and spirit of union, on which success so essentially depended.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance, or over-estimate the results of this battle. Had Fitzmaurice succeeded in realizing his projected incursion into Connaught, not only the native population of that province, but that of every other portion of the kingdom, would most unquestionably have risen in fierce and formidable insurrection. Coming as he did from the Pope, the cause which he had espoused was recommended to the feelings and sympathies of the Irish people by all those considerations which the influence of religion, the instigations of revenge, the promptings of ambition, and a burning sense of hereditary wrongs, were calculated to supply. Profoundly acquainted with the character of his countrymen, and capable of rendering their passions and enthusiastic temperament ancillary to the promotion of the great object of his life—the subversion of British power and authority in Ireland—he might have finally overwhelmed the queen's government, and brought into action such agencies as would have rendered the re-conquest of the country a matter of infinite peril and difficulty.

Elizabeth, grateful for the services of Sir William De Burgh, and commiserating his bereaved and forlorn condition, wrote him an autograph letter of condolence, on the irreparable misfortune which he had sustained in the loss of all his children. She furthermore settled on him an annual pension of two hundred marks, to be paid out of the exchequer; and created him a peer of Ireland, by the style and title of Lord Baron of Castle-Connell. These honours, however, proved ineffectual in assuaging the deep grief with which he was overwhelmed: he became taciturn and pensive, spending his days and nights in sighs and wretchedness; a prey

Digitized by Google

to the profoundest melancholy and most abject depression of spirits, he speedily died of a broken heart, exhibiting a striking exemplification of those mournfully apposite lines—

> "What can minister to a mind diseased,
> Or pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow?"

His title and estates were inherited by his grandson, from whom they descended in an uninterrupted line to the last Lord Castle-Connell, who, in the revolution of 1688, adhering to the fortunes of James, rendered some brilliant service during the campaign, and fortifying the castle of Castle-Connell, defended it with great valour and perseverance against the Prince of Hesse, to whom it finally surrendered on the capitulation of Limerick; when, by order of De Ginckle, it was dismantled and blown up—by which, according to the traditionary legends of the place, the atmosphere was subjected to so violent a concussion, that several windows in Limerick, though nearly seven miles distant, were shattered into fragments.

It should here be observed, that the structure erected by William De Burgo, in the thirteenth century, was raised on the site of a previous edifice, said to have been constructed, at some very remote period, by Connell, an Irish chieftain. The treacherous murder, by a prince of Thomond, within its walls, of a grandson of the celebrated Brian Boroimh, is a well-authenticated event in connection with the early history of the Castle. After the treaty of Limerick, Lord Castle-Connell having, in consequence of his devotion to the fallen dynasty, undergone forfeiture of his peerage and a large proportion of his estates, followed his royal master into exile, and died a few years afterwards at Versailles. A remnant of the immense possessions of the De Burgos in Munster, on which are situate the villages of Castle-Connell and O'Brian's Bridge, forms a portion of the estate of Sir Richard De Burgo, the present representative of the family, whose romantic residence, placed on a rocky islet in the Shannon, and accessible by means of an artificial causeway, commands a charming view of the upper portion of the justly celebrated rapids. He has effected some tasteful improvements in the village of Castle-Connell, which has long been much resorted to by invalids and valetudinarians, on account of its chalybeate spring, whose waters possessing a ferruginous and astringent taste, have the same specific gravity as the German Spa, to which they are generally supposed to be fully equal in medicinal and chemical properties. Near the Spa, and in close proximity with the Shannon, are spacious assembly rooms, built by the late Sir Richard De Burgho, grandfather of the present baronet, for the use of the inhabitants and numerous visitors of the place. The ball-room, which is of very considerable dimensions, is ornamented by the crest, motto, and armorial bearings of the De Burgho family, handsomely sculptured in Italian marble.

HIPPEUS.

Digitized by Google

SIR EPPELIN.

The white clouds sail before the wind that is blowing loud and free,
And in the Nurnberg Palace-yard there waves the linden tree.
Oh, linden tree! oh, linden tree! full many a happy bird
Is singing 'mid thy leafy boughs—a strain ne'er blyther heard.

Oh, linden tree! the sun has tipp'd thy flickering leaves with gold,
But thy birds within their gleaming bowers a sad sight shall behold.
White clouds, bright sun, and merry birds, are beautiful and gay,
But the bold "Wild Knight of Gailingen" must die the death to-day.

The Palace-yard is filled with men of stern unpitying eye,
And hearts as hard as their stout shields, to see the brave man die.
They lead him forth into the court beside the fatal block—
He glances calmly round, then stands as steadfast as a rock.

The sky is flecked with snowy clouds careering to the wind,
But his bold brow does not shew a trace of thoughts that cross his mind;
Yet how can he look round and draw his full and vigorous breath,
Feel life to stir within his breast, nor grieve his doom is death?

The shadow of the linden tree lies dark upon the ground,
But the upper leaves are dancing, in a flood of glory crown'd:
The steel-clad men are muttering vows of vengeance deep and dire,
But the little birds sing sweetly on—a joyous fairy choir.

"Sir Eppelin, demand a boon, it is a right of old,
The meanest criminal may claim before his days are told:
For burial or for present need alike thy choice is free;
Ask not thy forfeit life—ought else shall fully granted be."

"The Wild Knight would not stoop of such as ye to ask his life!
But bring the good steed that so oft hath borne me in the strife,
Fain would I feel him in his might bound under me once more;
Then welcome death!—a prayer—a pang—my wild career is o'er!"

They bring the good steed to his lord, that steed as raven black;
Sir Eppelin has vaulted at one bound upon his back,
And he dashes round the court-yard like an arrow from the bow—
The very swallows that wheel near seem to his swiftness slow.

The Wild Knight's cheek is burning, and his heart is throbbing fast,
The blood speeds boiling through his veins!—and is this ride his last?
And shall his war-cry sound no more amid the thickening fray?
There stands the block, the gleaming axe, and he must die to-day!

The noble horse one wistful look upon his master turns,
Then springing on, with clattering hoof the ringing pavement spurns;

Digitized by Google

His snortings echo through the court, and fiery sparkles fly,
As, speeding round that narrow space, he mocks the dazzled eye.

His lord has read that wistful look—it pierces to his heart;
For a soul was in its language: "Dearest master, must we part?
Shall thy voice no longer cheer me? Shall I never arch my crest,
When the day of toil is ended, by thy loving hand caress'd?

"I have borne thee in the battle, I have borne thee in the chase—
In the charge and in the forest we had aye the foremost place.
Could the red-deer bound more featly? could the falcon swifter fly?
Shall the Wild Knight bow his stately head, and without a struggle die?

"Feel my mighty strength beneath thee, think how matchless is my speed;
And my strength and spirit both are thine in this thine hour of need.
The walls are high, the moat is broad, but boundless is the plain:
Walls have been leapt, and water swam—dare, and be free again!"

The steel-clad men are gather'd all beneath the linden's shade,
Beside the block the headsman leans upon his glistening blade;
They gaze upon Sir Eppelin with wonder in each face—
With wonder that a dying man should ride so mad a race.

What doth he now, Sir Eppelin? He stays his rapid course
With sudden check, and wheels around his lithe and willing horse:
A moment he recoils—collects his utmost energy—
One desperate leap, and the brave steed hath scaled the rampart high!

An instant stands with gather'd feet, poised on the narrow stone,
Then launches headlong forward, and the gallant work is done!
The moat is cleared, so deep and wide, as with a falcon's flight,
And Sir Eppelin is free again, beneath the sun's glad light!

F. L. R.

Digitized by Google

THE SPIRIT OF MODERN ITALIAN ROMANCE.

THE Italians, in the composition of their Novelle, may be said to have originated in Europe the Romance, a delightful species of literature, entirely unknown to the ancients. Here, as in everything else having relation to intellect, Italy was the glorious source of that pure stream under whose fertilizing influence the barbarity consequent on the downfall of Rome ceased, and Christian civilization and refinement began and gradually prevailed. The early Italian legends and tales, rude indeed, though ever possessing some interest and amusement, we trace through a variety of languages. Chaucer, the first of our great poets in point of time, and not very far off in point of excellence, has immortalized in English verse some of those transalpine stories. Strange, however, to say, after the production of the novelle, Italian writers seldom or never, until recently, applied themselves to romance writing, and, for many centuries, that kind of literature was extinct, or, at least, in complete abeyance among them. This probably arose from the facility afforded by their superlatively harmonious language to the making of verse, and from their constant inclination to connect poetry with music. Hence those grand incarnations of imagination and fancy, Tasso, Ariosto, Petrarch, Dante, Metastasio, left prose to the historian and philosopher, and spoke their soul-stirring sentiments and narratives in rhythm alone. The epic reigned first, and lastly the opera, which absorbed everything else,—and no wonder, for there the measure of the bard had married itself to the finest harmony that ever fell on human hearing,—the music of Italy, which at once enchanted the world, and will probably continue to do so to the end.

> "Oh! it came o'er our ear like the sweet south
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odour."

Thus, then, had romance writing ceased to flourish in Italy, until, now about twenty years ago, Alessandro Manzoni, previously known as a dramatist of repute, agreeably surprised his country by the production of an historical romance, which immediately obtained eminent and unbounded success. "I Promessi Sposi," or, "The Betrothed," the romance in question, was read throughout Italy, and every other polite nation of Europe. It passed in translations from language to language, and now that twenty years has elapsed, it is as popular as ever. The universal and lasting prosperity of this work is indeed somewhat astonishing; for, though certainly a book of great thought and talent, "I Promessi Sposi" can hardly claim a first rank among romances. Its plot is inartificial and too evident; its characters have little variety, many of them closely resembling each other, and its descriptions and details often run out to an extreme length, and become downright tedious and prosy. These defects allowed, there still remains much to please and admire in this romance; there hangs, we know not how, a charm about the book. The principal persons of the tale, the blundering honest-hearted hero, Renzo; and the lovely and gentle, innocent and confiding heroine, Lucia, are admirably pictured. Father Christoforo, a worthy monk, who, by the way, strongly reminds us of our old friend Friar Law-

Digitized by Google

rence, in "Romeo and Juliet;" and Don Rodrigo, a feudal tyrant, who has no little affinity to some of Mrs. Ratcliffe's romantic rascals, are, the one good, and the other bad, much in an ordinary way, and savour of the commonplace; but there is a second strange and mysterious villain in the story, the Unnamed, whose portrait is a novel and striking conception. Yet it is not in the delineation of character that we must seek the cause of "I Promessi Sposi's" attraction; it is more probably in a peculiar quality it possesses. The writer is of the same country and religion as the persons of his narrative, and hence a power, which, in capable hands, is never known to fail. Most of the master productions of fiction have had this advantage; for example, "Don Quixote," "The Arabian Nights," "Tom Jones," and "The Heart of Midlothian," that *chef d'œuvre* of Sir Walter, who was never so great as when his foot was on Scottish ground. In Italy, especially, where the Church of Rome is pre-eminently ascendant, and mingles with, and lives in, every thought, action, and event among the people, a Catholic native of the country is the person to rightly comprehend and convey the attributes and realities of the scene. The very prejudice of strangers, particularly where Rome is concerned, interferes with the truth of their writing. Another reason makes the advantage still greater with an Italian, for, let him lay his story at what period he may, things and men have so little changed in Italy, that he finds himself at home in any age of her modern existence. In proof of what we say, as to creed and country, take the following description of the lay Capuchin collector, in the "Promessi Sposi," and compare it with the two conventional forms of fat jollity and lean piety in which monks and friars always appear in English story. How much more likely and rational is Manzoni's portrait! Those who have any knowledge on the subject will at once admit its perfect correctness:—

"While they were thus engaged in weighing the different sides of the question, they heard a knock at the door; and at the same moment a low but distinct *Deo Gratias*. Lucia, wondering who it could be, ran to open it, and immediately, making a low bow, there entered a lay Capuchin collector, his bag hanging over his left shoulder, and the mouth of it twisted and held tight in his two hands over his breast.

"'Oh, brother Galdino!' exclaimed the two women. 'The Lord be with you,' said the friar; 'I have come to beg for the nuts.'

"'Go and fetch the nuts for the Fathers,' said Agnese. Lucia arose and moved towards the other room; but, before entering it, she paused behind the friar's back, who remained standing in exactly the same position; and, putting her fore-finger on her lips, gave her mother a look demanding secrecy, in which were mingled tenderness, supplication, and even a certain air of authority.

"The Collector, inquisitively eyeing Agnese at a distance, said, 'And this wedding? I thought it was to have been to-day; but I noticed a stir in the neighbourhood, as if indicating something new. What has happened?'

"'The Signor Curate is ill, and we are obliged to postpone it,' hastily replied Agnese. Probably the answer might have been very different, if Lucia had not given her the hint. 'And how does the collection go on?' added she, wishing to change the conversation.

"'Badly, good woman, badly. They are all here.' And so saying, he took the wallet off his shoulders, and tossed it up between his hands into

Digitized by Google

the air. 'They are all here; and to collect this mighty abundance, I have had to knock at ten doors.'

"'But the year is scarce, brother Galdino; and when one has to struggle for bread, one measures everything according to the scarcity.'

"'And what must we do, good woman, to make better times return? Give alms. Don't you know the miracle of the nuts that happened many years ago in our Convent of Romagna?'

"'No, indeed! tell me.'

"'Well, you must know, then, that in our convent there was a holy Father, whose name was Father Macario. One day, in winter, walking along a narrow path, in a field belonging to one of our benefactors—a good man also—Father Macario saw him standing near a large walnut-tree, and four peasants, with axes upraised, about to fell it, having laid bare its roots to the sun. 'What are you doing to this poor tree?' asked Father Macario. 'Why, Father, it has borne no fruit for many years, so now I will make firing of it.' 'Leave it, leave it,' said the Father; 'be assured this year it will produce more fruit than leaves.' The benefactor, knowing who it was that had uttered these words, immediately ordered the workmen to throw the soil upon the roots again; and, calling to the Father, who continued his walk, said, 'Father Macario, half of the crop shall be for the convent.' The report of the prophecy spread, and every one flocked to see the tree. Spring, in very truth, brought blossoms without number, and then followed nuts—nuts without number. The good benefactor had not the happiness of gathering them, for he went before the harvest to receive the reward of his charity. But the miracle was, in consequence, so much the greater, as you will hear. This worthy man left behind him a son of very different character. Well, then, at the time of gathering, the collector went to receive the moiety belonging to the convent; but the son pretended perfect ignorance of the matter, and had the temerity to reply, that he had never heard that Capuchins knew how to gather nuts. What do you think happened then? One day (listen to this) the knave was entertaining a party of his friends, of the same genus as himself, and while making merry, he related the story of the walnuts, and ridiculed the friars. His jovial friends wished to go see this wonderful heap of nuts, and he conducted them to the storehouse. But listen, now; he opened the door, went towards the corner where the great heap had been laid, and while saying, 'Look,' he looked himself, and saw—what do you think?—a magnificent heap of withered walnut-leaves! This was a lesson for him; and the convent, instead of being a loser by the denied alms, gained thereby; for, after so great a miracle, the contribution of nuts increased to such a degree, that a benefactor, moved with pity for the poor collector, made a present to the convent of an ass, to assist in carrying the nuts home. And so much oil was made, that all the poor in the neighbourhood came and had as much as they required; for we are like the sea, which receives water from all quarters, and returns it to be again distributed through the rivers.'

"At this moment Lucia returned, her apron so loaded with nuts, that it was with difficulty she could manage it, holding the two corners stretched out at arm's length, while the friar Galdino lifted the sack off his shoulders, and putting it on the ground, opened the mouth for the reception of the abundant gift. Agnese glanced towards Lucia a surprised and

Digitized by Google

reproachful look for her prodigality; but Lucia returned a glance which seemed to say, 'I will justify myself.' The friar broke forth into praises, prognostications, promises, and expressions of gratitude, and replacing his bag, was about to depart. But Lucia, recalling him, said, 'I want you to do me a kindness; I want you to tell Father Cristofero that we earnestly wish to speak to him, and ask him to be so good as to come to us poor people quickly—directly; for I cannot go to the church.'

"'Is this all? It shall not be an hour before Father Cristofero knows your wish.'

"'I believe you.'

"'You need not fear.' And so saying, he departed, rather more burthened and a little better satisfied than when he entered the house.

"Let no one think, on hearing that a poor girl sent to ask with such confidence for Father Cristofero, and that the collector accepted the commission without wonder and without difficulty—let no one, I say, suppose that this Cristofero was a mean friar—a person of no importance. He was, on the contrary, a man who had great authority among his friends, and in the country around; but, such was the condition of the Capuchins, that nothing appeared to them either too high or too low. To minister to the basest, and to be ministered to by the most powerful; to enter palaces or hovels with the same deportment of humility and security; to be sometimes in the same house the object of ridicule, and a person without whom nothing could be decided; to solicit alms everywhere, and distribute them to all those who begged at the convent:—a Capuchin was accustomed to all these. Traversing the road, he was equally liable to meet a noble who would reverently kiss the end of the rope round his waist, or a crowd of wicked boys, who, pretending to be quarrelling among themselves, would fling at his beard dirt and mire. The word *frate* was pronounced in those days with the greatest respect, and again with the bitterest contempt; and the Capuchins, perhaps, more than any other order, were the objects of two direct opposite sentiments, and shared two directly opposite kinds of treatment; because, possessing no property, wearing a more than ordinarily distinctive habit, and making more open professions of humiliation, they exposed themselves more directly to the veneration, or the contumely, which these circumstances would excite, according to the different tempers and different opinions of men."

The above extract recalls our attention to the further specimens we would give of Manzoni's romance. The introduction of the heroine, Lucia, is a beautiful sample of his style:—

"Lucia had just come forth adorned from head to foot by the hands of her mother. Her friends were stealing glances at the bride, and forcing her to shew herself; while she, with the somewhat warlike modesty of a rustic, was endeavouring to escape, using her arms as a shield for her face, and holding her head downwards, her black pencilled eyebrows seeming to frown, while her lips were smiling. Her dark and luxuriant hair, divided on her forehead with a white and narrow parting, was united behind in many-circled plaitings, pierced with long silver pins, disposed around, so as to look like an aureola, or saintly glory, a fashion still in use among the Milanese peasant-girls. Round her neck she had a necklace of garnets, alternated with beads of filagree gold. She wore a pretty

Digitized by Google

boddice of flowered brocade, laced with coloured ribbons, a short gown of embroidered silk, plaited in close and minute folds, scarlet stockings, and a pair of shoes also of embroidered silk. Besides these, which were the special ornaments of her wedding-day, Lucia had the every-day ornament of a modest beauty, displayed at this time, and increased by the varied feelings which were depicted in her face: joy tempered by a slight confusion, that placid sadness which occasionally shews itself on the face of a bride, and without injuring her beauty, gives it an air peculiar to itself."

Manzoni's descriptions are frequently, when not too long, drawn with a master hand. An evening in a village is thus gracefully given:—

"There was, in fact, that stirring—that confused buzz—which is usually heard in a village on the approach of evening, and which shortly afterwards gives place to the solemn stillness of night. Women arrived from the fields, carrying their infants on their backs, and holding by the hand the elder children, whom they were hearing repeat their evening prayers; while the men bore on their shoulders their spades, and different implements of husbandry. On the opening of the cottage doors, a bright gleam of light sparkled from the fires that were kindled to prepare their humble evening meal. In the street might be heard salutations exchanged, together with brief and sad remarks on the scarcity of the harvest, and poverty of the times; while, above all, resounded the measured and sonorous tolls of the bell, which announced the close of day."

The episode of Gertrude, the signora nun of Monza, is rich in interest and romance, but too long to extract. We pass on to another portion of the work, where occurs the best scene of the whole, the interview between Lucia and the Unnamed, who, as the mysterious agent of her tyrant lover, Rodrigo, has carried her by force to his castle:—

"Lucia aroused herself, on feeling the carriage stop, and, awaking from a kind of lethargy, was seized with renewed terror, as she wildly gazed around her. Nibbio had pushed himself back on the seat, and the old woman, with her chin resting on the door, was looking at Lucia, and saying, 'Come my good girl; come, you poor thing; come with me, for I have orders to treat you well, and try to comfort you.'

"At the sound of a female voice, the poor girl felt a ray of comfort—a momentary flash of courage; but she quickly relapsed into still more terrible fears. 'Who are you?' asked she, in a trembling voice, fixing her astonished gaze on the old woman's face.

"'Come, come, you poor creature,' was the unvaried answer she received. Nibbio, and his two companions, gathering from the words, and the unusually softened tones of the old hag, what were the intentions of their lord, endeavoured, by kind and soothing words, to persuade the unhappy girl to obey. She only continued, however, to stare wildly around; and though the unknown and savage character of the place, and the close guardianship of her keepers, forbad her indulging a hope of relief, she, nevertheless, attempted to cry out; but seeing Nibbio cast a glance towards the handkerchief, she stopped, trembled, gave a momentary shudder, and was then seized and placed in the litter. The old woman entered after her; Nibbio left the other two villains to follow behind as an escort, while he himself took the shortest ascent to attend to the call of his master.

Digitized by Google

"'Who are you?' anxiously demanded Lucia of her unknown and ugly-visaged companion: 'Why am I with you?' Where are you taking me?'

"'To one who wishes to do you good,' replied the aged dame; 'to a great . . . . Happy are they to whom he wishes good! You are very lucky, I can tell you. Don't be afraid—be cheerful; he bid me try to encourage you. You 'll tell him, won't you, that I tried to comfort you?'

"'Who is he?—why?—what does he want with me? I don't belong to him! Tell me where I am! let me go! bid these people let me go—bid them carry me to some church. Oh! you who are a woman, in the name of Mary the Virgin! . . . .'

"This holy and soothing name, once repeated with veneration in her early years, and now for so long a time uninvoked, and, perhaps, unheard, produced in the mind of the unhappy creature, on again reaching her ear, a strange, confused, and distant recollection, like the remembrance of light and form in an aged person, who has been blind from infancy.

In the meanwhile the Unnamed, standing at the door of his castle, was looking downwards, and watching the litter, as before he had watched the carriage, while it slowly ascended, step by step; Nibbio rapidly advancing before it at a distance which every moment became greater. When he had at length attained the summit, 'Come this way,' cried the Signor; and taking the lead, he entered the castle, and went into one of the apartments.

"'Well?' said he, making a stand.

"'Everything exactly right,' replied Nibbio, with a profound obeisance; 'the intelligence in time, the girl in time, nobody on the spot, only one scream, nobody attracted by it, the coachman ready, the horses swift, nobody met with: but . . . .'

"'But what?'

"'But . . . . I will tell the truth; I would rather have been commanded to shoot her in the back, without hearing her speak—without seeing her face.'

"'What? . . . . what? . . . . what do you mean?'

"'I mean that all this time . . . . all this time . . . . I have felt too much compassion for her.'

"'Compassion! What do you know of compassion? What is compassion?'

"'I never understood so well what it was as this time; it is something that rather resembles fear; let it once take possession of you, and you are no longer a man.'

"'Let me hear a little of what she did to excite your compassion?'

"'Oh, most noble Signor! such a time! . . . . weeping, praying, and looking at one with such eyes! and becoming pale as death! and then sobbing, and praying again, and certain words . . . .'

"'I won't have this creature in my house,' thought the Unnamed, meanwhile, to himself. 'In an evil hour I engaged to do it; but I've promised—I've promised. When she 's far away' . . . . And raising his face with an imperious air towards Nibbio, 'Now,' said he, 'you must lay aside compassion, mount your horse, take a companion—two, if you like—and ride away, till you get to the palace of this Don Rodrigo, you know. Tell him to send immediately—immediately—or else . . . .'

Digitized by Google

"But another internal *no*, more imperative than the first, prohibited his finishing. 'No,' said he, in a resolute tone, almost, as it were, to express to himself the command of this secret voice. 'No: go and take some rest; and to-morrow morning—you shall do as I tell you.'

"'This girl must have some demon of her own,' thought he, when left alone, standing with his arms crossed on his breast, and his gaze fixed upon a spot on the floor, where the rays of the moon, entering through a lofty window, traced out a square of pale light, chequered like a draft-board by the massive iron bars, and more minutely divided into smaller compartments by the little panes of glass,—'some demon, or . . . . some angel who protects her . . . . Compassion in Nibbio! . . . . To-morrow morning—to-morrow morning, early, she must be off from this; she must go to her place of destination; and she shall not be spoken of again; and'—continued he to himself, with the resolution with which one gives a command to a rebellious child, knowing that it will not be obeyed—'and she shall not be *thought* of again, either. That animal of a Don Rodrigo must not come to pester me with thanks; for . . . . I don't want to hear her spoken of any more. I have served him because . . . . because I promised; and I promised, because . . . . it was my destiny. But I'm determined the fellow shall pay me well for this piece of service. Let me see a little . . . . '

"And he tried to devise some intricate undertaking, to impose upon Don Rodrigo by way of compensation, and almost as a punishment; but the words again shot across his mind—'Compassion in Nibbio!—What can this girl have done?' continued he, folllowing out the thought; 'I must see her. Yet, no—yes, I will see her.'

"He went from one room to another, came to the foot of a flight of stairs, and irresolutely ascending, proceeded to the old woman's apartment: here he knocked with his foot at the door.

"'Who 's there?'

"'Open the door.'

"The old woman made three bounds at the sound of his voice; the bolt was quickly heard grating harshly in the staples, and the door was thrown wide open. The Unnamed cast a glance round the room, as he paused in the doorway; and by the light of a lamp which stood on a three-legged table, discovered Lucia crouched down on the floor, in the corner farthest from the entrance.

"'Who bid you throw her there, like a bag of rags, you uncivil old beldame?' said he to the aged matron, with an angry frown.

"'She chose it herself,' replied she, in an humble tone; 'I've done my best to encourage her; she can tell you so herself; but she won't mind me.'

"'Get up,' said he to Lucia, approaching her. But she, whose already terrified mind had experienced a fresh and mysterious addition to her terror at the knocking, the opening of the door, his footstep, and his voice, only gathered herself still closer into the corner, and, with her face buried in her hands, remained perfectly motionless, excepting that she trembled from head to foot.

"'Get up; I will do you no harm—and I can do you some good,' repeated the Signor. 'Get up!' thundered he forth at last, irritated at having twice commanded in vain.

"As if invigorated by fear, the unhappy girl instantly raised herself

Digitized by Google

upon her knees, and joining her hands, as she would have knelt before a sacred image, lifted her eyes to the face of the Unnamed, and instantly dropping them, said, 'Here I am; kill me if you will.'

"'I have told you I would do you no harm,' replied the Unnamed, in a softened tone, gazing at her agonized features of grief and terror.

"'Courage, courage,' said the old woman; 'if he himself tells you he will do you no harm....'

"'And why,' rejoined Lucia, in a voice in which the daringness of despairing indignation was mingled with the tremor of fear, 'why make me suffer the agonies of hell? What have I done to you?'

"'Perhaps they have treated you badly? Tell me.'

"'Treated me badly! They have seized me by treachery—by force! Why—why have they seized me? Why am I here? Where am I? I am a poor harmless girl. What have I done to you? In the name of God....'

"'God, God,' interrupted the Unnamed, 'always God! They who cannot defend themselves—who have not the strength to do it, must always bring forward this God, as if they had spoken to him. What do you expect by this word? To make me....?' and he left the sentence unfinished.

"'Oh, Signor, expect! What can a poor girl like me expect, except that you should have mercy upon me? God pardons so many sins for one deed of mercy. Let me go; for charity's sake, let me go. It will do no good to one who must die, to make a poor creature suffer thus. Oh! you who can give the command, bid them let me go! They brought me here by force. Bid them send me again with this woman, and take me to * * *, where my mother is. Oh, most holy Virgin! My mother! my mother!—for pity's sake, my mother! Perhaps she is not far from here.... I saw my mountains. Why do you give me all this suffering? Bid them take me to a church; I will pray for you all my life. What will it cost you to say one word? Oh, see! you are moved to pity: say one word, oh say it! God pardons so many sins for one deed of mercy!'

"'Oh! why isn't she the daughter of one of the rascally dogs that outlawed me'—thought the Unmanned; 'one of the villains who wish me dead? then I should enjoy her sufferings! but instead....'

"'Don't drive away a good aspiration,' continued Lucia, earnestly, reanimated by seeing a certain air of hesitation in the countenance and behaviour of her oppressor. 'If you don't grant me this mercy, the Lord will do it for me. I shall die, and all will be over with me; but you.... Perhaps some day even you.... But no, no; I will always pray the Lord to keep you from every evil. What will it cost you to say one word? If you knew what it was to suffer this agony!....'

"'Come, take courage,' interrupted the Unnamed, with a gentleness that astonished the old woman. 'Have I done you any harm? Have I threatened you?'

"'Oh, no! I see that you have a kind heart, and feel some pity for an unhappy creature. If you chose, you could terrify me more than all the others: you could kill me with fear; but instead of that you have rather lightened my heart; God will reward you for it. Finish your deed of mercy: set me free—set me free!'

"'To-morrow morning'—

"'Oh! set me free now—now.'

Digitized by Google

"'To-morrow morning I will see you again, I say. Come, in the meanwhile, be of good courage. Take a little rest; you must want something to eat. They shall bring you something directly.'

"'No, no; I shall die if anybody comes here; I shall die! Take me to a church—God will reward you for that step.'

"'A woman shall bring you something to eat,' said the Unnamed; and having said so, he stood wondering at himself how such a remedy had entered his mind, and how the wish had arisen to seek a remedy for the sorrows of a poor humble villager.

"'And you,' resumed he hastily, turning to the aged matron, 'persuade her to eat something, and let her lie down to rest on this bed; and it she is willing to have you as a companion, well; if not, you can sleep well enough for one night on the floor. Encourage her, I say, and keep her cheerful. Beware that she has no cause to complain of you.'

So saying, he moved quickly towards the door. Lucia sprang up, and ran to detain him and renew her entreaties; but he was gone.

* * * * * *

"Lucia remained motionless, shrunk up into the corner, her knees drawn close to her breast, her hands resting on her knees, and her face buried in her hands. She was neither asleep nor awake, but worn out with a rapid succession—a tumultuous alternation, of thoughts, anticipations, and heart-throbbings. Recalled, in some degree, to consciousness, and recollecting more distinctly the horrors she had seen and suffered that terrible day, she would now dwell mournfully on the dark and formidable realities in which she found herself involved; then, her mind being carried onward into a still more obscure region, she had to struggle against the phantoms conjured up by uncertainty and terror. In this distressing state she continued for a long time, which we would here prefer to pass over rapidly; but at length, exhausted and overcome, she relaxed her hold on her benumbed limbs, and sinking at full length upon the floor, remained for some time in a state more closely resembling real sleep. But suddenly awaking, as at some inward call, she tried to arouse herself completely, to regain her scattered senses, and to remember where she was, and how, and why. She listened to some sound that caught her ear; it was the slow deep breathing of the old woman. She opened her eyes, and saw a faint light, now glimmering for a moment, and then again dying away: it was the wick of the lamp, which, almost ready to expire, emitted a tremulous gleam, and quickly drew it back, so to say, like the ebb and flow of a wave on the sea-shore; and thus, withdrawing from the surrounding objects ere there was time to display them in distinct colouring and relief, it merely presented to the eye a succession of confused and indistinct glimpses. But the recent impressions she had received quickly returned to her mind, and assisted her in distinguishing what appeared so disorderly to her visual organs. When fully aroused, the unhappy girl recognised her prison: all the recollections of the horrible day that was fled, all the uncertain terrors of the future, rushed at once upon her mind; the very calm in which she now found herself after so much agitation, the sort of repose she had just tasted, the desertion in which she was left, all combined to inspire her with new dread, till, overcome by alarm, she earnestly longed for death. But at this juncture, she remembered that she could still pray; and with that thought there seemed to shine forth a sudden ray

Digitized by Google

of comfort. She once more took out her rosary, and began to repeat the prayers; and in proportion as the words fell from her trembling lips, she felt an indefinite confiding faith taking possession of her heart. Suddenly another thought rushed into her mind, that her prayer might, perhaps, be more readily accepted, and more certainly heard, if she were to make some offering in her desolate condition. She tried to remember what she most prized, or, rather, what she had once most prized; for at this moment her heart could feel no other affection than that of fear, nor conceive any other desire than that of deliverance. She did remember it, and resolved at once to make the sacrifice. Rising upon her knees, and clasping her hands, from whence the rosary was suspended before her breast, she raised her face and eyes to heaven, and said, 'O most holy Virgin! thou to whom I have so often recommended myself, and who hast so often comforted me!—thou who hast borne so many sorrows, and art now so glorious!—thou who hast wrought so many miracles for the poor and afflicted, help me! Bring me out of this danger; bring me safely to my mother, O mother of our Lord; and I vow unto thee to continue a virgin! I renounce for ever my unfortunate betrothed, that from henceforth I may belong only to thee!'

"Having uttered these words, she bowed her head, and placed the beads around her neck, almost as a token of her consecration, and, at the same time, as a safeguard, a part of the armour for the new warfare to which she had devoted herself. Seating herself again on the floor, a kind of tranquillity, a more childlike reliance, gradually diffused themselves over her soul. The *to-morrow morning*, repeated by the unknown nobleman, came to her mind and seemed to her ear to convey a promise of deliverance. Her senses, wearied by such struggles, gradually gave way before these soothing thoughts; until at length, towards day-break, and with the name of her protectress upon her lips, Lucia sank into a profound and unbroken sleep.

"But in this same castle there was one who would willingly have followed her example, yet who tried in vain. After departing, or rather escaping, from Lucia, giving orders for her supper, and paying his customary visits to several posts in his castle, with her image ever vividly before his eyes, and her words resounding in his ears, the nobleman had hastily retired to his chamber, impetuously shut the door behind him, and hurriedly undressing, had lain down. But that image, which now more closely than ever haunted his mind, seemed at that moment to say; 'Thou shalt not sleep!'—'What absurd womanly curiosity tempted me to go see her?' thought he. 'That fool of a Nibbio was right: one is no longer a man! yes, one is no longer a man! . . . . I? . . . . am I no longer a man? What has happened? What devil has got possession of me? What is there new in all this? Didn't I know, before now, that women always weep and implore? Even men do sometimes, when they have not the power to rebel. What the——! have I never heard women cry before?'

* * * * * *

—'I will set her free; yes, I will. I will fly to her by day-break, and bid her depart safely. She shall be accompanied by . . . . And my promise? My engagement? Don Rodrigo? . . . . Who is Don Rodrigo?'

"Like one suddenly surprised by an unexpected and embarrassing

Digitized by Google

question from a superior, the Unnamed hastily sought for an answer to the query he had just put to himself, or rather which had been suggested to him by that new voice which had all at once made itself heard, and sprung up to be, as it were, a judge of his former self. He tried to imagine any reasons which could have induced him, almost before being requested, to engage in inflicting so much suffering, without any incentives of hatred or fear, on a poor unknown creature, only to render a service to this man; but instead of succeeding in discovering such motives as he would now have deemed sufficient to excuse the deed, he could not even imagine how he had ever been induced to undertake it. The willingness, rather than the determination, to do so, had been the instantaneous impulse of a mind obedient to its old and habitual feelings, the consequence of a thousand antecedent actions; and to account for this one deed, the unhappy self-examiner found himself involved in an examination of his whole life. Backwards from year to year, from engagement to engagement, from bloodshed to bloodshed, from crime to crime, each one stood before his conscience-stricken soul, divested of the feelings which had induced him to will and commit it, and therefore appearing in all its monstrousness, which those feelings had, at the time, prevented his perceiving. They were all his own, they made up himself: and the horror of this thought, renewed with each fresh remembrance, and cleaving to all, increased at last to desperation. He sprang up impetuously in his bed, eagerly stretched out his hand towards the wall at his side, touched a pistol, grasped it, reached it down, and . . . . at the moment of finishing a life which had become insupportable, his thoughts, seized with terror, and a (so to say) superstitious dread, rushed forward to the time which would still continue to flow on after his end. He pictured with horror his disfigured corpse, lying motionless, and in the power of his vilest survivor; the astonishment, the confusion of the castle in the morning: everything turned upside down; and he, powerless and voiceless, thrown aside, he knew not whither. He fancied the reports that would be spread, the conversations to which it would give rise, both in the castle, the neighbourhood, and at a distance, together with the rejoicings of his enemies. The darkness and silence around him presented death in a still more mournful and frightful aspect; it seemed to him that he would not have hesitated in open day, out of doors, and in the presence of spectators, to throw himself into the water, and vanish. Absorbed in such tormenting reflections, he continued alternately snapping and unsnapping the cock of his pistol with a convulsive movement of his thumb, when another thought flashed across his mind.—'If this other life, of which they told me when I was a boy, of which every body talks now, as if it were a certain thing, if there be not such a thing, if it be an invention of the priests; what am I doing? why should I die? what matters all that I have done? what matters it? It is an absurdity, my . . . . But if there really be another life! . . . .'

"At such a doubt, at such a risk, he was seized with a blacker and deeper despair, from which even death afforded no escape. He dropped the pistol, and lay with his fingers twined among his hair, his teeth chattering, and trembling in every limb. Suddenly the words he had heard repeated a few hours before rose to his remembrance;—'God pardons so many sins for one deed of mercy!'—They did not come to

Digitized by Google

him with that tone of humble supplication in which they had been pronounced; they came with a voice of authority, which at the same time excited a distant glimmering of hope. It was a moment of relief; he raised his hands from his temples, and, in a more composed attitude, fixed his mind's eye on her who had uttered the words; she seemed to him no longer like his prisoner and suppliant, but in the posture of one who dispenses mercy and consolation. He anxiously awaited the dawn of day, that he might fly to liberate her, and to hear from her lips other words of alleviation and life, and even thought of conducting her himself to her mother."

The account of the pestilence at Milan is fine, though inferior to the plague told by Defoe. In parting with Manzoni, without launching into the ultra praise of his admirers, we must avow that he has nobly opened a course where Italians must excel, abounding as they do in genius and imagination. Already he finds a rival in his pupil Grossi.

Two other writers of fiction, Azeglio Massini and Giovanni Rossini, have also obtained a reputation. Tomaso Grossi, however, deserves especial notice. His romance, "Marco Visconti," like the "Promessi Sposi" of his master and model, Manzoni, has met with unbounded success in Italy, and has been translated into many European languages. The work so closely resembles "The Betrothed," that one would suppose it written by the same author, though, on the whole, it is decidedly inferior to Manzoni's production. It has most of the same defects; and though here and there very fine, never reaches the same excellence. The story, taken from the period of the fierce strife between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, is romantic and interesting enough; the principal character, Marco Visconti, is drawn with power and skill. We have extracted Manzoni's portrait of the peasant girl, Lucia: we here, as a specimen of Grossi's style, give the description of his heroine, Bice, the daughter of a noble:—

"The maiden, aged sixteen, was like a rose, disclosing all its freshness and fragrance to the first rays of a soft and dewy morning. A long azure robe, covered from the girdle to the knee with delicate silver net-work, imitated the colour of her eyes, but was far from equal to that ethereal azure, that heavenly lustre. The profusion of her fair tresses, fine and brilliant as gold thread, was only confined by a wreath of flowers, alternately silver and azure like her robe, and the perfumed locks fell in luxuriance over her neck and shoulders, down to the very hem of her garments.

"The native sweetness and innocence which shone upon the face of this fair girl were slightly tinged with reserve, and her glance of pride and self-will was combined with gentleness, adding a certain dignity, charm, and expression to those beautiful features, which became them well.

"Bice walked into the midst of the hall, having on one side her father, and on the other Ottorino; and a low whisper, and a murmur of admiration, followed her on the way, She saw all eyes turned upon her; she heard the remarks made all round her; she partly understood, and partly guessed, the words uttered by the crowd; and looking down timidly, her face became tinged with a deep carnation. But what could she do when the buffoon, bending one knee before her, and taking off his cap, proclaimed her, in a loud voice, *The Queen of Love and Beauty?* Overcome, confused, and really touched by too strong a feeling of modest dignity and bashfulness, Bice clung still more closely to her father, and besought him to take

Digitized by Google

her away, and dismiss and silence the man. Count del Balzo, however, was too much pleased at his daughter's triumph; and very far from listening to her entreaties, he led her to a seat at the upper end of the hall, placed himself on her right, and made Ottorino a sign that he should place himself on the other side. After returning with courtesy the salutations he received from the knights there assembled, the Count turned to the minstrel, and, with noble condescension, he apologised for the interruption his arrival had caused to the song, and begged him to proceed.

"'I will sing you another,' said Tremacoldo. Then, leaning his head on his hand, he slowly paced a few times through the space left for him in the centre of the hall, while the audience disposed themselves around him in a circle: afterwards, lifting up his head, he began to sing the praises of Bice. After comparing her to the lily of the valley, to the rose of Jericho, to the cedar of Lebanon; after ranking her above all the beautiful sultanas who then adorned the harems of Egypt and Persia; above all the noble ladies and princesses most highly extolled by the troubadours of Provence in their lays, he placed her beside the lady to whom the verses of Petrarca were dedicated, preparing that fame which after five centuries is fresher and brighter than ever, and he promised to the beauty of the Larian Lake the same singer as the beauty of Avignon; a man not more than twenty-five years old at that time, but already celebrated in Italy as the first of her poets.

"Finally, making the young knight who sat beside Bice the subject of his verse, he praised his race, his qualities, his prowess, and ended by saying, that the two of whom he had sung set off one another just as *a gem in a ring*."

Such then is the actual state of fiction in Italy; but more will come of it, we are sure: the Italians never strive in literature or art, but they excel; the glorious sun above them, the beautiful land around them, and the warm and imaginative souls within them, will lead to their ruling in the realms of romance, as they have already done, with power imperial, in the regions of poetry and music.

Digitized by Google

AN EXTRACT FROM THE UNPUBLISHED BULKELEY MSS.

. . . . "Sir Richard Bulkeley served in Parliament for the county of Anglesey the second and third sessions of Queen Mary, the third of Elizabeth, and first of James.

"He was of goodly person, fair of complexion, and tall of stature. He was temperate in his diet—not drinking of healths. In his habit he never changed his fashion, but always wore round breeches, and thick bumbast doublets, though very gallant and rich. In the last year of Queen Elizabeth, being then somewhat stricken in years, he attended the council of Marches at Ludlow, in winter time. When the Lord President Zouch went in his coach to church or elsewhere, Sir Richard used to ride on a great stone horse; and sometimes he would go from his lodging to church in frost and snow on foot, with a short cloak, silk stockings, a great rapier and dagger, tarry all prayers and sermon in very cold weather, insomuch that Lord Zouch was wont to say he was cold to see him. He was a great reader of history and discourses of all estates and countries; of very good memory and understanding in matters belonging to housekeeping, husbandry, maritime affayres, building of ships, and maintaining them at sea. He drew his own letters with his own hand: and being complayned of at the Council of the Marches, for breach of an order of that court, he drew his own answer,—that he co^d not be convicted out of his own possession but by course of common law, pleaded Magna Charta, and demanded judgment. Which answer being put into court, the Chief Justice, Sir Richard Shuttleworth, called for a sight thereof, and after perusal said to the counsellors of the bar, "Look, my masters, what a bone Sir Richard Bulkeley hast cast into court for you to tire upon." And the matter being agreed, it was referred to the common law. He was a great housekeeper and entertainer of strangers, especially such as passed to and from Ireland. He nobly entertained the Earl of Essex in his way there to be Lord-Lieutenant. He made provision of all necessaries for his table beforehand. He sent yearly to Greenland for codling and other fish, which he did use to barter in Spain for Malaga and sherry wines; and always kept a good stocke of old sack in his cellar, which he called Amabile, beside other wines. He kept two parkes well stored with red and fallow deer, wch did afford such plenty of venison as furnished his table 3 or 4 times every week in the season, beside pleasuring of friends. He kept several farms, beside his demesne in his hands, wch furnished his house with fat beef, mutton, lamb, &c. &c. He was an excellent houseman, and an expert tiller, keeping two great stables of horses—one in Cheshire, and another in Beaumaris—and a great stud of mares. His estate in Anglesey was 2500*l.*, in Carnarvonshire 800*l.*, and in Cheshire 1000*l.* a year, having always a great stock of ready money lying in his chest. He kept many servants and attendants, tall and proper men. Two lacqueys in livery always ran by his horse. He never went from home without 20 or 24 to attend him. He was a great favorite of Queen Eliz. He had powerful friends at Court, and had the gentry and commonalty of the co. of Anglesey at his service, except the Woods of Rhosmore, who were always his enemies. He had great contests with Dudley, Earl of Leicester, who obtayned the Queen's letters patents

Digitized by Google

under the great seal, to be chief ranger of the Forest of Snowdon, in wch office he behaved very injuriously to the counties of Merioneth, Carnarvon, and Anglesey, attempting to bring within the bounds and limits of that forest most of the freeholders' lands in those 3 counties; and for that purpose the Earl procured several commissions from the Queen, to inquire of encroachments and concealments of lands. The return of the jury in Anglesey not being agreeable to the Earl's commissioners, they went in a rage to Carnarvon, forcibly entered the exchequer there, ramsacked the records, and carried away what they pleased; but the Earl, after making many attempts, to the great grievance of the county, was obliged to desist, being defeated in all schemes upon Snowdon by the power, and interest, and spirit of Sir Richd Bulkeley. But manet alta mente repostum. The Earl bore a poysonous hatred to Sir Richd, yet he continued still in favour with the Queen and council, though often molested by the Earl, his agents, and creditors.

"Sir Richard being one of the Deputy Lieutenants of Anglesey (upon intelligence of the Spanish Armada threatening England), was to cesse the country in arms; and cessing Mr. Woods, of Rhosmore, he was highly offended, and thought himself too heavily loaded, therefore went up to Court, to the Earl of Leicester, carrying a false tale with him, that Sir Richd Bulkeley (a little before the attainder and execution of Thos Salusbury, one of the accomplices of Anthy Babington the traytor, 1585) had been in the mountains of Snowdon, conferring with him, and that at a farm of Sir Richard's, called Cumligie, they had lain together two or three nights. The Earl, glad of this information, presently acquaints the Queen and council therewith. Sir Richd, being called before the council and examined, absolutely denied the whole matter; and when the Earl, at the time President of the Queen's Council, did severely inforce it agt him. He told the Earl to his face,—'Your father, and the very same men as now inform against me, were like to undo my father; for upon the death of K. Edw. 6, by letters from your father, he was commanded to proclayme Queen Jane, and to muster the country, which he did accordingly; and had not my mother been one of Queen Maries maids of honor, he had come to great trouble and danger.' Hearing these words, the council hushed and rose, and Sir Richd departed. The Earl hastened to the Queen, and told her the council had been examining Sir Richd Bulkeley about matters of treason, that they found him a dangerous person, and saw cause to commit him to the Tower, and that he dwelt in a suspicious corner of the world. 'What! Sir Richd Bulkeley?' said the Queen. 'He never intended us any harm. We have brought him up from a boy, and have had special tryal of his fidelity. You shall not comit him.' 'We,' said the Earl, 'who have the care of your Majesty's person see more and hear more of the man than you do. He is of an aspiring mind, and lives in a remote place.' 'Before God,' replyed the Queen, 'we will be sworn upon the Holy Evangelists he never intended us any harm;' and so ran to the bible, and kissed it, saying, 'You shall not comit him—we have brought him up from a boy.' Then the lords of the council wrote a letter to Dr. Hugh Bellot, Lord Bishop of Bangor, to examine the truth of the accusation layd to Sir Richd's charge, which the Bishop found false and forged, and so certifyed to the council. Whereupon he was cleared to the Queen's Majesty's great content, to the abundant joy of his country, and to his own great credit and reputation;

Digitized by Google

and afterwards divers of the lords of the council wrote letters to the justices of assize of North Wales, to publish Sir Rich$^{d's}$ wrongs, and to notify to the Queen's subjects his clear innocence. But that Sir Rich^{d} might not rest in peace, one Green, belonging to the Earl of Leicester, in the name of one Bromfield, a pensioner, came to him to challenge him to meet Bromfield in the field. 'Have you no other errand?' quoth Sir Richard. 'No!' says Green. Then Sir Rich^{d} drew his dagger, and broke Green's pate, telling him to carry that as his answer, he scorning to meet such a knave as Bromfield. This treatment of Green highly increased the anger of the Earl. Bromfield, Green, and other of his retayners, plotted mischief to the person of Sir Rich^{d}; but he stood upon his guard, always keeping twenty-four stout men with swords, bucklers, and daggers, to defend him from their attempts. They hired boats and wherries upon the Thames, with a design to drown Sir Rich^{d} as he sh^{d} go from Westminster to London; but he, being privately informed thereof, borrowed the Lord Mayor of London's barge, furnished it with men, muskets, billets, and drums, and trumpets, and rowed along the Thames, shot the bridge, and went down to Greenwich, where the Queen kept her Court at that time; and at the landing place over against the palace, he caused his company to discharge their muskets, to beat their drums, and sound their trumpets. The Earl of Leycester hearing thereof, repaired to the Queen, and informed her that Sir Richd Bulkeley, more like a rebel than a subject, had come with barges, muskets, men, drums, and trumpets, and had shot several pieces over against her Majesty's palace, to the great terror of her Court—a matter not to be suffered. The Queen sent for Sir Rich^{d}, and after hearing his apology for himself, made the Earl friends with him. Within a while after the Earl sent for Sir Rich^{d} to his chamber, who coming thither, the Earl began to expostulate with him on several wrongs and abuses he pretended to have received at his hands, and that he had lost 10,000 by his opposition. But the discourse ended in milder terms, and Sir Rich^{d} was bidden to dinner, but did eat or drink nothing save of what he saw the Earl taste,—remembering Sir Nic^{s} Throgmorton, who was said to have received a fig at his table.

"But the Earl of Leycester dying in Oct. 1588, Sir Richd Bulkeley and his country enjoyed peace and quietness from his tyrannical oppressions, his devices, and wicked practices. And Sir Richard survived to the 28th of June, 1621, when he died, aged 88.

"He had attended the coronation of ye Queens Mary and Elizabeth, and of James the First. His cloak at this last coronation cost £500."

Digitized by Google

A FACT IN HERALDRY.

By the Author of "Proverbial Philosophy."

High in Battle's antlered hall,
Ancient as its Abbey wall,
Hangs a helmet brown with rust,
Cobwebed o'er, and thick with dust;
High it hangs 'mid pikes and bows,
Scowling still at spectral foes;
Proud and stern with vizor down,
And fearful, in its feudal frown.

When I saw, what ailed thee, heart!
Wherefore should I stop and start?
That old helm with that old crest
Is more to me than all the rest—
Battered, broken, tho' it be,
That old helm is all to me.

Yon black greyhound know I well,
Many a tale hath it to tell—
How in troublous times of old
Sires of mine, with bearing bold;—
Bearing bold but much mischance,
Swayed the sword or poised the lance.

Much mischance, desponding still,
They fought and fell, foreboding ill;
And their scallop, gules with blood,
Fessed amid the azure flood,
Shewed the pilgrim slain afar
O'er the sea in holy war.

While that faithful greyhound black
Vainly watched the wild boar's track;
And the legend, and the name,
Proved all lost but hope and fame
Tout est perdu fors l'honneur
Mais "L'Espoir est ma force" sans peur.

Digitized by Google

CURIOUS TRIALS CONNECTED WITH THE ARISTOCRACY.

No. XV.—The Trial of Mungo Campbell for Shooting Lord Eglington.

The unfortunate nobleman who was the victim in this melancholy affair, was Alexander Montgomerie, tenth Earl of Eglington, who succeeded to the title in 1729, and who perished by the hand of Campbell the 25th October, 1769. The Earldom of Eglington is one of the oldest and the most distinguished in Scotland. Its present representative, Archibald Hamilton, Earl of Eglington and Winton, is the thirteenth earl.

Mungo Campbell, who committed the act, was a descendant of the noble family of Argyle, and was born at Ayr, in Scotland, in the year 1721. His father, who was a merchant of eminence, had been mayor of the town, and a justice of peace; but, having twenty-four children, and meeting with many losses in his commercial connexions, it was impossible for him to make any adequate provision for his family; so that, on his death, the relations took care of the children, and educated them in the liberal manner which is customary in Scotland. Mungo was protected by an uncle, who gave him a good education; but this friend dying when the youth was about eighteen years of age, left him sixty pounds, and earnestly recommended him to the care of his other relations. The young man was a finished scholar; yet seemed averse to make choice of any of the learned professions. His attachment appeared to be to the military life, in which line many of his ancestors had gloriously distinguished themselves. He entered himself as a cadet in the royal regiment of Scotch Greys, then commanded by his relation, General Campbell, and served during two campaigns at his own expense, in the hope of gaining military preferment. After the battle of Dettingen, at which he assisted, he had an opportunity of being appointed quarter-master, if he could have raised one hundred pounds; but this place was bestowed on another person, while Campbell was making fruitless applications for the money. Thus disappointed of what he thought a reasonable expectation, he quitted the army, and went into Scotland, where he arrived at the juncture when the rebels had quitted Scotland, in 1745. Lord Loudon then had the command of the Royal Highlanders, who exerted so much bravery in the suppression of the rebellion. Mr. Campbell being related to his lordship, fought under him with such bravery as did equal credit to his loyalty and courage.

Not long after the decisive battle of Culloden, Lord Loudon procured his kinsman to be appointed an officer of the excise; and prevailed on the commissioners to station him in the shire of Ayr, that he might have the happiness of residing near his friends and relations. In the discharge of this new duty, Mr. Campbell behaved with strict integrity to the Crown, yet with so much civility, as to conciliate the affections of all those with whom he had any transactions. He married when he was somewhat advanced in life; and so unexceptionable was his whole conduct, that all the nobility and gentry in the neighbourhood, the Earl of Eglington excepted, gave him permission to kill game on their estates.

Digitized by Google

However, he was very moderate in the use of this indulgence, seldom shooting but with a view to gratify a friend with a present, hardly ever for his own emolument. He had a singular attachment to fishing; and a river in Lord Eglinton's estate affording the finest fish in the country, he would willingly have angled there; but his lordship was as strict with regard to his fish as his game.

Being one day in search of smugglers, and carrying his gun, he was crossing part of Lord Eglinton's estate, when a hare starting up, he shot her. His lordship hearing the report of a gun, and being informed that Campbell had fired it, sent a servant to command him to come to the house. Campbell obeyed, and was treated very unkindly by his lordship, who even descended to call him by names of contempt. The other apologized for his conduct, which he said arose from the sudden starting of the hare, and declared that he had no design of giving offence. A man named Bartleymore was among the servants of Lord Eglington, and was a favourite of his lordship; this man had dealt largely in contraband goods. Mr. Campbell, passing along the sea-shore, met Bartleymore with a cart, containing eighty gallons of rum, which he seized as contraband, and the rum was condemned, but the cart restored, as being the property of Lord Eglinton. Bartleymore was now so incensed against Campbell, that he contrived many tales to his disadvantage, and at length engaged his lordship's passion so far, that he conceived a more unfavourable opinion of him than he had hitherto done; while Campbell, conscious that he had only discharged his duty, paid little or no attention to the reports of his lordship's enmity. About ten in the morning of the 24th of October, 1769, Campbell took his gun, and went out with another officer with a view to detect smugglers. The former took with him a license for shooting, which had been given him by Dr. Hunter, though they had no particular design of killing game. They now passed a small part of Lord Eglinton's estate, to reach the sea-shore, where they intended to walk. When they arrived at this spot it was near noon; and Lord Eglinton came up in his coach, attended by Mr. Wilson, a carpenter, who was working for him, and followed by four servants on horseback. On approaching the coast, his lordship met Bartleymore, who told him that there were some poachers at a distance. Mr. Wilson endeavoured to draw off his lordship's notice from such a business, but Bartleymore saying that Campbell was among the poachers, Lord Eglinton quitted his coach, and, mounting a led horse, rode to the spot, where he saw Campbell and the other officer, whose name was Brown. His lordship said, "Mr. Campbell, I did not expect to have found you so soon again on my grounds, after your promise, when you shot the hare." He then demanded Campbell's gun, which the latter declared he would not part with. Lord Eglinton now rode towards him, while Campbell retreated with his gun presented, desiring him to keep at a distance. Still, however, his lordship advanced, smiling, and said, "Are you going to shoot me?" Campbell replied, "I will, if you do not keep off."

Lord Eglinton now called to his servants to bring him a gun, which one of them took from the coach, and delivered it to another, to carry to their master. In the interim, Lord Eglinton, leading his horse, approached Mr. Campbell, whose gun he demanded; but the latter would not deliver it. The peer then quitted his horse's bridle, and continued advancing, while Campbell still retired, though in an irregular

Digitized by Google

direction, and pointed his gun towards his pursuer. At length, Lord Eglinton came so near him, that Campbell said, "I beg your pardon, my lord, but I will not deliver my gun to any man living, therefore keep off, or I will certainly shoot you." At this instant, Bartleymore advancing, begged Campbell to deliver his gun to Lord Eglinton; but the latter answered, he would not, for he had a right to carry a gun. His lordship did not dispute his general right, but said, that he could not have any to carry it on his estate, without his permission. Campbell again begged pardon, and still continued retreating, but with his gun in his hand, and preparing to fire in his own defence. While he was thus walking backwards, his heel struck against a stone, and he fell, when he was about the distance of three yards from his pursuer. Lord Eglinton observing him fall on his back, stepped forward as if he would have passed by Campbell's feet, which the latter observing, reared himself on his elbow, and lodged the contents of his piece in the left side of his lordship's body. At this critical juncture the servant above-mentioned brought the gun from the coach, and Campbell would have wrested it from his hands, but that Bartleymore came up just at the very moment; and at this moment Lord Eglinton, putting his hand to his wound, said, "I am killed."

A contest now ensued, during which Bartleymore repeatedly struck Campbell; which being observed by Lord Eglinton, he called out, "Do not use him ill." Campbell being secured was conducted to the wounded man, then lying on the ground, who said, "Mr. Campbell, I would not have shot you;" but Campbell made no answer. Lord Eglinton's seat was about three miles from the place where this fatal accident happened; and his servants put him into the carriage to convey him home. In the mean time Campbell's hands were tied behind, and he was conducted to the town of Saltcoats, the place of his former station as an exciseman. The persons who conducted him asked him several questions, the answers to which were afterwards very ungenerously adduced on his trial, as collateral evidence of his guilt. Among other things, he acknowledged that he would rather part with his life than his gun, and that sooner than have it taken from him, he would shoot any peer of the realm.

Lord Eglinton died, after languishing ten hours. Mr. Campbell was, on the following day, committed to the prison of Ayr, and the next month removed to Edinburgh, in preparation for his trial before the High Court of Justiciary; previous to which his case was discussed by counsel, and the following arguments were adduced in his favour:—

"First, That the gun went off by accident, and therefore it could be no more than casual homicide.

"Secondly, That supposing it had been fired with an intention to kill, yet the act was altogether justifiable, because of the violent provocation he had received; and he was doing no more than defending his life and property.

"Thirdly, It could not be murder, because it could not be supposed that Mr. Campbell had any malice against his Lordship, and the action itself was too sudden to admit of deliberation."

The counsel for the prosecution urged in answer—

"First, That malice was implied, in consequence of Campbell's presenting the gun to his Lordship, and telling him, that unless he kept off he would shoot him.

Digitized by Google

"Secondly, That there was no provocation given by the Earl besides words, and words must not be construed a provocation in law.

"Thirdly, The Earl had a right to seize his gun, in virtue of several acts of Parliament, which are the established laws of the land, to which every subject is obliged to be obedient."

After repeated debates between the lawyers of Scotland, a day was at length appointed for the trial, which commenced on the 27th of February, 1770, before the High Court of Justiciary; and the jury having found Mr. Campbell guilty, he was sentenced to death.

The Lord Justice Clerk, before he pronounced the solemn sentence, addressed himself to the convict, advising him to make the most devout preparations for death, as all hopes of pardon would be precluded, from the nature of his offence. Through the whole course of the trial the prisoner's behaviour was remarkable for calmness and serenity; and when it was ended he bowed to the court with the utmost composure, but said not a single word in extenuation of his crime,

On his return to the prison he was visited by several of his friends, among whom he behaved with apparently decent cheerfulness. After they had drunk several bottles of wine they left him, and he retired to his apartment, begging the favour of another visit from them on the following day; but in the morning, February 28, 1770, he was found dead, hanging to the end of a form, which he had set upright, having fastened a silk handkerchief round his neck.

Mr. Galt makes the sad fate of Lord Eglinton form a portion of the story contained in his "Annals of the Parish."

Digitized by Google

THE CLUBS OF LONDON.*

THE club of ancient times, such as we have been describing it, exists no longer, or only amongst the middling or lower classes. The aristocratic combination of our days, which is so called, is a club in name only, if the word is to be interpreted by what it was used to signify in its origin, and through a long course of years up to a very recent period. Formerly, as we have just seen, it meant a social meeting of a select few, held at stated intervals, and at some public tavern, whereas now it has lost every one of these attributes. Some of these modern assemblages are exclusively confined to members of the army and navy, others to University men, others again to travellers, this to Conservatives, and that to Reformers; but in all, a certain degree of wealth, and a certain *status* in society, seem to be the indispensable conditions of admission. Then, too, each club has its own proper mansion built at its own cost, with every accommodation that luxury can demand, and invention, bribed to the utmost, can supply. Without, they present some of the best specimens of modern architecture; within, they are palaces for velvet-shod Sybarites.

Upon entering the hall or lobby of the club-house, you find it tenanted by the hall-porter, who is seated at a desk, and an assistant servant, their business being to receive messages, answer inquiries, and take care that no unauthorized persons gain admission. It is their duty also to take in letters, and keep an account of the postage; and, for the farther dispatch of this part of the business, there is a letter-box, into which the various missives are dropped, and which is only opened upon the arrival of the carrier from the regular receiving-houses. In many of the clubs, two or three liveried lads are kept in waiting, chiefly for the purpose of conveying messages from visitors to any of the members. Should the stranger wish to see his friend, there is a reception-room close to the hall, where he may wait, provided his appearance should seem in the eyes of the attendants to justify so much respect: but the old Roman proverb holds good here as well as elsewhere—"Non cuivis contingit adire Corinthum," or, according to the fashion of your garments are the chances of your gaining admission into the reception-room of a club-house. Stulz, Nugee, and Buckmaster, with their satellites, are the chief granters of passports into English society; their certificate being as indispensable in London as the ministerial passport is to the traveller upon the continent.

Various doors, opening from the vestibule, lead to the several apartments upon the ground-floor, each of which has its peculiar object and designation. The first to be noticed is the *morning-room*, where the members meet to write letters and read the journals, which, in most of the clubs, are taken in with very little choice or restriction, except where a strong party feeling may operate to the exclusion of any journal. The "*Dispatch*," for instance, would hardly find its way into the morning-room of the Conservative; but such exceptions are very rare, and, in general, this matter is conducted with the utmost liberality. Even stationery is supplied to the members without stint or limit; and we remember to have heard of a certain popular author, now deceased, that he was in the habit of writing his novels at his club.

* Continued from p. 353.

Digitized by Google

The *coffee-room* differs in nothing, but its superior elegance, from the same apartment in any fashionable tavern. Rows of small tables project from each side, leaving a wide open space up the middle, for the convenience of passing to and fro. These are laid for breakfasts and luncheons from a rather late hour in the morning till four o'clock, when, in stage phrase, the scene is struck, and the usual arrangements are made for dinner. Here the member, who may wish to dine, is duly supplied with a *carte de jour*, or, in plain English, with the daily bill of fare, from which he has the same privilege of selection that he would have at any tavern, and with the certainty that whatever he orders will be the best of its kind, and cooked in the first style of cookery. The attendants upon him are numerous and well-chosen. First, there is the butler, whose duty it is to provide him with wine; next there is the head-waiter, whose principal business is to take care that his assistants promptly attend to the wants of the feasters, and duly supply the required dishes, which are wound up from below by a sort of sideboard, called "a lift," very much after the fashion of that described by Sir Walter Scott in his "Peveril of the Peak," where Chiffinch gives the excellent supper to Julian and his companion. Whether the romance suggested the contrivance to the clubbists, or the clubbists taught it to the romancer, verily this deponent saith not, nor is it of much consequence. Lastly, there is a clerk to make out the bills and keep the various accounts, who, upon some occasions, had need to be quick both of hand and eye.

Such being the appliances, the member, who intends dining there, fills up a form of dinner-bill with the dishes that he has selected from the *carte de jour*. This is immediately forwarded by the head-waiter in attendance to the clerk of the kitchen, when the latter marks the established price to each dish, adding a charge of sixpence, or in some clubs, of a shilling, for *table-money*, the object of which is to defray the expenses contingent upon bread, butter, cheese, potatoes, table-ale, and other minor necessaries of the table. When the bill has been thus filled up, it is sent back to the coffee-room, and the butler adds to it his charge for whatever wine may have been drunk, after which it is handed over to the coffee-room clerk, who sums it up, and receives the amount from the member. In this way an excellent dinner, exclusive of the wine, may be had for little more than half-a-crown—a very moderate outlay, if we consider that the meal is not only of the first kind in itself, but is served up with every luxurious accompaniment. In addition to this, the member dining at his club is infinitely more independent than he could be at any tavern; he has not to buy the civility of greedy waiters, nor has he to drink more than is agreeable to himself for the benefit of the house, as is for the most part expected by superior tavern-keepers Then, too, he may have company, or be alone, at his option—an advantage beyond all price, and which he cannot command in any public coffee-room. To carry out this arrangement, a dining-room is provided on the ground-floor, wherein from six to a dozen members may dine together, precisely as they would do at the private house of any one of them, and with every chance of having a much better dinner without the trouble or expense. The affair is thus managed:—printed forms are left in the coffee-room, to which those who choose to join the house-dinner, as it is called, subscribe their names; but in this case no allowance is made for the Aberdeen man's privilege of "taking his word again;" whoever once puts his name to this prandatory

Digitized by Google

requisition, may indeed choose whether he will, after all, dine there or not, but in any case he must pay his share of the reckoning, which in general amounts to seven and sixpence a head. These dinners, however, do not take place unless at least six, and in some clubs eight, members have announced their purpose of joining in them.

We now ascend the stairs, and come into the drawing-room. This is for the most part elegantly, nay, superbly furnished; but it is thinly tenanted, for what is a drawing-room without ladies? It is their peculiar domain, and the few congregated in their lonely palace seem like so many mourning widowers. Things look much better in the library that is next to it. There coat and waistcoat seem to be in their proper element again, and the expenditure, which is lavish, is no more than what is right and proper. A resident librarian is in attendance, every accommodation being afforded to the reader, and we may form a pretty correct average of the resources at his command, when we hear that in 1844 the books in the Athenæum amounted to twenty thousand three hundred, the accumulated result of donations, and of a fund set apart for that purpose. In the club just named, this sum is said to be five hundred pounds annually, exclusive of the money devoted to periodicals.

A card-room stands in some houses next to the library, but games of pure chance are forbidden under pain of expulsion, and even at whist no stake is allowed beyond half-guinea points.

We must now ascend to the third story, where we shall find one billiard-room, if not more, attended by a marker. For this, as well as for cards, a separate charge is made, upon the very obvious and rational ground that it would be unfair to make the non-players pay for the extra expenses entailed by this part of the establishment. Twelve of the clubs allow smoking-rooms, which are, as they ought to be, the worst-looking part of the whole building.

So complicated a machine as a club of this kind, it will be easily supposed, must require some management to keep it in order and motion. For this purpose it is usual to confide the direction of affairs to a committee of thirty or forty, as the case may be, selected from the general body. Of these from three to eight form a quorum, which meets once a week to regulate matters of finance, to appoint tradespeople, to engage or dismiss servants, to inquire into and redress any complaints that may be made by members, and to superintend all new elections. The general committee has duties scarcely less onerous; it has to prepare the annual reports and statements of account, which are afterwards printed for the satisfaction of those belonging to the club, who may like to look into affairs. But these duties have been found too numerous and too heavy for any one set of men, acting in a body, to discharge them. The general committee therefore divides itself into various sub-committees, each having its own especial business to attend to. Thus the "house-committee" takes upon itself the charge of household affairs; the "book-committee" manages the library, all works being approved by it before they can be admitted, and from the same source must emanate the orders for their purchase; the "wine-committee" chooses the wines, superintends the cellarage, and directs the distribution at table; it is composed of sage and experienced bibbers, men well versed in all vinous mysteries, and as little liable to be imposed upon in these grave matters as any one of the tasters at the London Docks. In those clubs which have billiard-rooms—and

Digitized by Google

this is universally the case—there is also a billiard-committee, consisting of those who are most skilful in the mysteries of the game. A secretary is appointed to assist these various boards, one of his duties being to conduct the official correspondence of the club. The minor details are carried on by servants, the chief of whom is the "house-steward," and he regulates the rest of the domestics; in some clubs he is helped by a "superintendent," who in that case has the care of the drawing-room floor, it being his business to see that the writing and reading-rooms are properly supplied with stationery. The chief cook is generally a foreigner of eminence in the culinary art, and he has for helps one male assistant and a troupe of kitchen maids. Next to him must be ranked the housekeeper, who has under her superintendence all the invisible females of the establishment, respectively officiating as housemaids, a needle-woman, and a still-room maid, whose duty it is to make the tea and coffee. Taking the Reform Club and the Garrick, with the Naval Club, as the two extremes, we shall find that the number of domestics varies from fifty-six to eleven; but most of these establishments subscribe to some hospital, either in money or in kind—such as old linen, &c.—that their servants may be received into them in cases of chronic or prolonged diseases. Where the ailment is of a temporary nature, a medical man in the pay of the club attends, and also supplies medicines. The broken victuals are distributed to the poor under the direction of the parish authorities, and this may be reckoned amongst the greatest of the benefits conferred by such institutions on society at large.

Such is the modern club, a sort of private retaurateur's, with the advantages of good wine, good food, respectful attendance, and moderate prices. Much has been said of the disadvantages attendant upon them; but as all of them, being twenty-two in number, are quite full, and, in some instances, with thousands of expectant candidates on the list, it seems quite plain that their utility or their agreeableness must fully counterbalance anything that can be said against them. Their names are as follow:—

White's.	Carlton.
Brookes's.	Reform.
Boodle's.	Conservative.
The Union.	Athenæum.
Alfred.	Senior University.
Arthur's.	Oxford and Cambridge.
Senior United Service.	Wyndham.
Junior United Service.	Parthenon.
The Army and Navy.	Erecthæum.
Travellers'.	Garrick.
Oriental.	The Law.

Of those that have had their day of fashion and popularity, but exist no longer, we may mention the Cocoa Tree, Graham's, Wateir's (the favourite resort of the Prince of Wales), the Albion (dissolved in 1841), and the Clarence.

The mode of admission is by ballot. In some, one negative in ten excludes the candidate; in others, a single black ball is sufficient—the most absurd of all regulations. The admission fee varies from its highest point of £32 11*s.* to five guineas, while the annual subscription is in most clubs six guineas, in the lowest five; and in none does it go beyond ten.

Digitized by Google

But it is not our intention to dwell on these minor details. We purpose, instead, while briefly alluding to each club, to notice a few of their peculiar characteristics, and record a few anecdotes of their principal members, when these for the most part have passed away.

And, first, of another club, possibly still extant, forming, like the Beef Steak Club, an intermediate link between the old and the modern order—

The King of Clubs.

When the Beef Steak Club had begun to fall into desuetude, and literary associations were either extinct, or had not yet been resuscitated, as in the Athenæum and some of the foundations of modern days, a club under this ambitious title was established by the celebrated Bobus Smith, in union with Sir James Mackintosh, Lord Henry Petty (now Marquis of Lansdowne) and a few men of like refinement, for the purpose of uniting intellectual pursuits with social enjoyment. It assembled on a Saturday in each month, at the Crown and Anchor in the Strand; but though Bobus—the name which the late Robert Smith, formerly Advocate-General in Calcutta, received at school and retained through life—concentrated almost the whole powers of a club in himself, and the celebrated "Conversation Sharpe" was a member, it never attracted especial attention. The late Lord Holland, Sir Samuel Rogers, the banker, Mr. James Scarlet (afterterwards Lord Abinger), and several other men of rank and ability belonged to it; yet all their efforts failed to raise it into notoriety. It was perhaps somewhat too literary to suit the habits of the times. By a strange coincidence too, its greatest members had failed in the House of Commons, so that celebrity in the club became by no means an enviable distinction. Bobus himself had but once ventured to speak in that fastidious assembly, and failed, retiring a maimed and crippled disputant from the encounter; and Sharpe, though more successful, by no means realized the anticipations entertained of him. Even Mackintosh, with far higher powers, failed; being to the last rather a vague essayist than an apt debater. He was, besides, shortly afterwards removed to the Recordership of Bombay; and the joke ran round, that the governor (the late eccentric Jonathan Duncan) having, in his politeness, offered them the use of his suburban seat on their arrival, Sir James and his lady had retained possession so long, in the supposition that it was their own, that on the expiration of a year he was under the necessity of sending his gardeners to rob the orchard, with the view of giving them a hint,—it being explained to them, when they made the expected complaint, that the apples as well as the premises were his. Lord Erskine was also a member, but he formed no exception to the list of parliamentary failures, any more than Lord Kenyon, whom he used to quiz for having presided at the Rolls, and at *Nisi Prius* for twelve years in the same identical pair of black velvet breeches. It was here that Erskine used, in his egotism, to recount his early triumphs, and here also that, amidst his utter desertion, he occasionally resorted in his ultimate decline. Here it was he recounted his dismissal from the Prince of Wales's household for accepting a brief from Thomas Paine. Yet Windham, a high aristocrat, justified him on the occasion, and said in reference to the bold democrat's celebrated passage: "Mr. Burke pities the plumage" (alluding to the French court) "but he forgets the dying bird:" "I could," as Pierre says, "have hugged the greasy rogue, he pleased me so."

Digitized by Google

It was one of the peculiarities and advantages of the club, that strangers could be admitted to it as honorary members, and impart as well as receive amusement. Amongst those so introduced was Curran, the celebrated Irish orator. His first appearance disappointed expectation, and he long remained obstinately mute; but towards the end of the evening he at last "came out;" and, finding himself amongst more congenial spirits, proposed as a toast, "All absent friends," with an especial reference to Lord Avonmore, an absent Irish judge, who then sat by his side. When the toast was drunk, he quietly informed his lordship, that they had just drank his health; and the peer, whose mind had been for an hour *in nubibus*, returned thanks for the compliment, as if it had been seriously proposed. The judge, however, when on the bench, had his revenge. An ass chancing to bray in the middle of one of Curran's forensic speeches: "Stop, stop," he cried, "Mr. Curran; one at a time." But if the retort is to be credited, he had little reason to congratulate himself. The same sound being heard in the course of his lordship's summing-up, he looked inquiringly at the bar. "The echo of the court, my lord," is said to have been Curran's reply.

The celebrated Lord Ward also occasionally visited the King of Clubs, to which he was introduced by Mr. Rogers, the poet banker, on whom, however, he frequently pressed with unmerciful severity. Mr. Rogers's appearance in those days by no means denoted the venerable age he has since attained; he was, in fact, by his warmest friends looked upon as "booked." Returning from Spa on one occasion, he remarked that the place was so full that he could not even find a bed. "Dear me," said Ward, "was there not room in the *churchyard?*" On another evening Mr. Murray, the publisher, on a visit to the club, remarking that a portrait of Rogers, then exhibiting, was "done to *the life;*" "to the *death* you mean," was his lordship's reply. And "Why don't you keep your hearse, Sam? you can well afford it," formed his salutation to the poet, who at that moment chanced to enter the room.

But his lordship was then hastening to that mental cloud which eventually obscured his intellect; and neither his sallies, nor those of the members or occasional visitors could preserve the King of Clubs from that fate which awaits upon everything human; and though it survived till 1830, we believe that this regal institute is now defunct.

POLITICAL CLUBS.

The clubs of a political order, had their origin even before those already described, and may be considered as founded on a more lasting basis than any, inasmuch as they unite the antiquity of the old with the advantages of the present system, and have existed, we believe, from the days of Dryden downwards—We allude to BROOKES'S and WHITE'S. And first, of

BROOKES'S,

though White's is, if we mistake not, its senior, it has existed ever since the era of the famous coffee-houses recorded in the *Spectator*, *Tatler*, and other publications in the days of Addison, receiving its name from a celebrated

Digitized by Google

host of the period, who, for reasons approved and apparent, earned a popularity so great and deserved, that even one of his customers commemorated him as—

> "The generous Brookes, whose honest, liberal trade,
> Delights to trust, and blushes to be paid."

Such a man was of course a treasure in his day, as he would be at the present, and possibly might have been in any. The wits of the opposition accordingly flocked around him, though doubtless without surmising that his *liberal* designation would ever have been applied to their politics; and their representatives have ever since remained faithful to the spot. It is the head-quarters of the Whigs, as White's was of Toryism, and for upwards of a century maintained its supremacy. Latterly, however, since the institution of the Reform, Carlton, and Conservative Clubs, both of these bodies have assumed a position less decidedly political, and Brookes's, in this respect, no longer occupies the important post which, during the latter part of the past and earlier years of the present century, it maintained, when its *dictum* was decisive; and to be a member of Brookes's was to be a person of distinction. It differs also from the modern clubs, along with its compeer and another almost equally venerable—Boodle's—in being the property of an individual instead of a joint-stock body; the members, according to the old constitution of the club, merely meeting together and affixing the prices for which the accommodation, &c. are to be provided by the host; though this, at the present day, is possibly a fiction too, the club being to all intents and purposes conducted like the others.

But the constitution and present position of Brookes's are both unimportant compared with what the club formerly was, especially during the last quarter of the past century and first dozen years of the present, when its members formed a sort of *imperium in imperio*, and almost constituted or could overturn a government; as may be readily inferred when it is mentioned that the names of Fox, Burke, Grenville, Windham, Grey, and Sheridan were to be found amongst their number.

Of the first of these eminent statesmen, whose joyous temperament led him to pass the greater part of his leisure hours at the club, few anecdates, connected with Brookes's, now survive. Though highly convivial, and a wit of the highest order, Fox rather brilliantly discoursed than indulged in *bon mots;* and his conversation, however sprightly, was, on most occasions, rather that of a philosopher than a wit. His acuteness of observation, depth of thought, and almost universality of knowledge, rendered him—we speak in the highest sense of the word—the oracle of the club, and his *bonhommie* and beneficence were not less esteemed; yet few anecdotes connected with him at Brookes's now possess point sufficient for our pages, and the sharp stinging hits and repartees of Selwyn, his early contemporary, will perhaps at the present day be more appreciated. We may judge, however, what the powers of Fox and his great master Burke, in rejoinder were, when it is mentioned that neither Selwyn nor Sheridan ever ventured to attack them, or, if they did, that they invariably came off second in the encounter.

Selwyn was indeed the prime wit of the early part of Fox's career, as Sheridan was towards its close; but, unlike either Fox or Sheridan, all he said conveyed a barb along with it, though generally employed in scourging folly or pretension. Meeting an inflated personage, the son

Digitized by Google

of a stable-keeper, who had been appointed a Commissioner of Taxes by the influence of the famous Duke of Queensberry, and was giving himself ridiculous airs at Brookes's, "So, Mr. Commissioner, you 've been *installed*, have you?" said George. "Yes, sir," replied the other, "and without taking *a single step* in the matter." "I believe you, sir," rejoined Selwyn, "Reptiles can neither walk nor *take steps;* nature ordained them to creep."

Brookes's was by no means exclusive. A Sir Robert Macraith, who had been several years a waiter at the "Cocoa Tree,"—a famous house in earlier days—and obtained a considerable fortune by marriage, was a member. One evening, when the "Cocoa Tree" was in the mart, he jestingly announced his intention of purchasing it, and changing the name to "Bob's Coffee *House*," by way of speculation. "Right," said Selwyn, it will be *Bob* without, and *robbing* (Robin) within." To the lady of the knight, whose father had been a usurer or pawnbroker, it is recorded that he was still more severe. She had shewn him through a number of gaudy apartments, decorated with still more gaudy pictures, and at last conducted him to a room still more gorgeous, where there was none. "Here," said the lady, "I intend to hang up my family." "I thought," replied the wit, "they had been *hung up* long ago."

Selwyn was indeed a *connoisseur* in the matter of *hanging*. It was one of his horrid foibles to have a taste for being present at the shocking spectacle of an execution, and no opportunity, whether in town or country, was ever neglected by him. His morbid curiosity even led him to Paris on one occasion, when all the provincial executioners of France were assembled, either with the view of rendering the scene more impressive, or of witnessing some new experiment that was about to be made of a drop. George arrived breathless just after the executioner of Lyons, and the Paris functionary in ecstacy took him for the official of London, who had arrived express to witness the performance. "*Monsieur de Londre?*" said he, coming forward to express his exalted sense of the compliment: "No," replied George, "I am only an *amateur;* but should have no objection to practice on a gentleman of your address."

Selwyn's wit was often of a coarse order. It was on his return from this excursion that a general officer who had served in the American war, after taunting him for his peculiar bad taste, turned the conversation by describing some hot and cold springs in Virginia, so contiguous that he had only to pull a trout out of the one and throw it into the other to get cooked. "I believe you," said Selwyn, "for when I was lately in France I heard of a third spring in Auvergne, containing *parsley and butter.*"

"Mr. Selwyn," said the general, "consider the improbability—*parsley and butter!*"

"I ask your pardon," replied George, "I believed your story; you surely are too polite to discredit mine."

This reminds one of an anecdote of Foote the dramatist. He had called one day on Garrick, and heard the great actor instruct his servant to say that he was "not at home." Indignant with the denial, Sam limped off, and, the next time the other visited him, bawled from the top of the stairs that he was "out of town." "How can you say so," replied Garrick, "don't I hear you." "I believed you the other day," rejoined Sam, "and it will be hard if you don't believe me."

Digitized by Google

To return to Selwyn and Brookes's, however. Selwyn was one evening at the club, when the Duke of Queensberry, in reference to the late Mr. Whitbread who was then pressing the ministry hard, remarked—"The *brewer* is making a desperate *lunge* at popularity." "Pardon me, Duke," said Selwyn, "he is only playing at *carte and tierce*.

It was shortly after this period, when the famed Corresponding Society was in full vigour, that Selwyn was one May-day walking with Fox, as a troop of chimney-sweepers, in their gaudy trappings, appeared in view. "I say, Charlie," remarked the wit, "I have often heard you talk of the *majesty of the people*, but I never before saw any of their *princes and princesses*."

The Prince of Wales and Duke of York frequently, about this period, visited Brookes's; the former from congeniality of political opinion with the members, the other in consequence of his being well received, when he, one midnight or morning, in company with some of the *roués* of the day, burst open its doors by way of lark. The Prince was a joyous spirit, fully equal to most of them in point of story and repartee; and the Duke is supposed to have drawn from his visits inspiration for the only good thing he ever said in his life: "Here, waiter, remove this *marine*," was the unfortunate slip he made, in allusion to an empty bottle, one day in the presence of General Miller, a distinguished officer of that branch of the service, at a dinner in Greenwich. "I am at a loss," noticed the General, "to know why the *corps* to which I have the honour to belong should be compared to an empty bottle?" "No offence, my dear General," replied the Duke; "I mean a good fellow who has done his duty already, and is prepared to do it again."

Another celebrated character who frequented Brookes's in the days of Selwyn, was Dunning, the famous counsellor, afterwards Lord Ashburton, and many keen encounters passed between them. Dunning was a short, thick man, with a turn-up nose, a constant shake of the head, and latterly a distressing hectic cough—but a wit of the first water. Though he died at the comparatively early age of fifty-two, he amassed a fortune of £150,000 during twenty-five years' practice at the bar; and lived, notwithstanding, so liberally, that his mother, an attorney's widow, some of the wags at Brookes's wickedly recorded, left him in dudgeon on the score of his extravagance. Sheridan, especially, a more congenial wit than Selwyn, who now appeared upon the scene, was wont humourously to depict a dinner at the lawyer's country-house near Fulham, when the following *conversation* was represented to have occurred:—

"John," said the old lady to her son, after dinner, during which she had been astounded by the profusion of the plate and viands,—"John, I shall not stop another day to witness such shameful extravagance."

"But, my dear mother," interrupted Dunning, "you ought to consider that I can afford it: my income, you know—"

"No income," said the old lady impatiently, "can stand such shameful prodigality. The sum which your cook told me that very *turbot* cost, ought to have supported any reasonable family for a week."

"Pooh, pooh! my dear mother," replied the dutiful son, "you would not have me appear shabby. Besides what is a turbot?"

"Pooh, pooh! what is a turbot?" echoed the irritated dame; "don't *pooh* me, John: I tell you such goings-on can come to no good, and you'll see the end of it before long. However, it shan't be said your

Digitized by Google

mother encouraged such sinful waste, for I'll set off in the coach to Devonshire to-morrow morning."

"And notwithstanding," said Sheridan, "all John's rhetorical efforts, to detain her, the old lady kept her word."

Despite of Dunning's celebrity and success as a barrister, he stood, like most great lawyers, in wholesome fear of the law himself. A neighbouring farmer on one occasion cutting down two of the trees on his premises, Dunning's butler, a zealot, informed him of the trespass, and added, that he had threatened the delinquent with a law-suit. "Did you indeed?" said his master; "then you must carry it on yourself, for you may depend on't I shan't,"—keeping in view, probably, the declaration of the celebrated counsellor Marriot, who at the close of a long and successful forensic career, announced that if any one were to claim the coat on his shoulders and threaten him with a law-suit in the event of refusal, he would at once give it up, lest in defending the coat he lost his other garments too.

Selwyn and Dunning entertained no especial regard for each other. For medicine as well as law, the supercilious wit entertained supreme contempt. One evening the counsellor and a Dr. Brocklesby were moralizing on the superfluities of life, and the needless wants men created for each other. "Very true, gentlemen," said George, "I am a proof of the justice of your remark; for I have lived all my life without wanting either a lawyer or physician."

He was, however, at the period becoming unusually bitter. He had been brought in haste from the Continent by a rumoured change of ministry, by which he might lose his place. But his wit preserved it. Appearing at Court next day—a cold day in the middle of March—in light habiliments, the King remarked them and the incongruity. "Very true, Sire, they are cold; and yet I assure your Majesty I have been in a *violent perspiration* ever since my arrival in England."

It was during this tour he sarcastically remarked to an old French Marquis, who was expatiating on the genius of his countrymen in inventing *ruffles*.—"True, but mine surpass them, for they added *shirts*." And it was said that a young, and titled, but very giddy lady, asking him if she did not look very young? "Yes," he replied, "as if you had just come from boarding-school; but it is to be hoped that in a year or two you will be able to read, write, sit, stand, walk, and talk."

Sheridan, however, was now eclipsing Selwyn at Brookes's, though he had not effected an entrance without considerable difficulty. Selwyn perseveringly black-balled him, under the impulse of aristocratic prejudices, as, it was said, he would have black-balled George the Third himself, had he not been able to shew quarterings for four generations, and it required the interposition of the Prince of Wales to baffle the opposition. Even then, George was rather circumverted than fairly beaten. The Prince arriving one evening arm-in-arm with Sheridan, when the ballot was for the third time to take place, summoned the cynical wit from the room on pretext of having some important circumstances to communicate, and along with Sheridan detained him so long that the ballot had been concluded in the interval. Selwyn, old and morose, growled for a while; but ultimately the wit of Sheridan prevailed, and before the evening expired he bade him cordially welcome.

The *bon mots* recorded of Sheridan at Brookes's are almost innumer-

Digitized by Google

able. He had scarcely been installed when Whitbread was one evening declaiming against ministers for imposing the war tax on malt; and Sheridan, though he concurred in opinion, could not resist the temptation of having a hit at the *brewer*, as Mr. Whitbread was named. Taking out his pencil, therefore, he wrote the following distich on a slip of paper—a proof that his humour was not, as Moore would lead us to infer, always previously prepared:—

> "They 've raised the price of table drink;
> What is the reason, do you think?
> The tax on *malt's* the cause I hear—
> But what has malt to do with beer?"

Neither high nor humble were at this time spared by his effervescence. Meeting the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York one day in St. James's street, as he was leaving the portico: "We 've just been discussing, Sherry, said the Duke, "whether you are *rogue or fool*." "I am between both, your Royal Highness," he replied, taking an arm of each before passing on.

Between Selwyn and Sheridan there was kept up a perpetual banter. In his later days George had become attached to "the gentlemanly vice of avarice," but still retained a passion for personal decoration, "Can anything be more reasonable? Can you conceive how they could have let me have it so cheap," said he in his dotage; displaying a waistcoat he had purchased at Charing cross. "Very easily," replied Sheridan; "they took you for one of the *trade*, and sold it you *wholesale*."

A friend of Selwyn's had sent a manuscript tragedy to the manager, intimating that Cumberland the dramatist had offered to contribute a prologue, and expressing hope that Sheridan himself would supply the *epilogue:* "It will never come to that, my dear sir; trust me, you may depend on 't," was Richard Brinsley's flattering reply.

Yet he was sometimes mortified on the score of his own plays. Lord Kenyon, especially, fell fast asleep in the middle of the high-sounding speech which Rolla addresses to his followers in *Pizarro*. Sheridan, who piqued himself much on its inflated sentiment, was somewhat mortified on first learning his lordship's drowsiness; but he soon recovered his usual good humour; adding, "Ah, poor man! I dare say he thought he was on the *bench*."

Yet sometimes he received a hit himself. Selwyn, in revenge for the waistcoat rub, used to narrate an anecdote of Sheridan's attempting to bamboozle a city tailor out of a suit of clothes. "You 're an excellent *cut;* you beat our West-End snips hollow, my friend." was George's reported speech; "why don't you push your thimble among us—I'll recommend you everywhere—Your work does you *infinite credit*," &c. &c., were amongst others of Sheridan's argument; but all to no avail; the city man drily remarking: "Yes, my work brings me *credit*, and the wearers *ready money;*" on hearing which the intended patron beat an immediate retreat.

It was when returning from some city excursion, that Sheridan encountered the celebrated Brummel in Fleet Street, who loudly expressed his horror on being discovered east of Temple Bar! Sheridan, too, at first was incredulous on beholding him in such a latitude! "You! come from the east," he said; "impossible?" "Why, my de—ar Sa—ar," drawled the Beau. "Because the *wise* men come from the east," was Sheridan's reply. "So then, sa—ar, you *think* me a fool?" demanded Brummel, with mor

Digitized by Google

energy than usual. "By no means," replied Sheridan, moving off, "I *know* you to be one!"

Poor Sheridan himself, however, sometimes got fearful rubs. He unwittingly on one occasion, addressing Horne Tooke, who had shortly before published his celebrated "Portraits of Two Fathers and Two Sons" (the Earl of Chatham, Mr. Pitt, Lord Holland, and Mr. Fox) said: "So, sir! you are the reverend gentleman who I am told draws portraits for amusement." "Yes, sir," replied the stern democrat, "and if you 'll do me the favour of sitting for yours, I 'll draw it so faithfully that even you yourself will shudder."

In the house, too, he was beginning to be received with inattention. Entering a committee room one day, not even a chair was offered him; and he vainly attempted to conceal his mortification by exclaiming, "Will no gentlemen *move* that I may *take the chair?*" Gifford of the *Quarterly* shortly afterwards began to press him hard; though Sheridan, in return, struck pretty keenly when, in reference to the editor's boasted power of *distributing literary reputation*, he remarked, "he has done it so profusely as to have *left none for himself*." It was in vain that he attempted to raise a laugh when an Irish member, somewhat elevated, was one day called to order for addressing the Speaker, "My dear Mr. Speaker," by explaining that "the honourable member was perfectly in order, as, thanks to the ministers, *everything now-a-days was dear*." Lord Henry Petty (the Marquis of Lansdowne) shortly afterwards proposed his celebrated tax upon *iron*, in allusion to which another member at Brookes's said it would have been better to impose it on *coals*: "Hold, my dear fellow," exclaimed Sheridan, "that would have been out of the *frying-pan* into the *fire*:" and the Whigs being soon ejected subsequently, in consequence of their contemplated removal of the Catholic disabilities, he made his noted remark of their having "raised up a wall for the purpose of running their heads against," in the bitterness of his disappointment on being compelled to follow them from office. The rejection from Stafford followed, giving rise to some severe but doggrel impromptus, which he keenly felt; * and the last sad scene of all quickly succeeded, but into this we have no inclination at present to follow him.

The celebrated, or rather notorious, "Fighting Fitzgerald" was also a member of Brookes's; yet only for a night, and that solely in consequence of having forced his way into the club after having been unanimously blackballed. But into his eventful history we have not space to enter.

With this we shall conclude our notice of Brookes's, adding, however, that the materials afforded by its twelve or fifteen hundred members are almost inexhaustible. We have said fifteen hundred, because the club a few years ago consisted of this number; but now, in consequence of the many modern establishments that have sprung up in the neighbourhood, it has possibly become less numerous. It is still, however, one of the most *recherché* of all; the Liberal members of both

* One of these, which annoyed him, was the following:—

"Since none with a pen will *trust* me but a *goose*,
And *paper of all kinds* I've little now to use,
To the verses writ by me, you may swear if you will,
If inscribed on the back of *a wine-merchant's bill*;
But observe, should there be a receipt at the end on't,
Try again, *the're not Sherry's poetry depend on't*."

Digitized by Google

Houses of Parliament belong to it, and a single black-ball at a ballot being, we believe, sufficient to exclude a candidate from its portals.

White's.

This club, as already mentioned, is coeval with, if not superior in antiquity to, Brookes's; the original "Master White," by whom or whose patrons it was founded, being a renowned *hôte* of one of the old chocolate houses in the days of Queen Anne; and its celebrated bow-window being then as famous and favourite a fashionable lounge as now. It formed the head-quarters of the Tories, as the other did of the Whigs; but at the present day it is even less political than Brookes's—and many members we believe are now common to both—is less numerous than the other, and also affords a less ample field for anecdote; the members of the party being, as remarked by Sir Walter Scott, of a less convivial character than the Whigs—with whom, it may be noticed, Sir Walter himself always preferred to indulge when inclined for a *symposium*.

Yet White's has been the scene of many a *bel esprit*. Generations of wits have traversed its portals, and the gay and the fashionable still gaze from its windows, as their predecessors gazed a century and a half ago. Many a bright spirit has in the interval shot up, blazed or flickered for a moment, and been extinguished for ever; as, doubtless, many another will, when the present fleeting race itself has passed. Of its early records, no memorial is now possibly existent; but towards the end of the last and beginning of the present century—in the days of Pitt, Dundas, Rose, and Canning—it witnessed many a convivial scene; less, however, than its rival, for though some there—Dundas especially—were congenial as any, Pitt's whole life was literally devoted to his country, and, when at any time he indulged in recreation, it was rather at the private residence of a friend, than in any fashionable assemblage or political club. His mind, too, was so constantly intent on national affairs, that in company, if not what is termed "absent," he was apt to revert unconsciously to the subjects of the morning, as at night he retired only to dream of the labours of the ensuing day.

Fox, on the other hand, his great opponent, was never in an element more congenial than amid the pleasures of society; and hence when he retired to Brookes's, after the Parliamentary labours of the night, it was the custom of his rival to repair to the residence of Dundas (afterwards Lord Melville) for an hour or two before finally betaking himself to the solitary habitation, which the famous Duchess of Gordon designated "Bachelor's Hall." The anecdotes of him recorded at White's are consequently rather of a reflected nature, and bear reference less to the place perhaps than to the House of Commons, for which it may be said Pitt lived and died.

Yet one or two of the anecdotes, if not good, are characteristic—especially one in reference to Rose, who, if Fox is to be credited, was always put forward when any assertion of unusual boldness or unusual gravity became necessary. It was on one of these occasions when Pitt himself, somewhat "fresh," was electrified by the magnificence of George's assumption. "Now listen," said he, "George is going to tell a d——d lie," as the other rose up with a solemn aspect, and his hand placed impressively on his breast; and "Splendid! Is not he magnificent?" was the additional

Digitized by Google

exclamation, as the orator called on "the Ruler of the universe and the Searcher of hearts" to bear witness to his words.

Another story had for its hero Dundas, and possibly also was tinged by opposition tone. Dundas, though popular with the higher classes, was by no means in equal estimation with the lower order of his countrymen in the northern division of the island; and it was during one of his visits to Edinburgh that the adventure occurred. Some act of government had recently given offence in Scotland, and to none more so than to a knavish tonsor of the city, whose services Mr. Dundas had occasion to call into requisition. The fellow was a practical jester too, and determined to amuse himself at the minister's expense. The statesman accordingly had no sooner resigned himself to the operator's hands than the following colloquy ensued.

"We 're much *obliged* to you, Mr. Dundas, for the part you lately took in London."

"What! you a politician? I sent for a *barber*."

"Oh, yes! I 'll shave you directly;" and, performing the operation on one side, he suddenly drew the back of the instrument across his victim's neck, exclaiming, "Take that, ye traitor!" and hurried down stairs.

The statesman was naturally alarmed; an outcry was raised; and half the faculty in the town were speedily in attendance, when, on removing his hand, which Mr. Dundas had firmly kept to his throat, it was discovered that the blood flowed from some artificial means which the impudent rogue had employed to give effect to his hoax, and that not a scratch was visible. The fellow consequently escaped unpunished; and his triumph was the greater as Mr. Dundas had the mortification of being laughed at, as well as of having to pay for the zealous medical attendants.

Pitt highly relished this anecdote, though it long remained a tender subject with Lord Melville; at whose expense, however, the great minister frequently enjoyed a laugh, and uttered the only *mot* of which he has ever been accused.

"How is it," said some one, on the occasion of a convivial visit to White's, "that the upper side of the sirloin is called the *Scotch?*"

"Can't say," replied Dundas, to whom the interrogatory was addressed.

"I 'll tell you why," interrupted Pitt, "'tis because the Scotch always prefer the side that 's uppermost."

Our limits, however, warn us, for the present, to have done; and we shall conclude with merely mentioning

Boodle's,

The last of the three clubs now surviving, identified with a name, and nominally the property of an individual, though governed, like the preceding, by a committee. Its origin is almost equally ancient with theirs, and, like them, it owes its name to an ancient host; but who the venerable Boodle was, our readers now would have little curiosity to learn.

Like the others, it is situated in St. James's street, and is of unpretending aspect compared with some of the lordly modern edifices in its vicinity; but it boasts of highly agreeable arrangements within, and is frequented chiefly by old country gentlemen of no particular shade of politics.

(*To be Continued.*)

Digitized by Google

THE ROYAL HOUSES OF EUROPE.

ITALY.

"Sed neque Medorum sylvæ, ditissima terra,
Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hermus,
Laudibus Italiæ certent: non Bactra neque Indi,
Totaque thuriferis Panchaïa pingu's arenis.
Hic gravidæ fruges et Bacchi Massicus humor
Implevere; tenent oleæque, armentaque læta.
Hic ver assiduum, atque alienis mensibus æstas.
Adde tot egregias urbes, operumque laborem,
Tot congesta manu præruptis oppida saxis,
Fluminaque antiquos subter labentia muros.
Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus
Magna virum." VIRGIL.

No history is so mournful as that of Italy during the last three hundred years—a period of national decadence unprecedented in the annals of the world—a state of shame and misery that has justified the pathetic lamentations of her sons and the triumphant insolence of her foes. May the patriotic feeling which now spreads its beneficent influence over the country of the Tiber and the Arno increase in strength and power, and may the nineteenth century be memorable in ages to come, as the grand era of Italian regeneration!

"Italy! through every other land
Thy wrongs should ring, and shall, from side to side;
Mother of Arts! as once of arms; thy hand
Was then our guardian, and is still our guide;
Parent of our Religion! whom the wide
Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven!
Europe, repentant of her parricide,
Shall yet redee n thee, and, all backward driven,
Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven."

At the close of the fifteenth century Italy presented the aspect of more extensive and unalloyed prosperity than any other nation of Christendom. Then were displayed the learned grace of Leonardo da Vinci, the brilliant accomplishments of Titian, and the creative genius of Michael Angelo. Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting attained the highest perfection, and Civilization gazed with rapture on the exquisite achievements and sublime conceptions of the Peninsula. Flourishing cities, increasing manufactures, arts revived, letters encouraged—all combined to form, at this epoch, the dazzling amount of Italy's prosperity. But the very circumstance to which she owed this superiority may be regarded as the principal cause of her subsequent degradation. "The number of separate and independent communities," says a distinguished writer, "into which Italy was divided, by directly associating her inhabitants with the governments of their respective cities, and making them feel that their own interests were identified with those of the community to which they belonged, powerfully excited their passions, and called forth all their energies. Those powers which had been dormant for centuries were

Digitized by Google

again revived; Milan, Florence, Venice, Genoa, and Pisa, became the capitals of so many free states, distinguished by their wealth and their progress in the arts; eloquence, poetry, history, architecture, painting, and every other pursuit that could either add to the comfort or the embellishment of society, were prosecuted with vigour and success. But this state of society, though it gave a powerful impulse to civilization, was also productive of the most implacable animosities. The disputes among the rival republics and their limited territory, and their deeply affecting every individual, were prosecuted with all the eagerness of a personal and all the rancour of a political quarrel. Sismondi's great work ("Republiques Italiennes du Moyen Age") is chiefly filled with accounts of these conflicts. And such a state of society, how incompatible soever with the enjoyment of peace and tranquillity, unquestionably affords a fine field for the development of superior talent and mental energy. Unfortunately the contests between the different parties in Italy, ended as such contests almost always do, by making it an arena for the struggles and subjecting it to the arms of foreigners. German, French, and Spanish troops, after being engaged in supporting the pretensions of one or other of the rival states, turned their arms against those they had supported, or who had invited them into their country, and trampling on their liberties, imposed on them new and despotic masters. Ever since the subversion of the Florentine republic in 1530, the Italians have ceased to exercise any perceptible influence over the deliberations of their multitudinous rulers. Parceled out among foreign sovereigns, or sovereigns descended from foreigners, what interest could they feel in the contests of the Bourbons of Parma and Naples; the Austrians of Milan and Mantua, and the Lorrains of Tuscany? They were not only deprived of their ancient liberties, but the constant state of vassalage in which their petty sovereigns were themselves held by the great transalpine powers, prevented their acting in conformity either with the wishes or the real interests of their subjects."

At the present moment, when Europe watches with intense interest the development of the movement that has originated in the Vatican, and when England, forgetful of the illiberal estrangement that has so long separated her from the Court of Rome, affords the all-powerful weight of her sympathy to the sacred cause of Italian liberty, we feel assured that some details of the existing Royal Houses of Italy will not be deemed inappropriate.

The Peninsula is at this time divided into the following independent States:—SARDINIA, NAPLES AND SICILY, THE AUSTRIAN KINGDOM OF LOMBARDY, THE PAPAL TERRITORY, THE GRAND DUCHY OF TUSCANY, THE DUCHIES OF PARMA, MODENA, AND LUCCA, and the little republic of SAN MARINO.

Sardinia.

This kingdom comprises the whole of North Italy, west of the Tessino, including Piedmont, Genoa and Nice, the adjacent Duchy of Savoy and the Island of Sardinia, in the Mediterranean. Its dynasty is the House of Savoy, claiming descent from the famous Wittekend, and tracing a long and illustrious line of ancestry. Its territory, originally a county, was erected into a Duchy by the Emperor Sigismund, in 1416, in favour of

Digitized by Google

AMADEUS VIII. This prince changing the palace for the cloister, assumed the habit of a Hermit of St. Augustin, and resigned his royal dignity. Subsequently, however, he was elected (A. D. 1439) Pope, as Felix V., but the tiara he also laid aside, and *d.* a Cardinal in 1451. His son and successor,

LEWIS, Duke of Savoy, *m.* Anne de Lusignan, dau. of James I., King of Cyprus, and had, besides other issue,

AMADEUS, his heir.

Lewis or Charles, King of Cyprus, *m.* Charlotte, dau. of John III., King of Cyprus.

James, Count of Geneva.

Philip, Duke of Savoy, *m.* 1st Mary, dau. of Charles, Duke of Bourbon, and had by her a son and a daughter.

PHILIBERT, who *s.* his kinsman as Duke of Savoy and King of Cyprus, and of whom hereafter.

LOUISE of Savoy, *m.* in 1476, Charles de Bourbon, Count of Angouleseme, and left a son, Francis I., King of France; and a dau. Margaret, Queen of Navarre, grandmother of Henry IV., King of France and Navarre.

Philip, Duke of Savoy, *m.* 2ndly Claudia, Countess of Perthievre, and by her had, besides other issue,

CHARLES, who *s.* his half-brother, as Duke of Savoy, &c.

Philip, Duke of Nemours.

Charlotte, *m.* to Louis II., King of France.

AMADEUS *the Holy*, Duke of Savoy, (the eldest son and successor of Lewis) *m.* Jolantha, dau. of Charles VII., King of France, and had, with other issue,

PHILIBERT, his heir.

CHARLES, successor to his brother.

Anne *m.* Frederick of Arragon, King of Naples.

PHILIBERT *the Hunter*, Duke of Savoy, (eldest son of Amadeus) *m.* Blanca Mary, dau. of Galeazzo Mary, Duke of Milan, and was *s.* in his Duchy by his brother.

CHARLES *the Warlike*, Duke of Savoy, and titulary King of Cyprus, who *m.* Blanca, dau. of William, Marquis of Montferrat, and had issue,

CHARLES, his heir.

Jolantha Louisa *m.* her kinsman, Philibert, Duke of Savoy

CHARLES JOHN AMADEUS, Duke of Savoy (son of Charles, *the Warlike*) was *s.* by his kinsman.

PHILIBERT, Duke of Savoy and titular King of Cyprus, *m.* 1st, Jolantha, daughter of Charles, Duke of Savoy; and 2ndly, Margaret, dau. of the Emperor Maximilian, and was succeeded by his half-brother.

CHARLES *the Good*, Duke of Savoy, and titular King of Cyprus, whose right to the Duchy of Savoy was contested by Francis I., King of France, who claimed through his mother, the famous Louise of Savoy, and maintained his pretensions with the sword. Charles *the Good m.*, 1522, Beatrice, dau. of Emmanuel, King of Portugal, and had, besides other issue, a son and successor,

EMMANUEL PHILIBERT, Duke of Savoy, who, by the peace of Chateau Cambrensis in 1559, partly recovered the dominions which France had wrested from his unfortunate father; and, during a long and pacific reign, restored the fortunes of his house. He accompanied Philip, King of Spain, to England, and was honoured by Queen Mary with the insignia of the Order of the Garter. Under his auspices agriculture and commerce flourished, and the production of silk became the staple trade of Piedmont. Emmanuel *m.* Margaret, dau. of Francis, King of France, and *d.* in 1580, leaving a son and successor,

CHARLES EMMANUEL I., Duke of Savoy, titular King of Cyprus, a warlike prince, who entirely excluded the French from peaceable entrance into Italy, by exchanging the County of Bresse for the Marquesate of Saluzzo. Charles *m.* Catherine, dau. of Philip II., King of Spain, and had (with other children, of whom Margaret wedded Francis, Duke of Mantua, and Isabel, Alonzo, Duke of Modena) two sons:

I. VICTOR AMADEUS, his heir.

II. Thomas Francis, Prince of Carignan, who *d.* in 1656, leaving by Mary, his wife, heiress of Charles of Bourbon, last Count of Soissons, two sons, viz.:

1. EMMANUEL PHILIBERT, Prince of Carignan, who *m.* Mary Catherine, dau. of Borsus, of

Digitized by Google

Modena, and *d.* in 1709, leaving a son, VICTOR AMADEUS 3d, Prince of Carignan father of VICTOR AMADEUS 4th, Prince of Carignan, whose son, VICTOR AMADEUS 5th, Prince of Carignan, *m.* Maria, dau. of Lewis Charles, Comte de Brionne, and *d.* in 1780. His son and successor,

CHARLES EMMANUEL 6th, Prince of Carignan, *b.* in 1770, espoused Maria Christina, dau. of Charles, Prince of Saxe Courland, and *d.* 16th Aug. 1800, leaving a dau., Frances, wife of the Arch-Duke Renier, of Austria, and a son, CHARLES ALBERT AMADEUS, present KING OF SARDINIA.

2. Eugene Maurice, Count of Soissons, whose second son was the renowned General, PRINCE EUGENE, of SAVOY.

Charles-Emmanuel I., Duke of Savoy, was a learned mathematician, an able statesman, and a skilful general—but restless, and ambitious, and called by the historians "The ornament and disturbance of his time: he died in 1630, and was succeeded by his son,

VICTOR AMADEUS I., Duke of Savoy and titular King of Cyprus. This Prince, subservient to French influence, became the auxiliary of Richelieu in a new war, which the ambition of the cardinal commenced against the house of Austria: he *d.* in 1637, leaving by Catherine, his wife, dau. of Henry IV. of France, two sons, the elder of whom survived but a few days, when the crown devolved on the younger,

CHARLES-EMMANUEL II., Duke of Savoy, then only in his fourth year. The regency was disputed between his widowed mother and two brothers of the late duke. Richelieu, who secretly designed to annex Savoy to France, supported the former: Spain gave her aid to the latter; and the duchy was torn to pieces by a civil war, which threatened its entire destruction. Even on the termination of this family feud, the French retained possession of Turin, which they had been permitted to garrison; and the independence of Savoy was perhaps only preserved by Richelieu's death.

Charles Emmanuel, who united the qualities of a modern Italian politician with those of an ancient warrior, tried repeatedly to make himself master of Cyprus, Genoa, and Montferrat, and attacked, in succession, France and Spain. The result was unfortunate. The Duke of Savoy brought on him the armies of those powerful kingdoms, and lost his best towns and fortresses. He married 1st Francisca, dau. of John Baptista, Duke of Orleans, and 2nd Mary Joanna Baptista, dau. of Charles Amadeus, Duke of Nemours, and by the latter had, with other issue, an elder son,

VICTOR AMADEUS, King of Sardinia, who, by the treaty of Turin, obtained the duchy of Montferrat, with some districts of the territory of Milan; besides which, by the treaty of Utrecht, 1713, he was allotted the island of Sicily with the title of king: this last he changed in 1720 for Sardinia; he *m.* 1684 Anne Mary, only child to leave issue of Philip Duke of Orleans, by Henrietta Maria, his first wife, dau. and ultimately heiress of Charles I. King of England, and had issue,

CHARLES EMMANUEL 2nd King of Sardinia.

Emanuel Philibert, Prince of Chablais, *d.* 1705.

Victor Emanuel Philip, Prince of Piedmont.

Mary Adelheid, *m.* Lewis, Duke of Burgundy.

Mary Louisa Gabriela, *m.* Philip V. King of Spain.

Mary Anne.

Victor Amadeus, *d.* in 1732

The eldest son.

CHARLES EMMANUEL, King of Sardania, *m.* 1st Anne Christina Louisa, dau. of Theodorus, Palatine of Sultbach, by whom he had a son, Victor Amadeus, who *d.* young, 1725. He *m.* 2ndly, Polyxena Christina, dau. of Ernest Leopold, of Hesse Rheinfelt, and by her had, besides daughters, a son and heir, VICTOR AMADEUS MARIE. He *m.* 3dly Elizabeth Theresa, dau. of Leopold, Duke of Lorraine, and by her had a son, Benedict, Duke of Chablais. The eldest son and successor,

VICTOR AMADEUS MARIE, King of Sardinia, *b.* in 1726, *m.* Marie Antoin-

Digitized by Google

ette, dau. of Philip, King of Spain, and by her, who *d.* 1785, had issue,

CHARLES EMMANUEL FERDINAND.

VICTOR EMMANUEL.

CHARLES FELIX JOSEPH.

Joseph Benedict, Count of Marienne, *b.* 1766.

Maria Josepha Louisa, *m.* to Lewis Stanislaus, Count de Provence.

Maria Theresa, *m.* Charles Philip, Count d' Artois.

Maria Charlotte, *m.* to Anthony Clement, of Saxony.

On the 3d September, 1730, Victor Amadeus abdicated in favor of his eldest son,

CHARLES EMMANUEL FERDINAND, Prince of Piedmont, King of Sardinia, who was forced to resign all his possessions 8th Dec. 1798, and abdicated 4th June 1802, in favour of his brother,

VICTOR EMMANUEL, King of Sardinia, *b.* 24th July, 1759, who *m.* Maria Theresa, dau. of Frederick, Arch-Duke of Austria, had issue,

I. Maria Beatrice Victoire Josephine, *m.* 20th June, 1812, Francis IV., reigning Duke of Modena; and *d.* in 1840, leaving issue,

1. FRANCIS FERDINAND, heridi-tary Prince of Modena, *b.* 1st June 1819, representative of the ENGLISH ROYAL HOUSES of PLANTAGENET, TUDOR, and STUART. He *m.* 30th of March, 1842, the Princess Adelgonda, dau. of Louis King of Bavaria.

2. Ferdinand Charlet Victor Major-General Austrian service, *b.* 20th July, 1821.

3. Maria Theresa, *b.* 14th July 1817.

4. Maria Beatrice.

II. Maria Theresa, *m.* in 1820 Charles Louis, Duke of Lucca, and has one son, Ferdinand Charles.

III. Maria Anne Caroline, *m.* in 183 Ferdinand I., Emperor of Austria

Victor Emmanuel *d.* 10th Jan. 182 having resigned his kingdon 12t March, 1821, to his brother,

CHARLES FELIX JOSEPH, King of Sardinia, *b.* 1765; who *m.* 6th April 1807, Maria Christina de Bourbon dau. of Ferdinand IV. King of the two Sicilies, but *d. s. p.* 27th of April 1831, when the crown of Sardinia devolved on his distant kinsman,

CHARLES ALBERT, representative of the branch of Savoy Carignan, who is the reigning monarch. His Majesty *b.* 2nd Oct. 1798; *m.* 30th Sept. 1817, Maria Theresa, Arch-Duchess of Austria, dau. of the late Ferdinand, Grand Duke of Tuscany, and has issue,

I. VICTOR EMMANUEL, Duke of Savoy, *b.* 1820; *m.* 1842, the Arch Duchess Maria Adelaide, dau. of the Arch-Duke Regnier, and has issue,

II. Ferdinand, Duke of Genoa, *b.* 1822.

Sardinia is the only Italian State still governed by the male representative of the ancient hereditary sovereigns.

THE TWO SICILIES owe fealty to a scion of the Spanish branch of the Illustrious House of Bourbon—viz. FERDINAND II., grandson of Ferdinand third son of Charles III. King of Spain. We have already given, in page 263 of our second vol., under "The Royal House of Spain," full details of his Majesty's family and descent.

TUSCANY—the land of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, and once the heritage of the Medici, a dynasty associated with the most splendid recollections of reviving knowledge and protected literature—is now the patrimony of a cadet of the House of Austria, his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke LEOPOLD II., born 3rd October, 1797, son of the late Grand Duke Ferdinand III., who was the younger son of Leopold II., Emperor of Austria.

The DUCHY of MODENA to which MASSA and CARRARA are now united, is swayed by an Austrian Prince, FRANCIS IV., who through his mother, Maria Beatrice, Duchess of Modena, derives from the ancient rulers of the Duchy of—

Digitized by Google

. . . . . the antique brood
Of ESTE, which for many an age made good
Its strength within thy walls, and was of yore
Patron or tyrant, as the changing mode
Of petty power impelled, of those who wore
The wreath which Dante's brow alone had worn before.

The present Hereditary Prince of Modena inherits through his mother the distinguished honour of being senior representative of the Royal Dynasties of ENGLAND:—PLANTAGENET, TUDOR, and STUART.*

PARMA and PLACENZA, which in early times formed part of the territory of the Counts of Milan, and were subsequently in the possession successively of France, Rome, Austria, and Spain, are now possessed, under the treaty of Paris of 1814, by the Arch-Duchess MARIA LOUISA of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Francis II. and widow of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Of these Sovereigns, deriving from the Imperial family, ample particulars will be found in our "History of the Dynasty of Austria," vol. ii. p, 1.

---

* HENRY VII., King of England, of the House of TUDOR: died 1509. = The Princess Elizabeth PLANTAGENET, of York, dau. and heir of EDWARD IV.

THE PRINCESS MARGARET TUDOR, eldest dau. and co heir, = JAMES IV., King of Scotland, of the House of Stuart.

JAMES V., King of Scotland. = Magdalen, dau. of Francis I., of France.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS. = Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley.

JAMES I., King of England. = Anne, dau. of Frederick II., of Denmark.

CHARLES I., King of England. = Henrietta Maria, dau. of Henry IV., of France.

HENRIETTA MARIA, dau., and in her issue sole heiress. = Philip, Duke of Orleans, died in 1670.

ANNA MARIA, dau. and eventual heiress = Victor Amadeus II., King of Sardinia.

à quibus.

Maria Beatrice Victoire Josephine, eldest dau. and heir of Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, and mother of Francis Ferdinand, Heriditary PRINCE OF MODENA, Senior Representative of the PLANTAGENETS, TUDORS, and STUARTS.

Digitized by Google

OUDINOT, DUKE OF REGGIO.

THE stars that beamed around Napoleon are disappearing fast. A few months ago a memoir of Grouchy appeared in our columns; one of Oudinot now follows. Of all the mareschals of the empire, two alone survive—Marmont in exile, and Soult within a few paces of the tomb.

The subject of the present sketch, though by no means of the first order, was not an undistinguished member of the great galaxy that surrounded the Imperial throne. He was born at Bar-sur-Ornaire, on the 2nd of April, 1767, the son of a respectable merchant; his comparatively humble birth, and the times, alike contributed to throw him into the revolutionary vortex so soon as he attained the age of manhood. His father had destined him for commercial pursuits, but in his sixteenth year Charles Nicolas could not be restrained from entering the regiment of Medoc, in which, during four years' service, he obtained no elevation of importance. Louis XVI., almost simultaneously with the future mareschal's entry as a private soldier, had been prevailed on to issue an order, enjoining that none, save those who could shew nobility of race for four generations, should rise to the rank of officers in the French army; and the younger Oudinot, finding the barrier insuperable, complied the more readily in his twentieth year with his father's desire to retire from the army and embark in commerce; however, the Revolution breaking out shortly afterwards, and extending dazzling prospects to youths of courage, his son found the impulse irresistible, and accordingly, in 1793, we find him again and for ever engaged in martial deeds. Named chief of the third battalion of the Volunteers of the Meuse, he, in 1791, signalized himself in quelling a revolt in his native city; and in the following year acquired still more distinction by a vigorous defence of the *Chateau* of Bitche, when the Prussians made their memorable inroad into France. His resistance was indeed the first check they encountered; with a comparatively feeble band he drove them off, and afterwards succeeded in capturing seven hundred of their number. The people, seeing how readily the invaders were repelled, consequently rose: the Duke of Brunswick, stern and menacing before, shewed irresolution when the firmest persistance was necessary; the nation soon was up in arms; the disastrous retreat of the Prussians followed; and the royal family of France was compromised by their advance. The issue is well known; and Oudinot was rewarded for his bravery by the colonelcy of the regiment of Picardy, the chief officer of which had lately followed the baneful example of emigration. He was thus, in his twenty-fifth year, invested with the command of one of the most daring regiments in the French service, and events soon occurred to test his nerve. He had scarcely appeared at its head when insubordination broke out, and two thousand of the fiercest spirits in France, each of whom identified liberty with licence, were ready to dispute his authority. By that mingled firmness and amenity, however, for which during his whole life he was remarkable, he succeeded in reducing them to control, and at Morlanter the regiment soon afterwards evinced a spirit as devoted as it had formerly been undisciplined. With it alone he withstood the advance of ten thousand Prussians, and

Digitized by Google

he received a brigade in reward of his services. The road to fame was now open, and he next signalized himself by the capture of Treves; but a reserve followed, and in October, 1795, while making a fierce nocturnal attack upon the enemy at Nockerau, he was thrown down, disabled, received five wounds, trampled under foot, and finally conveyed a prisoner into Germany, where he remained five months, till exchanged in the course of hostilities.

The summer of 1796 saw him once more in the field, and he was again severely wounded at the siege of Ingoldstadt; but so soon as recovered, he was again in the stirrups, and, in a brilliant charge, captured a whole battalion of Austrians. The fields of Manheim and Feldtkirch witnessed services equally zealous in those now forgotten, but hard-fought and sanguinary days; and at last, in 1799, he attained the full rank of General. In this capacity he joined Massena at Zurich—Massena, that stern and truculent spirit whom Napoleon acknowledged as his master in the art of war—and under this leader he came in contact, at that town, with Suwarrow, a semi-barbarian, not less savage than Massena himself. The ferocious Russian, however, was now in his decline. After a career of victory in Italy, scarcely less extraordinary than Napoleon's own, he was doomed to find the brute force of the bayonet fail when opposed by science; and, defeated by the superior address of the French leader, he made that fearful mid-winter retreat through the defiles of Switzerland, which he survived only to encounter, what to him was the more withering blight of the cold neglect of Paul, his capricious master. Oudinot, who had ably borne his part in this dreadful campaign, next accompanied Massena to Genoa, and participated in all the hunger and horror of its memorable siege—from which, however, he had the good fortune to escape without becoming captive like the other, in consequence of having previously been despatched to open up a communication with General Brune on the Mincio. In the celebrated passage of this river, he so distinguished himself as to receive the honour of a sword from Napoleon; and subsequently following the victorious footsteps of the French to Vienna, he thence was despatched to Paris with tidings of the convention that for a time arrested the march of war.

A brief and hollow truce succeeded; and so highly had Oudinot raised himself in the estimation of Napoleon, that when the emperor shortly afterwards established a grenadier guard, he was entrusted with its command; and accompanied, or rather preceded, him in that splendid march from the shores of Boulogne to the confines of the Black Forest, which for precision, vigour, and celerity, yet remains unequalled. After a march of six hundred miles, Oudinot took up his post on the Danube on the day affixed and at the appointed hour, and crossed the river though opposed by a hundred and eighty guns. His decision on this occasion saved the French from slaughter, if not defeat. Observing the slow manœuvres of the Austrians, he himself seized on their foremost gunner when on the point of applying his match, and by hurling him into the river, prevented him giving the alarm. Others coming up to his aid, the enemy were turned, and the whole advantage of their position lost by this promptitude of Oudinot, and by the slowness of the German school.

When the brilliant campaign of Austerlitz followed, and for a while overthrew the power of Austria, Oudinot was sent by Napoleon to take

Digitized by Google

possession of Neufchatel; and it was in the government of this town that his civic talents were first displayed. Courteous and disinterested, he avoided the course followed by too many of the emperor's mareschals, and received the compliment of a sword from the inhabitants in acknowledgment of his forbearance. But the restless ambition of Napoleon soon again summoned him to arms; and detached from the peaceful scene, he set out on the campaign of Jena. In a few weeks Prussia was humbled to the dust; and while Napoleon was overrunning the dominions of Frederick William, Oudinot was despatched to Poland. Here, at the battle of Ostrolenka, he gained the chief victory in which he was distinguished as a principal, and was rewarded by the emperor with the title of Count and a donation of a million (£40,000) for his services. But this action, though considerable in the life of Oudinot, was but a trifle in the gigantic career of Napoleon. The emperor was meditating one of his decisive blows, and instructed Oudinot to join Lefebvre prior to the tremendous stroke at Friedland. Oudinot set out on a midnight march, but had not advanced an hour before when the Russians were on him; yet with his solitary division he withstood their assault from one in the morning till noon next day, when Napoleon coming up gained that memorable action. In the truce that followed, Oudinot was much engaged in negociation with the allied sovereigns at Erfurth, to the government of which he was appointed, and had an opportunity of evincing diplomatic and administratic talents in which he was equalled by few of Napoleon's marshals; but fresh hostilities with Austria again drew him from civic duties, and he a second time in person defeated them at Psoffenhasen. As in the other instance, however, this was but a prelude to a more eventful action. The battle of Wagram followed, and Oudinot, though Ney and Macdonald bore off the palm on that sanguinary day, so distinguished himself that Napoleon bestowed on him the mareschal's staff and the dukedom of Reggio. In 1810 he was despatched into Holland, and took in succession Berg-op-Zoom, Breda, Bois-le-Duc, and Utrecht. Of Amsterdam, by the emperor's instruction, he shortly afterwards took possession: and the feeble but amiable Louis, whom Napoleon had seated on the throne, finding it impossible to reconcile his position to his conscience, and at once discharge his duty to his subjects and obey the behests of his imperious brother, having resigned the throne to which the other had elevated him, Oudinot virtually became ruler of Holland. Here the same integrity and suavity distinguished him, and both the inhabitants and Prince of Orange, on afterwards succeeding to the throne, presented him with testimonials of their estimation.

Again the voice of war withdrew him from pacific duties. Napoleon being no longer able to mould Alexander to his purpose, sounded the tocsin; and all Europe was in arms for the tremendous Russian invasion. From every quarter between the Guadalquiver and Boresthenes, heaps were congregated; half a million of men in arms from every nation on the European continent prepared to cross the portion of the Czar's dominions, from which so few of them were fated ever to return. Oudinot joined the grand army at Munich, having been entrusted with the command of the twelfth division, and during two months he occupied Berlin; the power of Frederick William, though at peace with Napoleon, being thus contemptuously cast aside. Hence, proceeding to the Niemen, he crossed

Digitized by Google

this river, and took part in all the murderous conflicts that followed. At the passage of the Dwina he was assigned the duty of charging a Russian brigade, and he did it with the bayonet so effectually that, after capturing sixteen of their guns, he killed or drove nearly the whole division into the river, where the waters destroyed almost all who had escaped the sword. At the battle of Potolsk he was severely wounded, and obliged to abandon the command of his division to St. Cyr; but this intrepid general seeing himself being cut up more desperately still, Oudinot resumed the command, though scarcely able to remain erect in his saddle. The critical position of the grand army now in full retreat, permitted no alternative. To him, with a division now scarcely five thousand in number, was assigned the task of covering the passage across the Beresina; and three days was he engaged in mitigating or increasing the horrors of that terrific retreat. By a fierce charge on a Russian division commanded by an old French emigrant, the Marquis de Lambert, whom he overthrew, he facilitated the transit of the snow-smitten wretches across the river; but towards the end of the conflict his own division was cut up or exhausted, and himself shot through the body by a musket ball. In this condition he was carried four leagues in advance; but had scarcely procured the shelter of a house when the Cossacks were on him. In this extremity, though prostrate, he preferred death to captivity, and determined with thirty others to hold out till the last; but aid fortunately reached them before they were finally exhausted; and, feeble and bleeding, he at last regained the shelter of Germany.

In the following year the obstinacy and danger of Napoleon again brought every one of his adherents into action, and Oudinot took part in the battle of Bautzen; but he was repulsed from Berlin by the Crown Prince of Sweden, and Bernadotte subsequently defeated him at Grossbeeren. Napoleon sent Ney to support—supplant him; and *le plus brave des braves* was equally unsuccessful when opposed by the cool genius of the apostate Frenchman. He was defeated at Denniwitz; and Bernadotte being thus enabled to come up, turned the tide against Napoleon at the fatal battle of Leipsic. Oudinot commanded two divisions of the Imperial Guard on this occasion; and when the French were finally defeated on the third day of that crushing contest, to him was assigned the task of protecting the rear during the gloomy retreat of the Eagles from Germany to the opposite side of the Rhine.

His wounds and ill-health prevented Oudinot from taking part in the battle of Hanau; but 1814 again saw him in the field, and he took part in all the sanguinary actions that followed. On the defeat of Napoleon, however, he gave in his adhesion to the Bourbons, and during the Hundred Days remained faithful to his trust. He even took the field against the emperor; but his soldiers throwing up their caps tumultuously so soon as they came in sight of the long-cherished Eagles, Oudinot withdrew, and remained in privacy till the conflict was past. He had previously received the appointment of Colonel-General of the Grenadiers and the command of the Chasseurs-Royal, as well as the important government of Metz from the Bourbons; and on their second restoration he was nominated commander of the National Guard of Paris, Major-General of the Royal Guard, Peer of France, and Minister of State. From the King of Holland he received a Grand Cordon in 1816, with a flattering letter for his conduct while entrusted with the government of that

Digitized by Google

country; and in 1823 he took the command of the first division of the French army in its invasion of Spain. The Duke of Angoulême wisely entrusted him with the government of Madrid, and Oudinot, as far as possible, without any rigorous severity, kept in check the furious and fanatical passions of its turbulent and priest-ridden population. Since then he has lived in retirement till his recent appointment to the governorship of the Invalids, amongst whom he appropriately concluded his long career.

Without possessing in any strong degree the strategic powers of Suchet, Massena, or Soult; the brilliant courage of Murat, Lannes, or Ney; or the lofty chivalrous love which characterised Desaix; the wariness of Bernadotte, or the science of Moreau, Oudinot formed a safe and zealous subordinate, and was not incapable of being left to his own resources. He was however by no means one of the most brilliant of Napoleon's marshals; but equalled most of them in duty, and surpassed the greater number in disinterestedness when entrusted with command. Yet his talents lay chiefly in civil administration, and his chief virtue consisted in moderation. In the funeral oration recently pronounced over his remains by an old companion in arms, he has been extolled as a great military commander, but there seems nothing greater in him than every age in numbers produces, and every generation admires and forgets.

J. *

Digitized by Google

THE WHITE ROSE OF SCOTLAND.

One of the most interesting female characters in English history is the Lady Jane Gordon, daughter of the Earl of Huntly, and widow of Perkin Warbeck. This Lady, called from her exquisite beauty "The White Rose of Scotland," was married after the death of the Pretender to Sir Matthew Cradock, of Swanzy, Knt., and lies buried with him in Herbert's aisle, in Swansea church, where their tomb is to be seen, with this inscription,—

> "Here lies Sir Mathie Cradok, Kt., some time deputie unto the right honourable Charles erle of Dorset, in the countie of Glamorgan, K. Attor, G.K. Chauncelor of the same, Steward of Gower and Kilvei and mi lady Katerin his wyfe."

The following pedigree of Cradock of Swanzy (from a MS. now in the possession of Thomas Russell Potter, Esq.), will shew that the Herberts, Earls of Pembroke, derive descent from the noble lady and faithful wife mentioned below.

Cradock ap Ivon bore for his arms, azure, three boars' heads caboshed between nine cross crosslets. Arg. the boar's head, sword and gauntlet in crest.* Motto,—HE KYMERO (On, countrymen). *Note*—that when the said Cradock had killed a monstrous wild boar, in the Forest of Clyne, in Gower, this coat of armour was given him to bear; since which time that family has used it. This is collected from ancient antiquaries' labours.

P. H. Gammage, 1648.

Eynon ap Collwyn, lord of Langhenyth, to Glamorgan = Nest, dau. to Justin ap Gargan, lord of Glamogan.

their great grandson

Cradock ap Ivon, ap Richard, = ... ap Eynon

- Evan Cradock, of Swanzy. = ...
  - Robert = ...
    - Sir Mathew Cradock, of Swanzy, Knt. = Lady Catherine Gordon, daughter of George, second Earl of Huntly, and widow of Perkin Warbeck, the pretended Prince of Wales.
      - Margaret, dau. and heir = Sir Richard Herbert, of Ewyas, natural son to William Herbert, the first Earl of Pembroke of the name, who was slain at the battle of Banbury, July 26, 1469.
        - Sir George Herbert, of Swanzy, Knt., of whom the Herberts and others descend.
        - William Herbert, created Earl of Pembroke in 1551, of whom the Earls of Pembroke, the Countess of Powis, and others descend.
- Robert, of whom many gentlemen of the name derive their genealogies.
- Hopkin Cradock, of whom the Cradocks of Chinto in Gower and elsewhere descend.

* Respecting this Crest, see "The Boy and Mantle," in Dr. Percy's Reliques, vol. iii. p. 21.

Digitized by Google

FROM THE GERMAN, BY A LADY.

I.

LOVE'S SIGNAL.

[The young women of the Island of Rugen in former times enjoyed the power of selecting their own Bridegrooms. It was the custom to hang an apron from a casement of the cottage where the maiden resided, who availed herself of the privilege. The signal attracted all the young men of the village, and the maiden chose from among them, him upon whom she bestowed her heart. She sent to him the following evening a silk kerchief as a pledge of her intention, and the acceptance of the token implied his acquiescence.]

FROM the casement my mother, my white apron hung,
And many passed by and they laughed and they sung—
Oh haste thee, my darling, thy choice to declare—
But I wept, and I sobbed, for I saw *him* not there.

Oh! he is not with them, the loved one, I cried,
Who I fain would for ever keep close by my side;
Proclaim but the news, spread it wide o'er the sea,
And he'll quickly return, and his bride I shall be.

I would on the mast-head, my token I'd placed,
The prey of the winds on the watery waste;
Had he seen it but flutter, tho' far in the air,
He'd have known it, and hailed it, and wished himself there.

But now that to seek him, my kerchief I send,
In my own faithful hand to the shore it shall wend—
To the white crested wave I will trust thee secure,
And a sign thou shalt be that my love shall endure.

In vain shouldst thou seek him, then go down below,
Search deep in the caves where Corrolans grow,
And wherever thou findest him, taking his rest,
Approach the spot gently, and cover his breast.

And then, when the angel the trumpet shall sound,
Which together shall gather the nations around,
Awaking, he'll see thee, and joyful exclaim,
Yes! in death and in life, she was ever the same.

II.

THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

A GOLDSMITH sat within his door,
'Mid pearls and jewels rare.
"Sweet Helen! thou, of all my store,
My brightest jewel, art a treasure
That needs my tend'rest care."

Digitized by Google

A Knight steps in, of noble mien—
"Welcome my gentle maid!
And welcome too, dear Goldsmith mine,
Of gems, prepare for my sweet bride,
A wreath that will not fade."

The costly present was prepared,
Playing, sparkling brightly!
The maiden to her room repaired;
She was alone, and on her brow
She placed and fixed it lightly.

"Oh! happy, happy is the bride
On whom this crown they'll see;
Had that dear Knight, when by my side,
For me a rose-wreath only twined,
How joyful should I be."

The Knight returns, the jewels shine,
He put the wreath aside.
"Now make for me, dear Goldsmith mine,
A little ring of diamonds fine,
For my sweet lovely bride.

And see, a costly ring 's prepared,
Of diamonds shining brightly!"
The maiden to her room repaired;
She was alone—that ring *half* on
Her finger placed so lightly.

"Oh! happy, happy is the bride
On whom this ring they'll see;
Had that dear Knight, when by my side,
To me a lock of hair but given,
How joyful should I be."

The Knight returns, the jewels shine,
He put the ring aside.
"Now thanks to thee, dear Goldsmith mine,
Thou 'st made and well, two costly gifts,
For my sweet lovely bride."

"Yet still I'd fain, before I go,
Well prove their beauty rare;
Step forth, sweet maid; nay, blush not so
To wear my loved one's bridal gear—
Like thee, she 's good and fair."

Digitized by Google

With glowing cheeks, and looks cast down,
  Before the Knight she stands;
He decks her with that jewelled crown,
Presents the ring with courtly grace,
  Then seizes both her hands.

"Helen! my love, thou art my pride,
  The jest has now been played!
Thou art my youthful, lovely bride;
For thee, that sparkling crown,
  For thee, this ring were made.

"'Mid jewels rare, and pearls and gold,
  My treasure here I see;
A token this, for thee to hold,
That thou art destined honours high,
  My love, to share with me."

EARLDOM OF BERKELEY.

To the Editor of "The Patrician."

Spetchley Park, October 24th, 1847.

SIR,—You are at liberty to make the following correction of an error which appeared in your last Number, and which has been going the round of all the papers:—

Your most obedient,
GRANTLEY F. BERKELEY.

There is an erroneous statement in the last publication of "The Patrician," under the head of "Fragments of Family History," in regard to the Earldom of Berkeley.

It is there stated "that Berkeley Castle, *and all the broad demesnes of the family*, were bequeathed to the present Lord Fitzhardinge, by the will of the late Earl of Berkeley."

This is not the fact.

The whole of the London or Berkeley Square property remained, in conjunction with the family estates in Dorsetshire, attached to the Earldom of Berkeley, and consequently became the inheritance of the Hon. Thomas Moreton Fitzhardinge Berkeley, the present Earl *de jure*, who has not chosen to assume the family honours. This inheritance, he subsequently assigned, on attaining his majority, to the present Earl Fitzhardinge.

Digitized by Google

THEATRES.

The Opening of the Dramatic Season.

The Winter and its approach are now the time most propitious to the performance of the English drama. In the Spring and Summer the Italian Opera, at her Majesty's Theatre, absorbs every attention, and Shakspere's majestic echo is drowned in the enchanting melody of the land of song. Italy is, at this moment, silent for us, and Jenny Lind lives but in the recollection of her excellence and the hope of her return. The theatres which have recently re-opened are, those of the Haymarket, Sadler's Wells, and the Princess's. It is gratifying to see that at all these, the sound standard English drama forms the principal attraction. Shakspere and Sheridan are once more in the ascendant.

Farren, Mrs. Glover, Miss Faucet, and Mrs. Nisbett are at the Haymarket. "The School for Scandal" has been admirably acted there. Mr. Farren's son—Mr. Henry Farren—who now makes his first appearance on the stage, bears a strong resemblance to his father, and gives much promise of being a valuable acquisition to the Haymarket Theatre.

At the Princess's Theatre, Macready is performing "Macbeth;" Miss Cushman is the Lady Macbeth. Mr. Macready's mode of enacting the "fiend of Scotland," is too well known to need comment. The great tragedian has his wonted eloquence and energy.

At Sadler's Wells "Macbeth" is also continually represented; but here so great an improvement has been made in the manner of its performance, that we cannot but pause to point out the advantages in the alteration. Of all the scenic novelties introduced by Mr. Phelps, this change in Macbeth does him the highest credit. The play, with the exception of some absolutely necessary omissions, is acted exactly as Shakspere wrote it. The usual musical interpolation is left out, and whatever may be said to the contrary, Mr. Phelps is perfectly right in this. It is quite against taste to engraft an opera upon a tragedy, or to mix up, except in mere Vaudevilles, the singing with the spoken drama. This, moreover, is particularly wrong in Macbeth, for the music decidedly mars that rapidity of action which forms one of the finest characteristics of the play. In the representation at Sadler's Wells, the tragedy passes with that quick variety of incident which is so eloquently described by M. Schlegel in the following passage:—"The tragedy of 'Macbeth' strides forward with amazing rapidity from the first catastrophe, (for Duncan's murder may be called a catastrophe) to the last. 'Thought and done,' is the general motto; for, as Macbeth says—

> 'The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
> Unless the deed go with it.'

In every feature we see a vigorous heroic age in the hardy North, which steels every nerve. The precise duration of the action cannot be ascertained—years, perhaps, according to the story; but we know that to the imagination the most crowded appears always the shortest. Here we can hardly conceive how so very much can be compressed into so narrow a space; not merely external events, the very innermost recesses of the

Digitized by Google

minds of the persons of the drama are laid open to us. It is as if the drags were taken from the wheels of time, and they rolled along without interruption in their descent. Nothing can equal the power of this picture in the excitation of horror. We need only allude to the circumstances attending the murder of Duncan; the daggers that hover before the eyes of Macbeth; the vision of Banquo at the feast; the madness of Lady Macbeth; what can we possibly say on the subject that will not rather weaken the impression? Such scenes stand alone, and are to be found only in this poet; otherwise the tragic muse might exchange her mask for the head of Medusa."

The restoration of some scenes which are usually left out, is another improvement, and shews that Shakspere is far more right than those who would amend him. The appearance of a comic porter immediately after the murder is committed, may at first seem odd, yet it is strictly true to nature; the thing might have just happened so, and this very junction of the ludicrous with the horrible adds to the terror of the scene. It is this feature in Shakspere's works which Victor Hugo terms the "sublime of the grotesque." The introduction of the slaughter of Lady Macduff and her son, increases still more the intended impression of this darksome drama.

Phelps plays Macbeth well and forcibly. Lady Macbeth is somewhat beyond the softer style of Miss Addison's acting, yet she imparts her genius to it. In fine, by this production of Macbeth, Sadler's Wells has made a marked advance towards the restoration of superior dramatic acting.

At the Marylebone Theatre Mrs. Warner progresses successfully with true Shaksperian spirit.

Jullien's Concerts.

M. Jullien is always fortunate: he seems to possess some magical influence which never fails to command prosperity. He has opened Drury Lane with truly brilliant eclat. The house itself is magnificently decorated:—fashion has favoured it; crowds have crammed it from roof to foundation; the music of his famous concerts has had, if possible, more than its usual excellence and charm. Koenig, Richardson, and Prospere are again in all their glory. M. Jullien's mystic baton has indeed raised up an attraction greater than any that has come into action since the departure of Jenny Lind, and the close of Her Majesty's Theatre. Are we to ascribe these continual triumphs to some wondrous spell on the part of the maestro, or merely to that combination of talent, taste, and energy which has an odd knack of usually attaining its ends despite of every difficulty.

Digitized by Google

LITERATURE.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN. 8vo. London: Charles Knight.

THIS work unites amusement with instruction in a singular degree,—the very homeliness of the style lending it a fresh attraction, by being so much in character with the subject. Railways and steam-engines—mighty agents as they are, and perhaps even poetical in themselves—are yet too much mixed up with the thoughts and habits of every-day life to be fit subjects for rhetorical displays.

Each of the numbers before us contains four divisions, and we shall now endeavour to give a general idea of each, so far as our brief limits will allow us.

The first is called the "Road and the Railway," and a most delightful article it is, a sort of vivid phantasmagoria, in which the past and the present are made to pass before us with brilliant rapidity. First we are shewn the ancient Roman roads in our island; then the rude attempts at what may be called the early modern times; then we travel somewhat more smoothly over the original turnpike roads, the ground continuing to grow firm under our feet, till we find it macadamized; and lastly, we are hurled along the rails at the rate of from twenty to forty miles an hour. Indeed we should call this division the Chronicle of Roads, but that we fear many readers might infer from such a title that it was grave at least, if not dull. Now, it is anything but dull; a romance could not be more amusing; and in truth, though real, it has much of the same character. When the writer brings us from Bath or York to London in a journey of many days, now sticking in mud and mire, and now passing over miles of uncultivated land, the vehicle a heavy lumbering waggon—is not that romance? or when we see the squire on horseback, with his lady on a pillion behind him, rambling from their remote hall to the metropolis, and accompanied by a dozen followers—what is that but romance?

The second division is called the "Sail and the Steamer;" but though very pleasing, it does not exactly contain what might have been expected from the title. Little is said in it as to the steam-engine itself, either in regard to its history or construction; we seem rather to be brought back to what is understood in the general appellation of the work—"The Land we Live In," for the author first gives an account of the Clyde and of the eastern ports, then dilates upon the Thames and its traffic, as it was and as it is, presenting many charming pictures, and concludes with Southampton and the western ports.

The third division gives a hasty and yet comprehensive glance at the British Museum—as comprehensive at least as was compatible with the limits of the work and the magnitude of the subject. With all its abuses, this is a glorious institution; and when the commission which has been appointed by Government to investigate the present state of things shall have concluded its labours, no doubt such reforms will be made as to render it an honour to the country.

The last division of this part presents us with Richmond,—a place yet more interesting from its associations than from its local attractions. It

Digitized by Google

has been the theme of poets and the residence of sovereigns; and though such scenery must have charmed in whatever place it was met with, still its reputation has been much enhanced by its vicinity to London. In the palace here, Henry the Eighth entertained the great Emperor Charles, of Germany; and here, too, Elizabeth was at one time a prisoner, and at another the foremost sovereign of the world receiving noblemen and princes.

Part the Second opens with Windermere, and the various routes connected with it, some of which, we had almost said, are more interesting than the beautiful lake itself. "The Sands," as they are called, *par excellence*, have many a thrilling tale attached to them, fully realizing the so oft-repeated maxim,—that "truth is more wonderful than fiction." A touching instance of this kind may be found in the letters of the poet Gray, who visited the lake district in 1767.

"Oct. 11. Wind S.W.; clouds and sun; warm and a fine dappled sky; crossed the river (Lune), and walked over a peninsula three miles to Pooton, which stands on the beach. An old fisherman, mending his nets, (while I inquired about the danger of passing these sands) told me, in his dialect, a moving story; how a brother of the trade, a cockler (as he styled him), driving a little cart with two daughters (women grown) in it, and his wife on horseback following, set out one day to pass the Seven Mile Sands, as they had frequently been used to do; for nobody in the village knew them better than the old man did. When they were about half way over, a thick fog rose; and as they advanced they found the water much deeper than they expected. The old man was puzzled; he stopped, and said he would go a little way to find some mark he was acquainted with. They stayed a little while for him; but in vain. They called aloud; but no reply. At last the young women pressed their mother to think where they were, and go on. She would not leave the place; but wandered about, forlorn and amazed. She would not quit her horse, and get into the cart with them. They determined, after much time wasted, to turn back, and give themselves up to the guidance of their horses. The old woman was soon washed off, and perished. The poor girls clung close to their cart; and the horse, sometimes wading and sometimes swimming, brought them back to land alive, but senseless with terror and distress, and unable for many days to give any account of themselves. The bodies of their parents were found soon after (next ebb), that of the father a very few paces distant from the spot where he left them."

It would seem, however, that the danger, and with it the romance of the scene, is likely soon to pass away. The establishment of steam-boat transit from Fleetwood to Furness, in connection with railways at either end, and the project of a branch railway from Milnthorp to Ulverstone, will no doubt render this route but little frequented in times to come.

At length we are brought to the lake itself, the picture of which is so prettily as well as sensibly given, that it would be a downright wronging of the reader not to extract a portion of it at least for his amusement.

"It happens commonly with whatever is pre-eminently famous for beauty—whether a lovely woman, a fair scene, or a noble picture,—that the first view is disappointing. So is it often with 'the cliffs and islands of Winander.' Especially is Windermere disappointing to one accustomed to lake and mountain scenery. A vague indefinite notion has been formed which, under ordinary circumstances, is seldom realized. The lake is declared to be deficient in grandeur, the mountains are not near enough to the sky. Or worse, it is visited on a cold, dark, and misty day, and scarce anything is seen at all. In either case, or in any case, there is a sovereign remedy—patience, the first and main quali-

Digitized by Google

cation for the mountain traveller. You have only to wait, and a change will come. Wander awhile among the mountains, and gradually they will let you into their secrets. Day by day, and hour by hour, will the feeling of their might and majesty dawn more and more upon you, till, when their full glory is felt, you will wonder that ever you could have thought slightingly of even the meanest of them. And so of the weather. Do not imagine that because it is at this moment unfavourable, it will be so presently. In this region half-an-hour produces the wildest changes. In the morning early you start out,—after discreetly providing the inner man with a goodly Westmoreland breakfast,—hoping for a tolerable day of wandering. The sky is grey, the mist hangs heavily on the fells, but you trust it may clear up, and go on blithely. But the mist remains. Occasionally you climb the crags; once or twice you venture to a mountain summit; still the prospect is as dreary as that which met the anxious gaze of the ancient mariner:—

> 'The mist is here, the mist is there,
> The mist is all around:'

and you feel that, pretty as it is in a picture, graceful as it is in poetry, and much as it adds to the beauty of real scenery, you could be content to part with it for ever, so that it would leave you now. Steadily, steadily however, the mist thickens, till you learn to think better of a London fog. Anon the sky darkens, and first a slight and then a heavy rain sets in; and wet, and weary, and dull, you are glad ere mid-day is well over to take shelter by the snug fire of a village inn. You order, for sorrow is dry though your clothes are damp, a noggin of hot whisky, and, by the help of eggs, and rashers, and oaten cakes, manage to while away the dreary moments, and get rid of a little ill temper.

Feeling refreshed, you resolve to make the shortest cut to your own inn, and sally out pouring maledictions alike on the mists and the mountains—which you vow to quit by the next conveyance; when lo! before you reach the door, you catch sight of a streak of blue sky, and yonder is the peak of the fell with the mists crumbling away from it, and rolling hurriedly down its sides. Another and another mountain summit becomes visible. You hasten to ascend the nearest; and behold! the wide landscape is alive and gladdening in the brightness, and the blue lake rejoices as one newly awakened, and a glorious prospect spreads before you, such as shall live in your memory for ever. These are the moments worth journeying for It is not the most beautiful nor the grandest scene that is always the most memorable; but to be at one of those noble places, and see it in one of those seldom-caught moments, *that* is worth years of ordinary sight-seeing. And these moments often occur at times the most unpromising."

The second division gives us Sheffield—quite equal in interest to the lakes themselves, though the interest is of a different character. It will seem absurd to many if we even hint at poetry as being connected with the manufacture of steel and iron, for all mankind are more or less the slaves of habit, and the very clang of the workman's hammer is opposed in most minds to the sound of the lyre. They would willingly banish the muse of poetry to rocks and woods, or send her adrift upon the ocean; or, if they allow her to dwell in social life at all, it must be in the camp or in the palace. But this is a very vulgar error—the mere common-place of custom—the cry of those who fancy life has no other road but that which they have always travelled, and which their fathers and grandfathers trod before them.

Sheffield has been called "the metropolis of steel;" and to him who looks upon words as being something more than mere sounds, what a field for reflection does such a name offer! The mighty heart of this city is iron, while fire is the element that calls it into action—the Promethean

Digitized by Google

spark that animates the wonderful yet senseless body, and gives life to its pulsations.

The account of the different manufactures given in this article is more picturesque than scientific, and is therefore the better calculated to excite the reader's attention, by awakening his imagination. In so doing, the writer has evidently extended the sphere of his influence. Many will be tempted by these graphic descriptions, who would have turned from merely scientific details, as a thing in which they had no part or portion.

The third division of this part is devoted to Birkenhead, the young and enterprising rival of the mighty Liverpool. This admirable town or city—for in its rapid state of transition we hardly know how to name it—may be truly said to be a creation of yesterday, so suddenly has it started up from a humble village into a place of giant docks and merchant palaces, with wide and capacious streets, in which the pulse of life is beating quite as vigorously as in London. In this marvellous rapidity of growth it will remind the reader of the towns in America, which are on paper one day, and solid buildings on *terra firma* the next. There is, however, one grand distinction between them. The American towns are literally in the plight of the gentleman who much doubted whether he ever had a grandfather—they have no antecedent. Now, this is not altogether the case with Birkenhead: the ground on which it stands is hallowed by the recollections of other times, when monks and friars lorded it in this remote corner of Cheshire, till the hand of despotism drove them forth, to make way for men who had neither their legal nor moral claims to the possession.

The rise of Birkenhead is among the most interesting phenomena of topographical history; but this matter cannot be well understood without some knowledge of the peculiar locality as well as of its previous state, which are so admirably described by our author, that we can hardly do better than borrow from him so much as may give the reader at least a partial notion of the subject:—

"A map of Cheshire will shew that the north-western part of that county forms a curiously-shaped peninsula, bounded on the north-east by the Mersey, on the south-west by the Dee, and on the north-west by the sea. So far as the eye can detect, the Dee is quite as well fitted for commerce as the Mersey; its estuary is very much wider, and Chester is not so far from its mouth as to seem beyond the reach of shipping. Consequently we find that Chester was an important commercial city when Liverpool and its neighbours on the Mersey were all but unknown. But unfortunately for the supremacy of the old city, the Dee became by degrees so much choked up with sand, that navigation was brought nearly to an end; and the citizens had to cut an artificial channel, nine miles in length, along the marshes, in order to keep up any connexion at all with the sea. At high water, the mouth of the Dee forms a noble estuary, three miles in width; but at ebb tide it is nearly dry, and resembles an extensive dreary waste covered with sand and ooze, through which the river runs in a narrow and insignificant stream.

Commerce, being thus shoaled out from the Dee, left old-fashioned Chester, and took refuge in the Mersey; where Liverpool has shewn what wonders may be effected by untiring energy even on a shore troubled by many sand-banks and shallow spots. We propose not here to dwell upon these Liverpool marvels: our search is for a certain small stream which flows into the Mersey very near its mouth, from the Cheshire side. This is the Wallasey. All parties, historians and geologists, agree that the two counties of Cheshire and Lancashire, at one period, nearly joined where the Mersey now exists; and that the wide

Digitized by Google

estuary of the Mersey has been formed (geologically speaking, in a comparatively modern period) by some eruption of the sea. The estuary is believed to have been a sort of bog or morass, through which the narrow river flowed; but it is difficult now to say what connexion the ancient Wallasey Pool had with this morass. It is enough for our purpose to know, that at the present time, (or rather before the commencement of the recent operations) Wallasey Pool, situated a little to the north-west of the village of Birkenhead, was a low swampy spot, forming the estuary of a small river which emptied itself into the Mersey. The land had for ages not only been waste, but the tide had ebbed and flowed over it, without any effort having been made to reclaim the one or enclose the other.

"This swampy spot became the germ of the prosperity of Birkenhead. The name of Laird has for somewhat above twenty years been closely connected with all that concerns Birkenhead; and to the same name must we attach the largest share in the operations that led to the changes at Wallasey Pool. The late Mr. Laird, an iron ship-builder at Liverpool, purchased in 1824, of the lord of the manor of Birkenhead, several acres of land on the shores of the Pool, for the establishment of a ship-building yard; and it is said that he paid about fourpence per square yard for the land so purchased. From the outset he had been convinced that Wallasey Pool was admirably calculated to furnish a noble series of Docks; and very soon after the establishment of the ship-yard he, in conjunction with Sir John Tobin, purchased largely from the lord of the manor, and had the Pool carefully surveyed by Telford, Stevenson and Nimmo. These eminent engineers confirmed the correctness of Mr. Laird's opinion, by reporting most favourably of the capabilities of the Pool. The corporation of Liverpool, seeing the importance of the place, bought up nearly all the land surrounding the Pool, and were willing to give Mr. Laird *nine times* as much for his land as he had paid for it three years before. Whether the corporation intended to make docks there, or whether they bought up the land to *prevent* docks from being made there, we will not stop to inquire; but certain it is, that nearly twenty years elapsed before anything was done in furtherance of the original scheme for the docks."

Eventually the Corporation were induced to sell to Mr. Laird, though at an enormous advance of price, enough land for the construction of his intended docks, and from that moment may be dated the prosperity of Birkenhead. Wealth, talent, and energy, were now all called into action; and the enterprising directors, shaking off the trammels of custom, wisely and boldly profited by the errors as well as the genius that had been shewn in similar undertakings. One of the most remarkable features in the new scheme was the care with which they provided for the health and comfort of the numerous workmen employed upon works of so much magnitude:—

"These workmen's dwellings, then: what are they? One hardly knows at the first glance what to think of them. They are so totally unlike anything of the kind to which we have been accustomed, that a standard of comparison is not easily suggested. They are not rows of cottages containing two or three rooms each, fronted and backed by gardens. They are not scattered cottages, speckling a valley and the side of a hill, like so many of our pretty old English villages. On approaching near them, along one of the wide roads which will one day form a chief street of Birkenhead, they appear more like houses for the upper classes of society; and we feel puzzled how to associate them with the requirements and limited wants of a working population. If we look at the front and end elevations, there is, it must be owned, something out of the usual order of things, in respect to workmen's dwellings. Let us, then, look closer, and see what are the details of arrangement.

"In a part of Birkenhead quite aloof from the general buildings of the town,

Digitized by Google

and situated at least a couple of miles north-west of Woodside Ferry, is a beautiful Gothic Church, St. James's, now erecting from the designs of Mr. Lang. This church, when the vast scheme of the neighbourhood is completed, will occupy a centre, from which eight broad and handsome streets will radiate in as many different directions; so that the church will, by-and-bye, have one of the finest positions, relative to surrounding buildings, that can often fall to the lot of such a structure. One of these incipient streets, Illchester-road, and another westward of it, Stanley-road, enclose between them, at the end nearest the church, a triangular piece of ground; and as this ground is scarcely half a mile distant from the uppermost or inmost of the Dock Company's works, it was selected as the site of the workmen's dwellings. On the other hand, as the streets in the neighbourhood will probably ere long be occupied by good houses, either for shops or private residences, it seemed desirable that the workmen's dwellings should not, by anything mean or poverty-stricken in their appearance, clash with the general architectural appearance of the whole. This seems to have been one of the principles which guided the architect in the invention of his plans; and the result is a highly curious one. At the extreme corner, fronting the church, will be a school-house, capable of accommodating five hundred children; and at one of the other eight corners fronting the church, between Corporation-road and Vyner-street, will be the parsonage-house for the incumbent of the new church, when finished. Behind the school house are the workmen's dwellings, presenting a frontage, or, perhaps we may rather say, an end elevation, on two sides of a triangle; so arranged that the block of buildings altogether furnish 350 dwellings for workmen.

"In the first place, the block is divided by parallel avenues into five or six ranges of buildings. Each avenue is nicely paved and well drained, and has handsome iron gates at each end to keep out vehicles; thereby making the avenue a capital play-ground for children; while there is abundant room for foot-passage on either side of the gates; and the gates themselves can be opened, if occasion requires. In each of the avenues are the *fronts* of the houses on one side, and the *backs* of those on the other; so that no avenue need be over-crowded by the ingress and egress of the respective dwellers. All the avenues are named or numbered; and a general system, carried out by the proprietors, is adopted for the thorough cleansing and good keeping of the avenues, and of the outsides of the dwellings generally.

"Then, as to the houses themselves. It is obvious, at a glance, that they are planned on the French system, of having many complete dwellings in each house; but they have this most vital advantage over the large and lofty houses of Paris, that the most efficient and scrupulous provisions are made for insuring ventilation and drainage—the great source of mischief in ninety-nine hundredths of all our poorer dwellings. There are but three or four street-doors in each avenue; or, rather, there are no street-doors at all; for each house has a stone passage, open to the street, from whence the staircase and the doors to the separate dwellings proceed. Each house contains four floors, or flats, or stories, all above ground (for there are no underground kitchens or cellars); and each story is divided into two distinct dwellings, one on either side of the stone staircase that runs up the middle of the house. The rooms forming each dwelling open to each other; and a door, opening from the outermost of these rooms into the staircase, and properly provided with lock, bolts, keys, &c., forms, in fact, the street-door for the family inhabiting that dwelling. The whole group of houses, from end to end, are fire-proof, being formed of brick, stone, and iron, wood-work being provided only where, for domestic comfort, such an arrangement is desirable. And even where planking and other wood-work is to be seen, it is so backed by brick, or iron, or stone, that an accidental fire would soon be extinguished, for want of material to work upon."

Cambridge forms the last, and not the least interesting division of this part; but the space allotted to Birkenhead will not allow us to devote any attention to Alma Mater.

Digitized by Google

Part the Third contains Hampton Court, the Isle of Thanet, Manchester, and Norwich, all of them most attractive themes, but each of which would require a paper to itself, to do it anything like justice. We shall therefore pass over the three first with this brief allusion to them, and pause for a few moments upon Norwich, that city which was so characteristically described by Fuller, in his "British Worthies," as being "either a city in an orchard or an orchard in a city, so equally are houses and trees blended in it." Much of this character has ceased to exist in the present day, yet it still occupies an unusually large space in proportion to its population, and seen from a distance there is a considerable blending of trees and houses. It is only upon a nearer examination that we discover close and crowded districts, and that the impression made by the distant view is, if not destroyed, yet considerably weakened. The suburbs, however, are richly wooded, and the whole is situated in a fine open country, remarkable for its fertility.

Norwich was at one time the principal city in the East of England; its population is said to have been much greater than at the present day, but to have suffered considerable diminution in 1348 from the plague. This, however, does not seem very probable, as the number of houses has increased since then—a tolerably plain proof of an increasing population. The surest testimonial of its past greatness is the cathedral, which, though neither the largest nor finest in the country, is yet a magnificent and imposing edifice. It is surrounded too by everything that can enhance its interest—the beautiful gardens of the episcopal palace—the palace itself—the gateways leading to the cathedral precincts, with all their richness of architectural ornament—the chapel constructed upon one of its arches—the Sandling Ferry—and the Bishop's Bridge. Some of these objects have begun to shew that time has been at work upon them; but though we may regret the ignorant neglect that has allowed them to be thus fast going to ruin, yet it cannot be denied that the interest of the whole is infinitely increased by such touches of decay. The associations of other times gather more vividly about the old building as the ornaments crumble and the buttresses are broken; infirmity has hollowed it; decay has rendered it venerable; and a sort of sympathy arises with the senseless stone for the neglect it is enduring.

Six and thirty churches—an immense number for a city like Norwich—attest the piety of the past or present inhabitants. They belong to different ages, and of course exhibit different styles of architecture, and yet they have that family likeness amidst all their variety of feature, which is so aptly called by artists and antiquarians *provincialism*. We may observe as an instance of this, that not one of them has either spire or steeple, and most have square towers constructed of black flint, a few only having round towers. Many of these are highly interesting, and the same may be said of some of the churches, more particularly of St. Peter's, Mancroft, in which is the monument of Sir Thomas Browne, the celebrated author of *Hydriotaphia* and the *Inquiry into Vulgar Errors*.

We have thus given a very hasty and imperfect sketch of what may be expected in these interesting numbers, and now dismiss them with our warmest recommendations.

Digitized by Google

ANNOTATED OBITUARY.

Abbes, Rachel, wife of Brian Abbess, esq., J. P. for co. Durham, 8th September, at Cleadon House.

Aguilar, Grace, only dau. of the late Emanuel Aguilar, of Hackney, 10th September, aged 32.

Albertazzi, Madame, 25th Sept., aged 33, of rapid consumption. This favourite vocalist, whose maiden name was Howson, was born in 1814, and was placed by her father, a teacher of music, under Signor A. Costa, where she met with M. Albertazzi, to whom she was married at the early age of fifteen. After residing abroad for several years she made her debut at her Majesty's Theatre, the 19th of April 1837, in Rosini's "Cenerentola," and was highly successful. She sang frequently at the Ancient and Philharmonic Concerts, and in 1840, she was engaged at Drury Lane. She last year sang at the Princess's Theatre, but, in consequence of indisposition, her voice frequently failed her, and, at length she was obliged to relinquish all her dramatic engagements. Madame Albertazzi's voice was a mezzo-soprano inclining to the contralto, of a very extensive compass; and her style of singing, when in her zenith, was of the florid school. The manner of her execution of "Non piu mesta," on her appearance at the Italian Opera, created a perfect sensation; audiences were in raptures, and the press was loud in her praise.

Ashby, Robert, Esq., of Camberwell, 18th September, aged 68.

Atkinson, Joseph, Esq., of Sewardstone Green, near Waltham Abbey, 13th of October, aged 86.

Austria, the Archduke Frederick Ferdinand Leopold, fourth son of the late eminent Field Marshal, the Archduke Charles, uncle of the present Emperor, 5th inst. The Archduke Frederick was born on the 14th May, 1821; and, beside being a military officer, served in the Austrian navy. In 1844 he succeeded, as Commander-in-Chief of the Marine Forces of Austria in the Adriatic, to the late Admiral Bandiera the father of the unfortunate young men who were shot in Calabria. The Archduke Frederick died on the 5th instant, at Venice, of fever, or, as it is believed, by manyof cholera. His Imperial Highness was unmarried.

Awdry, William Henry, Esq., of the Paddocks, Wilts, 8th October. This gentleman was the member of an ancient and honourable house, whose ancestor came to this country in the retinue of William the Norman.

He was the third and last survivor of four sons, the issue of Ambrose Awdry, Esq., of Sund, by the daughter and heiress of John Deline, Esq., of Ronde Ford House, and Earl Stoke Park, in the same county. During many years he held the responsible office of Deputy Receiver General of Wilts, as well as several other important private trusts; and executed the duties of all with the zeal and integrity of a man of business, and the urbanity and complaisance of a gentleman. In every relation of life he was distinguished by conduct and habits the most amiable and unobtrusive, exemplary and pious; and to a nnmerous family (six sons and two daughters) he leaves the noble inheritance of a "good name."

Bannatyne, John, Esq., of Bernard-street, 7th Oct., aged 83.

Barclay, Emma Lucy, dau. of Robert Barclay, Esq., Banker, 21st Sept.

Barker, Ann, relict of the Rev. Alfred Barker, Landawie, co. Radnor, 19th October.

Barnes, Ada Mary, youngest dau. of John Barnes, Esq., of Chorley Wood House, Herts, 30th October, aged 10.

Barrett, Samuel, Esq., Lincoln's Inn, 15th September.

Barron, Edward, Esq., of Bloomsbury-square, 2nd October, aged 52.

Bateman, Emma, wife of the Rev. Gregory Bateman, M.A., Chaplain of Oatlands, V.D.L., 31st January.

Bayley, William, Esq., of Stretham and Tees, son of the late Dr. Bayley, 5th October, aged 54.

Beckett, Mary, relict of the late John Beckett, Esq., 27th Sept., at Herfuld, Sussex, aged 90.

Bennett, John, Esq., of Ipswich, 22d Sept.

Bevington, Henry, Esq., formerly of Camberwell, 16th Sept., at the Island of Sark, aged 45.

Birch, Jonathan, Esq., of London, at the Royal Palace, Bellevue, near Berlin, 8th Sept.

Bishop, the Rev. William, M.A., of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, 15th Oct., aged 29, at Portsmouth.

Bjornstjerna, Count, at Stockholm. His Excellency Count Bjornstjerna was am-

Digitized by Google

bassador from Sweden at the Court of St. James's, General Inspector of Artillery, and Knt. of various Orders. This distinguished soldier and able diplomatist was son of the late Count Bjornstjerna, Swedish Ambassador of the Diet of Rosenburg, by his wife Wilhelmina Van Hager, a German lady. He was born 20th Oct., 1779, and early entered the military service of his country. In 1808, he fought with distinction in the campaign against Russia; and in 1813, went to Hamburg, and with his regiment occupied Vierlander. He served likewise in the battles of Dennewetz and Leipsic; and concluded the Lubeck capitulation with Lallemand, and the armistice with the Prince of Hesse. Count Bjornstjerna was known as a writer on politics, and national economy, and published several works on the East Indies.

Blick, J. G., Esq., of the Middle Temple, Special Pleader, 21st Oct.

Boddington, Susannah, dau. of the late Thomas Boddington, Esq., 5th Oct.

Bosanquet, the Rt. Hon. Sir John Bernard, late Judge of Common Pleas, 25th Sept. This learned Judge, who sat on the Bench of the Common Pleas for twelve years, from 1830 to 1842, received his education at Christ Church, Oxford; was called to the Bar in 1800; obtained the Coif in 1814; and became King's Sergeant in 1827. In 1835 and 1836, he was one of the Commissioners for executing the office of Lord Chancellor. Sir John Bosanquet descended from an ancient family of Languedoc. His immediate ancestor David de Bosanquet, sought refuge in England at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and married, in 1697, an English lady, Elizabeth, daughter of Claude Hayes, Esq. By her he left several children, the eldest of whom, David Bosanquet, a merchant of London, gained distinction as an antiquary; many of the most valuable of the Greek Medals in the Hunterian Museum were collected by him, during his travels. This gentleman's next brother, Samuel, of the Forest House, Essex, was father of Samuel Bosanquet, Esq., Governor of the Bank, A.D. 1792, who, in that year presided at the memorable meeting of the merchants, bankers, and traders of the city of London, held for the purpose of declaring their attachment to the British Constitution, as established in 1688, in opposition to the republican principles of the French Revolution. This eminent banker died in 1806, leaving, by Eleanor his wife, daughter of Henry Lanney Hunter, Esq., three sons: Samuel, of the Forest House, Essex, and of Dingestow, co. Monmouth; Charles, of the Rock, Northumberland; and John-Bernard, the learned Judge, whose death we record. His Lordship married, in 1804, Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Richard Lewis, Esq., of Llantillo Grossenny, and had one son Lewis Bernard, who predeceased his father, without issue.

Bourchier, Emma Audrey, youngest dau. of the late James Bourchier, Esq., of Little Berkhampstead, 18th Oct.

Burgess, John, Esq., at St. Leonard's, Bucks, 13th Oct., aged 74.

Burgoyne, Thomas John, Esq., of Strafford-place, Oxford-street, 20th Oct., aged 72. Mr. Burgoyne has died deeply lamented. He claimed descent from John, second son of Sir John Burgoyne, Bart., of Sutton Park, co. Bedford. He leaves two sons, Thomas and John Charles, and several daughters. He was the trustee (with the late Dr. Otter, Bishop of Chichester) of the Charities for Sutton, bequeathed by his kinsman, Montagu Borgoyne, Esq.

Burn, Sarah Sophia, wife of John S. Burn, Esq., 21st Sept.

Byles, Nathaniel Byles, Esq., of the Hill House, Ipswich, 26th Sept., aged 75.

Cabell, Thomas S., Esq., of Clapham, and formerly of the East India House, 6th Oct.

Campbell, Capt. James, R.N., 2d Oct.

Campbell, Elizabeth Hume, wife of Archibald Campbell, Esq., of Glendaruel, at Glendaruel, Argyleshire, 16th September, daughter of Dr. Hume, of Curzon-street, London.

Capper, Samuel James, Esq., at Leyton, Essex, 12th Oct., aged 57.

Capron, John Skuckburgh, Esq., late of the 23d Royal Welch Fusileers, and a Captain in the Northamptonshire Militia, 18th Sept., at Southwick Hall, aged 32.

Cave, Louisa Rosamond, eldest dau. of Sir John Cam Browne Cave, 39th Sept., aged 28.

Claughton, Miss, 5th Oct., aged 68.

Cooper, Charlotte Matilda, wife of William Cooper, Esq., of Turnham Green, 15th Oct.

Coulthart, William, Esq., of Coulthart, co. Wigtown, and of Collyn, co. Dumfries, Chief of the name Coulthart, on the 7th of October, at his residence, Pasture House, co. Cumberland. This gentleman was born in 1774, and, like many of the landed gentry, the incidents of his well-spent life were chiefly confined to his native county. There, however, he was well known by his agricultural improvements, charitable

Digitized by Google

donations, superior intelligence, and high moral rectitude. Few men, comparatively speaking, ever enjoyed so large a share of private esteem and regard as did Mr. Coulthart, and his deeply regretted death has created a blank amongst his friends, and in the neighbourhood where he resided, that is never likely to be filled up. He was the sole surviving son and heir of the late William Coulthart, Esq., of Coulthart, by Janet, his wife, daughter of John Macnaught, Esq., of Milton Hall, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, and was thus, paternally, the direct lineal descendant of that ancient and honourable Scottish chieftain, Sir Roger de Coulthart, knight, who distinguished himself at the Battle of Aberbrothic, 13th January, 1445–6, and fell at the siege of Roxburgh Castle, 17th Sept. 1460. By Helen, his wife, (who survives him), daughter of the late John Ross, Esq., of Dalton, co. Dumfries, a descendant of the Rosses, of Hawkshead, co. Renfrew, and a collateral relation of the Boyles, Earls of Glasgow, Mr. Coulthart has left a son and a daughter, namely Mr. John Ross Coulthart, of Croft House, Lancashire, who succeeds to the estates of the family and the chiefship of the name; and Margaret, wife of James Macguffie, Esq., of Bolton-wood House, co. Cumberland.

Crawford Charles Venner, Esq., formerly of the India House, 8th Oct., at Bristol, aged 47.

Cristall, Joshua, one of the originators of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, and many years President of that Institution, at his residence St. John's Wood, on the 8th Oct., aged 80.

Croft, Margaret, relict of the late Sir Richard Croft, Bart., M. D., 24th Sept.

Crook, James Martin, Esq., of Brook-st., late of Bletchingly, 28th Sept.

Croucher, Joseph, Esq., late of James's-street, Buckingham Gate, 16th Oct., aged 48.

Curran, Miss Amelia, at Rome, 30th Oct.

Curzon, Alfred, only child of the Hon. Sidney Roper Curzon, 3d Oct., aged 6.

Custance, A. F., King's Scholar, Eton, 16th Sept., aged 18.

Dallas, Marianne, wife of the Rev. Alexander Dallas, Rector of Wonston, Hants, 6th Oct.

Dashwood, Vice Admiral Sir Charles, K.C.B., 21st Sept.

Davies, the Rev. James, M.A., Rector of Shire, Newton, &c., 19th Sept

Dawes, the Rev. William, Rector of St. John's, Montreal, 5th Sept., aged 38.

Dealtry, the Venerable Archdeacon, Rector of Clapham, 15th Oct. Dr. Dealtry, a sound Churchman, a classical scholar, and an eloquent Divine, has died deeply and sincerely lamented. The melancholy event occurred at Brighton, on the 16th instant. He received his education at the University of Cambridge, where he graduated in 1796, as Second Wrangler, and where he afterwards obtained a Fellowship at Trinity College. The important Rectory of Clapham he held for thirty years, and to the ministerial duties of that large parish he was incessant in his devotion. On the preferment of Dr. Wilberforce to the see of Oxford, Dr. Dealtry was appointed to the Archdeaconry of Surrey; and in a visitation charge delivered almost immediately after by the newly-consecrated Diocesan, his Lordship spoke in the highest terms of the Archdeacon, alluding to him "as one of the most practical men in the Church, an accomplished scholar, a sound Divine, a generous friend, and one deeply imbued with that holy faith of which he was the eloquent expounder." By his death, the Rectory of Clapham, as well as the Archdeaconry of Surrey, become vacant. The latter is in the gift of the Bishop of Winchester.

Dickers, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Samuel Trevor, K.C.H., Senior Col. Commandant of Royal Engineers, 11th Oct., aged 83.

Donald, Mrs., relict of the late Capt. James Donald, 94th Regt., 23d Oct.

Douglas, Major Charles, of Her Majesty's 61st Regiment, eldest son of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Howard Douglas, Bart., G.C.B., at Umballa, on the 29th of July.

Dowler, John, Esq., 1st Oct., at Ashingthon, Essex, aged 36.

Duff, Mary Barbara, elder dau. of Charles Robert Duff, Esq., of Dundee, 7th Oct.

Dyne, Mrs. Lucy, at Hammersmith, 15th Oct.

East, Lillie Campbell, wife of Charles W. C. East, Esq., Lieut. H.M. 15th Regt., 3d August, at Candy, Ceylon.

English, Mrs. Thomas, at Spring gardens, near Hull, 26th Sept., aged 70.

Essex, Timothy, Esq., Music Doctor of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, 27th Sept., aged 83.

Fernandes, Alexander, Esq., Deputy Commander General, 23d Sept., at Spa, Belgium, aged 82.

Fisher, Isaac, Esq., 9th Oct., at Lenton Abbey, near Nottingham.

Fisher, Major Thomas, Commander 1st Assam Light Cavalry, eldest son of the late Thomas Fisher, of London, 24th July, at Assam.

Digitized by Google

Fletcher, Henry, Esq., many years Capt. 77th Regiment, 17th Sept., aged 90.

Flood, Henry Scott, Esq., of Withycombe Cottage, near Exmouth, 26th Sept.

Foakes, John, Esq., at Woodstead, co. Norfolk, 8th Oct., aged 58.

Forbes, the Rev. Dr., 13th Oct. This learned and able Professor for thirty years filled the Chair of Humanity in King's College, Aberdeen. Dr. Forbes was not only a good scholar in the common acceptation of the word, but had devoted a great deal of time to scientific pursuits, in which his excellence was so marked, that the Senatus unanimously appointed him to lecture on Chemistry. "In this department," says a Northern Contemporary, "and, indeed, in everything connected with the progress of the human mind, the departed gentleman displayed great ingenuity and thorough independence of thought." At one time, Dr. Forbes performed the duties of minister at Boharm, but he was afterwards removed to Old Aberdeen.

Garnier, the Right Hon. Lady Harriet, at Tunbridge Wells, 10th Oct., relict of the late Rev. Wm. Garnier, of Rookesbury, in the county of Hampshire. Her ladyship was eldest daughter of the Hon. Brownlow North, late Lord Bishop of Winchester, and sister of the Earl of Guildford.

George, Mrs. Samuel, of Denmark Hill, Camberwell, 28th Sept.

Gibson, Robert, Esq., late Battalion Surgeon of the Grenadier Guards, aged 63, 16th Oct.

Giles, Anne Mary, dau. of James Giles, Esq., late of Haling Park, Croydon, 30th Sept.

Glascock, Wm. Nugent, Esq., Capt. R.N. This amusing writer, whose nautical novels and frequent contributions to periodical literature have so long delighted the public, died in Ireland a short time since. He had quitted Dublin apparently in perfect health and spirits, to pay a visit to his relations at Ballynrowan, near Baltinglass, but on stepping from the stage coach into a friend's carriage, he was seized with apoplexy, and died almost immediately. The gallant officer, whose commission as Lieutenant in the Royal Navy, bears date in 1808, stood high in the estimation of his profession, and the admiralty. In 1801, he fought in the *Vengeance* at Copenhagen; was Mate of the *Barfleur* in Sir Robert Calder's action, and served, while Lieutenant of the *Denmark*, in the Walcheren expedition. In 1832, he was posted from the *Orestes* for his firm and prudent conduct in command of a squadron of small vessels in the Douro, during the struggle between Dons Pedro and Miguel. A few days before his death, Captain Glascock had left Newry on retiring from the office of Inspector under the Poor Relief Act; and the fact of his having been presented with twenty-two public addresses from his District Committees, proves he was eminently calculated to command and to excite the co-operation of those who served with him. He leaves a widow and family.

Gordon, The Right Hon. Sir Robert, G. C.B., late H.B.M., Ambassador at Austria, 8th Oct. This distinguished Diplomatist died suddenly, at Balmorral, Aberdeenshire. He was younger brother of the present Earl of Aberdeen, being fifth son of George, Lord Haddo, by Charlotte, his wife, youngest dau. of William Baird, Esq., of Newbyth. Sir Robert, who was born in 1791, graduated at Christ Church, Oxford, and entered the diplomatic service in 1810, when he accompanied the embassy to Persia. He subsequently acted as Secretary of Legation and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Hague; and, in the latter capacity, represented, for ten years, his Sovereign at the Court of Vienna. In 1826 he proceeded to Brazil, as Envoy Extraordinary; and, in 1828, was appointed Ambassador to Constantinople. His last official appointment was the important one of Ambassador Extraordinary to the Emperor of Austria.

Greenhill, Eliza Jane, wife of C. B. Greenhill, Esq., Ordnance Storekeeper, Corfu, 31st Aug.

Gribble, John Baker, Esq., late of Trinity College, Cambridge, 21st Sept., aged 29.

Grierson, Andrew, of Edinburgh, 23rd Sept.

Grimble, William, Esq., of Albany-street, 14th Oct., aged 51.

Grimwood, Thomas, Esq., of Woodbridge, Suffolk, 18th Sept., aged 65.

Grosett, Rear Admiral Walter, 21st Sept., aged 80.

Haden, Annie, wife of the Rev. J. Clarke Haden, Rector of Hutton, Essex, 24th Sept.

Hall, William, Esq., of Leyton, Essex, 11th Oct., aged 89.

Hann, Maria Emma, youngest dau. of George Hann, Esq., of Greenwich, 19th Oct., aged 17.

Hardurck, Alfred, Esq., M.D., at Kensington, 8th Oct., aged 59.

Harris, Henrietta St. Clair, wife of Dr. Harris, and dau. of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Kelly, at Boulogne, 17th Oct.

Digitized by Google

Harvey, Commander Charles Bernard, R.N., 4th Oct., aged 63.

Haynes, Elizabeth, relict of David Haynes, Esq., of Tillingbourne Lodge, Surrey, 27th Sept.

Hayward, Richard, Esq., Colonial Surveyor and Engineer for Sierra Leone, 2nd July, at Sierra Leone.

Hayward, Charles A., Esq., 3rd Oct., at Bayswater.

Hele, Sarah, wife of the Rev. George Selly Hele, and youngest dau. of the late William Stanford, Esq., of Preston, 4th Oct.

Henry, Mary, wife of Captain Clifford Henry, 48th Regiment, 11th Oct., aged 25.

Herbert, Horatio, Esq., of Oxford-terrace, 12th Oct., aged 57.

Heron, Catherine Jane, youngest dau. of the late Major Basil R. Heron, of the Royal Artillery, 23rd Sept.

Hill, Mrs. James Barton, 7th Oct.

Hillas, Captain, 26th Sept., at Bayswater, aged 77.

Hodgson, the Rev. William, D.D., Master of St. Peter's, Cambridge, 16th Oct. Dr. Hodgson was the thirty-seventh Master of St. Peter's, since the foundation of the College. At the period of his decease, he was in the forty-seventh year of his age, and the tenth of his mastership. His entrance at the University bears date in 1819, and his Bachelor's degree in 1823—a year known as "Airey's year," from the fact of the Astronomer Royal having been Senior Wrangler on that occasion. Mr. Hodgson held the place of Eleventh Wrangler. In 1826, he proceeded to his Master's degree; in 1833, was created B.D.; and, in 1838, obtained the Presidency of St. Peter's, at the death of the Venerable Dr. Barnes; and, very shortly after, he became D.D. Few members of the learned community of which he formed part were more universally beloved and respected. For some time past, he had been in a declining state of health, but no immediate danger was apprehended until shortly before the fatal termination of his illness. The College Chapel will be hung with black, and all outward testimonies of respect to the deceased Principal will be observed by the authorities. Dr. Hodgson married, in 1838, Charlotte, daughter of General Tarleton, of Chester, and leaves issue, two sons and one daughter.

Hood, Mrs. Henry S., eldest dau. of the late John Sweeting, Esq., of Huntingdon, 4th Oct., aged 27.

Hood, Mrs. Charlotte, at Ramsgate, 4th Oct.

Horseley, the very Rev. Heneage, Dean of Brechin, 6th Oct., aged 72.

Howard, Henry, Esq., R.A., 5th Oct., aged 77. Mr. Howard, the Royal Academician, was Secretary to the Academy, and the Professor of Painting in that Institution. The professional career of this distinguished artist commenced in 1794, when he sent from Rome, where he was then residing, "The Dream of Cain," from Gesner's, "Death of Abel," for the Royal Academy Exhibition of that year. In the following season he was living in the Strand, and exhibited at Somerset House "Puck," from "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Ariel and Satan awakening in the Burning Lake," and, for nearly forty years, he continued to contribute without intermission to the annual displays of the Royal Academy. In 1801 he was elected an associate; and, in 1808, an Academician of that Corporation; and, at the period of his decease, was the third senior Royal Academician On the death of Mr. Richards, in 1811, Mr. Howard was appointed Secretary to the Academy, the duties of which office he continued to discharge till his advanced years rendered the services of a deputy necessary, and Mr. Knight was nominated as such. Mr. Howard filled for some years the important office of Professor of Painting to the Academy, to which he was appointed in 1833. Although devoted throughout a long life to the poetic portion of his art, Mr. Howard at one time applied much of his practice to portrait painting. Numerous and excellent as were his early productions, he does not appear to have met with many patrons. One, however, was a host in himself, and this was Sir John Soane, who was a valued friend. Several of Mr. Howard's pictures now adorn the Soane Museum in Lincoln's-inn-fields.

Howard, Henrietta Maria Charlotte, relict of the late Edmund Alexander Howard, Esq., of Thropnall Hall and York-place, 27th Sept.

Hume, Anne, relict of the Rev. Thomas Henry Hume, late one of the Canons Residentiary of Salisbury, at Torquay, after a short illness, 13th Oct., aged 78.

Jackson, Frances Amelia, the beloved wife of Thomas Jackson, Esq., and only daughter of the late Mr. Geo. William Prall of Fleet street, London, on the 24th of August last, at Bathurst, on the River Gambia, in the 22nd year of her age.

Keddel, Ambrose, Esq., 7th October, aged 79.

Digitized by Google

King, the Rev. Thomas, aged 78, at Bedford, 13th Oct.

Kerby, Capt. Waller, 29th Regiment, 4th Aug., in India, aged 27.

Ladbroke, Henry, Esq., 7th Oct., aged 74.

Laing, Mrs. Margaret, of Villiers street, Strand, 14th Oct.

Laking, Mrs., relict of the late Francis Laking, Esq., at Brompton, 21st Sept.

Lancaster, Emma Elizabeth, eldest dau. of John Lancaster, Esq., of Odiham, Hants.

Leece, Mrs., at Queen Anne street, 19th Sept., aged 93.

Lewis, Herbert, Esq., Alderman of Reading, 31st Sept., aged 71.

Lobb, Charles Graham, son of William Lobb, Esq., 18th Oct., aged 15.

Locke, Henry Sampson, Esq., youngest son of the late John Locke, Esq., of Walthamstow, Essex, 10th Oct., aged 50.

Lofft, Robert Emlyn, Esq., of Troston Hall, near Bury St. Edmunds, 20th Sept., aged 64.

Lowry, James, Esq., Com. R.N., 8th Oct.

Mac-Alester, Charles Somerville, of Loup, at his residence, Kennox House, Ayrshire, on Friday, 7th Oct., in the 83rd year of his age. This gentleman, Lieut.-Colonel-Commandant of the 1st Regiment of Ayrshire Local Militia, and a Deputy Lieut. of the County, was Chief of the Clan Allaster of Kintyre, and descended in a direct line from Alexander, eldest son of Angus Mor, Lord of the Isles, A. D. 1824. He married, in 1796, Janet, dau. and heiress of William Somerville, of Kennox, who still survives him. By this lady he had three daughters and two sons, the eldest of whom, Charles Somerville Mac-Alester, succeeds to the honours and estates.

Mackay, Lieut.-Colonel John, 82nd Regiment, 9th July, at the age of 62 years, of an attack of dysentery, at London, Upper Canada, where his regiment was stationed. Colonel Mackay, who was the only son of the late Rev. John Mackay, Rector of Loughgeil, in the co. of Antrim, entered the army in the year 1804, at the early age of 18, as Ensign in the 82nd Regiment, and had, therefore, served upwards of 42 years. He took part in nearly the entire of the Peninsula War; was present at the seige and capture of Ciudad, Rodrigo, Talavera, &c.; was twice wounded at Barossa, and was specially complimented by General Grahame, for his gallant conduct upon that occasion. He fought also at the battle of Corunna, where General Sir John Moore fell; and, at the siege of Copenhagen, he volunteered, and led the Forlorn Hope, which, at his special request, was entirely composed of Irishmen. He accompanied his regiment to America in the last war, and was present at the battles of Quebec, Niagara, Montreal, &c.; subsequently, after remaining thirteen years in the Mauritius, and seven years in Jamaica, he was on duty for the second time, in North America, where he fell a victim to the pestilence and disease with which that country has been unfortunately visited this last summer. Though a rigid disciplinarian, Colonel Mackay was greatly beloved by his officers and men. His family, which was a branch of the ancient and noble family of Mackay, Lords of Rea, in Scotland, settled at an early period in Lisburn, in the co. of Antrim. His grandfather, Joseph Mackay, Esq., was magistrate of the county for upwards of forty years; and removed from Lisburn to the town of Antrim, where he possessed considerable property. Colonel Mackay died unmarried; and his property is inherited by the children of his only sister, who was married to Dr. O'Neil, of Comber, co. of Down.

Mackenzie, John Andrew, Esq., at St. Helens, Jersey, 25th Sept.

Mackintosh, James, infant son of H. E. Robert James Mackintosh, Governor of St. Christophers, 29th Aug.

Mathias, Jane, wife of Major William Mathias, 62nd Regiment, 21st of Sept.

Maynard, Georgina, wife of Charles Maynard, Esq., J.P., 22nd of July, at Graham's Town, Cape of Good Hope.

M'Clintosh, Elizabeth Katherine, wife of G. F. M'Clintosh, Bengal Civil Service, 5th Aug.

M'Cormick, George, son of the late William M'Cormick, Esq., of Upper Gower street, formerly of the Island of St. Croix, 11th Oct., aged 42.

M'Nair, Philip Barton, third son of the late Lieut-Colonel James M'Nair, K.H., 73rd Regiment, of Greenfield, near Glasgow, at Argyne-house, Argyleshire, 11th Oct., aged 19.

Meek, Daniel B., Esq., of Holmesdale House, Rutfield, Sussex, 18th Oct., aged 38.

Meriton, Jane, relict of the late Capt. R. Meriton, E. I. C., 11th Oct.

Miles, Lieut. James, 29th Bombay, H. I.

Miley, Anne, wife of Miles Miley, Esq., at Kensington, 14th Oct.

Mitchell, Mrs. Jemima, 27th Sept.

Moeller, Sir Lewis, K.G.H., 24th Sept. aged 77.

Digitized by Google

Moggridge, the Rev. W. H., M.A., at Streatham, 15th Oct.

Morgan, Mary Anne Susanna, eldest dau. of Charles Morgan, Esq., of Bedford Row, 16th Oct.

Morgan, John, Esq., Member of Council, R. C. Surgeons, &c., 4th Oct., at Tottenham.

Morrison, Lamare, Esq., of Gray's Inn, 27th Sept., aged 33.

Moss, Mrs. Sophia, of Sloane street, 30th Sept.

Neville, Julia, 5th dau. of the late Jonathan Neville, Esq., of Highbury place, 28th Sept.

Nicholas, Captain, at Bath, 14th Oct., aged 75. He was formerly in the 3rd Regiment of Foot, (or Buffs), and served with Lord Hill's division of the army throughout the Peninsula war, at the close of which, through ill-health, he retired into the 2nd R. V. B.

Nockalls, Lewis, Esq., Architect, 13th Oct., aged 59.

Norderling, Capt., of the Swedish Life Guards, at Stockholm, 10th Sept.

North, Miss Mary, of Clapham Common, 29th Sept., aged 67.

Oddie, Henry Boyle, Esq., of Colney House, Herts, 22nd Sept., aged 69.

Oddy, Samuel Augustus, Esq., late of Brighton and Islington, 10th Oct.

O'Gorman, Charles T. Esq., late H. B. M. Colonel-General in Mexico, 29th Sept.

Ottey, Anna Frederica, wife of Lieut.-Colonel Philip D. Ottey, Bombay Army, 25th Sept.

Panlet, the Lady Charles, at Lombardy, 6th Oct.

Peake, Richard Brinsley, Esq., 4th Oct., aged 55.

Penn, Isabella, relict of the late Granville Penn, Esq., of Stoke Park, Bucks, 30th Sept., aged 76.

Pennington, Miss, formerly of Kensington, 25th Sept.

Percvia, Lieut.-Colonel, Bengal Artillery, at Calcutta, 9th Aug.

Perigal, Arthur, Esq., at Edinburgh, 19th Sept, aged 63.

Perkins, Ambrose Douglas, Esq., at Darlington, 13th Oct., aged 20.

Phillips, the Rev. George Peregrine, M.A., Curate of Glenfield, co. Leicester, 25th Sept.

Philips, Sir George, Bart., 3rd Oct., aged 81. This gentleman was only son of the late Thomas Philips, Esq., of Sedgley, by Mary, his wife, dau. and heir of John Rider, Esq., of Manchester; and grandson of John Philips, Esq., of Heath House, co. Stafford, the representative of a family, seated, for some centuries, in that county. Sir George obtained his Baronetcy by creation, 21st Feb., 1828. He married, 16th Oct., 1788, Sarah Anne, eldest dau. of Nathaniel Phillips, Esq., of Hollinghurst; and by her, who died in 1844, has left an only son, the present Sir George Richard Philips, second Baronet of Weston and Sedgley, who has long had a seat in the House of Commons, as Member, successively, for Steyning, Kidderminster, and Poole. He is married to the eldest daughter of the second Lord Waterpark, and has three daughters, the eldest of whom married, in 1839, Adam, Viscount Duncan. Mr. Mark Philips, the late representative in Parliament for Manchester, is nearly related to the Baronet's family.

Pigott, Sir Thomas, Bart., 7th Oct. This gentleman was eldest son of the late Sir Thomas Pigott, of Knapton, on whom the title of Baronet was conferred in 1808, and grandson, maternally, of the Right Hon. Thomas Kelly, one of the Judges of the Common Pleas in Ireland. The family from which he derived, a scion of the Pigotts of Dysart, claimed descent from Picot, Baron de Boorne, in Normandy, one of the forty knights who accompanied William the Conqueror. Sir Thomas, born 12th October, 1796, served early in life in the Horse Guards, in which distinguished regiment he attained the rank of Captain. He married, 24th Oct., 1831, Georgiana-Anne, daughter of William Brummell, Esq., of Wivenhoe, Essex, and has left issue. His decease occurred at Dullingham House, near Newmarket, the seat of his brother, William Pigott, Esq.

Poole, Barnet M., Esq., 17th Oct., aged 47.

Powell, Philip, Esq., late of H. M. Theatre, and the Philharmonic and Ancient Concerts, 15th Oct.

Prescott, William Budd, Esq., at Everton, near Liverpool, 26th Sept.

Price, Richard Alexander, Esq., Barrister at Law, at Boulogne, 27th Sept.

Ravenor, George, Esq., of Brompton, 5th Oct., aged 54.

Ray, Major-General Philip, at Eldo House, 14th Oct., aged 72.

Renell, William Trehawke, Esq., 26th Sept., aged 60.

Revell, Henry R., Esq., of Round Oak, Egham, 2nd Oct., aged 80.

Rickerby, Mrs. Francis, of Sloane street, 8th Oct.

Ricketts, Thomas, Esq., late of the R. N., 27th Sept., aged 86.

Robinson, Elizabeth, relict of the late

Digitized by Google

Nicholas Robinson, Esq., of Great Marlow, 16th Oct., aged 73.

Robinson, Sir Richard, Bart., 2nd Oct., Sir Richard was eldest son of the late Sir John Robinson, Bart., of Rokeby Hall, who was created a Baronet in 1819, under the designation, having changed his patronymic of Friend for the surname of his maternal ancestors, his mother, Grace, having been sister of Richard Robinson, Lord Rokeby, Archbishop of Armagh. Sir Richard was born 4th of March, 1787, the eldest of eighteen children, and married, in 1813, the lady Helena Eleanor Moor, daughter of Stephen, second Earl of Mount Cashel, by whom he has left, with other issue, a son and successor, the present Sir John Stephen Robinson, Bart., of Rokeby, an officer in the 60th Rifles, who is married to Miss Denny, granddaughter of the celebrated Lord Collingwood. The deceased Baronet, who succeeded to his father's estate in 1832, was a Deputy Lieutenant of the county in which he resided, and served as its High Sheriff in 1844.

Rochfort, Brevet-Major Cowper, 27th Regiment of Madras Native Infantry, 7th July.

Rolfe, widow of the late Capt. Rolfe, of the Tower Hamlets Militia, 30th Sept.

Rooke, William Miche, Esq., Professor of music, 14th Oct. This eminent musician and composer was a native of Ireland, and was deservedly esteemed and admired in his profession. Many popular vocal pieces were of his composition. His two operas, "Henrique" and "Amelie," especially the latter, had signal success. As a teacher of music, Mr. Rooke, counted among his pupils Balfe, Hughes (the leader of Drury-Lane), the tenor Harrison, and Miss Forde (a well-known clever actress and singer). Mr. Rooke's death occurred at his residence, at Walham Green, after several months of intense suffering. He was in his 55th year, and he leaves a widow and numerous family to lament his loss.

Ross, William, Esq., formerly of Great Marlborough-street, 1st Oct., at Belmont House.

Rosser, Richard, Esq., of Southampton-row, 30th Sept., aged 90.

Sadler, Anne, relict of the Rev. James Hayes Sadler, of Keynsham, Bury, 27th Sept.

Sandford, Mrs. John, dau. of the late Charles Bicknell, Esq., of Spring-gardens, 25th Sept.

Sapte, Anthony Meek, aged 21, fourth son of Francis Sapte, Esq., of Eaton-place, 2d Oct., at Florence.

Schonswar, Lydia, wife of George Schonswar, Esq., at Cheltenham, 28th Sept.

Scott, the Rev. Alexander, 30th Sept, at Bootle, co. Cumberland, aged 68.

Selby, James Hull, fifth son of the late Predeaux Selby, Esq., of Maidenhead, 24th May, at Quebec.

Seymour, Henry Augustus, Esq., 17th Sept., aged 76.

Simpson, Mrs., of Cartislo and Bowness, co. Cumberland, 22d Sept., aged 85.

Slade, James Frederick, eld. son of Stephen Slade, esq., of Argyle-street, 13th Oct.

Slade, Elizabeth Anne, dau. of the late Rev. William Slade, 22d Sept.

Soady, John, of the Indian Navy, son of Capt. John Soady, R.N., lost in the *Cleopatra*, in April.

Smith, Capt. Thomas, R.N., of Woodlands, co. Surrey, 19th Sept., aged 57.

Smythe, Robert, Esq., of Methven, 5th Oct. Mr. Smythe of Methven, a Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant for Perthshire, succeeded to the estate at the decease of his father, David Smythe, titulary Lord Methven, in 1806. He was born in 1778, married twice, but had no issue.

Stephens, Elizabeth, relict of the late Capt. Stephens, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, 10th Oct.

Stevens, the Rev. John, of Huntley-street, 6th Aug.

Sutherland, Mrs., widow of Commissioner Sutherland, R.N., aged 84, at Boulogne.

Tancred, Harriet Anne, eld. dau. of Sir Thomas Tancred, Bart., 2d Oct.

Tarratt, Joseph, Esq., of Ford House, co. Stafford, 27th Sept., aged 91.

Taylor, Major George, of the Bombay Army, 26th Sept.

Thompson, Matthew, Esq., of Maningham Lodge, co. York, J.P. and D.L., 24th Sept.

Tidd, Elizabeth, widow of the late William Tidd, Esq., Barrister, 21st Oct.

Townley, the Rev. William, Vicar of Orpington, &c., 24th Sept., aged 74.

Tremlett, Richard Henry, only son of the late Samuel Tremlett, Esq., of Exeter, 1st Oct., aged 61.

Trollope, Edward, Esq., 7th Oct., aged 44, at Doughty-street.

Tuke, Francis, Esq., 29th Sept., at Dulwich.

Urquhart, Anne, relict of the late Capt. David Urquhart, Paymaster 72nd Highlanders, and eldest dau. of the late Lieut.-Col. James Fraser, of Kilworth, N.B., 5th Oct.

Digitized by Google

Usborne, Mrs. Harriet, of Croydon, 30th Sept.

Waite, James Douglas, late of H.M.S. Terrible, 10th Oct., aged 18.

Walmsley, the Rev. Edward Jones, Rector of Hilperton, Wilts, son of John Walmsley, Esq., of Ince, Lancashire, and grandson of the late Richard G. Long, Esq., of Rood Ashton, in the county of Wilts, at Dewlish House, near Blandford, on the 23d Sept.,

Walton, Emily Anne, only dau. of William Henry Walton, Esq., 26th Sept., aged 9.

Warre, Lieut. John Frederick, R.N., 3d July, at Hong Kong, aged 32.

Warrington, Col. Hammer, late H.B.M.'s Consul-General at Tripoli, 18th Aug. at Patras.

Watson, Richard Moore C. Bowes, eldest son of the late George Bowes Watson, Esq., of Clapham Park, 30th Sept., aged 12.

Whiteway, Samuel, Esq., of Oakford, Kingsteignton, Devon, 7th Oct.

Whitfield, the Rev. W. Brett, B.D., 26th Sept., at Lawford Rectory, aged 78.

Wickham, Miss Eleanor Christian, 8th Oct., at Hammersmith, aged 16

Wilkins, Emily, dau. of C. B. Wilkins, Esq., of Dover, 11th Oct.

Williams, Mr. Charles William Daniel, nephew of John Harris, Esq., at Springfield, near Bedford, 8th Oct.

Williams, Rose Chitty, dau. of the late James Rice Williams, Esq., of Lee, Kent, 29th Sept.

Willis, Samuel, Esq., of Richmond-place, St. Leonard's, Exeter (late of Crew Kerne, Somerset), 18th Oct., aged 61.

Wood, Charlotte, wife of Mr. Alderman Thomas Wood, 12th Oct., aged 60.

Wood, John, Esq., of Seale Lodge, Surrey, formerly of Hatton, co. Salop, 29th Sept., aged 81.

Wright, the Rev. John, Rector of Killeevan, co. Monaghan, 24th Sept.

Wyatt, Adeline, wife of James Reeves Wyatt, Esq., of Radnor-place, 28th Sept.

Digitized by Google

THE PATRICIAN.

A COMPARISON BETWEEN THE ELECTRA OF SOPHOCLES AND THE HAMLET OF SHAKESPEARE.

SOPHOCLES, as the greatest among the tragic writers of classic antiquity, stands on an eminence nearly equal to that which Shakespeare holds with regard to the romantic drama. Dissimilar in the style and the form of their plays, these two mighty authors resembled each other in this,—that they were both of surpassing, lasting, and wonderful excellence. Æschylus and Euripides by some are regarded as coming in close concurrence with Sophocles. Shakespeare is unquestionably without a rival; and, indeed, the world in general bows to the acknowledged supremacy of both Sophocles and Shakespeare. They are the masters of that beautiful art which—under whatever shape, classic or romantic—has made history and fiction alive, and has afforded, through ages and ages, a kind of endless and ever varying gratification to mankind. Often and often, yet never to satiety, have the merits of these two writers been separately demonstrated, discussed, and lauded; each has innumerable times been the theme of admiration, eloquence, and erudition, to the student, the critic, and the scholar; but it has seldom or never occurred, that they should have been considered together, and that an approximation should have been made between the peculiar attributes of either of them. Such a comparison must, however, be curious and interesting, and well worthy the attention of the student, especially as they themselves have, on one occasion at least, afforded a fair opportunity for it, in having chosen for the display of their dramatic powers a somewhat similar subject. The tale which forms the plot of the Electra (a master-piece of antiquity), has close affinity to the story of that greater master-piece of modern time,—the tragedy of Hamlet. Adultery, and murder, and vengeance fill alike the scenes of these two terrible plays; and in the one, as in the other, the incidents are rendered still more appalling by the energy of the language and the magnificence of the verse. How earnestly here did these authors write! How grandly, how gloriously! as if their souls were on fire: and yet, excellent as they both are, how evident, on close inspection, is the surpassing genius of Shakespeare. To fully judge of this, let us first take the Electra.

The plot of this famous tragedy is simply this:—

Digitized by Google

After Agamemnon had been assassinated by his wife Clytemnestra and her paramour Ægisthus, Orestes, then an infant, was preserved from a participation in the same fate by his sister, Electra, who privately conveyed him to the court of Strophius, king of Phocis, who treated him with the utmost kindness, and educated him with his son, Pylades, with whom he contracted an indissoluble friendship. On attaining years of maturity, Orestes, together with his companion, visited the city of Mycenæ in disguise, and, by the assistance of his governor, deluded the adulterous pair into a fatal security, by a report which he propagated of his death. Having at length discovered himself to Electra, who willingly co-operated with him in the prosecution of his revenge, he slew his mother during the absence of the tyrant, who, on his return received the just punishment of his atrocious guilt.

The whole course and conduct of the drama are, moreover, eloquently detailed, as follow, by M. Schlegel :—

The scene of the Electra of Sophocles is laid before the palace of Agamemnon. At break of day Pylades, Orestes, and the guardian by whom he was preserved when his father was slain, enter the stage as arriving from another country. The tutor who acts as his guide commences with a description of his native city, and he is answered by Orestes, who mentions the commission of Apollo, and the manner in which he means to carry it into execution, after which the young man puts up a prayer to his domestic gods and his father's house. Electra is heard complaining within; Orestes is desirous of greeting her without delay, but the old man leads him away to perform a sacrifice at the grave of his father. Electra then appears, and pours out her sorrow in a pathetic address to heaven, and her unconquerable desire of revenge in a prayer to the infernal deities. The chorus, which consists of native virgins, endeavours to console her; and, in an interchange of hymns and conversation, Electra discloses her deep sorrow, the ignominy and oppression under which she suffers, and her hopelessness from the delay of Orestes, whom she has frequently admonished; and she turns a deaf ear to all the grounds of consolation adduced by the chorus. Chrysothemis, the younger daughter of Clytemnestra, whose yieldingness of disposition naturally renders her the favourite of her mother, approaches with a mortuary offering which she is carrying to the grave of her father. An altercation arises between the two sisters respecting their difference of sentiment, and Chrysothemis mentions to Electra that Ægisthus, whom she sets at defiance, and who is at that time absent in the country, has determined to adopt the most severe measures towards her. She then learns that Clytemnestra dreamt of the return of Agamemnon to life, of his having planted his sceptre in the ground on which the house stood, which grew up to a tree that overshadowed the whole land; and, alarmed at this, that she has commissioned Chrysothemis to carry an oblation to his grave. Electra counsels her not to execute the commands of her audacious mother, but to put up a prayer for herself and her sister, and for the return of Orestes to revenge her father, when she reaches the grave; she adds to the oblation her own girdle and a lock of her hair. Chrysothemis goes off, promising obedience to her wishes. The chorus predicts from the dream, that retaliation is at hand, and connects the crimes in the house of Pelops, with the first enormity committed by that ancestor. Clymenestra rebukes

Digitized by Google

her daughter, against whom, however, she is milder than usual, probably from the effect of the dream; she defends her murder of Agamemnon, Electra condemns her for it, but yet no violent altercation takes place. Clytemnestra then proffers a prayer at the altar before the house to Apollo for health and long life, and in secret for the death of her son. The guardian of Orestes arrives, and, as the messenger of a Phocean friend, announces the death of Orestes, and minutely enumerates all the circumstances which attended his being killed in a chariot-race at the Pythian games. Clytemnestra can scarcely conceal her triumphant joy, although she is at first visited by the feelings of a mother, and she invites the messenger to partake of their hospitality. Electra, in affecting speeches and hymns, gives herself up to her grief, and the chorus in vain endeavours to console her. Chrysothemis returns from the grave, full of joy in the assurance that Orestes is in the vicinity: she has found his lock of hair, his libation, and garland. The despair of Electra is now renewed; she recounts to her sister the gloomy relation of the supposed messenger, and exhorts her, as all their hopes are at an end, to join in the daring deed of destroying Ægisthus, a determination which Chrysothemis, who does not possess resolution enough, rejects as foolish; and after a violent altercation she enters the house. The chorus now bewails Electra, who is thus left altogether destitute. Orestes returns with Pylades and several servants bearing an urn with the pretended ashes of the deceased. Electra supplicates him for the urn, and laments over it in the most affecting language, which agitates Orestes to such a degree that he can no longer conceal himself: after some preparation he discloses himself to her, and confirms his account by the production of the seal-ring of their father. She gives expression to her boundless joy in speeches and odes, till the guardian comes out, and reprimands both of them for their want of consideration. Electra, with some difficulty, recognises in him the faithful servant to whom she had entrusted the care of Orestes, and expresses her gratitude to him. At the suggestion of the guardian, Orestes and Pylades accompany him with all speed into the house, that they may surprise Clytemnestra while still alone. Electra offers up a prayer for them to Apollo; the choral ode announces the moment of retaliation. We hear in the house the cries of the affrighted Clytemnestra, her short prayer, her wailings, when she feels herself wounded. Electra from without stimulates Orestes to complete the deed, and he comes out with bloody hands; as the chorus however sees Ægisthus advancing, he re-enters the house in haste for the purpose of surprising him. Ægisthus inquires into the death of Orestes, and is led to believe, from the ambiguous language of Electra, that his corpse is in the palace. He commands all the gates to be thrown open immediately, for the purpose of convincing those inhabitants who yielded obedience with reluctance to his sovereignty, that they had no longer any hopes in Orestes. The middle entrance opens, and exhibits in the interior of the palace a body lying on the bed covered over: Orestes stands beside the body, and invites Ægisthus to uncover it; and he now beholds the bloody corpse of Clytemnestra, and concludes himself lost beyond remedy. He requests to be allowed to speak, but this is opposed by Electra. Orestes constrains him to enter the house, that he may kill him on the very spot where his own father was murdered.

In this tragedy, the position of Electra resembles that of Hamlet:

Digitized by Google

she has nearly the same sorrows as his to undergo, and the same wrongs to vindicate. A loved father has been murdered, and his wife is married to the murderer. Yet how different is the character of Electra from that of Hamlet. Endowed with a mind of unbounding determination and courage, the classic heroine is majestic and terrible in her grief. She has resolved to revenge her father's death, and she never for an instant swerves from her purpose: all the gentler nature of woman—all filial feeling for her mother is cast aside; vengeance and vengeance alone, holds possession of her every faculty. The soliloquy in the first act displays her full intent.

O sacred light! and, O, thou ambient air!
Oft have ye heard Electra's loud laments,
Her sighs, and groans, and witness'd to her woes,
Which ever, as each hateful morn appear'd,
I pour'd before you; what at eve retired
I felt of anguish, my sad couch alone
Can tell, which, water'd nightly with my tears,
Received me sorrowing: that best can tell
What pangs I suffer'd for a hapless father,
Whom not the god of war with ruthless hand
Struck nobly fighting in a distant soil;
But my fell mother, and the cursed Ægisthus,
The partner of her bed, remorseless slew.
Untimely didst thou fall, lamented shade!
And none but poor Electra mourns thy fate;
Nor shall she cease to mourn thee, while these eyes
View the fair heavens, or behold the sun.
Never, O! never like the nightingale,
Whose plaintive song bewails her ravish'd brood;
Here will I still lament my father's wrongs,
And teach the echo to repeat my moan.
O ye infernal Deities! and thou,
Terrestrial Hermes! and thou, Nemesis,
Replete with curses! and ye vengeful Furies!
Offspring of gods, the ministers of wrath
To vile adulterers, who with pity view
The slaughter'd innocent, behold this deed.
O! come, assist, revenge my father's murder;
Quickly, O! quickly bring me my Orestes;
For, lo! I sink beneath oppressive woe,
And can no longer bear the weight alone.

The chorus laud her for her firmness of purpose.

Bid the sad Atridæ mourn,
Their house by cruel faction torn;
Tell them, no longer by affection join'd,
The tender sisters bear a friendly mind.
The poor Electra, now alone,
Making her fruitless, solitary moan,
Like Philomela, weeps her father's fate;

Digitized by Google

Fearless of death, and every human ill,
Resolved her steady vengeance to fulfil:
Was ever child so good, or piety so great?

In beautiful contrast to this dark picture of Pagan vengeance come the Christian anguish and Christian vacillation of Shakespeare's hero. Hamlet's sorrow is caused by a crime even greater than the murder of Agamemnon. It is his own uncle who has slain the king, and formed an incestuous marriage with the queen. True, Gertrude, unlike Clytemnestra, is innocent of the actual death of her husband; yet the guilt, in the union she has made, is very great. But Hamlet obeys the warning he has received from the grave:—

Howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To goad and sting her.

In the moments of his greatest excitement, Hamlet confines his conduct towards his mother to exhortation—

Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past;—avoid what is to come.

Soft—now to my mother.
O! heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel—not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

In either play, Electra and Hamlet are alike infuriate against the principal offender; yet the softness of humanity will ever and anon creep over Hamlet's sterner mission. In him, the executioner sinks before the philosopher and scholar, until, as he says himself, "the native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Electra allows naught to stand between her and the consummation of her object: from the first act to the last, her eye, like that of the constrictor, is fixed in deadly glare upon her victims; as the boa, she watches for the moment to leap upon them, and when it occurs, her rage bursts forth in uncontrolable exultation. When the sword of her brother Orestes is at the throat of Ægysthus, and the dying miscreant implores, in his agony, one word of the prince, how terrible is her exclamation:—

No, Orestes!
No, not a word. What can a moment's space
Profit a wretch like him, to death devoted?
Quick let him die, and cast his carcass forth
To dogs and vultures; they will best perform
Fit obsequies for him; by this alone
We can be free and happy.

Such, indeed, is the whole tenor of this master-piece of antiquity; terror, and terror alone, predominates throughout—one rises from its perusal struck with the vigour and violence of its action. Yet an un-

Digitized by Google

pleasant sensation attaches to the gratification; the mind has too much of horror. The singleness of story is, however, not to be charged against Sophocles; it arises necessarily from the classic unity of the plot, which he was compelled to observe. He could not soften the main feature of his play by a variety of incident and character, as Shakespeare has so wonderfully done. The tragedy of Electra tells of murder and infidelity revenged—so does that of Hamlet; yet in the latter, this ugly theme is rendered palateable by continual novelty and change. The ghost with its supernatural awe first harrows the attention; then the court and its pomp, and Fortinbras and his warlike grandeur intervene; then comes Ophelia, and the delightful interest and fascination that hang around her; and then her father, Polonius, and his quaint humour; again, the grave-diggers bring on a scene of mixed and unsurpassable wit and terror. The very appearance of the fop in the catastrophe adds grotesqueness to the climax of slaughter that ensues. The whole play, indeed, amuses while it astonishes, delights while it frightens: it excels the drama of Sophocles, because it brings all the resources of chivalrous romance, and of Christian civilization, to render its gravity bearable, and to illuminate its gloom.

In comparing these two plays, we cannot but be struck by the curious coincidence of character and circumstance that occur in them. Orestes and Pylades, ever together, resemble Hamlet and Horatio in their friendly allegiance. The first appearance of Orestes is much akin to the return of Hamlet after his uncle has sent him to England: in both instances the murderer has endeavoured, by forced means, to remove the object of his fears, who comes back to destroy him. The terrible scene between Electra and her mother is in some measure re-acted by Hamlet and the queen. The two tyrants, Ægysthus and Hamlet's uncle, are very much like each other, especially in their dread of the Divine vengeance. Ægysthus, when he supposes he is viewing the dead body of Orestes, exclaims thus:—

> What a sight is here
> O Deity supreme; this could not be
> But by thy will; and whether Nemesis
> Shall still o'ertake me for my crime, I know not.
> Take off the veil, that I may view him well;
> He was by blood allied, and therefore claims
> Our decent sorrows.

The same idea is still more impressively worked out in the King of Denmark's soliloquy,—

> O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
> It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
> A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
> Though inclination be as sharp as will;
> My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
> And, like a man to double business bound,
> I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
> And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
> Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
> Is there not rain enough in the sweet Heavens,

Digitized by Google

To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what 's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then I 'll look up;
My fault is past. But O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder?
My crown, my own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: But 'tis not so above:
There is no shuffling; there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! Help, angels, make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!

Even the minor characters—the governor of Orestes, and the gentle Chrysothemis—bear faint resemblance to Polonius and Ophelia; and to conclude this strange affinity, it will be remembered that Orestes and Hamlet are urged on to vengeance, the one by the Delphic oracle, the other by a voice from the tomb; and that the ghost of Agamemnon has appeared, though to the wife instead of to the child. Yet it is scarcely credible, since he makes no allusion to it, that Shakespeare was familiar with the play of Electra. The greater probability is, that the inspiration of his imaginative brain at once created a similar subject of that highly dramatic nature. Here, however, we discover another remarkable proof of the inimitable genius of Shakespeare. The story of Electra was not alone common as a plot to Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides; but the moderns have frequently written plays upon it. Among others, we may mention Perez de Oliva in Spain, and Crebillon and Voltaire in France. But once Shakespeare siezed the subject, he so moulded it, so made it his own, and put his stamp upon it, that no author dared meditate a rivalry: the utmost effort in other countries goes to reproduce the original of Hamlet in more or less garbled translations. Unlike the plots of the classic stage, the tales of Shakespeare have become sacred ground, where no trespasser will ever have the audacity to venture.

If the tragedy of Hamlet be proximate to that of Electra in its nature, it has also a further resemblance in its success. Not only the Athenians, but crowds from other parts of Greece, and from neighbouring civilized countries, it is said, came to the reiterated representations of this *chef d'œuvre* of Sophocles, and listened to it in raptures.

Digitized by Google

Hamlet has proved still more attractive—its popularity is universal. It comes acceptable, at all times, to all ages and classes. The child just beyond his story-book—the youth studious or sentimental—the man of maturer years and manifold occupation—he, too, whose old age permits him to appreciate literary enjoyment, the greatest earthly solace of declining life, all delight in the perusal and re-perusal, in the representation and re-representation of the tragedy of Hamlet. Again, with high and low, with the peer and the peasant, with the master and the servant, the lady and her maid, Hamlet is popular. At the poorest, even more often than at the proudest London theatre, the repetition of this play assembles a crowded and attentive audience. Hamlet, too, has a cosmopolite reputation. In France, long before the absurd prejudice against Shakespeare had ceased, a Frenchified adaptation of Hamlet was graciously received in Paris. Throughout Germany, this drama is as well known as in England; in other countries, scarcely less so. Hamlet's tomb is shewn to the traveller at Elsinore; and why? Not because Saxo, the historian, records the prince's life; but because the genius of Shakespeare, in the wideness of its range, happened to alight on Denmark. The secret of such extraordinary attraction is this:—The old dark and dreadful story of Electra had, in its nature, an indescribable magic charm. It arrested and absorbed the attention of Pagan antiquity in its naked and unadorned majesty; but, thus represented, it became too rugged and uncouth for nations softened by chivalry and Christianity. The plot had not lost its power, but it required to be remodelled. The requisite change was effected by Shakespeare. In his Hamlet, the tale, by means of which Sophocles had spell-bound his countrymen, was reproduced, with a new halo around it. The exquisite fancy of the later poet has tempered the antique glare with a brilliancy more suited to modern eyes: the result is a light which has dazzled and delighted the intellectual world.

Digitized by Google

THE CONTRAST.

'Twas Sunday morn—the Sabbath bell
  Re-echoed over vale and hill;
No sound on sacred silence fell,
  And earth was labourless and still.
I follow'd with the pensive throng
  Which to the church I saw repair—
Age, youth, and childhood went along,
  And rank and beauty, too, were there.

I mark'd two ladies young and fair,
  And, oh! how different their array!
One had a stiff and haughty air,
  But ill-according with the day.
She dash'd along in blazon'd coach,
  And deck'd, and jewell'd too, was she—
Poor worshippers might not encroach
  Upon her gilded company.

The other walk'd in muslin dress,
  Pure emblem of her native worth,
Though unadorn'd, yet not the less
  Men saw at once her noble birth.
The step of tottering age she'd raise,
  Nor scorn the rustic's awkward bow.
The village children lov'd to praise
  The smile upon her open brow.

One from a *Cotton Lord* had sprung,
  In modern wealth-adoring days:
The other's *Ducal line* bards sung
  Long since, when generous birth had praise.
Ah! tell me, ye, whose hearts beat high
  With throbs for true old English worth!
Say—would ye confidently try
  Nobility of *gold*, or *birth?*

S. M.

Digitized by Google

THE CLUBS OF LONDON.*

The Reform Club.

Next in order amongst political clubs stands the Reform, although we are not sure that it is not surpassed in seniority by its great rival which we shall next mention—the Carlton. Both had their origin in the exciting era of 1830, and the Reform Bill—that "sweeping measure," as it was termed, which was said to have produced a new revolution in this country, though somehow or another it has contrived to leave matters and parties in much the same condition as before. The friends of the Constitution, however, then took alarm, and founded the Carlton, bestowing upon it this name from that of the terrace where the Club was originally held. The Liberal party, not to be behind, hastened to hire Gwyder House, Whitehall, and retained that mansion until the present palatial edifice by Mr. Barry, architect of the houses of parliament, was reared.

The Reform Club, upraising its colossal height in Pall Mall, for a considerable time was considered one of the lions of the metropolis; but though it may still maintain this position internally, in outward appearance it is surpassed by some of the establishments that have since sprung up, and it can no longer be compared with the gorgeous edifice that is starting into existence by its side. Still, though of severe simplicity, it is an imposing structure; striking by its dimensions, and unexceptionable in elegance of proportion and unity of design; although it may be objected that the style—modern Italian—is somewhat too cold for this country, where we seldom require to exclude the congenial rays of the sun, and that the windows especially are too numerous, regular, and small. Some critics, indeed, have compared it to an inverted chest of drawers. But if—parodying a well-known couplet—

> "If to its share some trivial errors fall,
> Just cross the door, and you'll forget them all."

The admirers of Mr. Nash and the highly embellished school of architecture may object to the utter absence of ornament from the exterior. Praxitiles himself could scarcely discern fault in the arrangements of the culinary divinity, Soyer, who reigns below, and causes all the mortals of the upper regions to bend in mingled wonder and admiration before his throne.

But we must leave the divinity for a moment alone. On entering the vestibule of the Reform Club House, one is immediately struck by the splendid proportions of the hall, recalling to mind the magnificent *salles* of Versailles, and the elegance of the stair-case—that most difficult feature of an edifice to render attractive—reminding one of the glories of

* Concluded from page 469.

Digitized by Google

the Louvre. Nor on a closer survey is the aspect diminished. The saffron marble columns, supporting the roof, may be objected to as dull, but their effect is warm; and the roof itself, glass exquisitely cut, as well as the rare Mosaic floor ground of the richest combinations, may be considered the happiest architectural efforts in the building. From the vestibule branch off the dining-room, drawing-room, library, and various departments of the edifice, each of which may be considered perfect in its degree, and is elegantly adorned with pictures, embroidery, and statuary.

The upper part of the Reform Club contains the usual apartments for billiards, play, &c., which it is said was once carried on here to a considerable extent, though now we believe greatly diminished, if not suppressed. In this part of the edifice, too, are a certain number of dormitories allotted to the insatiable *quid-nuncs* of the building, or those who pass their whole existence amid club gossip and politics—one of the peculiarities, and by no means a desirable one, of the establishment. But it is in the lower regions, where Soyer reigns supreme, that the true glory of the Reform Club consists; and here the divine art of cookery—or, as he himself styles it, Gastronomy—is to be seen in all its splendour. Heliogabolus himself never glutted over such a kitchen—for steam is here introduced and made to supply the part of man. In state the great dignitary sits and issues his inspiring orders to a body of lieutenants, each of whom has pretensions to be considered a *chef* in himself. *Gardez les Rotis, les Entremets sont perdus* was never more impressively uttered by Cambacéres, when tormented by Napoleon detaining him from dinner, than are the orders by Soyer for preparing the refection of some modern attorney; and all the energies of the vast establishment are at once called into action to obey them—steam eventually conducting the triumphs of the cook's art from the scene of its production to a recess adjoining the dining-room, where all is to disappear.

Soyer is, indeed, the glory of the edifice—the *genus loci*. Peers and plebeian *gourmands* alike penetrate into the recesses of the kitchen to render him homage; and conscious of his dignity, or at least of his power, he receives them with all the calm assurance of the *Grand Monarque* himself. Louis XIV., in the plenitude of his glory, was never more impressive; and yet there is an aspect—we shall not say assumption—of modesty about the great *chef*, as he loves to be designated, which is positively wondrous, when we reflect that we stand in the presence of the great "Gastronomic Regenerator"—the last of his titles, and that by which, we presume, he would wish by posterity to be known. Soyer, indeed, is a man of discrimination, and taste, and genius. He was led to conceive the idea of his immortal work, he tells us, by observing in the elegant library of an accomplished nobleman the works of Shakspeare, Milton, and Johnson, in gorgeous bindings, but wholly dust-clad and overlooked, while a book on cookery bore every indication of being daily consulted and revered. "This is fame," exclaimed Soyer, seizing the happy inference; and forthwith betaking himself to his chamber and to meditation, his divine work on Gastronomic Regeneration was the result. We all remember the glowing passage of Gibbon describing the conception of his great achievment as he stood amid the ruins of the Roman forum, and surveyed the spot "where Romulas stood, and Tully spoke,

Digitized by Google

and Cæsar fell ;" we are familiar too with his still more exquisite description of its completion amid the groves of Switzerland, when "in a midsummer night" (we quote from memory) "at the extremity of a row of Acacias, he wrote the last line of the last page of his history, and felt for a moment elated with the conclusion of his labour, perhaps the establishment of his fame; but was immediately stricken to the dust by the reflection that whatever might be the fate of the history, the life of the historian might be short and precarious." Yet what is this to the conception and completion of Soyer's immortal work—from the possible effect of which he himself shrank in horror, as he tells us it will cause a complete "revolution in the whole culinary art."

And having a wholesome dread of "revolutions" even in cookery, we beg leave at the first to take leave of Monsieur Soyer and the Reform Club, of which he is at once the atlas and ornament; premising, however, that in other respects he is an estimable man, and not only fondly exhibits a series of remarkably well-executed tableaux by his late consort, whose memory he seems warmly to cherish, but also possesses a considerable taste, and, we believe, power of execution too, in the fine arts himself; independently of the merit to which he is entitled for having endeavoured to relieve the sufferings of the humbler classes of our countrymen during the severe famine of last winter.

Side by side with the Reform, separated only by a narrow pass, stands its great rival in politics, and senior, if we mistake not, in origin,

The Carlton,

which still retains its first designation, though removed from the lordly terrace which gives rise to it, to the shady side of Pall Mall.

As it originally stood—and still in part stands—in Pall Mall, the Carlton, though light, elegant, and fastidious, presents a much less imposing appearance than its popular neighbour; but when the present improvements, or rather external re-construction of the edifice shall be completed, it will eclipse the other as completely as it formerly was thrown into shade.

Nothing, indeed, can be more striking than the new exterior which the Carlton exhibits. A space equalling in dimensions the old extent of the Club has been acquired on the western side, and on this has been raised a superstructure which none in the metropolis equals, if we except the gorgeous building of the Army and Navy Club in St. James's Square. And even this is less remarkable; for though in gigantic dimensions and architectural splendour it may vie with the Carlton, it has no such conspicuous feature as the latter, in its gorgeous red granite columns, contrasted with the ordinary colour of the edifice, affords. Some, indeed, may object to a want of harmony in the style, and represent that the dark red granite and highly-polished marble columns are inconsistent with the rich yellow Portland stone bases, and offer an incongruity not in unison with our clime; yet the effect is exceedingly dazzling, and on the whole we cannot help considering it to be good—at once rich, striking, and chaste in design; and calculated, so far as external appearance is concerned, to throw the other as completely into the shade, as the Reform, we still believe will be found internally to surpass it in architectural beauty and thorough adaption to the purposes of a club.

Digitized by Google

The Carlton is the head-quarters of Conservative, as the Reform Club is of Liberal politics. A nominally Conservative Club has been erected in St. James's-street, for the reception of the inferior members, but in Pall Mall congregate the Tritons of the party. Here the great political "moves" are concerted which upset a Whig or overturn a Conservative administration. Here the grand mysteries of a General Election are determined on, and here are the vast sums subscribed which are to put the whole forces of the party in motion. Here are tactics propounded which are to be directed by the experienced hand of a Bonham, and the operations determined on that are to flow from the ample purse of a Buccleuch, From it went forth the voice, the energy, and the action, which, after years of exertion, placed the late Premier in office at the head of the great Conservative party; and out of the same portals issued the resolute consistence of the old county or protectionist members who eventually ejected him from office. The Carlton contains them all—Conservatives of every hue, from the good old-fashioned Tory who adheres to the doctrines of Lord Eldon and William Pitt, to the liberal advancing man who almost moves ahead of Sir Robert; but they are all men of consequence—they are the Corinthians of the order. The members of both houses are there. Here do the gentlemen and leaders of the party assemble, whether they own allegiance to their late chieftain, or follow the banner of Lord George. They are, almost without exception, men of the highest standing either in fortune or politics. Not a doubtful attorney or disreputable *roué* is to be found in their ranks. They are pre-eminently the representatives of England's congregated gentlemen—men whose opinions may be objected to by their political opponents, but whose public and personal honour is unimpeached and unimpeachable; from whose ranks the members of every Tory or Conservative government have in past times been taken, and must in future ministries of like principles continue to come.

But in every grade of life, whether military or ministerial, private or political, there must necessarily be subordinates; and hence when the Carlton became unduly crowded, or there appeared a necessity for classification, there arose another club of similar principles—

The Conservative,

which was designed first to provide accommodation for the immense number of candidates for admission to the Carlton, and ultimately to form a general re-union for the *Dii minores*, or smaller stars, but in many cases equally indispensable members of the party.

We state this in no invidious sense. To the external eye, the Conservative Club in St. James's-street presents no inferiority to its more aristocratic relative in Pall Mall, and until lately it eclipsed the Carlton in so far as splendour was concerned. Nothing, indeed, could be conceived more gorgeous than the aspect of its exterior, and nothing equal to it existed in the metropolis till the modern Carlton and Army and Navy Club arose. It may even yet be considered by many as more chaste than the one, and less gaudy than the other, though the internal arrangements of the building are not fashioned with equal architectural ability for display. In this respect, too, it yields to the great edifice of Barry;

Digitized by Google

the interior of which, as already mentioned, is perfect, although the exterior is plain almost to a fault. In all the essential requisites of a Club-house, the Conservative is unobjectionable; and, situated within a stone-throw of the palace, with a full view of the glories of St. James's-street on drawing-room day, it must form an admirable lounge for its members, as well as a nucleus exceedingly desirable for collecting the forces of the party when a great political movement is to be attempted. Into it a few members of doubtful reputation may possibly have found admission; but still the components of the club as a body are sound, and number amongst their ranks a large majority of the secondary order of Conservatives both of the metropolis and provinces, on whose power and support the influence of the party so greatly depends; for, be it observed, each of these parties, though small in London, where many a man is sadly shorn of his dimensions, is of importance in his county or respective sphere, and the leaders of the phalanx are too well aware of the weight and the value of their support to treat them with contumely.

The chiefs of the Tory party are consequently members of the Conservative Club; but in most cases merely honorary, and rarely make their appearance within its walls. Lord Stanley seldom enters it; Sir Robert Peel, we believe, except to view the edifice, was never within its portals; but Lord George here beats up for recruits, more genial or less fastidious than the late Premier, whose habit it was while in office to hold little intercourse with his subordinates save in Parliament, and to know nothing unless it came before him in the shape of a despatch; even the ordinary journals of the day, by which the policy of his predecessors was supposed to be guided,* being strangers to him. When an election, however, is to be decided, or the great and vital question of "Who shall be out or who shall be in?" is to be determined, the Conservative presents a host whose numbers and power are not to be despised; and if few of its members be components or candidates for seats in the legislature, still in their ranks are to be found the knowledge and the strength by which the battle is to be fought and the victory to be gained.

With the Conservative we conclude our description of the political clubs. There is a small establishment of a semi-political, if not *ultra* character, named

The Free-Trade Club,

recently established in Regent-street, and thence removed to some quarter in the neighbourhood of St. James's-square. Messrs. Cobden, Bright, Moore, and other members of the late confederacy, known by the name of the Anti Corn Law League, are its founders and principal frequenters; but it has never come into vogue with the community, and as at this moment the doctrines of these gentlemen are by no means in especial

* It is a well-known joke of the late Whig Premier, Lord Melbourne, that, being asked what he intended to do next, he replied, "Can't say till I've seen the newspapers," which generally were very liberal in supplying him with intentions. This was a far superior *mot* to a similar *jeu d'esprit* by Pitt, who, to the usual interrogatory respecting *the news*, by the celebrated Duchess of Gordon, solemnly replied: "Madame, I have not seen the *news*papers."

Digitized by Google

favour with the country, and have failed to realize expectations or predictions in the estimation of their adherents. The Club is at present undergoing a change, and will shortly, it is said, be, in its new residence, more showy than before.

Arthur's

is, perhaps, another Club of a semi-political character, but of an opposite class of politics, and of a very different order. It is situated in St. James's-street, and was erected in 1811, by Mr. Hopper, the architect of the celebrated edifice of Penryn Castle. It consists of six hundred members—the smallest in this respect of any of the old-established clubs. Its members are chiefly country gentlemen of Conservative opinions; but politics, we believe, form no essential feature in its constitution, and any peculiar tendency which it may on this point exhibit, arises chiefly from such principles being prevalent amongst the order in society to which we have alluded.

We now approach to the

MILITARY CLUBS;

and first of

The United Service,

the oldest of the modern race, and the parent, if it may be so-named, of them all. It took its rise in 1816, after the conclusion of the late wars, when so many officers of the army and navy were thrown out of commission. These habits, from old mess-room associations, being gregarious, and their reduced incomes no longer affording the luxuries of the camp or barrack-room on full pay, the late Lord Lyndoch, on their position being represented to him, was led to propose some such institution as a mess-room, in peace, for the benefit of his old companions-in-arms. A few other officers of influence in both branches of the service concurred, and the United Service Club was the result. It was at first established at the corner of Charles-street, St. James's, where the junior establishment of the same name is now situated; but the funds soon becoming large, and the number of candidates for admission great, the large and classic edifice at the corner of Waterloo Place was erected by Mr. Burton, for their accommodation. The exterior is exceedingly elegant, yet severe and chaste; but the interior is by no means commensurate, and is destitute of many of the improvements in the erection of modern clubs. There has been talk, indeed, of pulling it down, and erecting a more convenient one in its stead; but whatever may be done with the interior, we trust the old classic and highly appropriate exterior will be preserved.

Old reminiscences are attached to it, independently of its being the origin of the modern clubs. There Lyndoch reposed—that martial and chivalrous old man, who entering upon arms not until he had attained his forty-fifth year, and that, too, chiefly in expectation of finding a speedy grave to relieve him from romantic attachment or domestic affliction, bore the British standard victorious through all the stormy campaigns of the

Digitized by Google

Peninsular war, and ultimately attained almost the patriarchal age of a centenarian before he disappeared from the scene. There, too, may yet occasionally be seen his greater surviving chief, enjoying his simple shoulder of mutton repast, murmuring, chafing, chiding, and in the end positively refusing to pay the excess of threepence charged him in eighteen pennies for a dinner. But though we have an illustrious example, and Marlborough, we are told, would walk home of a night, after winning a hundred pounds at cards, to save the shilling expense of chair-hire, to no such unworthy feeling or impulse of the "good old gentlemanly vice," is the objection of Wellington to be attributed. It, on the contrary, is rather to be ascribed to a desire for the maintenance of the principle which originally led to the establishment of the club, and a commendable care for the finances of some less fortunate comrade-in-arms, to whom such trifles in the aggregate might possibly be of importance.

The United Service, however, admits no member of rank inferior to that of captain in the navy or major in the army. Yet of these, fifteen hundred were speedily on its rolls; and so popular was the principle, so numerous were the candidates for admission, that another club, of similar character,

The Junior United Service,

was quickly established to provide for officers of lower grade, and those of higher rank whom the Senior Club was unable to receive.

The Junior United Service, which consists of fully as many members as the old club, and four or five hundred additional or "supernumeraries" abroad has established itself at the corner of Charles-street, Regent-street, the old head-quarters of the Senior Club. The house is of a lighter order, more airy in its internal aspect, though not so impressive in the exterior. In addition to commissioned officers of all ranks in both army and navy, its portals are open for the reception of those of like grade in the Honourable East India Company's service, and consequently its members are the most numerous of any institution of the kind in London.

Many of the senior members of each club are common to both, it having been considered a high honour, when the Junior was established, for the more distinguished individuals in the ranks of the Senior Club to be elected as honorary members, although those belonging to the other could not of course attain a similar distinction, unless of the requisite grade. But still, although the two institutions afforded accommodation for nearly three thousand members, so admirable and so useful were found the principles on which these popular bodies were constituted, that the claimants soon became too numerous for admission, and

The Army and Navy Club

was consequently established for the reception of the teeming members.

This institution, originally held at a private mansion in St. James's-square, has recently been erected on a scale of unparalleled splendour, throwing, in the estimation of many, even the new building of the Carlton into the shade. It is understood that it will likewise afford accommo-

Digitized by Google

dation for fifteen hundred members, and one would have thought that the whole officers in the service, resident or likely to be visitors in the metropolis, were thus amply provided for; but no, we have a fourth military club,

THE GUARDS,

in existence; and a sixth exclusively devoted to one branch of the service,

THE NAVAL,

only recently extinct, or merged in the Army and Navy.

The former of these two last-named institutions (the GUARDS) is, perhaps, of older date than any of the other military clubs of the metropolis; it having long been the practice of this favoured division of her Majesty's service—the Household Brigade—destitute of separate regimental messes themselves, to unite for the purpose of enjoying the advantages of association in a body. Their present establishment is a small house, *vis-a-vis* to White's, adjoining the boot-maker's at the corner of St. James's-street; and on a drawing-room day it forms a battery not less formidable for the fairer portion of creation than the celebrated bay-window itself. In the estimation of many, indeed, it is a more dangerous citadel for the ladies to pass; the eyes of the young Guardsman being far more *trenchant* than the glasses of the antiquated *beaux* at White's. A few years ago, the members of the Guards, finding their present premises inconveniently small, erected a new club-house in Jermyn-street, adjacent; and in this they carried simplicity to extreme, in opposition to the profusion lavished in ornamenting the exterior of other clubs of the day. But the experiment failed to afford satisfaction either to themselves or others. The building had (and has, for it still exists) a barrack-like aspect uninviting in the extreme; and though elegant within, it was destitute of the one great advantage—the view of the tempting street—enjoyed by the smaller edifice in proximity with Hoby's. It has consequently been abandoned for the old resort; and the extinction of Crockford's, adjoining, will possibly afford the Guards an opportunity of acquiring ample accommodation without quitting the vicinity of their favourite spot.

The other club alluded to, in connection with another branch of her Majesty's service (the Naval) had originally its head-quarters, we believe, in Covent Garden; was afterwards removed to New Bond-street; and within these last few years has become extinct, or merged in the Army and Navy. Yet it was the resort of many a choice spirit in its day. Founded on the model of the old tavern or convivial clubs, but confined exclusively to members of the naval service, it numbered among its members men from the days of Boscawen, Rodney, and the "First of June" downwards. It was a favorite retreat for his late Majesty when Duke of Clarence, and his comrade, Sir Philip Durham, the survivor of Nelson, and almost the last of the "old school," frequented it to the last. Sir Philip, however, though a member of the old school, was by no means one of the Trunnion class. Coarseness and profane language, on the contrary, he especially avoided; but in "spinning a yarn" there has been none like him since the days of Smollett. The loss of the

Digitized by Google

Royal George, from which he was one of the few, if, indeed, not only officer, who escaped, was a favorite theme; and the admiral, not content with having made his escape, was wont to maintain that he swam ashore with his midshipman's dirk in his teeth. Yet Sir Philip would allow no one to trench on his manor. One day when a celebrated naval captain, with the view of quizzing him, was relating the loss of a merchantman on the coast of South America, laden with Spitalfields products, and asserting that silk was so plentiful, and the cargo so scattered, that the porpoises were for some hours enmeshed in its folds. "Aye, aye," replied Sir Philip, "I believe you; for I was once cruising on that coast myself, in search of a privateer, and having lost our fore topsail one morning in a gale of wind, we next day found it tied round a whale's neck by way of a cravat." Sir Philip was considered to have the best of it, and the novelist was mute.

But these are reminiscences of bye-gone days. Leaving the fields of Mars and Neptune for those of Minerva and Apollo, approach we now to

THE LITERARY CLUBS,

or those which, if not strictly devoted to literature, are at least in some degree or another connected with its cultivation; and the first to which we shall direct attention is

The Athenæum,

the earliest and most *recherché* of them all, and which, if not the abode of wit, is the place where that sensible spirit, in its most exuberant form, was lately poured out and appreciated.

The successful example of the United Service led to the establishment of the Athenæum. A number of gentlemen, connected with the learned professions and higher order of the fine arts and literature, observing how advantageously the members of Her Majesty's service had combined, thought of applying the same principle to those who moved in the quieter sphere of civil office, the belles lettres, and private life; and the Athenæum, which stands opposite, and in fine tranquil array to its martial neighbour, was the result. With the exception, perhaps, of the United Service, it is the most select establishment in London, and it contains possibly a still greater number of candidates for admission to its halls; the circumstance of belonging to the Athenæum being now considered a distinction, extended only to the most eminent in literature, art, science, and civil life—although, of course, a great majority of its fifteen hundred members must previously have obtained the *entrée* without any such claims to notice. Mr. Rogers, the poet, one of its earliest members, is still amongst the chief of its present ornaments; and innumerable are the quiet, satirical, but generally biting, *bon mots* recorded of him. The late Theodore Hook was also one of its great attractions; and the table adjoining the door, near which he used to sit, is still considered as a spot sacred to mirth and hostile to dolour. The Athenæum, however, now contains no such choice spirit as he, qualified alike, as in the instance of the Berners-street hoax, to fright the town from its propriety, and "set the table in a roar." "Alas! poor Yorick" may be said of him, when

Digitized by Google

contemplating the melancholy end of all his "gibes and quips, and cranks and jeering;" and, when contemplating such a wreck, it is perhaps well for society, and the dignity of literature itself, that the like exists no longer.

The Athenæum is an exceedingly handsome structure, elegantly ornamented on the exterior, and surmounted by an imposing statue of Minerva. In the interior, the chief feature is the staircase, which is on a scale of splendour unexpected for the size of the building, and may be adduced as an instance that such a feature is not necessarily fatal to beauty and magnificence in architecture. One of its great attractions is an extensive and well-chosen library, exceeding, it is understood, twenty thousand volumes in number, and continually increased by donations, as well as the dedication of £500 a year from its funds for the purchase of new works of distinction in literature and art.

The names of Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir Humphrey Davy, Sir James Mackintosh, Sir Walter Scott, and Mr. John Wilson Croker, may all be mentioned in union with the Athenæum; and the numerous candidates for admission—extending at one time, it is believed, to the hopeless number of sixteen hundred—led to the establishment of several similar clubs; conspicuous among which are

The Oxford and Cambridge,

in Pall Mall, midway on the shady side, and

The University,

at the extremity of Suffolk-street, Pall Mall East.

These clubs may both be mentioned together as peculiar, we believe, to University men, and such only as are members of the two great colleges of England. The former is a handsome structure; and, before the recent erections of the Conservative, the Army and Navy, and Charlton, was, in its exterior, amongst the most conspicuous in London. The other is a somewhat dull and heavy-looking affair, but possessing, it is said, the best cellar of wine in London. The Oxford and Cambridge, which is the more recent in its origin, consists chiefly of the younger spirits of the Universities, and is less select. The other is, for the most part, composed of the old and graver members; and in these ranks some of the most experienced bibbers in the metropolis are to be found—men more learned in all the varieties of foreign wine than Roberts himself in the shocking mysteries of the composition of British, and whom even the sagest and most expert "tasters" of the London Docks are disposed to regard with envy. All the serious Members of Parliament, who have received university education, are invariably to be found in the latter. It also contains a considerable number of the judges, and no small portion of beneficed clergymen.

When admission to the Athenæum, and perhaps these clubs too—especially the last-named—became an anticipation almost hopeless, a new club,

The Erectheum

was established for the purpose of receiving the despairing members; but is by no means of the same high order with the others. It is situated in

Digitized by Google

St. James's-square,—a quiet, unassuming mansion, hired for the purpose, and entering from an adjoining street. An institution of a similar order, the CLARENCE, originally named the Literary Union, was established a few years ago, but failed from want of resources; Hood, the noted punster, though capable of higher things, declaring that its members were *republicans* in literature, because they had not a *sovereign* amongst them. A new club of this order, named the MUSEUM, of humbler pretensions, and more economic terms of admission, has lately been established in Northumberland-street, Strand; but it is doubtful whether it will obtain success, the ordinary places of public entertainment being more accessible to the majority of those likely to become its members, and the various literary institutions of the metropolis affording them reading accommodation at a price still more equitable. Still, it is a movement not to be discouraged; and the extension of the advantages of the club-system to a still humbler grade, as in the instance of a vast city institution, known by the somewhat puerile name of the WHITTINGTON, may be mentioned as another praiseworthy attempt of a similar description.

But, connected somewhat with literature, somewhat with politics, and somewhat with commerce of the highest order, is another—

THE UNION,

one of the oldest, and, until of late years, one of the most *recherché* of all. This club was established in Cockspur-street, Trafalgar-square, shortly after the institution of the Senior United Service and Athenæum; and, for years celebrated, has almost ever since maintained its ascendancy. At one time almost equally exclusive with the Athenæum itself, it has of late years become more accessible, chiefly in consequence of the increased number of similar establishments diminishing the aggregate of candidates. But it is still select; and the fame of its *cuisine* is second to that of none in London. A small hotel, bearing a like designation, was established on this reputation in the immediate neighbourhood; and we know not whether there was any connexion with the management or not, but it speedily became so renowned for turtle, that the fortune of the proprietor was secure: old Lord Panmure, a *connoiseur* of the highest order in all culinary matters, regularly taking up his quarters in it every year, and attending his parliamentary duties with exemplary assiduity for the sake of the soup; although the whole of his eloquence, during a course of a quarter of a century, consisted of the exclamation "What a sheam!" in 1815, when some of the refractory populace endeavoured to break the windows of St. Stephen's chapel, during the discussion of the corn-law bill of that day.

The Union, as already mentioned, consists of politicians, and the higher order of professional and commercial men, without reference to party opinions; and the ALFRED, the WYNDHAM, and the PARTHENON, are clubs of similar nature; tourists, however, predominating in the first of these three institutions, and *literateurs* in the last. The Wyndham is rather a place of resort with country gentlemen, like Arthur's and Boodle's; but tourists on a grand scale, or those whose excursions have extended to a distance of not less than five hundred miles from London, or the bounds of Britain, have a club of their own—

Digitized by Google

The Travellers'.

For admission to which this last-named condition is a qualification indispensable, unless the candidate chance to be a foreign ambassador, or to occupy high diplomatic station, when he is eligible for an honorary member, as a matter of course. This club is exceedingly select, numbering the highest branches of the peerage, and the most distinguished of the lower house of parliament, in its ranks. It consists of only seven hundred members, but they are amongst the *élite* of the land: and Talleyrand, with some of the most eminent representatives of foreign powers, have been enrolled in the list of its honorary members. When ambassador to this country from the French court, the veteran diplomatist was wont to pass his leisure hours at this favorite retreat in Pall Mall, and steered his way as triumphantly throughout all the mazes of whist and *ecarté*, as he had done amid the intricacies of the thirteen different forms of governments—each of which he had sworn to observe. Numerous *bon mots* and repartees are here recorded of him, though his innate sense of politeness kept, when amongst foreigners, his keen-cutting satire in restraint: but space, and the length to which the article has already extended, at present preclude us from noting them.

Another club, devoted to travellers from a far-distant land, is

The Oriental,

on the shady side of Hanover Square, established for the commerce of affairs in the service of the East India Company, civil as well as military and naval. In its recesses, these gentlemen find a retreat when at home on furlough, or a *re-union*, with all the hot spices and fiery cookery of the East, when they have finally retired from service, and returned faded, crippled, and jaundiced, to repose on their handsome yet health-earned pensions, and narrate their adventures, or fight (in talk) their fields again. We have no space, at present, for any anecdotes connected with them—which, sooth to say, are somewhat of a saturnine complexion, and relate for the most part to persons or affairs "two thousand miles up the country," in whom, or in which, few of our countrymen at home would feel an interest.

In the City there are one or two clubs of distinction,—the City *par excellence*, and the Gresham; but they present no peculiarities for notice. Farther west, in Chancery Lane, is a Law Club, the aim of which is obvious; and intermediate between this and the West End establishments stands the Garrick, the smallest, we believe, of any such institutions, devoted mainly, though not entirely, to writers and members in the dramatic school.

J.*

Digitized by Google

CURIOUS TRIALS CONNECTED WITH THE ARISTOCRACY.

No. XVI.—The Manslaughter of Sir Charles Pym.

The Pyms, of Brymmore, in Somersetshire, were a very ancient and honorable house: their existence, as a family of condition, is recorded as far back as the reign of Edward IV., and their name is one of note in English history. It was made so by the famous representative of the race, in the seventeenth century—John Pym, the stern parliamentarian, who acted so great a part in the eventful drama, which ended with the overthrow of the monarchy, and the murder of the King.

John Pym's son was created a Baronet by Charles II. in 1663; and his grandson, the second Baronet, was the unfortunate Sir Charles Pym, the subject of this trial, with whose death in this painful squabble, terminated the male line of the Pym's of Brymmore.

This investigation presents merely the narrative of a fatal tavern brawl; but it is curious as giving an insight into the turbulent manners of the day, in London, just previous to the Revolution. The trial took place at the Old Bailey, on the 1st of June, 1688, and, as will be seen, King James's faithful supporter, Mr. Justice Allibone, was one of the presiding judges.

The prisoners, Rowland Walters, Wearing Bradshaw, and Ambrose Cave, gentlemen, were indicted for the murder of Sir Charles Pym, Baronet, by killing him with the thrust of a rapier.

The parties accused, as well as the other gentlemen engaged in the melancholy transaction, were persons of station and family: one of them, Ambrose Cave, was the third son of Sir Thomas Cave, Knt., the representative of a house still in existence, and one of the oldest in the realm. This Ambrose Cave eventually perished by violence, being assassinated by one Biron, an officer in the army.

The case was thus opened:—

Counsel for the King. My lords, and you gentlemen of the jury, I am here retained a counsel for the King, against the prisoners at the bar, who all three stand indicted for the murder of Sir Charles Pym, bart. in the parish of St. Nicholas Cole-abbey, by thrusting him through the body near the right pap, giving him a mortal wound, of which he then and there instantly died. The other two prisoners stand indicted for aiding, abetting, and assisting him the said Walters in the said murder.

Another *Counsel* for the King. My lords, this murder fell out on the fourth day of May last, after this manner, viz. Sir Charles Pym, one Mr. Mirriday, Mr. Neale, and Sir Thomas Middleton, and others dined at the Swan Tavern upon Fish-street Hill; after they were

Digitized by Google

come into the house they went up-stairs; after which the prisoners at the bar came into the house and took another room to dine of beef and other things. But one of Sir Charles's company desired to have a plate of it; upon which Mr. Cloudsley told them some gentlemen had bespoke it for dinner; but he said he would get them a plate of it, which was sent up and ordered to be reckoned into Mr. Walters the prisoner's bill. After dinner they drank their healths, and returned them thanks for their beef; and towards the evening, Sir Charles Pym and his friends came down-stairs, and met the prisoners at the bottom, and Mr. Cave asked them how they liked the beef that was sent up? Upon which, one in the company answered, and told them, they did not send it, for they had paid for it. Upon which, farther words arose, and Mr. Bradshaw drew his sword and fell upon Sir Charles Pym, but he got out into the street. After which, Mr. Walters came forth and plucked Sir Charles Pym by the arms, and forced him to fight with him, saying, here is my hand, and here is my sword; and as soon as he was in the street he received this mortal wound, and so fell down dead. After this, Mr. Walters took him by the nape of the neck, and dashed his head upon the ground, and cried out, damn you, you are dead: and said farther, let the sword alone in his body. My lord, this shall be proved to be done without any manner of provocation; and if so, I hope you, gentlemen of the jury, will find him guilty of wilful murder.

Clerk. Call Mr, Mirriday, Mr. Neale, Mr. Palms, and Mr. Bridges. (Who were sworn.)

Mr. Mirriday. My lord, on the 4th day of May last, on a Friday, Sir Charles Pym, myself, and these gentlemen here in court, came to dine at the Swan Tavern, in Old Fish-street. We asked for meat, and Mr. Cloudsley, the man of the house, told us we might have fish, for he had no meat but what was bespoke by Mr. Walters and his company. We desired him to help us to a plate of it, if it might be got, which we had brought up-stairs; after dinner we drank the gentlemen's healths that sent it, and returned them thanks for it. A while after, Sir Thomas Middleton went away, and about an hour after that or thereabouts, Sir Charles Pym and the rest of us came down to go away; and when we were in the entry, Mr. Cave met us and asked Sir Charles how he liked the beef that was sent up; who answered, we did not know you sent it, for we have paid for it. Then the boy that kept the bar told us that he did not reckon it in the bill; upon which Mr. Cave seemed to take it ill: but, my lord, I cannot be positive whether Mr. Bradshaw and Mr. Palms were at any words. Then I took Mr. Cave to one side, into the entry, and he thought that I had a mind to fight him, but I did what I could to make an end of the quarrel. [Upon which the Court highly commended Mr. Mirriday.]

Court. This was in the entry, but where was Sir Charles Pym?

Mr. Mirriday. He was then in the entry.

Court. Where was Mr. Walters?

Mirriday. He was at the door, my lord; but I cannot swear positively to any particular passage as to the murder; but Mr. Walters called Sir Charles Pym rogue, and gave him very ill words, and I saw him take him by the neck and force his head downwards, and said, with an oath, he is dead, to the best of my remembrance, my lord, Then I took Sir Charles up in my arms and pulled the sword out of his body; and then Mr.

Digitized by Google

Walters said, with an oath, let it stay in his body, or words to that effect.

Court. Was Mr. Cave or Mr. Bradshaw at the place where Sir Charles fell?

Mirriday. No, my lord, they were in the entry scuffling there.

Court. What came of Mr. Walters afterwards?

Mirriday. My lord, he stayed a little, till I had pulled the sword out of his body, and then he ran away.

Court. Did they draw their swords in the entry?

Mirriday. I cannot tell that.

Court. Did you see them draw their swords?

Mirriday. I cannot say Sir Charles Pym's sword was drawn, but I saw Mr. Walters draw his sword in the street.

Court. Do you know whether Mr. Walters was wounded or no?

Mirriday. I do not know that, for I did not see the wound given.

Court. Mr. Walters, will you ask him any questions?

Walters. Yes, my lord: Mr. Mirriday, what did you say to Sir Charles Pym in the fishmonger's shop? Did you not say, go and fight him, and I will be your second?

Mirriday. My lord, I do not remember one word of that.

Court. Mr. Mirriday, were you in any fishmonger's shop?

Mirriday. Yes, my lord, I was there; but I do not remember one word between Mr. Walters and Sir Charles, and, as I hope for salvation, I said no such thing; and that 's all I have to say.

Clerk. Cryer, call Mr. Neale.

Mr. Neale. My lord, I went and met with these gentlemen that dined with us at the aforesaid tavern, and we had fish and two beef marrow-bones and a plate of beef for dinner; and when we came down to go away, these gentlemen met us, and said, with an oath, how did you like the beef? which raised a quarrel among us; but immediately, after I thought it was all over, I saw Mr. Walters run Sir Charles Pym through.

Court. Was his sword drawn?

Neale. Yes, both of their swords were drawn.

Court. Where was Mr. Bradshaw?

Neale. I cannot tell where he was directly: but, my lord, I heard Sir Charles Pym say nothing to Mr. Walters.

Clerk. Cryer, call Mr. Palms.

Palms. My lord, after the reckoning was paid, we came down-stairs and called for a coach, and because it rained there was none to be had, and these gentlemen followed us into the entry, and so words to the same purpose as aforesaid passed between them; after which I met Mr. Bradshaw, and we fell out in the fishmonger's shop.

Court. Who began?

Palms. I know not, I cannot remember that.

Court. Were you not in drink?

Palms. My lord, we drank nine or ten bottles among six of us; after which Mr. Bradshaw and I drew our swords, and then Mr. Mirriday came and took him away from me, into the entry, and in the mean time, while we were talking in the entry, the business was done.

Court. Were your swords put up again?

Palms. I had put up mine.

Counsel for the King. Did you take notice of what passed between Mr. Walters and Sir Charles Pym?

Digitized by Google

Palms. I heard nothing of high words.

Court. Yes, yes, it was all about the beef.

Clerk. Cryer, call for Mr. Presland, the bar-keeper.

Presland. My lord, I made the bill for the reckoning.

Court. Did you put the beef into the bill?

Presland. No, I did not; when they came down-stairs, the coach was fetched for them, viz., for Sir Charles Pym and his company, and the reckoning was paid. When Sir Charles Pym and the rest of his company came down into the entry, Mr. Walters came out of the room, &c., and I heard them argue about their dinner, and they came to me, and asked me what was to pay for beef, and I told them nothing.

Court. Did you see the man killed?

Presland. My lord, I did not see him killed, not I.

Court. Who was it that quarrelled with the coachman?

Presland. My lord, Mr. Neale quarrelled with the coachman about his staying: the coachman refused going with him, because his horses were hot.

Clerk. Cryer, call Mr. Brummidge.

Brummidge. My lord, between eleven and twelve o'clock in the morning, on the 4th of May last, Sir Charles Pym came to Mr. Cloudsley's house in a coach, and asked him what he might have for dinner; who told him that he might have a mullet and some smelts, and I sold a mullet to Mr. Cloudsley; so Sir Charles went to the Exchange, and I saw no more of him till I saw him killed. While I was in the house, came in one Mr. Allen and others, to inquire for Sir Charles Pym, and Mr. Cloudsley told them that he had bespoke a dinner, viz., a mullet and some smelts, and was gone to the Exchange; but one of the gentlemen desired a bit of the beef that was at the fire, so Mr. Cloudsley said he would get a plate for him. So I went to the door and the coachman came, and his horses being hot, he desired to go away because it rained; but Mr. Neale put his foot-boy into the coach, and the coachman after pulled his boy out of the coach and drove away. And after that, I saw Mr. Cave and others come to the door, and jostled each other into the next shop, and were at very high words; and so afterwards they went into the entry again, and Sir Charles Pym and Mr. Walters came out without the door, the latter of which said, "Here is my hand, and here is my sword;" but they returned both in again into the tavern, and within two minutes came out again, and I saw Mr. Walters thrust Sir Charles Pym through his back.

Court. Did you see him do anything to him after he was down?

Brummidge. No, my lord, I did not.

Court. Did you not say that Walters went over the kennel, and drew his sword, and stood upon his guard; and then you say, that you saw Sir Charles Pym come out with his sword drawn; was his sword drawn?

Brummidge. I did not see him draw it; but it was drawn.

Court. Where did he receive his wound?

Brummidge. Within a foot of the kennel; I was but a little way off, but I did not see him beat his head against the ground.

Clerk. Cryer, call Mr. Fletcher.

Fletcher. My lord, on Friday, in the evening on the 4th of May, I was going by the tavern door about seven o'clock at night, and I heard a noise and a talking of going to the other end of the town to be merry: and turning myself back to hearken further, I saw Mr. Walters come out of

Digitized by Google

the door and draw his sword, and Sir Charles Pym came out and drew his sword; and presently Mr. Walters's sword was through Sir Charles Pym's body almost a foot; and he fell down crinkling immediately; and when he was down, I saw Mr. Walters hit him in the kennel, and take him by the nape of the neck, and after cried,with an oath, let the sword stick in his body; and afterwards I saw Mr. Mirriday pull the sword out of his body.

Court. Did you see Mr. Bradshaw there when Sir Charles fell?

Fletcher. No, my lord I saw none there but Mr. Walters and Sir Charles, they were out of doors, and the rest were in the entry.

Mary White and Sarah Webb were called, who could give little or no evidence as to matter of fact, as concerning the death of Sir Charles; and being timorous, could not see what they might have seen.

Clerk. Cryer, call Mr. Allen.

Allen. I know but very little of the matter, but that there was a plate of beef sent up to us, but we knew not from whence it came, till afterwards the drawer brought us word that the gentlemen below had sent it up; after which, we drank their healths and returned them thanks for it. After which, I went to the coffee-house hard by, and sat about half an hour, and presently heard a cry of murder, and I came down and saw Sir Charles Pym lying with a wound in his body, and another in his head, but I did not know who it was, not then; but I asked who did this business, and exhorted the people to take them as soon as they could.

Court. I think you said that Mr. Bradshaw's sword was drawn?

Allen. Yes, it was, but I believe that he did not know that Sir Charles Pym was killed.

Mrs. Sheepwash was called, but could depose nothing material.

Court. Mr. Walters, you have been here indicted together with Mr. Bradshaw and Mr. Cave, for the murder of Sir Charles Pym, knight, and bart., you have heard what charge hath been laid against you, which hath been a very strong one, and now it behoves you to make your defence as well as you can.

Walters. My lord, I was no way the occasion of the quarrel: when I came thither, I asked for some meat, and having not eaten all the day before, we had a piece of beef, of which Sir Charles Pym and his company had some, who afterwards drank our healths, as I was informed. For my part, my lord I, never saw the gentleman before in my days: my lord, I am very sorry it should be my misfortune to kill him in the quarrel. Sir Charles Pym asked me, saying, with an oath, "Sir, what have you to do to meddle?" I went presently, my lord, to a fishmonger's, where Mr. Mirriday was, and Sir Charles Pym came, and Mr. Mirriday said to him, Sir Charles, "Damn you, Sir, go and fight him, and I will be your second." And presently they came upon me, and I drew my sword in my own defence, and he ran me eight inches into the thigh, and at the same pass, I had the misfortune, my lord, to run him into the body.

Court. Would you ask Mr. Mirriday any questions?

Walters. Yes, my lord. Mr. Mirriday, did you see me strike Sir Charles's head upon the ground?

Mirriday. No, Sir, I did not see that; neither did I say any such thing in the fishmonger's shop, as to bid Sir Charles fight you.

Clerk. Cryer, call Matthew Perin.

Digitized by Google

Perin. My lord, all that I saw of the business was, that when the coachman was called to the door, Mr. Neale came and threatened him if he did not stay; then Mr. Cave and Mr. Bradshaw were in the entry, and I heard them discourse about beef; and some of them said, you give us beef and make us pay for it; and there was answer made, they were rascals that said so, for they did not. There was one of the gentlemen in our shop hearing of it, said, let me come to him, I will fight him.

Court. Do you know the man?

Perin. No, I do not know who it was.

Walters. I was wounded at the same time, my lord.

Court. That is admitted of.

Walters. Let him be asked whether I beat the head against the ground.

Perin. No, my lord, I did not see him do that.

Court. He had a wound, the question is how he came by it; whether he might not fall upon it himself, it was a slanting wound?

Walters. Pray, my lord, let Sir Charles's sword be seen, all blood. [But that gave no satisfaction on either side.]

Court. Mr. Bradshaw, what have you to say for yourself?

Mr. Bradshaw. My lord, I was there, but I know nothing of the death of Sir Charles Pym, nor how he came by it; there were some words arose amongst us, and I desired them to cease, for fear a farther quarrel should ensue upon it.

Court. Mr. Cave, what have you to say?

Mr. Cave. I know no more of the matter than this gentleman saith: I saw not Sir Charles Pym killed.

Clerk. Cryer, make proclamation.

Cryer. All people are commanded to keep silence, upon pain of imprisonment.

Then Mr. Baron Jenner summed up the evidence as followeth:—

Baron Jenner. Gentlemen of the jury, you have three persons indicted, viz. Mr. Walters, Mr. Bradshaw, and Mr. Cave, for murdering Sir Charles Pym, bart., and have had several witnesses called for the King, against the prisoners at the bar: the first of which was Mr. Mirriday, and he gives you this account, and it is all that each and every one gives, and it agrees on all sides; and he tells you, that all those gentlemen were to dine at Mr. Cloudsley's, at the Swan Tavern in Old Fish Street; and, that they were there at dinner, it is very plainly proved. And being there, it seems that some of those gentlemen had bespoke a fish dinner, some flesh, and had some—viz. a plate of beef. And he tells you, also, that when dinner was over, some words did arise concerning the reckoning, and that one of the companies were got downstairs in the entry, where a further quarrel did arise. Mr. Mirriday tells you further, that Mr. Bradshaw and he quarrelled, so there was a scuffle in the entry; after which, things were pretty well quieted there; in comes Mr. Walters and Sir Charles Pym, and while Mr. Mirriday was securing the first quarrel, they, viz. Sir Charles Pym and Mr. Walters, were got out at the door, and Sir Charles was stooping down, and Mr. Walters was pushing upon his neck and throwing him down.

So said Mr. Mirriday; and when he went to take the sword out of his body, he saw him a dying man.

The next evidence was Mr. Neale, and he observes to you, that one

Digitized by Google

of the gentlemen did say, that the quarrel was not intended against them; and he gives an account of the story, how that it was about the beef; how that Sir Charles was run through by Walters, but he did not see him knock his head against the ground.

Mr. Palms gives the like account, and saith,—that whilst they were a scuffling in the entry, Sir Charles was killed at the door.

The next evidence is the drawer, who tells you of a squabble that Mr. Neale had with the coachman at the door, and how that there was left four of the gentlemen behind, and that the coachman was unwilling to wait, because it rained, his horses being hot they might catch cold; whereupon, he put his footboy into the coach, and threatened the coachman if he went away: this was before they fell out about the meat.

The next evidence was one Mr. Brummidge, the fishmonger; he gives the same account, how that a quarrel was amongst them, and how that Mr. Walters was on one side of the kennel, and Sir Charles Pym on the other side, and there they stood with their swords drawn; and as soon as they came close, they wounded each other, and Sir Charles Pym was killed; but he did not see his head knocked against the ground.

Comes Fletcher, my Lord Mayor's officer, and he tells you, that he was going by the door home into Bread Street, and he sees a man that was wounded stooping down; and he swears that Mr. Walters took him by the nape of his neck, and knocked his head against the ground, and heard him swear, let the sword stick in him. Sarah Webb, and another woman, speak it to be in the like manner; and one of them talks of Mr. Walters's pulling Sir Charles Pym out of the entry before he would come out.

Last of all, gentlemen, here was Mr. Allen, one of their company, who went away to the coffee-house, and hearing murder cried out, he came and found Sir Charles Pym killed, and quite dead. This, gentlemen, is the evidence that you have heard, as near as I can give it you.

Now, for the prisoner, Mr. Walters, he would have you believe as if Sir Charles had struck him before he drew his sword; but he has not proved it: likewise speaks of Mr. Fletcher, but he does not remember that Sir Charles Pym struck him before he drew: but so it was, gentlemen, there was a quarrel, in which that honorable and worthy gentleman, Sir Charles Pym, lost his life.

Now, for Mr. Bradshaw, he confesseth, that there was a quarrel; but he saith, that he did not know when or how Sir Charles Pym was killed; and for Mr. Cave, I do not find anything objected against him, nor either of them.

Now, gentlemen, I must tell you what the law is in this case: first of all, to begin with Mr. Walters, so as it fares with Mr. Walters, so you may be guided to deal with the other two. Now it hath not been made appear, by any of the evidence that you have heard, that there was any premeditated malice between them, for they were never in company before, and knew not each other; so that there could be no manner of malice from him in particular.

The next step, gentlemen, is, here is nothing that can impute a general malice upon Mr. Walters; for if I had no design to kill a man, and kill another with whom I do not quarrel, that cannot be any premeditated malice; but I rather think that there was a little heat of wine amongst them: and this whole action was carried on by nothing else but by a hot

Digitized by Google

and sudden frolic; and I am very sorry that it should fall upon such a worthy gentleman as he was. And, if there was no malice premeditated, then he can be found guilty of nothing but manslaughter; and, as for the other two, they must be totally acquitted. If I have erred in the summing up of these evidences, or mistaken myself in any point, here are my brothers to help me.

Then the gentlemen of the jury withdrew for about the space of half an hour, and returned into court upon a scruple of conscience; one amongst them spoke to the court as followeth:—

Juryman. My lord, we are not satisfied in our consciences concerning the death of Sir Charles Pym; we find in it malice forethought; because after he had run the sword through his body, he was not satisfied with that, but must knock his head against the ground; so we do take it, that the said Sir Charles Pym was maliciously murdered.

Justice Allibone. Gentlemen of the jury, I shall endeavour to direct you in this case, and tell you what the law saith,—That it cannot reach a man's life where no prepense malice is proved; that there is none proved, appears very plain to me, and I hope also to you, because it hath been proved, that those gentlemen, viz. the prisoners at the bar, and the deceased, had never been in company before. Gentlemen, you are upon your oaths to serve the King as jurymen; and I, as a judge, am upon my oath to try the cause as well on the behalf of the living as the dead. So that upon the whole matter, gentlemen, this can be called nothing else but a storm, an ungoverned storm, that such men are subject to; so that it does not reach precedent malice, but subsequent passion; which sad passion was continued to that height, that Sir Charles Pym, in the midst of it, lost his life.

Then the jury went out again for about a quarter of an hour; and, returning, brought in Mr. Walters guilty of manslaughter; but the other two were acquitted.

Digitized by Google

FRAGMENTS OF FAMILY HISTORY.

ELIZABETH AND MARY BULLYN, COUSINS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

In a remote part of the King's County, Ireland, adjoining the village of Shannon Harbour, is the tomb of two fair cousins of the unhappy Anne Boleyn, consort of Henry VIII. The story of its discovery is curious, and is so little known as to be worthy of minute narration; while the personages to whom it refers confer upon it very great additional interest.

Shannon Harbour is a small hamlet, with a population of about 200. It derives its appellation from being one of the stations of the Inland Steam Navigation Company of Ireland, it being situated at the junction of the Grand Canal with the river Shannon, *en route* from Limerick to Dublin. In its immediate neighbourhood are the sites of several battle-fields of the sixteenth century; and continually, in the ordinary routine of husbandry, the peasantry turn up broken spears and swords, and the fragments of what once was man. In 1803, when the canal locks were undergoing repairs, some labourers who were quarrying in the vicinity of the village, beneath the ruined castle of Clonoona, happened on an extensive cave in the limestone rock. Having removed some loose stones that were piled up at its farther end, they uncovered a huge slab, eight feet in length by four in breadth, and nearly a foot in thickness. When the slab was raised, a coffin chiselled in the solid rock, and containing two female skeletons, much decayed, was revealed to view; and on the lower side of the superincumbent flag was this inscription, cut in alto relievo:—

HERE · *under* · LEYS · ELISABETH · AND ·
MARY · BULLYN · DAVGHTERS · OF · THOMAS ·
BULLYN · SON · OF · GEORGE · BULLYN · THE ·
SON · OF · GEORGE · BULLYN · VICOUNT ·
ROCHFORD · SON · OF · SR · THOMAS · BULLYN ·
ERLE · OF · ORMOND · AND · WILLSHEERE ·

In the picture-gallery of the Earl of Rosse, at Parsonstown, in the King's County, were formerly two sweet female faces, inscribed, the one, "Anno ætatis, 18," and the other, "Anno ætatis, 17," but otherwise anonymous. No one knew who were intended to be represented by them, although the noble Earl was well aware of his maternal descent from Alice, daughter of Sir William Bullyn of Blickling, until the discovery of this tomb. *Then* it was remarked that the elder wore a jewel in her bosom, in shape like the letter E, and that her sister had fastened behind the ear a marygold; and the rebus of old painters was remembered, who generally indicated by this quaint method the name of the individual their pencil had drawn. The *Mary* and *Elizabeth* of this

Digitized by Google

deeply-hidden tomb were now discovered; and few who looked on the mildewed and wasted relics, and contrasted with *them* the mild and loving countenances that looked down upon them from the antique picture-frames, could help a shudder at remembering the woful alteration. The boasted human form—the human face divine! and must they come to this? Ah, yea, indeed. "Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come: make her laugh at that." But—we may not moralize.

It is hard to account for the obscure hiding of those whose lineage so palpably connected them with the blood royal, otherwise than by conjecturing that the fury of the insatiate Henry was not extinguished even with the blood of his innocent wife, but that he must have pursued with his wrath her near relatives, and that some of them fled for refuge to the Irish shores. In the very making of the sepulchre there was an evident seeking for concealment, as though the names of the dead themselves might have led to the identification and prejudice of the living.

"Soon after the sepulchral stone," says a writer in an extinct Irish periodical, "was first disturbed, an amazing number of worms, of the centipede description, made their appearance about the place. They were about an inch and a half long, and of a black colour, excepting on the belly, which was brownish. They were constantly seen to proceed in multitudes from the tomb, across the fields, towards a house which had been erected hard by, for the accommodation of some quarrymen. Here they gathered in such numbers as to hang pendant from the roof at times, like clusters of bees after swarming. The consequence was, that the house acquired the name of *Maggotty House*, and it was remarked to be exceedingly unwholesome, an unusual number of persons having died in it. At last it became totally deserted, no one daring to live there."

We believe the two portraits we have described are no longer in existence. A disastrous fire at Parsonstown, in June, 1832, consumed a great part of Lord Rosse's pictures, and among them, we understand, those of Elizabeth and Mary Bullyn.

THE YOUNG CHEVALIER.

In the Episcopal Church of Frescati is an urn, containing the heart of Prince Charles Edward. It is inscribed with these beautiful lines, written by the Abbate Felicé, one of the chaplains of the Cardinal York, the last of the Stuarts:—

"Di Carlo il freddo cinere
Questa brev' urna serra;
Figlio de Terzo Giacomo,
Segnor d' Inghilterra,
Fuor' de regno patrio.
A' lui che tomba diede?
Infidelta di popolo,
Integrita de fedé."

However much the Stuarts may be blamed—and that there is abundant cause of censure none will deny—their misfortunes lend their history a saddened interest. And now, after the lapse of many years, when men can think and talk quietly about them, pity must enter

Digitized by Google

largely into our feelings respecting these outcast princes. They erred grievously, and they were punished heavily; and if suffering can in any wise atone for imprudence, then surely the meed of consideration cannot be long withheld from them, whose tears should have wiped away all traces of their transgression.

THE BIRTH-PLACE AND BIRTH-DAY OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

A small print, which lies before us as we write, presents to us the existing state of Dangan Castle, in the county of Meath, Ireland—the reputed birth-place of his Grace the Duke of Wellington. We say "reputed," for the claim has been more than once controverted by writers who maintain that the Irish metropolis must be adjudged that honour. And, certainly, a current Dublin story declares that the Great Hero was born in St. Andrew's parish, in that city, at the Earl of Mornington's residence, Spring Gardens, College Green—a house long since taken down, but which stood nearly opposite to the grand front of the old Irish Parliament House. The disputes respecting the birth-places of illustrious men have been, and we suppose ever will be, of constant recurrence. Their cause is natural and apparent. In the present instance we see no reason to question the authenticity of the received opinion, which assigns to the crumbling ruins of this venerable pile before us the glory of such an undying reminiscence.

Dangan Castle is situated within two miles of the village of Summerhill, in the parish of Larracor (memorable from its recollections of Swift), and is distant seventeen miles from Dublin, in a north-west direction. A ruin itself, it stands in the centre of a once fruitful but now deserted demesne, that has been completely "cleared" by the woodman's axe. Close at hand is the basin of a drained lake. Of the castle the mere shell is standing, in a portion of which a straw-thatched peasant's hut has been erected. Dangan was anciently a fortress of the Fitz-Eustaces, Lords Portlester, and was probably founded early in the fourteenth century by one of that family. From them it passed to the Earls of Kildare, and from them (through the Plunkets, Lords Killeen) to the Wesleys, or Porleys, the ancestors of the illustrious warrior we are speaking of. The Marquis Wellesley sold Dangan to Colonel Burrowes, by whom it was leased to Mr. Roger O'Connor, during whose tenancy the whole building was dismantled by conflagration. No attempt was made to rebuild or restore it.

The birth-day of our hero has been the subject of misapprehension, even on the part of the late Colonel Gurwood, the editor of his "Despatches." In the registry of St. Peter's parish, Dublin, the entry of his Grace's baptism has been lately found, which proves him to be a day, if not more, older than he is thought to be. The entry is—

"1769. April 30.—Arthur, son of the Right Honourable Earl and Countess of Mornington. Baptized."

And immediately beneath is the attesting signature of "Isaac Mann, Archdeacon." Dr. Mann was consecrated Bishop of Cork and Ross in 1772, and occupied that see until his death in 1789.

Digitized by Google

ARCHBISHOPS OF YORK.

THERE have been fourteen Archbishops of York since the Restoration. Immediately after that great event the famous DR. ACCEPTED FREWEN—the friend of Laud and the devoted adherent of King Charles I.—was translated from the See of Lichfield to the Northern Archiepiscopal prelacy. His Grace was eldest son of the Rev. John Frewen of Northiam, in Sussex, a learned Puritan divine, and received his education at the Free-School of Canterbury, and at Magdalen College, Oxford. His earliest opportunity of gaining public distinction seems to have been at Madrid ,where he happened to be, in the capacity of Chaplain to the Embassy, when Prince Charles and the Duke of Buckingham paid their romantic visit to the Court of Spain, and where he preached so impressive and eloquent a sermon before the Prince, that when Charles ascended the throne he called for Frewen by name, and, with his own hand, placed him on the list of Royal Chaplains. At the breaking out of the Civil War, Dr. Frewen, who then held the Presidency of Magdalen College, was mainly instrumental in sending the University plate to the King at Oxford, and he also advanced £500 out of his own resources for his Majesty's service. His Grace died Unmarried, 28th March, 1664, leaving his fortune to his brother, Stephen Frewen, a wealthy citizen of London, from whom derive the families of Frewen, of Northiam and Frewen, of Brickwall House, Sussex.

The next Archbishop was RICHARD STERNE, who had previously held the See of Carlisle. His Grace, the son of Simon Sterne, of Mansfield, became Chaplain to Laud, and was committed to the Tower with that illustrious divine. At the Restoration he was consecrated Bishop of Carlisle, and died Archbishop of York in 1683, aged 87. His second son, Simon Sterne, of Elrington and Halifax, married Mary, heiress of Roger Jacques, Esq., and was grandfather of LAURENCE STERNE, the author of "Tristram Shandy." The crest of the Archbishop's family—"a starling"—may possibly have suggested the pathetic episode on the "Poor Caged Bird," in the "Sentimental Journey."

DR. JOHN DOLBEN, Bishop of Rochester, succeeded Sterne. This prelate, prior to entering into Holy Orders, was a military officer, and distinguished himself during the Civil War under the royal standard, particularly at the defence of York, where he received a severe wound. He was Lord High Almoner and Clerk of the closet to Charles II., and, during the prohibition of the Liturgy, was accustomed to read it in a house opposite All Soul's College, of which a memorial is preserved in a fine painting by Sir Peter Lely, at Finedon, a copy of which hangs in the hall of Christ Church, Oxford. Dr. Dolben died in 1686, leaving a son, Sir Gilbert Dolben, Bart., one of the judges of the Common Pleas, whose great-grandson, Sir John English Dolben, the last of his race, died in 1837. This remarkable person was devotedly attached to classical literature and antiquities, and supported with great zeal, but at the same time, with equal toleration, the principles of the Established Church. Previously to his final retirement into the country, he lingered with much affection about the haunts of his youthful studies and amusements, being alike conspicuous for his venerable deportment and harmless eccentricity. He was a constant visitor at the Commemoration Dinners at Christ Church; and he fre-

Digitized by Google

quently joined the juvenile ranks at Westminster School, whom he would accompany to service at the Abbey, saying, he was the youngest among them beginning to count afresh from seventy. He had his cards printed in black letter type, saying he was himself "old English," and that was the most appropriate style for him. He carried so many small volumes about with him in his numerous and capacious pockets, that he appeared like a walking library; and his memory, especially in classical quotations, was equally well stored. These few passing words on old Sir English Dolben, as pious and kind-hearted a gentleman as ever existed, will not be deemed irrelevant, with reference to his learned and distinguished predecessor the Archbishop of York.

The next prelate in succession, THOMAS LAMPLUGH, was a descendant of the ancient Cumberland family of Lamplugh, of Lamplugh, now represented by Lord Brougham as heir general. His Grace—successively Principal of St. Alban's Hall, Oxford, Archdeacon of London, and Bishop of Exeter, died at Bishopsthorp in 1691, aged 76, leaving a son, Archdeacon Thomas Lamplugh, D.D., ancestor of Mr. Lamplugh Raper, of Lamplugh and Lotherton. The vacancy in the See of York was supplied by the elevation of the learned Dean of Canterbury, Dr. JOHN SHARP, the son of a tradesman at Bradford, and the descendant of an old but decayed family long settled at Little Norton, in Bradford Dale. During the reign of James II., he had incurred the monarch's displeasure by his sermons against Rome, and suffered suspension. By William III., however, and Queen Anne, he was much esteemed, and had the honour of preaching the Coronation Sermon of the latter sovereign. Dr. Sharpe's pulpit eloquence became very popular. His discourses, which have been collected in seven octavo volumes, still maintain their reputation. His death occurred 2d Feb. 1714. The next archbishop was Sir WILLIAM DAWES, translated from Chester. He succeeded to his family baronetcy at the decease of his brother, and died in 1724, leaving a son, Sir D'Arcy Dawes, Bart. Next to Dr. Dawes followed LANCELOT BLACKBURN, who had been consecrated Bishop of Exeter in 1716; and after him, came THOMAS HERRING, a prelate celebrated for his eloquence and public spirit. He filled the archiepiscopal See of York during the memorable year 1745; and, on learning the defeat of the King's troops at Preston Pans, convened a meeting of the nobility, gentry, and clergy at York, to whom he addressed a spirited speech, and imparted so much enthusiasm that no less than £40,000 was immediately subscribed to raise troops for the national defence. These services and his general reputation, naturally advanced him to the Primacy at the death of Archbishop Potter, and he held the See of Canterbury until his death, in 1757. His son, Thomas Herring, Esq., married the sister of Sir William Cooper, Bart., and was ancestor of the present Harman Herring Cooper, Esq., of Shrewl Castle, county Wicklow. Dr. Herring's preferment to Canterbury made way for the advancement of MATTHEW HUTTON, Bishop of Bangor, to the See of York. This divine was the second son of John Hutton, Esq., of Marske, and descended, in the fifth degree, from Matthew Hutton, who filled the northern Primacy in 1594, and of whom it is recorded that "he was so little of a sycophant, that he durst preach before a court on the instability of kingdoms and the change of dynasties, and durst ring in Elizabeth's ears the funeral knell of a succession." Dr. Hutton was eventually translated, as his predecessor Herring had been,

Digitized by Google

to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. That event happened in 1757, when JOHN GILBERT, Bishop of Salisbury, received the mitre of York. His Grace died in 1761, and was succeeded in his See by the Hon. and Right Rev. ROBERT DRUMMOND who had been successively Prebendary of Westminster and Bishop of St. Asaph and Salisbury. He was second son of George Henry, seventh Earl of Kinnoul, and grandson maternally of Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, the celebrated Lord High Treasurer; and assumed the surname of Drummond according to the deed of entail of his great grandfather, William Viscount Strathallan. His Grace died in 1776, leaving, with other issue, a son Robert, who became ninth Earl of Kinnoul. After Dr. Drummond, the next Archbishop of York was WILLIAM MARKHAM, who had filled the important situation of preceptor to the Prince of Wales, and had held the See of Chester for the six preceding years. Dr. Markham was by birth an Irishman, but claimed descent from the ancient Nottinghamshire family of Markham, of Coatham. His grandson is the present Col. Wm. Markham, of Becca Hall, near Tadcaster. Archbishop Markham died in 1807, aged 88, and was interred in Westminster Abbey. His Grace was the immediate predecessor of the late venerable divine, EDWARD HARCOURT, whose death, during the past month, has suggested this brief summary of "the Primates of England."

The present Archbishop of York, Dr. THOMAS MUSGRAVE, is a native of Cambridge. His father, the late Mr. W. Peete Musgrave, was a woollen draper and tailor, and obtained some notoriety about the end of the last century as a warm and liberal supporter of the Whigs in the University town. The Archbishop, who is about sixty years of age, married, in 1839, the Hon. Catherine Cavendish, daughter of Richard, second Lord Waterpark.

SONNET.

GUERNSEY, to me and in my partial eyes
  Thou art a holy and enchanted isle,
  Where I would linger long, and muse the while
Of ancient thoughts and solemn memories,
  Quickening the tender tear or pensive smile:
Guernsey! for nearly three a hundred years
Home of my fathers! refuge from their fears
  And haven to their hope—when long of yore,
Fleeing Imperial Charles and bloody Rome,
  Protestant-martyrs, to thy sea-girt shore
They came, to seek a temple and a home,
  And found thee generous! I, their son, would pour
My heartful all of praise and thanks to thee,
Island of welcomes—friendly, frank, and free!

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

Digitized by Google

THE ROMANTIC HEROES OF HISTORY.

No. I.—Bayard.

No character of the middle ages stands out in brighter relief than that of Bayard, the knight "*sans peur et sans reproche.*" He was not, indeed, the first who bore this honorable designation. Another knight—*Bon chevalier sans paour*—had previously been distinguished by some such epithet, as the father of Sir Dynadan, one of the Knights of the Round Table; and Bayard has been equalled, if not surpassed, by our own Sir Philip Sidney—perhaps Sir Sidney Smith—and many modern successors. Neither was he conspicuous for any great achievement in arms; and in no great action, such as Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, was it his fortune to bear part. He also was concerned, either as principal or associate, in several incidents, which by no means realize our modern ideas of chivalry; and yet posterity, with one accord, concurs in his designation. Many loftier names are to be found in the contemporary history of France, and those countries with which he was associated; yet he, almost alone, of all the number, is now recollected—a circumstance which may, perhaps, be attributed to the general barbarity of those days, but must also spring from his own innate worth.

Pierre de Terrail—the patronymic designation of the chevalier—was the cadet or younger son of the knightly family of Bayard in Dauphiné, and was born at the Chateau of that name, in the year 1476. The old chronicles inform us, that his ancestors had been distinguished for three generations, and three sons were born to the old knight of Terrail to inherit his progenitors' renown. The old gentleman had earned fame in the battle of Spurs; his father had fallen at either Agincourt or Poitiers. The former, however, lived to the age of eighty; and a short time before his death, according to the custom of those days, summoned the sons to his presence. In reply to the usual interrogatory, the eldest expressed his resolution to remain at home, and fight the bears, with which the country teemed; the castle and its appurtenances were consequently left to him: the second preferred devotion to the church, a wealthy abbacy being in the family: but the third and youngest, our hero Pierre, then a youth of thirteen, was intent solely on war, and consequently soon afterwards was despatched to the court of the Duke of Savoy, to be instructed in the noble art of arms.

Warfare then was a very different game from at present. The recollection of the Grecian phalanx, and the Roman infantry, had gone out of date—if, indeed, the names of either Rome or Greece were known to the accomplished knights of the period—and cavalry alone was held in estimation. Foot soldiers were reckoned as so many "villains," and in

Digitized by Google

battle, accounted as nothing. The graceful horsemanship of young Pierre accordingly soon attracted attention; and high things were predicted of him, when, in the court-yard of the Duke, he kept his seat, notwithstanding all the efforts of an unruly steed to throw him. His mother called him aside, and bestowed on him her purse; an old uncle, a bishop, was in raptures: and a youthful boast from Pierre, that in six years he would bestride an animal over some field more perilous, drew forth greater admiration than if he had taught the churchman to spell the initiatory word of his breviary. In the household of the Duke of Savoy he soon acquired other distinctions; its reigning princes of those days being as conspicuous for honour and fidelity as they subsequently became for intrigue and faithlessness when, as it was remarked, the geographical portion of their dominions rendered it impossible that they should be morally honest. The reigning prince was a man, who, on being asked by some northern ambassador for his hounds, shewed him a long array of poor at his dinner-table, and said, "*Voila mes chiens*—the dogs by which I expect to chase and get hold of Paradise;" and the Duchess, if we may believe report, was in every respect worthy of her lord. The troubadours of the period exhaust the language of eulogy, in describing the beauties of her person and the grace of her mind. She was in the flower of age when the young Bayard was entrusted to her care; and under so accomplished a personage, he soon became so conspicuous for his elegant and chivalrous demeanour, that the Duke, six months afterwards, deemed him the most acceptable present he could make to Charles the Eighth of France, on meeting that sovereign at Lyons. With his horse, he was accordingly passed over to his Majesty's service, and obtained the name of *Picquet*, from the graceful manner in which he made his steed curvet in the King's presence. Charles quickly assigned him to a mentor of the house of Luxembourg, with whom he remained till his seventeenth year, when he made his first essay in arms.

A noted Knight, De Valdré, of Burgundy, was his opponent. This chevalier, one of the boldest known, had then come to Lyons, and hung up his shield in defiance of all adventurers, whether on horse or foot. He had inspired such alarm, that none ventured to answer the challenge; and Piquet, in this emergency, being still in the service of the French King, from whom he received an annual allowance of three horses and three hundred francs, considered himself bound in honour to touch the shield—the usual mode of signifying acceptance. The King at arms expressed his astonishment and apprehension at the deed. Piquet, as yet, was a stripling, while de Valdré stood a stalwart man. But a far other source of perturbation existed in the mind of the youth: his horses were not sufficiently caparisoned; he himself was destitute of the requisite armour; and the slender allowance of the French King could provide for neither. In these circumstances, by the advice of one Bellabré, an associate, he had recourse to the fat abbot, or rich bishop, his uncle. The brace set out on a tour, and after some little difficulty cajoled the gentleman at the abbacy. They returned home with a hundred crowns, to purchase the horses, and, what they valued more, an order on a merchant at Lyons, to furnish whatever else might be required. The holy man neglected to specify or hint the amount; and, observing this, the two hurried on to the city, with a view to profit by the inadvertency before it

Digitized by Google

should be recollected by the worthy father. It will detract, we fear, from the future knight's reputation, to add, that he considerably surpassed the abbot's expectations, and ran up a bill to the amount of eight hundred crowns ere a messenger arrived, panting, from the abbey, restricting him to a hundred and twenty—a march (stolen) which the ecclesiastical dignitary never forgave, though Piquet brought great honour on the family, by the manner in which he distinguished himself in the ensuing combat, where De Valdré exhibited all due courtesy and forbearance.

The chronicler, who narrates this feat, applauds Piquet's dexterity, in overreaching the bishop; but it may be questioned whether it entitled him to the designation of *sans reproche*, though it is an operation which has frequently been performed, both before and since. Picquet, on the fruits, set out for Aire in Picardy, where he announced a grand tourney, in the name of "Pierre de Bayard, gentleman and apprentice in arms." The King of France had previously presented him with a caparisoned horse, and three hundred crowns on taking leave, counselling him to be brave to men, and to ladies, generous. "Generous," indeed, Bayard appears to have been to both; for the greatest part of the bishop's guerdon was already gone, and he invariably distributed his acquisitions as largeses amongst his attendants and adherents in arms, though in what way he obtained them is not distinctly known; they appear, however, to have been considerable.

Six-and-forty adventurers here presented themselves to contend for his prizes, conspicuous amongst whom were Bellabré, and one David, a Scot. "Fair ladies" were also there, and highly extolled the courtesy of the bidding knight: but he was quickly summoned from this mimic warfare to a sterner scene; the Lord of Ligny, to whose banner he was attached, having been sent to threaten Rome with five hundred lances, and two thousand Swiss, when Charles projected his ill-fated incursion to Italy. Here he soon learned how different are the customs of war from the maxims of chivalry; his commander, a cousin of Charles, having detained rigidly, as prisoners, four hundred men, who had surrendered on condition of receiving a safe conduct to another place. The plea for this infraction was, that although the agreement had been signed by the king, it wanted the countersign of his secretary; and with this subterfuge, the Italians were forced to remain contented. It inflamed their resentment, however, at the battle of Taro, which followed; and in this sanguinary action Bayard greatly distinguished himself, having had two horses shot under him in the course of the day. He captured one of the enemy's standards in the subsequent pursuit; and for his conduct on the occasion, received from Charles a present of five hundred crowns—the somewhat chivalrous coin with which it was customary in those days to reward valour. Five hundred Italians, and scarcely as many hundred French, fell in the course of this memorable day, which was long held remarkable as the first of the Italian mediæval contests in which blood to any extent had been shed; the conflicts previous to this period having rather been the formal and comparatively innocuous array of squadron against squadron in the field than the sanguinary *melée* of battle. An Italian engagement previously, had, in fact, rather resembled a tournament; and the recollection of this action was consequently impressed so vividly upon their memory, that the progress of Charles for some time remained unimpeded. The folly of the popes contributed to the easy success of the

Digitized by Google

invaders; a contemporary writer remarking,—that amongst five of them there was not one who possessed common sense. But a new pontiff succeeded—Alexander the Sixth, who, though restless, rapacious, and profligate, was a man of action as well as ambition. In martial affairs, he acted with energy and promptness; and though such spirit may seem incongruous in a priest, it had the result of causing Charles the Bold to lose his advantages in Italy, almost as rapidly as he had acquired them.

The French king spent the remainder of his life in the primitive duty of wandering up and down his dominions, dispensing justice to his subjects; but Louis the Twelfth, his successor, renewed the Italian inroads; and Bayard, who had been left in garrison in Lombardy, was consequently again called into action. In the interval he had held a tournay in honour of the Lady Blanche, widow of his first master; and also, it is said, of another lady, the Signora de Fluxas, who had in early life gained his affections, but subsequently bestowed her own upon another knight, when Bayard became less intent on love than war. From such amusements, however, he was summoned away by sterner realities. Sforza had rushed into the Duchy of Milan at the head of an irresistible German force; and Bayard having alone followed a body of his horse into Binasco with more courage than prudence, was captured before Sforza's headquarters. The knight is extolled by a chronicler for having satisfactorily "hewn at heads and limbs" before the unlucky reverse; and his prowess only secured him more distinction at the hands of his foe. Having told the captor that there were fourteen or fifteen thousand men at arms, and a still greater number of plebeian foot ready to dispute for the prize of Lombardy, and lamented his own inability to take part in the expected encounter, Sforza generously liberated him with his horse and arms; and the knight ever afterwards professed his devotion, lamenting that the introduction of fire-arms, and the employment of mercenaries, were likely to put an end to such courtesies, "as chivalry could no longer be expected when men barbarously fought on foot, and the principal strength of an army was to consist of a mercenary rabble." Yet the knights themselves, in this respect, were anything but pure, as they almost invariably gave their own services for "guerison," and cared little whether the cause in which they fought was right or wrong, provided they had their spoils or money. A circumstance which shortly afterwards occurred increased Bayard's repugnance to foot. Having himself captured Sotomayor, a Spanish knight, and relative of the celebrated Captain Gonzalo de Cordova, either he or his adherents by no means exhibited the generous courtesy he lately experienced, and the Spaniard was roughly handled for attempting to escape without ransom; that on paying his thousand crowns he also sent a challenge to Bayard to fight him on foot. Bayard at this period was suffering from ague, and a knowledge of his illness is supposed to have prompted the peculiar choice of the other, who is loudly arraigned by a troubadour of Bayard's, though he seems to have had most cause to complain, as he was killed by a thrust in the throat at the first attack. A combat of thirteen followed, and such was the violence of the Spaniards, that eleven of the French horses were overthrown on the first encounter. Bayard and another French knight alone remained uninjured, and as these maintained the field throughout the day against their opponents,

Digitized by Google

they were in honour deemed the victors. Their companions having been driven beyond the lists, were pronounced *hors de combat*—a designation which in our day has received a different interpretation. They fell not, however, to the lot of their opponents, and hence no gain resulted from the conflict—a circumstance of considerable importance at that period, when warriors depended chiefly for subsistence on the ransom of their prisoners, and could not afford to contend solely for the ephemera of glory. Bayard, however, seems more free from reproach in this respect than most of his contemporaries; and one source of his popularity with his followers was, that he invariably divided the greater part, if not the whole, of the "guerison" amongst them. His "faithful servitera," who records this, indeed informs us that he distributed the whole; but as the knight, if he freely gave, seems as freely to have received, and maintained an expensive establishment without what, in modern phraseology, would be termed any "visible means of support," it may be inferred that the "servitor" is inclined to magnify the munificence of his master. Yet Bayard, amidst all his generosity, sometimes indulged in what would be considered something like highway robbery in our degenerate times. On one occasion, especially, he kidnapped a banker, or money-changer, *en route* to join Gonzalo de Cordova, and succeeded in appropriating the whole booty, fifteen thousand ducats, to himself, because another captain, who joined him in the enterprise, chanced to have taken up his position on another road from that the money-changer passed. With liberality, however, which seems no more than just, Bayard presented him with half the amount, after the other knights had decided that he was entitled to no part; though it does not raise the gentleman or his class much in our estimation, when it is added, that "he got down on his knees" (says the "faithful servitor") to Bayard, "and, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed, 'My master, and my friend, what return can I make?'" And the joy of the chronicler is at its height when he adds, that "the good knight, with heart as pure as pearl," bestowed the remainder on his adherents.

From these private enterprises he was summoned by Louis to attend him in the relief of Genoa, and though still suffering from ague as well as a wound in the arm, Bayard deemed it his duty to attend, and greatly distinguished himself in the campaign that followed. Infantry being now the chief force, he commanded a thousand foot on the occasion, and they must have been of a most interesting order; a contemporary bard describing them as "gentle as cats, humane as leopards, honest as millers, with fingers adhesive as glue, and innocent as Judas Iscariot." Such a graphic and comprehensive description has been surpassed by no professor of Billingsgate in our times; and it was, perhaps, some other feeling than modesty which induced Bayard to supplicate the king would entrust him with only half the number. The virtues of "those good old times" are in fact overrated. No modern annals exhibit wretches capable of vying with those miscreants, whether French or English. In the time of Edward the Third, the English at Beauvois, in France, regularly cast their unransomed prisoners into a burning pit, which they named *L'Enfer;* and the Duke de Bourbon, with excusable resentment, threw the monsters into it when captured in turn. In Bayard's era they were but little improved, and great part of his reputation is due to the circumstance, that he, on all occasions, shewed a spirit superior to cruelty. He was next

Digitized by Google

employed in the siege of Padua—on this occasion, on foot, with but thirty gend'armes under him, yet each of these, says his chronicler, "worthy of being captain over a hundred;" and great was the service they were said to have rendered, though such a force would appear to have been inconsiderable amongst the fourteen thousand infantry, six hundred gend'armes, seven hundred Albanians, and five hundred horsemen armed with cross-bows, when the Venetians assembled to defend the city, and the thirty-two thousand foot which, with a thousand cavalry, the King of France and his allies collected to assail it. It was, however, more on the artillery than any other arm that belligerents in such operations began now to rely; although this, to us, would not seem to have been a formidable implement, when it is added, that the principal part of the "park" consisted of "six large brass bombards charged with stone bullets so large that they could be fired only four times a day at the very utmost." But there were six hundred pieces of ordnance on wheels, "the least whereof was a falcon;" and the Emperor Maximilian, who conducted the operations, was a man of "wonderful diligence—invincible in mind, and of a body hardened by pain and travels—who got up betimes, and made his army march forthwith, nor would he pitch his tent till two or three hours past noon," a discipline exceedingly disagreable to "men at arms with their armour on."

The means of defence, however, were commensurate. The city was strongly palisadoed, and, the pay of the republic being liberal, the peasants from all the neighbouring districts assembled for its protection. Behind their "rampiers, where they could not be stricken by the batteries of the enemy, these villains," says Guiciardini, "fought bravely; and before they could even be approached, four barricades were to be carried, the duty of forcing which was entrusted to the Chevalier de Bayard. The first, he carried after a smart attack; the second was defended still more vigorously; but on its loss, the defenders at once gave up the third, and retreated to make their grand stand on the last." The assault of this, by the old chronicler is described in terms exceedingly animated. A thousand or twelve hundred men defended it for about an hour with falcons, pikes, and arquebusses; but at last "the good knight, growing impatient, said to his companions, 'Sirs, these people detain us too long; let us alight and press forward to the barrier;' and though this was reckoned a very undignified way for gentlemen to fight, "thirty or forty gend'armes immediately dismounted, and, raising their visors and couching their lances, pushed on to the barricado." A German prince, Von Anhalt, was amongst the number, and a worthy named "Great John of Picardy," also contributed the weight of his arm; "but the defendants were continually reinforced by fresh men from the city; and Bayard, seeing this, exclaimed, 'They will keep us here six years at this rate; sound trumpet, and every one follow me,'" when, adds the chronicler, he rushed on so "like a lion robbed of his whelps, that the Venetians retired a pike's length from the barricado. 'On, comrades!' he cried, 'they are ours;' and leaping the barricade, he was gallantly followed, and not less perilously received; but the sight of his danger excited the French, and he was speedily supported in such strength, that he remained master of the ground."

"Thus," adds the faithful servitor, "were the barricades of Padua lost and won, whereby the French horse, as well as foot, acquired great

Digitized by Google

honour, above all, the good Knight, to whom the glory was universally ascribed." But the success was useless: "A ditch sixteen fathom broad and as many in depth" was behind the barrier; and the assailants finding this obstacle insuperable, raised the siege. A breach was, indeed, made "a quarter of a mile in width;" yet, as this could only be approached on foot, the German barons considered it undignified so to fight, and the emperor, after eyeing it wistfully three days, was consequently obliged to retire; the French nobles, by Bayard's advice, refusing to advance to the assault, unless accompanied by the others.

With a generosity uncommon in those days, Bayard, before quitting, stationed a party of gend'armes in the house to which he had forced an entrance, in the outposts, to protect the inmates from violence; and he refused to accept of any ransom, though they were his by the laws of war. In this respect Bayard utterly belied his own *beau ideal* of a knight who, he used to say, "ought to possess the attack of a bull-dog, the defence of a wild bear, and the pursuit of a wolf." So far from following up with the ferocity of a wolf, he was, indeed, remarkable for his clemency to the vanquished; unless they were arquebussiers, when he put them to death without mercy. But this was but in accordance with the custom of the time, the arquebuss being a weapon then held in such abhorrence, that, says De Tremoille, "Christians ought not to use it in their wars against each other, but only against infidels;" it being classed in the same category with "villainous saltpetre," which rendered the "prowess of knights of no avail, and required more courage for a soldier than in the days of Alexander."

Bayard, however, we learn from the same authority, patronized spies: "he never grudged his money if he could learn what the enemy was doing;" and one time he had laid his schemes so well, in consequence of the information he received, as nearly to have captured the Pope himself; the Holy Father escaping only by leaping from his litter and pulling up the draw-bridge of St. Felice with his own sacred hands. For pontiffs, indeed, he seems to have entertained no high opinion, and the conduct of one of them, Julius, who by means of an envoy proposed secretly to enter into treaty with the Germans and cut off the French, certainly was not calculated to raise him in any one's estimation. But Bayard, though he crossed himself in horror at the Holy Father's wickedness, refused to acquiesce in a project for poisoning him, which the envoy, when his overture was rejected, proposed in turn. Our Knight, on the contrary, vowed that if the project were not immediately abandoned, he would himself, before night-fall, apprise the Pope; and this saved his Holiness from the attempt. In the siege of Brescia, which followed, he especially distinguished himself; having been the first of a hundred and fifty gentlemen who volunteered to expose themselves to what was then considered the terrible arquebussiers, though it was from one of the old pikes that he received a wound which he supposed to be mortal. He was, in consequence, removed from the field to be confessed and shriven, and to his absence, perhaps, is to be attributed the barbarous sacking of the city for seven days that ensued. An astrologer about this period foretold, that if Bayard escaped his present danger, he should, within twelve years, fall by artillery; and this possibly may account for the knight's conduct in his next action, when he proposed to the Spaniards that no guns should be discharged on either side—

Digitized by Google

an overture which, in the present day, may not be considered to redound much to his honour.

But much is to be attributed to the superstition of the period; and his death occurred almost exactly as predicted; yet the prediction was very safe and exceedingly likely to be realized, inasmuch as he was constantly in action, and the armour then worn by knights protected them from every other weapon but that propelled by "villainous saltpetre." It was at the battle of Ravenna he received his death-wound. The French had been victors on that occasion, but the accumulation of fresh forces around them rendered retreat necessary, and it was while in the post of honour in such moments—the rear—that Bayard had his spine broken by a stone discharged from an arquebuss. He instantly knew the wound to be mortal, and exclaiming, "Jesus, I am slain!" requested to be disentangled from his horse and placed beneath a tree. As the enemy was fast coming up, a Swiss captain proposed to carry him off upon pikes; but Bayard replied that he would die, as he had always desired, in the field; and intreated them to save themselves by moving on, as assistance to him was unavailing. His sword, by his directions, was placed before him as a cross, and there being no priest at hand, he was in the act of confessing to his steward when the Spaniards arrived. So soon as his name and condition were known, he was treated with the greatest distinction; the Marquis of Pescara, in command of the enemy, causing a tent to be spread for him, and offering half his fortune to any one who could save the wounded knight. But such proffers were idle, and Bayard was soon beyond all human aid. In the midst of a splendid eulogium from his enemy, who declared that no king was half so celebrated, he expired as he had wished, on the field of battle.

The Spaniards paid every honour to his remains, and posterity have confirmed the estimation in which contemporaries held him. According to our present opinion, he may not have been what we deem a perfect soldier; to the character of a general he had no pretensions; and as a knight our own Sir Philip Sidney and the Black Prince perhaps surpass him. But a man is to be judged by the era in which he lives; and when the rapine, barbarity, and coarseness of the fifteenth century are remembered, there is no disputing that the punctiliousness, clemency, and lofty spirit of Bayard entitle him to be considered one of the most perfect characters of his age, and that he would have been distinguished in any. As a leader he cannot be classed with Turenne or Villars; and Lannes, Ney, and Murat throw him as a *sabreur* into shade: with Marlborough, Wellington, and the great captains of recent times, he is not even to be named; but yet it is doubtful whether any of them have had such an important effect in softening the asperities of war, and promoting the civilization of their countrymen.

Digitized by Google

THE CASTLES AND MANSIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Galtee Castle, co. Tipperary.

"There 's music in the rivulet, low whispering through the glade,
On which the wild flower doatingly reclines its modest head,
As though enamoured of its strain, though changeless still it flows,
Like virgins' hearts when gladdened by love's oft-repeated vows."

This singularly picturesque dwelling is hid from the vulgar gaze of the world by a majestic range of mountains, forming part of the chain of Galtees, or White Mountains, connecting the counties of Limerick and Cork with Tipperary. These wild and Alpine solitudes constitute a portion of the immense possessions which devolved on the house of Kingston by the marriage of Sir John King, Baron Kingston, with Catherine, daughter of Sir William Fenton, and his wife, Margaret Fitzgerald, sole heiress and descendant of Edmund Fitzgibbon, the White Knight.

In the vicinity of the mountain castle is the glen of Aherlow, whence Spenser celebrates this portion of the Galtee Mountains under the name of Arlo Hill.

As a mere residence the house is not worth speaking of, particularly when we remember the baronial splendour of Mitchelstown Castle, the Earl's princely seat, already described in No. XIII., May, 1847. The rooms are small in Galtee Castle, but they are comfortable, and well fitted up. But all idea of internal arrangement is put aside when gazing on the loveliness of the region in which this aerial dwelling is placed. The castle crowns the summit of a gentle hill—smooth, and presenting a verdant bosom, which terminates, at the culminating point, in a level spot, affording space for the building, which, seen at a little distance, with its octagon towers and broad roofs, would remind one of a Chinese temple. The base of the hill descends abruptly into a deep gorge or ravine. The hills on either side soar loftily up to greet the skies, and great black woods clothe the silent sides. At all times there is a solemn stillness about the place; but in the evening, and when night hovers around, a sensation of awe is produced, and the effect of moonlight upon the woods and the castled steep, and the tall, broad, Titanic mountains, recalls the memory of some of Spenser's castles, so gorgeously described in the "Faerie Queene." There is a lonely mountain stream, too, which comes tumbling down the hills with the flow of a cataract, and plunges along the dell—now leaping over ledges of rock, now dimpling into deep pools, clear as crystal. Trees wave over its surface, and adorn the banks. This stream, called the Brackbawn, is allegorically described

Digitized by Google

as the Nymph Molanna, in the "Faerie Queene," canto vi.; and, as the verses will probably give interest to the place, we extract them for the reader:—

Whylome when Ireland florished in faine
  Of wealth and goodness, far above the rest
Of all that bear the British Islands' name,
  The gods then used, for pleasure and for rest,
Oft to resort thereto, when seem'd them best;
  But none of all therein were pleasure found.
Then Cynthia, that is soveraine queene profest
  Of woods and forrests, which therein abound,
Sprinkled with wholsom waters more than mist on ground.

But 'mongst them all, as fittest for her game
  (Either for chace of beast with hound or bowe,
Or for to shroude in shade from Phœbus' flame,
  Or bathe in fountains that doe freshly flowe
Or from high hilles, or from the dales belowe),
  She chose this Arlo;* where she did resort
With all her nymphes enranged on a rowe,
  With whom the woody gods did oft consort,
For with the nymphes the satyres love to play and sport.

The poet then introduces one of the nymphs, "hight Molanna," now the Brackbawn, a rocky stream that runs through the glen of the mountain castle. This was the favourite bathing-place of the goddess, and is thus described:—

For first she springs out of two marble rocks,
  On which a grove of oakes high-mounted growes,
That as a girlond seemes to deck the locks
  Of some faire bride, brought forth with pompous showes
Out of her bowre, that many flowers strowes;
  So through the flow'ry dales she tumbling downe
Through many woods and shady coverts flowes,
  That on each side her silver channell crowne,
Till to the plain she come, whose valleys shee doth drowne.

In her sweet streams Diana used oft,
  After her sweatie chace and toilsome play,
To bathe herselfe; and, after, on the soft
  And downy grasse her dainty limbes to lay
In covert shade, where none behold her may,
  For much she hated sight of living eye;
Foolish god Faunus, though full many a day
  He saw her clad, yet longed foolishly
To see her naked 'mongst her nymphes in privity.

No way he found to compass his desire,
  But to corrupt Molanna, this her maid,
Her to discover for some secret hire;
  So her with flattering words he first assaid,
And, after pleasing gifts for her purvaid,
  Queene-apples, and red cherries from the tree,

* Arlo, the highest peak of the Galtee mountains, is over the glen of Ahirlo, whence, doubtless, the park took this name.

Digitized by Google

With which he her allured and betraid
  To tell what time he might her lady see,
When she herself did bathe, that he might secret bee.

Thereto hee promist, if she would him pleasure
  With this small boon, to quit her with a better;
To wit, that whereas shee had out of measure
  Long lov'd the Fauchin,* who by nought did set her,
That he would undertake for this to get her
  To be his love, and of him liked well:
Besides all which he vowed to be her debtor
  For many moe good turns than he could tell—
The least of which this little pleasure should excell.

The simple maid did yield to him anone,
  And eft him placed where he closed might view
That never any saw, save only one,
  Who, for his hire to so foolhardy dew,
Was of his hounds devoured in hunter's hue.
  Though, as her manner was on sunny day,
Diana, with her nymphs about her, drew
  To this sweet spring; where, doffing her array,
She bathed her lovely limbes.

Foolish Faunus not being able to keep quiet, broke forth in laughter.

The goddesse, all abashed with that noise,
  In haste forth started from the guilty brooke;
And, running straight whereas she heard his voice,
  Enclos'd in bush about, and there him tooke
Like darred larke, not daring up to looke
  On her whose sight before so much he sought.
Thenceforth they drew him by the hornes, and shooke
  Nigh all to pieces, that they left him nought;
And then into the open light they forth him brought.

The goddess Diana and her maydens all ill used poor Faunus:

They mocke and scorne him, and him foul miscall;
  Some by the nose him pluck't, some by the taile,
  And by his goatish beard some did him haile;
Yet he (poore soule!) with patience all did beare,
  For nought against their wils might countervaile.

So, having flouted him their fill, and determined on robing him in a deer skin, and hunting him, "Cynthia's selfe, more angry than the rest," examined him, until he confessed "that 'twas Molanna which her so beuraid."

So they him follow'd till they weary were;
  When, back returning to Molann' againe,
They, by commandment of Diana, there
  Her whelm'd with stones: Yet Faunus, for her paine,
Of her beloved Fauchin did obtaine,
  That her he would receive into his bed.
So now her waves passe through a pleasant plaine,
  Till with the Fauchin she herselfe doe wed,
And, both combin'd, themselves in one faire river spred.

* Funcheon, a neighbouring river, with which the Brackbawn unites.

Digitized by Google

The description of the source of the mountain rivulet springing from the rocks is very beautiful. In the vicinity of the mountain castle are the wonderful Mitchelstown Caves, well worthy the visit of the tourist.

Moore Park, co. Cork,

THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF MOUNT CASHEL.

"Dark woods of Funcheon! treading far
The rugged paths of duty,
Though lost to me the vesper star,
Now tremb'ling o'er your beauty,
Still vividly I see your glades,
The deep and emerald-hearted,
As when from their luxuriant shades
My lingering steps departed."

B. SIMMONS.

ON entering the massive gateway opening on the Moore Park demesne, the first objects that attract the sight of the lovers of scenery, are the clumps of majestic trees dotting the surface of lawn and lee. There they stand, in every variety of landscape beauty. Now in groups covering many a fair rood of ground—again in single files, like the advance sentinels of a vast army. The carriage-drive conducts the visitor to, we think, the worse side of the house, for the southern aspect is incomparably superior to the principal front, which faces the north; and, in point of view, the latter bears no comparison at all. However, we are in the house: the hall is a large lofty one, and the dining-room is spacious. The drawing-rooms are tasteful and painted in medallion, which have a very elegant effect. In the house is a fine collection of paintings—several undoubted works of the great masters of art. From the hill, near the back entrance, a fine view is obtained of the south side of the house, with the portions lately added, and the richly wooded hills sloping to the Funcheon river, rolling through the demesne. This prospect also embraces a very striking feature in the scene—a tall tower, commandingly placed on the summit of a lofty rock, rising to a great height over the river. This is Cloghleagh Castle; so called from the grey stone employed in its erection. Its tale of war is inscribed in the crimson page of history, and more than once has the flag of defiance floated from its embattled parapets. This was the chief seat of the Condons, a powerful race who gave a name in conjunction with the clan Gibbons, to one of the largest baronies in the county Cork, called the barony of Condons and Clangibbons. Patrick Condon, of Cloghleagh, Esq., was found by inquisition to have been concerned in the Earl of Desmond's rebellion, and his castle and manor were forfeited to the crown. They were granted by letters patent, dated 3d September, 29th Elizabeth, to Thomas Fleetwood, and Marmaduke Redmayn. The castle remained in their hands until the rebellion of 1642, whom Borlace relates, "The Lord Barrymore took Cloghleagh Castle, on the Funcheon, near Kilworth, which was the inheritance of Sir Richard Fleetwood, who admitted Sir Arthur Hyde to keep it; but Condon, whose ancestors it had belonged to, took it from him by sur-

Digitized by Google

prise." It appears this castle was again taken by Condon, for an instance of the atrocities of war is related by Dr. Smith.* Richard Condon having promised quarter and safe convoy to the garrison if they surrendered to him, they did so, and for their credulous faith every one was either murdered, wounded, or kept prisoner. Perhaps that was the surprise referred to. There is no doubt, however, the castle was in Condon's possession on the 3d June, 1643; for Borlace mentions that Sir Charles Vavasor marched towards Condon's country, and took the Castle of Cloghleagh on the 3d June, 1643, after an obstinate defence of Condon the governor. In this castle were about twenty men, eleven women, and seven children; some of which the soldiers stripped in order to kill them, but were prevented by Major Howell, who went to Colonel Vavasor, then at Ballyhendon, Mr. Roche's house, where he had dined that day, and committed them to the care of Captain Wind, who leaving them to a guard of horse, they stripped them again, and fell on them with carbines, pistols, and swords; a cruelty so resented by Sir Charles, that he vowed to hang those that commanded the guard, and had certainly done it had not the next day's action prevented him, which proved to be the most considerable loss the English had yet received.

As this lamentable action took place in this immediate neighbourhood, we subjoin an account of the engagement given in the History of Cork.† On the 4th of June, 1643, being Sunday, about daybreak, Mr. Hill, with a squadron of horse, was sent to scour near Cloghine and Castle-Grace, in the county of Tipperary. Before it was light, he found himself surrounded by the enemy's horse, so that he and his men escaped with difficulty; and alarming the English at Cloghleagh they immediately ranged in battalion, in two divisions, in a field near a mountain, on the side of which the enemy soon appeared, about a mile and a half from the army. Sir Charles Vavasor, who the night before lay at Castle Lyons, was sent for in great haste; but before he arrived, 200 musketeers commanded by Captain Philip Hutton, and a troop led on by Captain Freke, advanced towards the Irish about half a mile, and then halted for two hours; in the meantime, parties of horse, on both sides, approached each other with trumpets sounding a charge. Christopher Brien, brother to the Earl of Inchiquin, demanded a parley with Quartermaster Page, and after some compliment and discourse they parted; as did afterwards Captain Richard Fitzmaurice, brother to Lord Kerry, with Mr. Brien. Soon after, notice was given that the enemy was advancing; upon which, Sir Charles Vavasor, who was now arrived, ordered the Captains Hutton and Freke to retreat to the main body. About this time, Sir Charles received notice by Captain Butler, that his company and Sir John Brown's were advancing from Mallow, and were now but a mile and a half from him, and at his disposal. Sir Charles having consulted with his officers, concluded that such a body of horse as appeared could not be without a great body of foot, although they did not, as yet, come over the hill; so that a retreat was resolved upon, and the carriages were ordered to hasten to Fermoy with the cannon to help to defend that pass, in case he should be hard pressed; whereupon the army halted to let them proceed, and then drew off towards Castle Lyons; the vanguard was led by Lieutenant King, the main body by Major Hovel, the rear by Sir Charles himself; and be-

* Hist. Cork, vol. 2, p. 144. † Smith's Cork, vol. 2, p. 147.

Digitized by Google

hind them was a forlorn hope, commanded by Captain Pierce Lacy, Captain Hutton, and Lieutenant Stadbury, with the horse in their rear; who no sooner had passed the Funcheon and recovered the top of the hill, but the enemy's horse were at their heels. From this hill to Fermoy, there was a narrow defile, well known to both parties; as soon as the enemy perceived the English to march through this lane (except the forlorn hope and the horse) they charged them in the rear, and so pressed on the horse, being only 120, that they were forced to fall into the lane among the foot, and put them to the rout. The ordnance was not yet passed the Blackwater, nor the two companies arrived there to defend the passage, so that the English lost all their colours except one pair saved by the gallant behaviour of Dermot O'Grady, ensign to Captain Rowland St. Leger, as also two pieces of cannon. Sir Charles Vavasor, the Captains Wind and Fitzmaurice, Lieutenant King, Ensign Chaplain, and several others, were made prisoners. Captain Pierce Lacy, and Captain George Butler, the Lieutenants Walter St. Leger, Stradbury, Blessington, and Kent, Ensign Simmons, and several other brave officers, fell in this engagement, and 300 soldiers. The Earl of Castlehaven, who commanded the Irish, gave out that he had slain 690. Thenceforward the walls of Cloghleagh make no figure in the turbulent history of Irish wars. It now constitutes a striking feature in the scenery of Moore Park. The river rolls rapidly over the wide-spread meads, where, on the said day recorded in our history, the contending armies waged cruel war. No drum beat to arms as we rode along; no fierce encounter of angry men denoted the strife of foes. The river sent forth a gurgling gushing sound as it hurried on in its flow, and the breeze whistling round the castled steep, stirred the underwood that grew adown the side of the hill. The spot appeared consecrated to peace, and were it not for our acquaintance with the fact, we should not have supposed that the trumpet of war ever roused the startled echoes of this secluded glen.

The family of Moore, Earls of Mountcashel, settled in Ireland in the reign of King James I. The original branch of the family still reside at their ancient seat, Barn, in the county of Tipperary. The first elevated to the peerage was the great grandfather of the present peer, who, A. D. 1764, was created Baron Kilworth of Moore Park, in the county of Cork, and further ennobled in 1766, by the title of Viscount Mountcashel of Mountcashel, in the county Tipperary. He did not long wear his honours, dying in the last-named year, when he was succeeded by his eldest son, advanced in 1781 to the earldom of Mountcashel. His son—father of the present representative of the family—succeeded to the title in 1790, and married a daughter of the Earl of Kingston, by whom he had issue. The eldest son was born in 1792, and succeeded his father in 1822. He married in Switzerland in 1819, and has a numerous family. Lord Kilworth, the heir apparent, was born in 1825. The Right Honourable Richard Moore, Attorney-general for Ireland, is of the branch resident at Barn.

Digitized by Google

Lathom House, co. Lancaster.

"'Twas here they raised, 'mid sap and siege,
The banners of their rightful liege
At their she-captain's call,
Who, miracle of womankind,
Lent mettle to the meanest hind
That mann'd her castle wall."

THE township and chapelry of Lathom belonged at the survey to Orm, a Saxon, from whom the parish of Ormskirk derived its name. His descendant, Robert Fitz-Henry, of Lathom, founded the Priory of Burscough, temp. Richard I., and may be regarded as "the Rodolph" of the illustrious race of Lathom, whose ancient manor we are about describing. Robert's grandson, Sir Robert de Lathom, greatly augmented his inheritance by his marriage with Amicia, sister and co-heir Thomas, Lord of Alfreton and Norton; and his son and successor, a knight like his father, still further added to his patrimony by winning the rich heiress of Sir Thomas de Knowsley, who brought him the fair lordship which to this day continues to be the princely residence of her descendants, the Earls of Derby. The eventual heiress of the Lathoms, Isabella, dau. of Sir Thomas de Lathom, married SIR JOHN STANLEY, and henceforward, for several hundred years, and during the period of its chief historic distinction, Lathom House was held by the Stanleys. Sir John Stanley, who thus acquired the hand and inheritance of the heiress of Lathom, became lord-deputy of Ireland, and received a grant of the manor of Blake Castle, in that kingdom. In 1405, he had a commission in conjunction with Roger Leke, to seize on the city of York and its liberties, and also upon the ISLE OF MAN, on the forfeiture of Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland; and in the 7th HENRY IV., being then treasurer of the household to the king, obtained licence to fortify a house at Liverpool (which he had newly built) with embattled walls. In the same year, having taken possession of the Isle of Man, he obtained a grant in fee of the said isle, castle, and pile, anciently called Holm Town, and all the isles adjacent, as also all the regalities, franchises, &c., to be holden of the said king, his heirs, and successors, by homage, and the service of two falcons, payable on the days of their coronation. On the accession of HENRY V., he was made a knight of the Garter, and constituted Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for six years, in which government he died, 6th. Jan., 1414. The grandson of this famous knight, Sir Thomas Stanley, also Chief Governor of Ireland, and Chamberlain to Henry VI., was summoned to parliament as Lord Stanley, in 1456. He married Joan de Goushill, a lineal descendant of King Edward I., and had four sons; the eldest, Thomas, second Lord Stanley, and first Earl of Derby, so celebrated for his participation in the victory of Bosworth Field, and the second Sir William Stanley, of Holt, the richest subject of his time, who was beheaded for his adherence to Perkin Warbeck. The Earls of Derby continued to possess the mansion of Lathom, and to reside there in such magnificence and liberality, that Camden says "With them, the glory of hospitality seemed to fall asleep," until the death of William Richard George, ninth Earl, whose daughter and co-heir Henrietta, Lady Ashburnham, sold it to Henry Furness, Esq., from whom it was purchased

Digitized by Google

in 1724, by Sir Thomas Bootle, of Melling, Chancellor to Frederick, Prince of Wales. He died without issue, having bequeathed his property to his niece, Mary, only daughter and heir of his brother, Robert Bootle, Esq., and wife of Richard Wilbraham, Esq., of Rode, M.P. for Chester. By this devise, the ancient and historic seat of Lathom vested in the Wilbrahams, and is now possessed by Edward Bootle Wilbraham, Lord Skelmersdale, the son and successor of the heiress of Bootle. His lordship's daughter is married to Lord Stanley, and thus the name of its former possessors has become again associated with this ancient Manor House. While the Stanleys held it, Lathom, for magnificence and hospitality, surpassed all the residences of the North, assuming, in those respects, the attitude of a Royal Court, and its possessors were regarded with such veneration and esteem, that the following harmless inversion was familiar "as household words"—*God save the Earl of Derby and the King.* At the period of its memorable siege, Lathom was under the government of the famous Charlotte de la Tremouille, Countess of Derby, whose husband had been commanded to leave the realm, and was then in the Isle of Man. This heroic lady, whose gallant daring in resisting the mighty power of the Parliament stands brightly forth amid all the brilliant achievements of the Royalists, was daughter of Claude, Duc de Tremouille, and, by her mother, Charlotte Brabanton de Nassau, was grand-daughter of William, Prince of Orange, and of Charlotte de Bourbon, of the Royal House of France. Thus highly born, and allied besides to the Kings of Spain and Naples, and the Dukes of Anjou, Charlotte de la Tremouille did not sully the renown acquired by so illustrious a descent. When the moment came for calling forth her energies and spirit, she rose equal to the occasion, and has left on the page of history an almost unparalleled example of female heroism. After the battle of Nantwich, the united forces of the Parliament under Sir Thomas Fairfax, accompanied by the regiments of Cols. Rigby, Egerton, Ashton, and Holcroft, marched to Lathom House, where they arrived 28th February. In the defence of this mansion, which the dangers of the times had converted into a fortress, her ladyship had the assistance of Major Farmer, and the Captains Farrington, Charnock, Chisenhall, Rawstorne, Ogle, and Molyneux.

On his arrival before Lathom, Sir Thomas Fairfax obtained an audience with the Countess, who had disposed her soldiers in such array as to impress the Parliamentary general with a favourable opinion of their numbers and discipline. The offer made by Sir Thomas was, that on condition of her surrendering the house to the troops under his command, herself, her children and servants, with their property, should be safely conducted to Knowsley, there to remain, without molestation, in the enjoyment of one half of the Earl's estates. To this alluring proposal the Countess mildly but resolutely replied, that a double trust had been confided to her—faith to her lord and allegiance to her sovereign, and that without their permission she could not make the required surrender in less than a month, nor then without their approbation. The impetuous temper of the Parliamentary army could not brook this delay, and, after a short consultation, it was determined to besiege the fortress, rather than attempt to carry it by storm. At the end of fourteen days, while the works were constructing, Sir Thomas Fairfax sent a renewed summons to the Countess, but with no better success, the reply of the Countess being, that she had not forgotten her duty to the Church of Eng-

Digitized by Google

land, to her prince, and to her lord, and that she would defend her trust with her honour and with her life.

Being ordered into Yorkshire, Sir Thomas confided the siege to Colonel Peter Egerton and Major Morgan, who, despairing of success from negotiation, proceeded to form their lines of circumvallation with all the formality of German tactics The progress of the besiegers was continually interrupted by sallies from the garrison, which beat the soldiers from their trenches and destroyed their works. At the end of three months a deep breach was cut near the moat, on which was raised a stong battery, where a mortar was planted for casting grenades. In one of these discharges, the ball fell close to the table where the Countess and her children were sitting, and broke part of the furniture to atoms. A gallant and successful sally under Major Farmer and Captains Molyneux, Radcliff, and Chisenhall, destroyed these works, killed a number of the besieging army, and captured the mortar. The Countess not only superintended the works and commanded the operations, but frequently accompanied her gallant troops to the margin of the enemy's trenches. The Parliament, dissatisfied with all this delay, superseded Colonel Egerton, and confided the command to Colonel Rigby. Fresh works were now erected, but they shared the fate of the former; and Colonel Rigby, on the approach of Prince Rupert into Lancashire, was obliged to raise the siege at the end of four months, and to seek shelter for himself and his army in Bolton.

The capture of that town, which followed soon after, under the combined operations of Prince Rupert and the Earl of Derby, yielded numerous trophies to the victorious army; and all these were presented to the heroic defender of Lathom House, in testimony of the memorable triumph achieved, under her command, by a gallant band of three hundred soldiers, assailed, as they had been, by ten times their own number.

After the siege, the Countess of Derby retired with her children, under the protection of the Earl, to the Isle of Man, leaving Lathom House to the care of Colonel Rawstorne. In July, in the following year, the siege was renewed by General Egerton, at the head of four thousand men, who took up their head quarters at Ormskirk. The garrison made a gallant and successful stand for some time, but, being at length reduced to extremities, for want of the munitions of war, and disappointed in the expectation of a reinforcement from the king, who was, in the month of September in that year, at Chester, the commander was obliged to surrender his charge into the hands of the Parliamentary forces, upon bare terms of mercy, on the 2nd of December. The besiegers soon converted the most valuable effects of the house into booty; the towers from whence so many fatal shots had been fired were thrown down; the military works were destroyed; and the sun of Lathom seemed for ever to have set.

Of the old House of Lathom, that stood so stout a siege, not a vestige now remains. "The ramparts," says Mr. Heywood, "along whose banks knights and ladies have a thousand times made resort, hearkening to stories as varied as those of Boccaccio; the Maudlin well, where the pilgrim and the lazar devoutly cooled their parched lips; the mewing house; the training ground; every appendage to antique baronial state; all now are changed, and a modern mansion and a new possessor fill the place.

Digitized by Google

Lathom House, as it now appears, is a magnificent edifice, rebuilt by Sir Thomas Bootle, Knt., Chancellor to Frederick, Prince of Wales, and is the seat of Lord Skelmersdale, the owner. The house stands on a plain inclining towards the north, and commands an extensive view. The south-front was begun by William IX., Earl of Derby, and was completed, in a manner not unworthy of its ancient fame, by Sir Thomas Bootle, between 1724 and 1734. The house consists of a ground floor, principal and attic, and has a rustic basement, with a double flight of steps to the first story. The north-front extends 156 feet, with nine windows on each floor, and the offices are joined to it by colonnades supported by Ionic pillars. The hall is forty feet square and thirty high. The saloon is forty by twenty-four feet. The library fifty by twenty-one; and there are on this floor thirteen apartments. The house is situated in the centre of a park between three and four miles in circumference.

It may not be deemed irrelevant to mention here a tradition relative to the visit of King Henry VIII. at Lathom, particularly as it does not appear to be generally known.

Subsequently to the execution of Sir William Stanley, when the King visited Lathom, the Earl, after his royal guest had viewed the whole house, conducted him up to the leads for a prospect of the country. The Earl's fool, who was among the company, observing the King draw near to the edge, not guarded by a balustrade, stepped up to the Earl, and pointing down to the precipice, said, "*Tom, remember Will.*" The King understood the meaning, and made all haste down-stairs and out of the house; and the fool, long after, seemed mightily concerned that his lord had not had courage to take the opportunity of avenging himself for the death of his brother.

The fabulous tradition of the "Eagle and Child," the crest of the Stanleys, also associates itself with the family of Lathom, and is thus gravely related:—Sir Thomas Lathom, the father of Isabel, having this only child, and cherishing an ardent desire for a male heir, to inherit his home and fortune, had an intrigue with a young gentlewoman, the fruit of which was a son. The infant he contrived to have conveyed, by a confidential servant, to the foot of a tree in his park, frequented by an eagle; and Sir Thomas with his lady, taking their usual walk, found the infant as if by accident. The old lady, considering it a gift from heaven, brought hither by the bird of prey, and miraculously preserved, consented to adopt the boy as their heir—

> "Their content was such, to see the hap,
> That th' ancient lady hugs yt in her lap;
> Smoths yt with kisses, bathes yt in her tears,
> And unto Lathom House the babe she bears."

The name of Oskatell was given to the little foundling—Mary Oskatell being the name of his mother. From this time, the crest of the "Eagle and Child" was assumed: but, as the old knight approached near the grave, his conscience smote him, and on his death-bed he bequeathed the principal part of his fortune to his daughter Isabel, who became the wife of Sir John Stanley, as we have already shewn, leaving poor Oskatell, on whom the King had conferred the honour of knighthood, only the

Digitized by Google

manors of Irlam and Urmston, near Manchester, and some possessions in co. Chester, in which county he settled, and became the founder of the family of Lathom, of Astbury.

Bolton Abbey, Yorkshire.

"Now is there stillness in the vale,
And long unspeaking sorrow;
Wharfe shall be to the pitying heart
A name more sad than Yarrow."
WORDSWORTH'S *Force of Prayer.*

ON a green meadow, raised a little above the level of the river Wharfe, which curves half round it, stand the ruins of Bolton Abbey. Its situation combines the conflicting characteristics of beauty and grandeur. Opposite the eastern window of the church the river washes the foot of a rock nearly perpendicular, the mineral veins of which display an infinite variety of tints, forcibly reminding the tourist of the rich colouring of some portions of the Allum Bay cliffs, in the Isle of Wight. To the south, the eye reposes on the expanding mirror of the tranquil stream with its luxuriant pastures. While to the north, interrupted by jutting points of grey rock, appears an oak wood, through the bottom of which the Wharfe rushes. Beyond rises Bolton Park, the fitting resort of the stately red deer; and still further, the barren heights of Simon-seat and Barden-fell crown the prospect, and (suggesting the comparison of the feudal grandeur of the past and the commercial prosperity of the present age) proudly contrast themselves with the warmth and fertility of the vale below.

At the time of the Norman conquest, Bolton formed a portion of the vast estates of Earl Edwin, the son of Leofwine, Earl of Mercia. For some years the Saxon owner was permitted to retain his lands: at length, however, they were confiscated; and the Skipton-fee, of which Bolton then seems to have been the chief seat, was granted to Robert de Romille, a Norman nobleman. Robert had an only child, Cicily, wife of William de Meschines. They had two sons, Ranulph, and Matthew who died young, and a daughter Alice, surnamed after her mother de Romily. She, the heiress of her family, was married to William Fitz Duncan, and had an only son, William, called from one of the baronies of his father's family the boy of Egremond. He died early, leaving two sisters, one of whom carried the Skipton-fee to her husband, William le Gross, Earl Albemarle, and transmitted them to her daughter, the wife of William de Fortibus, who succeeded his father-in-law in the title of Albemarle.

Cicily, the wife of William de Meschines, had been the foundress of a Priory at Embsay, about four miles from Bolton, to which it was soon afterwards removed. Tradition ascribes this migration to the maternal piety of her daughter Alice, who was desirous to commemorate a fatal accident said to have occurred, in the grounds of Bolton, to her only son, the boy of Egremond, and to consecrate the sad neighbourhood, by the erection of a sacred edifice, where prayers should ever be offered for the soul so suddenly and prematurely removed. Yet this tradition is refuted by Dr. Whitaker, who, referring to "Dugdale's Monasticon," alleges

Digitized by Google

that the youth, whose death is said to have occasioned the removal, is himself a party and witness to the charter of translation.

The learned historian of the Deanery of Craven has, however, admitted that there is little doubt that the story is true in the main: but considers that it refers to one of the sons of Cicily, the first foundress, both of whom have already been stated to have died in youth, instead of the son of her daughter.

It is, perhaps, more fitting to permit Dr. Whitaker to narrate in his own language the legend which he has investigated; and he thus proceeds:—

"In the deep solitude of the woods betwixt Bolton and Barden, the Wharfe suddenly contracts itself to a rocky channel little more than four feet wide, and pours through the tremendous fissure with a rapidity proportioned to its confinement. This place was then, as it is yet, called the Strid, from a feat often exercised by persons of more agility than prudence, who stride from brink to brink, regardless of the destruction which awaits a faltering step. Such, according to tradition, was the fate of young Romille, who, inconsiderately bounding over the chasm with a greyhound in a leach, the animal hung back and drew his unfortunate master into the torrent. The forester who accompanied Romille, and beheld his fate, returned to the lady Aaliza, and, with despair in his countenance, inquired, 'What is good for a bootless Bene?' To which the mother, apprehending that some great calamity had befallen her son, instantly replied, 'endless sorrow.'

"The language of this question, almost unintelligible at present, proves the antiquity of the story. But 'bootless bene,' is unavailing prayer; and the meaning, though imperfectly expressed, seems to have been, 'What remains when prayer is useless?'

"This misfortune is said to have occasioned the translation of the Priory from Embsay to Bolton, which was the nearest eligible site to the place where it happened. The lady was now in a proper situation of mind to take any impression from her spiritual comforters; but the views of the two parties were different; they spoke, no doubt, and she thought, of the proximity to the scene of her son's death; but it was for the fields and woods of Bolton for which they secretly languished."

The same topics of consolation that were offered to the shade of the drowned Palinurus, might have been afforded by a prophetic sybil to the young heir of the house of Romille:—

> "Sed cape dicta memor, duri solatia casus,
> Et statuent tumulum, et tumulo sollemnia mittent,
> Eternumque locus Palinuri nomen habebit."

And it might have been added that, many hundred years after his decease, rival poets should sing their dirges over his tomb.

[ROGERS' POEM.]

> "'Say what remains when hope is fled?'
> She answered 'Endless weeping!'
> For in the herdsman's eye she read
> Who in his shroud was sleeping.
> At Embsay rang the matin bell,
> The stag was roused in Barden-fell;

Digitized by Google

The mingled sounds were swelling, dying,
And down the Wharfe a hern was flying;
When near the cabin in the wood,
In tartan clad and forest green,
With hound in leash and hawk in hood,
The boy of Egremond was seen.
Blithe was his song, a song of yore,
But where the rock is rent in two,
And the river rushes through,
His voice was heard no more,
'Twas but a step! the gulph he passed;
But that step—it was his last!
As through the mist he winged his way,
(A cloud that hovers night and day)
The hound hung back, and back he drew,
The master and his merlin too.
That narrow place of noise and strife,
Received their little all of life!
There now the matin bell is rung,
The 'miserere' duly sung;
And holy men in cowl and hood
Are wandering up and down the wood.
But what avail they? Ruthless lord,
Thou didst not shudder when the sword
Here on the young its fury spent,
The helpless and the innocent.*
Sit now and answer groan for groan;
The child before thee is thine own.
And she who wildly wanders there,
The mother in her long despair,
Shall oft remind thee waking, sleeping,
Of those who by the Wharfe were weeping;
Of those, who would not be consoled,
When red with blood the river rolled.

[WORDSWORTH, IN THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE.]

When Lady Aaliza mourned
Her son, and felt, in her despair,
The pang of unavailing prayer;
Her son in Wharfe's abysses drowned,
The Noble Boy of Egremound.
From which affliction, when God's grace
At length had in her heart found place,
A pious structure, fair to see,
Rose up this stately Priory,
The Lady's work.

* Fitz-Duncan, who, according to an inaccurate tradition, was the father of the youth drowned in the Wharfe, was nephew to David King, of Scotland; and in 1138, when his uncle was at war with England, had penetrated as far as Craven, in Yorkshire, at the head of an army of Picts. Dr. Whitaker, who wrote his history of Craven, during the late French war, after giving a passage from a monkish writer, in which we forget the slaughter of the male, in our indignation at the outrages of the female captives, adds this sentence, which, in spite of some unjust prejudice, deserves to be ever remembered for its glowing patriotism:—"I have translated this shocking passage literally, and at length, that those of the same sex, who now adorn this country, may be thankful to Providence for the security and happiness which an excellent government has hitherto afforded them; and that the other may, by a faithful representation of the miseries of invasion and conquest, be stirred up to defend them from an enemy no less barbarous and insulting, by whom they are threatened at present."

Digitized by Google

But it is time that we should proceed with the later history of Bolton, which, as may be recollected, was a portion of the honour and fee of Skipton. In the reign of Edward I., the powerful family of De Fortibus became extinct; and in that of Edward II., their barony of Skipton was given by the Crown to Robert de Clifford. The son and the father of a race renowned in arms,—a family whose beauty had been illustrated by the Rosamond of Woodstock bower, "the fair defect" of their pedigree—De Clifford transmitted these estates to a long line of male descendants, who in time acquired the earldom of Cumberland; and, after the lapse of five hundred years, they are still held by his posterity by a female branch.

In 1540, Richard Moone, then prior of Bolton, was compelled to surrender to the King the house of Augustine monks, over which he presided. Two years later, the lands of the priory, or (as it is more commonly called) abbey, were purchased of Henry VIII. by Henry de Clifford, first Earl of Cumberland. His descendant, the Lady Elizabeth Clifford, the daughter and heiress of the last Earl of Cumberland, was born in 1613, and became the wife of Richard Boyle, who inherited the title of Earl of Cork, and was created Lord Clifford of Londsborough, and Earl of Burlington. Their great grandson, Richard Boyle,* Earl of Cork and Burlington, had a daughter and heiress, the Lady Caroline Boyle, who was married to William Cavendish, Duke of Devonshire. Amongst the many more dazzling claims to admiration of their grandson, William Spencer Cavendish, sixth Duke of Devonshire, and present representative of the last Earl of Cumberland, the taste which is displayed in laying out the walks through the grounds of Bolton Abbey, and the liberality with which they are thrown open to the public should not be forgotten.

Before dismissing the subject of Bolton Abbey it should be remarked, that the shell of this Gothic church is nearly entire; and that the nave, having been reserved at the dissolution as a parochial chapel, has been restored from a state of dilapidation through the judicious interference of the late worthy incumbent, the Rev. William Carr, the author of "The Craven Glossary;" a work in which what is now regarded as the exclusive idiom of the peasants of Craven, is illustrated by numerous and beautifully selected quotations from standard Scottish and early English writers.

Most of the habitable buildings of the priory have long since perished; but the gate-house remains entire. The great arch, by which the church was approached, has been built up with a wall at the one end and a window at the other; and has been converted into a spacious dining-room. And with the modern addition of a wing on each side, the porter's lodge of the monks of the order of St. Benedict forms a convenient shooting-box for its noble owner, when he is disposed to change the bustling splendours of London, or the princely elegance of Chatsworth, for the feudal barony of his Clifford ancestors.

* "Who plants like Bathurst or who builds like Boyle?"

POPE.

Digitized by Google

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

A STRANGER entering the present House of Commons will not, of course, expect to find it the same with that which in 1834 was destroyed by the memorable fire, but he will be somewhat surprised to learn that it is the old House of Lords. The ancient and gloomy, yet chaste and symmetrical chapel of St. Stephen's, in which the representatives of the people previously assembled, then fell a prey to the unsparing flames; but the walls of the Upper House, having fortunately been of denser materials, survived, and being of ampler dimensions than any other which could be erected in the neighbourhood, were devoted to their present purpose.

The stranger—for unless he be a member of the House, the oldest inhabitant in London will in parliamentary phraseology fall under this designation, even should he, like the huge-headed little dwarf generally found near the *purlieus*, have passed fifty years of his existence on its stairs—the stranger, we say, will have reason to regret the change. He would naturally have liked to see the place to which, even so late as the days of Henry VII., so little importance was attached, that several constituencies then begged to be excused the task and cost of sending members to it. He would like to see the place where stood those independent gentlemen who humoured Harry VIII. by recommending him as many wives as he chose, and praying for their decapitation whenever he thought proper. He would have liked to see the place where Elizabeth, on some occasion when they shewed themselves inclined to be refractory, threatened them with the whipping post; and where James I., though they were disposed to be more stubborn still, yet found them ready listeners to his lectures upon "Kingcraft," and still more devout believers in his faith respecting witchcraft. Here Charles I. had found stubbornness warmed into resistance. Those walls had re-echoed the deep sonorous voice of Pym when he arraigned the authority of the Star Chamber, and the soft melodious accents of the resolute yet gentle Hampden, when he offered an inflexible opposition to ship-money. Here, when Charles and his power had passed away, the stern command of Cromwell had ordered to be removed as a "bauble" that mace to which all previous and succeeding members have been accustomed to look with such mysterious reverence; and here the same daring soldier had commanded that exquisite fanatic, Praise-God Barebones, with his associates, to "be off," adding profanely, when they told him "they were seeking the Lord," that "they must seek Him elsewhere," inasmuch as to his (Oliver's) certain knowledge, "He had not been there for many years to be found." There the stout-hearted Lord Russell had questioned or denied the existence of those Meal-tub, Rye-house, and Popery plots, with which Bedlowe and Oats distracted the days of the second Charles and James: and there had the voice of the querulous but patriotic Algernon Sidney been heard before it was extinguished for ever. Within its precincts James II. had once found friends for his struggle; but here too had been confirmed that

Digitized by Google

revolution by which his power was for ever destroyed. Here even William III. encountered resistance, and the massacre of Glencoe was denounced; but the spirit of the place seems to have disappeared during the two or three succeeding reigns, or to have taken another form, when Walpole announced that "every man in it had his price." During the latter half of George the Second's reign, it had resounded to the eloquence of the elder Pitt, and, during a third of George the Third's, it had re-echoed the scarcely less commanding notes of his fiery son. The elder Fox, as well as the elder Pitt, had been heard in the interval; and here had Burke, with his magnificent imagination and earnest elocution, delivered those harangues which posterity have admired. Wilberforce had within these walls deprecated slavery; and Windham had not been ashamed to advocate boxing, bull-baiting, and cock-fighting, though a more refined generation has consigned Mr. Windham and his "manly sports," alike to oblivion. Here Charles James Fox had made his maiden speech as a Tory, and William Pitt his *début* as a Whig; though, reversing their respective positions, they afterwards assailed and defended each other's principles in language whose glowing eloquence almost surpassed that of Cicero and Demosthenes. And, last of all, the past generation, the witty and classic Canning had here poured forth his keen sarcasm and polished diction against foes and colleagues who still survive.

Nothing of this is now to be heard or seen; and yet on great occasions it would not be difficult still to point out men on either side of the House not unworthy of being ranked as successors to these illustrious names. Where, give him time to prepare his speech, shall we find any past orator deliver a more glowing essay than Macaulay—and where, at any period, can be found a debater who rises with more consummate readiness and confidence in himself and his party, than Sir Robert Peel? His speeches may not read so advantageously in the newspapers; they may not have the stamina of Russell's, or the fire of Shiel's, but they are delivered with an ease and an address, a tact and a skill in declamation, which throw the occasionally hesitating accents of the one, though they can never cast the fervid strains of the other, into shade. No sooner does the Premier rise, and disclose his buff waistcoat, and somewhat portly person, than the House is hushed, and whatever be the difference in political opinion, an auditor must confess that he has never heard a speech in which details were more dexterously arranged or ably delivered.

But we are here anticipating; the great men seldom shine forth till a late hour of the night; and if a stranger desire to witness the operations of the Commons for a day, he must provide himself with an order from a member—for the magic silver ticket is no longer tolerated—and hie down to the House somewhere about half-past three, or, if the debate be important, before three o'clock. He will generally then find a crowd in the lobby—most of them idlers like himself, but others desirous of passing interviews with members, either to talk of present business or to remind them of former promises. He will then observe with what indifference the independent representative treats a constituent, if a general election be past and his seat secure; but how marvellously polite he grows, if that stirring movement be at hand, or the worthy member's return at all in jeopardy. In a moment the interview is generally at an end—the senator being anxious either to escape the importunity of the immaculate voter,

Digitized by Google

or to exhibit the zeal with which, like a Roman soldier, he hurries to his post; or if the consultation be protracted, you may predict that one of the parties is either a friend of the member's without a favour to ask, or some influential supporter whose opposition is not to be risked. He disappears through a blue cloth door, after perhaps a moment's whisper with a little mild-looking man in silver hair and silk tights, on one side of the recess; or it may be a tall, half-clerical, half-rakish-looking personage, with grey locks and brow erect (both door-keepers), at the other. If the stranger attempt to follow, he will be quickly apprised of his error, by the former in terms polite but decided, by the other in accents more brief than complimentary. He may possibly be surprised to find such persons as door-keepers; but let him not wonder at their nonchalance—for the first is the assistant with £1,000, and the other the chief Cerberus with a salary of £1,500 a-year. In the old days of the unreformed Parliament, they received from individual members at least as much again; and many members then, perhaps, as well as now, would not have objected to exchange positions.

On inquiry, he will be directed to an outer door marked "Strangers' Gallery;" but he must not yet enter, for the House is at prayers, and allows no one to participate in its devotions. What these are, no one knows; to the uninitiated they are not less mysterious than the Eleusinian, but it may be inferred that they are not quite so agreeable, as except on important debates, when it becomes necessary to attend in order procure seats, it is seldom that more than forty persons—the number necessary to constitute a House—can be got together to join the Speaker in his piety. Some of the senators, indeed, have attempted to secure their seats by leaving their hats as a substitute; but after a grave discussion between Mr. Wakley and Sir John Easthope, it was decided that, for the desired end, the heads must be present too. Hence the visitor is detained for a quarter of an hour in the lobby; but he may previously have been treated to a sight of the coming grandeur, by seeing the Speaker in flowing robe and floating wig pass before him, preceded by the Sergeant-at-arms and mace, held by Cromwell in so little respect, but before which every man and member is expected to bow and uncover.

On entering the House, it will be found to be a long and somewhat narrow oblong chamber, with a gallery capable of accommodating a hundred or a hundred and fifty persons (for the public) at one extremity, and a smaller one for the accommodation of the press at the other. On each side there is a gallery, designed for those silent but very essential members of the ministerial and opposition parties who do not favour the House with their eloquence, but are to be reckoned on when it comes to the more important point of the vote.

This is the aspect of the upper part of the House, which, from his position, usually first strikes the stranger's eye; and if he cast his glances downwards, he will find that it is not less curious. Before a huge-looking pulpit, which obscures half the chamber, will be seen, arrayed in black robe and flowing wig, that Speaker so called—*lucus a non lucendo*—because, with the exception of now and then calling his noisy surrounders to order, he rarely opens his mouth—and of whose enduring powers as a listener—on an average of eight hours a day during more than half the year—to the most tiresome and prolix harangues, the

Digitized by Google

country has an opinion so high and so commisserative, that it deems the £5000 a year he receives dearly earned, and the peerage subsequently conferred—"when all his toil and trouble cease"—well bestowed. In front and beneath the Speaker, are two or three gentlemen—clerks, who scroll away no one knows what, but it ought to be good, as it costs the nation about £6,000 annually; and, in front of them again, is a long red-covered table, on which reposes that sacred mace, more necessary for the constitution of the House than either Speaker or members themselves. Here, likewise, are one or two mysterious red boxes, the contents of which remain undivulged, and the use equally unknown—unless it be to impart a more impressive sound to the descent of the minister's hand when he brings it down either in a burst of patriotic fire, or of indignation with the contradiction he may have received from some member of the opposition. On each side are ranges of gradually ascending benches, for the ministerial and opposition parties, the front row of which is occupied by the respective leaders of each, and farther forward still stands a knot of gentlemen chatting at the bar, or when a speaker is unusually prosy, attempting to silence him by *sham* asthmas, which are often protracted until at last they become converted into real. In the neighbourhood is the Sergeant-at-arms, with sword by his side, ready to protect the mace and Speaker at the peril of his life, or to take into custody, and detain till sundry expensive fees are paid, any refractory members who may refuse submission to the Speaker's authority. At the farther end, but excluded from the stranger's view, are a few rows of benches set aside for the accommodation of any peers who may feel inclined to visit the Lower House, and generally occupied by past members of the Commons, whose recollections prompt them to revisit the scene of their former strife.

Prayers being finished, the Speaker commences the business of the day by counting the first forty members that enter, and if there be not as many ere the clock before him strikes four, he quietly retreats after announcing the result. This is a stratagem often played by the ministry or opposition when a disagreeable motion is to be brought forward; the inferior members of each, whose duty it is to "form a house," get the hint and retire,—and great is the expressed astonishment of their leaders, next day, to learn of this waste of the nation's time. But if forty be present, the House proceeds to business; that of presenting petitions being the first performed.

Our object in writing this paper is not to afford idle and transient amusement, but to impart solid and lasting imformation; and assuredly, if this part of it be generally read and remembered, a vast saving both of time and money will accrue from noting the conduct of the House concerning petitions. An individual, on putting his name to one of these documents, may not altogether imagine that the Speaker and each member are to inspect his caligraphy; but he may entertain a faint belief that some slight attention will be paid to the array in the aggregate. In this surmise, however, he will be assuredly disappointed. He will find that neither petition nor names are read; that the designation of it alone is slovenly muttered over by the individual who presents it, and that it is then coolly thrown under the table, to be heard of no more. What becomes of these impressive documents—whether they be carefully stowed away for the benefit of posterity, or disposed of immediately for the con-

Digitized by Google

venience of trunkmakers—it is impossible even to guess; but the stranger, most certainly, after once witnessing their reception, will never again adhibit his name to such a document.

The petitions over, the time for boring the ministry commences. One gentleman from the opposition benches gets up and asks the Premier whether the Americans design to annex Ireland, or the French admiral to marry the Queen of the Otaheite Islands; and when his curiosity has been gratified by the Minister's reply, that "he does not know, but will institute the necessary inquiries, and mean time begs to assure the House that in neither of these important contingences will he lose sight of the interest and honour of England;" another rises in the Minister's rear, and begs to be informed whether there be any truth in the newspaper rumours, that the Queen intends to create her husband King Consort, and appoint him, on the first vacancy, Archbishop of Canterbury? to which the unhappy official replies in the negative, with a sharpness and asperity that might induce listeners to suppose there is some truth in his frequent declaration that "the prime minister of this country reposes not on a bed of roses," were it not for the reflection that, if he really were sincere, he might at any time exchange its thorns for a couch of swan-down.

The business of the day now begins. Bills are brought in, and read a first stage unopposed; for, in accordance with the forms of the House, it would be uncourteous to resist the first reading of a bill; but, when the second stage arrives, the discussion in reality commences. It is rarely, however, until half-past nine or ten o'clock that it becomes interesting. Yet dear is this interval to prosy speakers! Now many men get up and bore the House by the hour, who, at a later period of the evening, would not for a moment be heard. And gladly is the opportunity seized by those who would at no other time have a chance of seeing their names in print, for the delight of themselves, and wonder of their constituents.

Ten—eleven o'clock draws nigh, and the great speakers now rise. An ingenious calculator on the opposition benches has, perhaps, discovered that there is a mistake involving the amount of ten-pence three farthings in the revenue of the year, and he arraigns this act of public profligacy in terms to which the Chancellor of the Exchequer replies with a prolixity and obscurity which confirm the prevailing opinion,—that language was imparted to enable man to conceal his thoughts. Then arises a more important member of the opposition, and hurls at a superior minister some more weighty denunciation, which the Premier casts aside or returns with as much coolness as the general who defended his position by intercepting and returning his assailants' cannon-balls. Several combatants on both sides join successively in the dispute; their leaders generally bringing up the rear, and the party who broke the debateable ground invariably possessing the right of reply. The House becomes tumultuous; the cry of "Divide!" is heard; the hour of voting approaches; and now do those silent members who plume themselves on this power feel their full importance. Each of these gentlemen is now on a level with the most eloquent speaker in the House, and by their aid is the question settled, unless it be adjourned to another evening on the motion of some member who objects, on principle, to midnight legislation, or of another who is desirous to take part in the fight, but requires time to marshal his forces for the strife.

Digitized by Google

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Proposals for Forming a Genealogical Publication Society.

To the Editor of "The Patrician."

Sir,—With your permission, I shall occupy a page or two of your journal, in laying before your readers some suggestions, respecting the furtherance of studies which are dear to yourself and them. I mean, I need hardly say, Family History.

It is not in the pages of The Patrician, where the nature and objects of such studies have been so invitingly set forth, any defence of them is needed; still must I transcribe the philosophic *éloge* of Gibbon, as given us in his Autobiography. "A lively desire," he wrote, "of knowing and recording our ancestors so generally prevails, that it must depend on the influence of some common principle in the minds of men. We seem to have lived in the persons of our forefathers; it is the labour and reward of vanity to extend the term of this ideal longevity. Our imagination is always active to enlarge the narrow circle in which Nature has confined us. Fifty or a hundred years may be allotted to an individual; but we step forwards beyond death with such hopes as religion and philosophy will suggest; and we fill up the silent vacancy that precedes our birth, by associating ourselves to the authors of our existence. Our calmer judgment will rather tend to moderate than to suppress the pride of an ancient and worthy race. The satirist may laugh, the philosopher may preach; but reason herself will respect the prejudices and habits which have been consecrated by the experience of mankind." I believe, therefore, that the expression of some ideas, which seem calculated to augment our ancestral knowledge, will not be unwelcome; and I shall endeavour to intrude as little as possible on your time and space.

A marked feature in the publishing history of our own day, is the division of subjects among particular Book Societies, in such a way that the student may possess himself of the rarest volumes in his favorite branches, at a cost little above that of the mere paper and type. The societies themselves have already multiplied to such extent, that their names are becoming difficult of enumeration. To give the *pas* to Theology; there are the Parker, the Calvin, the Wodrow; and other associations. Again, the names of the Camden, the Percy, and the Shakspeare clubs sufficiently set forth their literary intentions. But the question that has often occurred to your correspondent, and which he would put through you, Mr. Editor, to the public, is this:—Why have we no Genealogical Book Club? Are not the themes of sufficient moment? Nay, Are other themes whatsoever of equal domestic and personal interest? I think not.

Most of your readers, doubtless, are sufficiently acquainted with the simple code of rules, which form the groundwork of these societies. The subscription is a mere trifle—one or two guineas per annum; the volumes returned for it average four annually; and the cessation of contributing is a cessation of membership—no subscriber being liable for more than the amount of his, or her, subscription. Is it possible for the laborious investigator of family antiquities to hope that, through the medium of some such association, he may see his toil lightened—his knowledge increased—and himself rewarded by an appreciating audience, brought together in this simple way?

Were such a Society formed, a name for it would be easily found; and let us suppose it to be named *the Harleian*, while I bring forward some of the works to which its attention might be fairly directed:

I. The Visitation Books.—A list of these, but not a complete one, is given in your first volume, page 112. I would propose that the Harleian Book Society employ a competent editor to collate, and collect, these invaluable records, as they exist in the College of Arms, the British Museum, the University libraries,

Digitized by Google

and in private collections. Such publications to include (keeping each county separate) every record of the herald's visits from the earliest time to the period of their discontinuance.

II. The Parochial Registries.—These entries of the three memorable things in life,—birth—marriage—and death, should be transcribed, and put forth *verbatim et literatim.* There should be no conjectural amendment, no attempted improvements. Even where a name was absurdly mis-spelled, or a date given that defied all effort at chronological understanding, still the error should be copied, and the only liberty given to the Editor should be the power of adding "(*sic*)" to the statement, to prove his own impeccability. And let me inform you, Sir, as I do with great sorrow, that in many parts of at least the country where I reside, Ireland, the parochial registries have perished; and from want of attention on the part of the public, or of the government (for in truth, they are national property), they no longer exist to gratify the research of the Antiquary and Genealogist. It is to check this irremediable destruction, I would propose that the society should immediately procure transcripts of all the Registers of the United Kingdom, and give them forth, from time to time, as the occasion required, and the subscribers gave them encouragement.

These "Church books," as they are sometimes called, are handed over from incumbent to incumbent, according as each parish receives a new head. In most cases they fall into the hands of gentlemen, who, from their professions no less than from educational refinement, are fully competent to know the value of these deposits, and to guard them with zealous attention and care. But in some instances, the clergyman, wrapt up as he is in his spiritual avocations, transfers the charge of the books to his parish clerk—directs him to make the entries—and eventually to assume the guardianship of these records. And the consequences have been wofully apparent. Leaves have been stolen—entries neglected—dates falsified—names inserted; to such extent that a skilful lawyer might well summon on the witness-table the clergyman of a parish, from the registry of which dates may have been brought forward, to question him on oath "Do you keep, Sir, the registries *yourself?*"

III. Wills.—A careful publication of the names of testators, and dates of the execution of wills, from the different prerogative offices would be desirable. How easily then to refer, throughout the United Kingdom, to the index of these volumes, which at once would direct to the existence of documents, so wonderfully illustrative of family matters!

IV. Funeral Certificates.—These are so easily understood, that nothing need be said beyond the evident value of their being made accessible.

V. Monastic Chartularies, and Kindred Manuscripts.—More ancient in date than the foregoing, I have placed these nevertheless behind them; inasmuch as until the society became established on a sure basis, its publications should partake of a more popular nature, than these apparently dry chronicles. Yet how much matter can be extracted from Leiger Books, Calendars, and Necrologies, every genealogist knows. Under this same head would be included selections from the *Chartæ Antiquæ* of the British Museum, and of the other *habitats* of these records.

VI. Original Publications.—I should have high expectations from this source. Despite the literary spirit of the age, there is but little encouragement for books of research, such as are the slow growth of many years spent in anxious, weary labour. The subjects they bring forward, are not calculated to stimulate the passions, nor excite the imagination. They are the details of facts—grains of gold gathered from the river-bed of Time. Such works, then, as would worthily illustrate the history of an ancient race, having met the approbation of a managing committee in London, might be printed at the society's expense, and included in their issue to their subscribers.

I am aware that I have but very feebly put forward my views; and shall now leave the matter in the hands of some abler man, who is better qualified to carry them into effect.

Yours very sincerely,

November 3rd 1847. GENEROSUS.

Digitized by Google

THE ROLL OF BATTLE ABBEY.

(Annotated.)

MOUNTAGU. The Christian name of the distinguished soldier to whom this entry refers, was Drogo, denominated "de Montagu," from a town in Normandy. In Domesday Book, he is styled Drogo de Montacuto, and appears by the possessions he held under Robert, Earl of Morton, to have come over in the retinue of that great Earl, the half-brother of the Conqueror. This Drogo fixed his chief residence at the castle of Shipton-Montacute, co. Somerset, and hence his descendants continued to be designated. Simon de Montacute, Lord of Shipton-Montacute, gained great distinction as a successful warrior in the martial times of Edward I. "In the 24th of that monarch" (says Hollinshed) "those Englishmen that kept the town of Burg, being compassed about with a siege by Monsieur de Sully, obtained a truce for a certain space; during the which, they sent unto Blaines for some relief of vittels, and where other refused to bring up a ship laden with vittels, which was there prepared, the Lord SIMON DE MONTAGEW, a right valiant chieftaine, and a wise, took upon him the enterprise, and thro' the middle of the French gallies, which were placed in the river to stop, that no ship should passe towards that towne; by help of a prosperous wind, he got into the haven of Burg, and so relieved them within of their want of vittels; by means thereof, Monsieur de Sulley broke up his siege and returned into France." From this renowned soldier descended the illustrious race of Montague, conspicuous in all the great achievements of English history. Thomas de Montacute, last Earl of Salisbury, was concerned in so many military exploits, that to give an account of them all would be to write the annals of the reign of Henry V. Suffice it then to say, that as he lived, so he died, in the service of his country; being mortally wounded when commanding the English army at the siege of Orleans, in 1428. His wife was the Lady Eleanor Holland, a descendant of the royal house of Plantagenet, and by her he had an only daughter and heiress, the Lady Alice, who wedded Richard Nevill, eldest son of Ralph, Earl of Westmoreland, by his second wife, Joane de Beaufort, dau. of John of Gaunt. In right of this marriage, Richard Nevill had the Earldom of Salisbury revived in his person, and was succeeded therein by his eldest son, Richard Nevill, Earl of Warwick and Salisbury, the hero of the Wars of the Roses,

"The setter-up and puller down of Kings."

Though the chief line of the Montacutes thus failed in an heiress, male branches continued to flourish, and from these sprang the Dukes of Montague and the Earls of Halifax, now extinct, the Dukes of Manchester, and the Earls of Sandwich.

MOUNTFORD. Hugh de Montfort, commonly called "Hugh with a

Digitized by Google

Beard," son of Thurstan de Bastenburgh, accompanied William from Normandy, and aided that prince's triumph at Hastings, for which eminent service he obtained divers fair lordships; and at the time of the General Survey, was possessor of twenty-eight in Kent, sixteen in Essex, fifty-one in Suffolk, and nineteen in Norfolk. The descendant of this fortunate soldier, PETER DE MONTFORT, living temp. Henry III., became one of the most zealous amongst the turbulent barons of the era, and, after the battle of Lewes, was of the *Nine* nominated to rule the kingdom; in which station he enjoyed and exercised more than regal power, but of short duration, for he fell at the subsequent conflict of Evesham, so disastrous to the baronial cause. His male line terminated with his great-grandson, Peter de Montford, third lord, who died *s. p.* in 1367, leaving an illegitimate son, SIR JOHN MONTFORT, Knight, whose posterity flourished in the male line for several subsequent generations at Coleshill, co. Warwick, until the attainder of Sir Simon Montfort, Knt., *temp.* Henry VII., whose descendants continued at Bescote, co. Stafford

MAULE. The ancient Norman family of Maule assumed their surname from the town and lordship of Maule, in the Vexin Francois, eight leagues from Paris. Roger, last Lord of Maule, was slain at the Battle of Nicopolis in Hungary, fighting against the Turks, anno 1398, and his coat of arms was set up in the Parisian Cathedral of Notre Dame. His only daughter and heir married Simon de Morainvilliers, Lord of Flaccourt. A cadet of this eminent family, Guarin de Maule, a younger son of Ansold, Lord of Maule, accompanied the Conqueror to England, and acquired, as his portion of the spoil, the Lordship of Hatton, co. York, with other extensive estates. His son, Robert de Maule, attaching himself to David, Earl of Huntingdon, afterwards David II., removed into Scotland with that monarch, and obtained broad lands in Lothian, whereon his descendants became seated, until the thirteenth century, when the marriage of Sir Peter de Maule with the richly-dowered heiress of William de Valoniis, brought into the family the Barony of Panmure, ever after the chief designation of the Maules. Of this alliance the issue was two sons, SIR WILLIAM DE MAULE, ancestor of the Lords Panmure, and SIR THOMAS DE MAULE, Governor of Brechin Castle, the only fortress that interrupted the conquests of Edward I.

MONTHERMER. Ralph de Monthermer, who is described as "a plain Esquire," married the Lady Joan Plantagenet, daughter of King Edward I. and widow of Gilbert, Earl of Clare and Gloucester, and had the title of Earl of Gloucester and Hertford in her right. Probably this Ralph was a descendant of the Knight whose name appears in the Battle Roll. His granddaughter and heiress, Margaret de Monthermer, wedded Sir John de Montacute, and conveyed the Barony of Monthermer to the family of Montacute.

MAINELL. Hugo de Grante Mesnill was one of the most potent Barons of the Conquest. His descendants were summoned to parliament in the reign of Edward I., and possessed vast estates in the Midland Counties and in Yorkshire. The Meynells of Hoar Cross, co. Stafford, and of Langley, co. Derby, claim to derive their lineage from Hugo de Grante Mesnill.

MALEVERER. Sir Richard Maul-

Digitized by Google

everer, Knight, came into England with the Conqueror, and was constituted Master or Ranger of the Forests, Chases, and Parks north of the Trent. He was founder of the family of MAULEVERER of Arncliffe, co. York.

MONHAUT. Eustace de Monte Alto, surnamed the Norman Hunter, was one of the soldiers of the Conquest, in the immediate train of the Palatine Earl of Chester, the potent Hugh Lupus, from whom, in requital of his gallant services, Monte Alto or Monhaut obtained the Lordships of Montalt and Hawarden in Flintshire, places still designating a branch of his descendants, the noble house of Maude, Viscounts Hawarden and Barons of Montalt. Eustace's great-great-grandson, Andomar de Montalt, founded the Yorkshire and only surviving line of the family. His eldest brother, Robert de Montalt, who received summons to parliament from 27 Edward I. to 13 Edward III., died *s. p.* Andomar, accompanying, in 1174, the expedition against William the Lion, had the good fortune to make the Scotch monarch prisoner by surprise; and conveying the royal captive to Henry II., then at Falaise, that Prince granted to him, instead of his ancient insignia, "a Lion gu (the Lion of Scotland) debruised by two bars sa," to denote captivity. From his son and heir, Robert de Montalt, descended the Maudes of West Ryddylsden, the parent stem, from which sprang the Maudes, now Lords Hawarden, and the Maudes of Alverthorpe Hall, near Wakefield (connected in marriage with the Lowthers of Lowther Castle,) whose senior representative, resident in Yorkshire is the present JOHN MAUDE, of Moor House, Esq., a Magistrate and Deputy Lieutenant of the West Riding, the author of a most interesting and graphic work, published at Wakefield in 1826, under the title of "A Visit to the Falls of Niagara in 1800."

MINERS. This gallant Norman appears to have been rewarded by grants of lands in Herefordshire. Certain it is that the estate of Treago in that county has been held by the family of Mynors from the era of the Conquest even to the present day, being now possessed by PETER RICKARDS MYNORS, Esq., who represents also the great and historic house of Baskerville of Erdesley, and derives in direct descent from the royal line of Plantagenet.

MOUNTGOMERIE. Roger de Montgomerie was kinsman of William of Normandy, and commander of the first body of the Duke's army at the battle of Hastings. There is an old MS. at Grey Abbey, co. Down, written about the year 1696, by William Montgomery, of that place, son of the Hon. Sir James Montgomery, giving an account of this family, in which he remarks: "For the honour of the nation in general, let it be known to all, that there is at this day the title of a Counte or Earle of the name of all his Majesty's four kingdoms; viz., Count Montgomery, in France; Earl of Montgomery, in England; Earl of Eglinton in Scotland; and Earl of Mount Alexander, in Ireland; the like whereof cannot be truly said (as I believe) of any other surname in all the world." In the same manuscript, he states, alluding to ROGER, fifth Count de Montgomery, who led the van at the battle of Hastings—"In anno 1652, I saw in Westminster Abbey, this ROGER's coat of arms and name written under it, as benefactor of the building thereof. He was in rank or place the seventh or eighth (as I remember) among the contributors to the said building, or to the convent thereof; but in anno 1664, I found

Digitized by Google

that his name or arms, and all the rest (above forty noblemens'), were wholly razed out as writings (on a stone table book) are, with a wet sponge."

MAINWARING. Ranulphus de Mesnilwarren was the name of the Norman adventurer, thus recorded on the Battle Roll. He received the grant of fifteen lordships, including Over Peover, and founded the family of Mainwaring, so distinguished in the annals of Cheshire. The chief line, that of Peover, was raised to a baronetcy at the Restoration in 1660, but the title became extinct at the death, in 1797, of the late Sir Henry Mainwaring, who devised his estates to his uterine brother, Thomas Wetenhal, Esq. The present male representative of this ancient house is Captain ROWLAND MAINWARING, R.N., of Whitmore Hall, co. Stafford.

MORTON. Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Chancellor, temp. Henry VII., was probably a descendant of the Norman knight. Of this celebrated prelate, Anthony Wood states, "that he was a wise and eloquent man, but in his nature harsh and haughty—that he was much accepted by the king, but envied by the nobility and hated by the people. He won the king's mind with secrecy and diligence, chiefly because he was his old servant in his less fortunes, and for that also he was in his affections not without an inveterate malice against the house of York, under which he had been in trouble." From the Cardinal's brother, Richard, descended the Mortons of Milbourne St. Andrew, co. Dorset, raised to the degree of baronets in 1619, and now represented by the Pleydells.

NOERS. This name should, we think, be written Noels, and must apply to the patriarch of the eminent family of Noel. Be this, however, as it may, evident it is, from the foundation of the Priory of Raunton, in Staffordshire, that Noel came into England with the Conqueror; and, for his services, obtained the manors of Ellenhall, Wiverstone, Podmore, and Milnese. His eldest son, Robert Noel, Lord of Ellenhall, was further enriched, temp. Henry I., by a grant of the greater part of Gainsborough, from the Prior of Coventry. This potent Lord founded the monastery of Raunton, in Staffordshire. From him derived the Noels of Hilcote, and the Noels of the counties of Rutland and Leicester. Sir Andrew Noel, Knt., of Dalby, in the last-named shire, was a person of great note in the reign of Elizabeth, living in such magnificence as to vie with noblemen of the largest fortunes. Fuller, in his "Worthies," saith that this Andrew, "for person, parentage, grace, gesture, valour, and many other excellent parts (amongst which skill in music,) was of the first rank in the Court." He was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and became a great favourite; but the expenses in which he was involved, obliged him to sell his seat and manor of Dalby, a circumstance which elicited from the Queen the following distich upon the imprudent knight's name:

"The word of denial and letter of fifty.
Is that gentleman's name who will never be thrifty."

Sir Andrew's son and successor, Edward, Lord Noel, of Ridlington, succeeded his father-in-law, Baptist Hickes, in the Viscouncy of Campden, and died in the garrison of Oxford, 10th March, 1643, leaving a son and heir, Baptist Noel, Viscount Campden, a devoted adherent of the royal cause, and a severe sufferer in consequence, his princely seat in Gloucestershire having been burnt down by the King's forces to prevent its becoming a garrison to

Digitized by Google

the Parliamentarians. His Lordship's eldest son, Edward Noel, Viscount Campden, was raised, in 1682, to the Earldom of Gainsborough, a dignity that expired in 1798, at the death of Henry Noel, sixth Earl, whose grand-nephew, Charles Noel Noel, Lord Barham, had the old title of his maternal ancestors revived in his person, and is the present Earl of Gainsborough.

The Noels of Kirby Mallory, co. Leicester, were a younger branch of the Ridlington Noels. Their senior representative is Anna Isabella, the Dowager Lady Byron.

NEVIL. Gilbert de Nevil, the companion-in-arms of the Conqueror, is styled by some genealogists the Duke's Admiral; but in the General Survey, no mention of any person of the name occurs. Gilbert's grandson, Geoffrey de Nevil, wedded Emma, daughter and heir of Bertram de Bulmer, Lord of Brancepeth, and left a son, Henry, who died, *s. p.*, in 1227, and an only daughter, Isabella, the greatest heiress of her time, who became the wife of Robert Fitz Maldred, Lord of Raby, the lineal male representative of Uchtred, Earl of Northumberland. Out of gratitude for the large inheritance brought to them by the heiress of Nevill, or in compliance with the fashion of the time to *Normanize*, the Saxon Lords of Raby thenceforward assumed the appellation of Nevill, and from that period the fortunes of the family rapidly culminated, till they eclipsed, by their more recent splendour, the Saxon honours of the house. From "a Sketch of the Stock of Nevill," by W. E. Surtees, Esq., D.C.L., we extract the following able summary of the most illustrious race on the roll of English genealogy.

"To John Lord Nevill, who was at different periods warden of the East Marches, Governor of Bamborough, High Admiral of England, Lieutenant of Aquitaine, and Seneschal of Bourdeaux, is to be chiefly attributed the building of the splendid Pile of Raby, which in 1379, he had a licence to castellate. In 1385, he attended Richard II. on his expedition to Scotland. The nobility of the north formed the rearward, and Lord Nevill's train consisted of two hundred men-at-arms, and three hundred archers. He died at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in 1388, and lies buried in Durham cathedral, where his altar-tomb still remains between the pillars of the south aisle.

"His son and successor, Ralph Lord Nevill, was created Earl of Westmoreland, 17 Rich. II. He soon afterwards deserted (togegether with Henry Percy first Earl of Northumberland) the falling fortunes of Richard, and was one of the principal instruments in placing the House of Lancaster on the throne. The new monarch showered dignities on the family of Nevill. The Earl was invested in the honour of Richmond, and made Earl Marshal: and by his second marriage—that with Joan, daughter of John of Gaunt, 'time-honour'd Lancaster' — became brother-in-law to his sovereign. When the Percys revolted, he adhered faithfully to Henry. On his side he fought at the battle of Shrewsbury; on the eve of which, to this greeting given to Sir Richard Vernon by Hotspur:—

'My cousin Vernon! Welcome by my soul!'

Vernon answers:—

'Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.'

thitherwards to that field from which soon the gallant young Percy

'Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did look in vain,

Digitized by Google

ere the dubious victory of the rebels was changed, by his own death, to a ruinous defeat.

"In a second insurrection in the North, he was the 'well-appointed leader' who, being sent, together with Prince John, with an inferior force against the rebels, dispersed their army, without bloodshed, at Shipton Moor, near York, and delivered up their chiefs, Mowbray and Scrope, Archbishop of York, to Henry and the scaffold. Some say that he effected this by deceiving the simplicity of the aged prelate in agreeing to his proposals; others that he persuaded him to disband his followers, as the only means of appeasing the King and procuring a favourable answer to his petitions.

"In the next reign he followed Henry V. into France, and shared in the victory of Agincourt. With the discrimination of character which Shakspere invariably exhibits, Westmoreland, the veteran experienced warrior, recommends Henry to subdue first his troublesome neighbours on the other side the Tweed:—

'For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking, and so sucks the princely eggs.'

"In the roll of Agincourt the Earl Marshal had in his train five knights, thirty lances, and eighty archers. Of these, the names of some strike familiarly on a northern ear, as Sir Thomas Rokesby, Sir John Hoton, Edmond Rodham, Roger Ratcliffe, John Swinborne, John Wardale, John Wytton.

"Shakspere preserves the consistency of his character by making him wish, as any reasonable man would do before the commencement of so doubtful a battle,—

'Oh that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day.'

While Henry, with real or assumed romantic feeling, answers:—

'The fewer men the greater share of honour.'

"The strong light in which Shakspere brings out Westmoreland in his Henry IV. and Henry V. is a proof that he was even then remembered as a subtle and powerful agent in the intrigues of his age. He died full of years and honours in 1426, and is buried under 'a right stately tomb of alabaster' in the choir of his own collegiate church of Staindrop. The Earl had twenty-one children. From his first bed sprung the Earls of Westmoreland. But none of his descendants in this, the elder, line seem to have inherited his talent or his ambition.—From his second bed arose the princely house of Salisbury, Warwick, and Montague, whose blood mingled with that of Plantagenet, and the Lords Fauconberg, Latimer, and Abergavenny."

Digitized by Google

THE THEATRES.

THE NEW HISTORICAL PLAY AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

THE spirit of Macready has come here to save a weak management, and a declining house. The Princess's Theatre had for some time past been losing the favour of the public, from the strange medley of its performances, and the inferior manner in which they have been put upon the stage. For example, the admirable acting of Miss Cushman as Meg Merrilies, and of Compton as Dominie Sampson, could hardly screen the blameable getting up of "Guy Mannering;" and set aside Macready and Miss Cushman's share in the representation, the tragedy of "Macbeth," formed here a poor contrast to the same play at Sadler's Wells. To all this, the new drama of "Philip Van Artevelde," taken from Henry Taylor's well known poem, is a brilliant exception. It is quite evident that the change is owing to Mr. Macready's genius and taste being employed in the stage and scenic arrangements as well as in the acting. The whole performance is a beautiful histrionic display. Macready represented the gallant and chivalrous gentleman of Ghent with fine energy and exquisite feeling: his soul was in the part, and he certainly never before appeared to such advantage. In truth, this play of "Philip Van Artevelde" throws a sudden and pleasing light over the present gloominess of the Princess's Theatre.

THE NEW TRAGEDY AT SADLER'S WELLS.

SADLER'S WELLS continues to present the superior drama effectively. The tragedy recently produced there, "John Savile of Haysted," by the Rev. Mr. White, is one of undeniable and striking merit. It has had marked success, and becomes even more and more popular on repetition. The plot of the play is a simple one.

Lilian Savile, the daughter of a good-hearted and affectionate squire of the reign of Charles I., has discovered that her father's land is forfeit to the crown, unless recovered by payment of ten thousand pounds, or such less sum as may be accepted, to Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. To save her father from this ruin the maiden determines to personally solicit the Duke. The attempt to put this purpose into effect leads her into a snare which Buckingham has laid to obtain possession of her person. He detains her in his hands, and her father, in horror at the intelligence, sends her a dose of poison, which she is to take, if he fail to rescue her from the licentious tyrant's power. In the midst of his villany, Buckingham is stabbed by Lilian's kinsman, Felton; but the assassination comes too late; she has drunk the poison, and dies in her father's arms.

The great character in this tragedy is that of John Felton, admirably

Digitized by Google

acted by Mr. G. Bennett. The introduction of Felton, who, in history, was nothing but a foul assassin, is in some measure objectionable, when held forth as an object of regard and pity. Yet the insanity that is made to hover about him softens and relieves the hardness of the portrait in the drama. Throughout, Bennett played the part to perfection; the encounter with Buckingham, when he is wounded, was most impressive. His delivery of the following soliloquy was finely characteristic of the dreamy, half-crazed puritan:—

I think the time cannot be far off now.
I feel such throbbings, and can't guess the cause;
But, hour by hour, the feeling grows more strong.
It's like the light I've seen, when we were camp'd
Near Fort Ste. Prie: the sky grew grey at first,
Then whiter, long before the sun rose up
Behind the town; and as the time came near,
Everything grew distinct, and yet no eye
Saw the sun's face. I see as clearly now
As were it done before me. I can't tell
What Spirit it is, that struggles in me so. [*Laughs.*
Ho, ho! if it were Satan's trick, he's foiled.
All comes as if from Heaven; a mind at rest,
Nerves steady, and a full assurance here.
Lie there. [*Lays a knife on the table.*

I fancy I can read some words
Upon the blade—my breath has stained it; now
'Tis clear again, ay, clearer, for the stain.
So 'tis with fame. They'll blacken me for this,
But my poor name will brighten for't the more.
[*Looks out of the window.*
How clear the sky is! What a pleasant thing
To look up in the blue, and see no cloud!
Ho, Savile! There's my cousin with a man!
What ails him? This way, Savile, Master Savile!
Go to your rest again. [*Puts the knife in the sheath.*

Phelps represented the Squire, John Savile, with characteristic vigour. Most feelingly did he deliver the following really poetic lines:—

No, no! I spoke to you in gladness. See!
I speak not gaily now—banish the thought.
Lilian, it was in musings such as these
Your sister lived: she saw with dreamy eyes,
Not what things were, but what she painted them.
She raised an idol for herself, and spent
Her heart in worship; and the thing she made
Into a deity was—curses on him!
If I had thought, when Alice pined to death,
Day after day, looking so lovingly
Up the approach, to watch his coming step,
That he would come no more, but leave my child,
My life, my eldest hope, to die—to die!
Curse on him! I will see him yet!

Miss Laura Addison was the graceful, loving, enthusiastic Lilian to the life. The character was a beautiful one, and her impersonation of it was beautiful also. In the scene with the Duke of Buckingham she was

Digitized by Google

great. The passage is so fair a specimen of the author's style and talent, that we make no apology for giving it here at full length:

LILIAN.

I chose the simplest robe, the suppliant white—
For am I not a suppliant? And my hair
Needs nought, of all these gaudy diadems,
But a plain rose. Oh, if I move the Duke—
Who *must* be kind—to have mercy on my father,
To save him from the arts of cruel men,
Who know not how it wrongs their master's fame—
What happiness—what perfect happiness!

(*Enter* BUCKINGHAM.)

Now,
May I not see the Duke?

BUCKINGHAM.

You shall, ere long.
I think the journey has brought forth a crop
Of younger roses in your cheeks.

LILIAN.

Oh, Sir!
Take me but to his Grace. I need no speech
Save what may bring me to him.

BUCKINGHAM.

So, your prayer
Is, to be brought in presence of the Duke?

LILIAN.

Yes, and to win him to my wish.

BUCKINGHAM.

I think
You cannot fail.

LILIAN.

Ah! then you know his heart
To be soft, tender—not the stony thing,
The selfish, proud, cold heart, the common tongue
Gives to him.

BUCKINGHAM.

Is it thus the common tongue
Bespeaks him?

LILIAN.

Ay, but not my tongue. I know
He's of a higher nature; that the voice
Of a fond daughter, pleading in the cause
Of a loved father, will awake all thoughts
Of holy pity in a heart like his.

BUCKINGHAM.

I think such voice, such eyes, such eloquence,
Will have far more effect, than the poor cause
Of an old father.

LILIAN.

Sir, you cannot know
What are a daughter's thoughts, or the great power
That good men feel, e'en in a father's name.

BUCKINGHAM.

What, if I tell you, Lilian, you have won?

Digitized by Google

LILIAN.

That he has spared my father? Tell him, Sir,
There is one heart shall bless him till it dies!

BUCKINGHAM.

Is 't yours, my charmer? 'Tis reward enough
For sparing all the fathers in the land.
I tell you, Lilian, never was the voice
So potent with his Grace, as the light words
That part from lips like yours.

LILIAN.

What mean you, Sir?

BUCKINGHAM.

That he has seen you—nay, has listened to you.

LILIAN.

Has he?—I thank him that he has heard my prayer,
And yielded. Let me go to tell my father.

BUCKINGHAM.

Oh! you'll have more to tell him, if you stay.

LILIAN.

Why should I stay?—an hour—a minute's lost,
That keeps me from my father's arms.

BUCKINGHAM.

Not so—
For other—tenderer arms shall open wide
For you.—Ah! Lilian, can you grudge the man
One smile who tells you he will spare your father?

LILIAN.

A smile?—I tell you, Sir, he 'll have my prayers—

BUCKINGHAM.

Ay, all his life,—he 'll earn them by his love,
His care—his tenderness——

LILIAN.

What words are these?

BUCKINGHAM.

Of truth—of love.—I 've heard from your own lips,
Your innocent, sweet praises of the Duke.
Your love for him has won his love.—See here,
I am the Duke. The lordly Buckingham
Is at your feet.—Why is your look so cold?

LILIAN.

You will not spare my father.

BUCKINGHAM.

How do you know?

LILIAN.

For you 've deceived me.

BUCKINGHAM.

'Twas to win you, sweet.
Your father's fate is in your hands.

LILIAN.

My lord,—
I will be gone.—I waken from a dream;
I go.

Digitized by Google

BUCKINGHAM.

Nay, nay—not yet.—What, is this all?
I tell you, Lilian, I love you, doat on you,—
Nay, that my heart glows with so holy a flame,
I 'll wed you.

LILIAN.

Let me go.—I will not plead
For more than license to depart.

BUCKINGHAM.

How now?
Heard you I said I 'd wed you?—I, the Duke?

LILIAN.

I heard you, Sir.—Rather in beggar weeds
Would I go forth an outcast thro' the world,
Than wed so mean a thing as falsehood makes.

BUCKINGHAM.

I warn you,—these are not the words to scothe
The wrath, that may consume your father's hopes.

LILIAN.

Sir!—Let me go.—Name not my father's name.
His honest name is not for lips like yours.
You warn me—take a warning back from me.
Bethink you of the gulf you stand on. Think
That a whole land heaps curses on your head,
And I—fond, dreaming, senseless, foolish girl,
To think you pure and noble! Hear me now:
You 've played the spy—the traitor; look on me,
I would not wed you, if, by saying the word,
I could win kingdoms.—I shall seek my home,
If 'tis still left, and at my father's knees
Pray for God's help, since man's is useless.

The only blemish in the play is the death of Lilian—it was as unneeded as uncalled-for. The transmitting of poison, too, from a Christian father to his daughter is but a poor reproduction of the pagan virtue of Virginius. There is something so cruelly shocking in this conclusion, that it disappoints and dissatifies the audience. With this exception the tragedy is a fine one, and gives brilliant hope of what yet may be done (thanks to Mr. Phelps) towards the fairest restoration of the highly intellectual drama.

The HAYMARKET and the ADELPHI Theatres continue in most flourishing condition, and deservedly so, since they labour energetically and efficiently to secure the mental gratification of the public.

We regret that our limits prevent us this month giving lengthened notices of the new and popular comedy at the Haymarket, entitled "Family Pride," and of the recent successful drama at the Adelphi, "Gabrielli," by the late Mr. Peake.

Mrs. Warner's style of performances at the Marylebone Theatre, travels most creditably and respectably in the track of Mr. Phelps. Some sterling plays have here found sterling representation.

Digitized by Google

LITERATURE.

THE LIFE OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. BY THOMAS MEDWIN. In 2 vols. T. C. Newby, 72, Mortimer-Street, Cavendish-Square. 1847.

IN our humble opinion, Percy Bysshe Shelley has been much overrated both by his friends and opponents. His poetry has been extolled by the former as a wonder of the age; his anti-religious opinions have been regarded, and talked of, and written about by the latter, as if they really were a matter of mighty moment and danger to the well-being of society. All this excitement has passed away, and so little does the ill-fated Shelley now interest the public, that, as Captain Medwin states in his Preface, there is, except this book, no published record of his career, save a few fugitive notices scattered about in periodicals. Captain Medwin, with all the ardour and the affection that gracefully suit the devoted friend, comes forward to preserve the eventful history of Shelley's life from oblivion. The gallant Captain can write well and amusingly, and one must admire the noble spirit of friendship which pervades his work. Yet, on the whole, it would, perhaps, have been better if this book had not appeared, for its contents present a melancholy picture—that of a wrong-minded and half-crazy, though amiable man, struggling through an existence, made wretched by the result of his own wild daring against the most sacred feelings of his fellow-men. Captain Medwin throughout—we will not say, defends—but strongly palliates the cause and conduct of Shelley. Yet, what do the facts of his story amount to? To no more than this. Shelley was a strange being from his boyhood, and at the very dawn of his ability, he misapplied his talents. He was expelled from Oxford for Atheism, and he was consequently repulsed from his paternal home by his father, who never forgave him. He ran away with his first wife, a girl not sixteen, from a boarding-school; he lived with her but for a few years, without affection; he coldly restored her to her relatives; and he was refused the custody of the children of the union, by a decree of Lord Chancellor Eldon. The wife eventually committed suicide. His writings then separating him in a great measure from society, he led a strange kind of wandering life on the continent, until he arrived at the single oasis in his misery—his marriage with the gifted daughter of Godwin. Yet, even when thus wedded, how distant from felicity was Shelley's condition Captain Medwin vainly endeavours to conceal. Finally, this man of misfortune suffers, before the prime of life, an almost instantaneous death, by the sudden immersion of his bark in the bay of Spezzia: probably

> "Sigh, nor word, nor struggling breath,
> Heralded his way to death;
> E'er his very thought could pray,
> Unanel'd he passed away,
> Without a hope from mercy's aid,
> To the last a renegade."

Digitized by Google

By an accidental circumstance, in itself most singular, Shelley's body was not interred, but burnt upon a funeral pyre. In death, as in life, there was a Pagan aspect about him. Now, if we view the complete story of Shelley's pitiful passage through existence, does it not seem signalled by the terrible mark of Deity offended? Such a tale, if to be read at all, should be read to strengthen the holy conviction that where man opposes his Maker, family, fame, and fortune become as naught; his life is without peace, his soul is a burthen, his mind a hell. With these remarks, which naturally occurred to us on seeing this memoir of Shelley, we proceed to look at Captain Medwin's book more in detail.

Setting aside the tenor of the work, a great portion of its contents is interesting and amusing. There is, too, less of that mawkish sentimentality, in which, we know not why, persons generally indulge when writing about Shelley. The account, in the beginning, of Sir Bysshe and Sir Timothy Shelley, the grandfather and father of the poet, is graphically sketched:—

"On the 3rd of March, 1806, Bysshe, the grandfather, was raised to the baronetage. He owed this distinction, if such it be, to Charles, Duke of Norfolk, who wished, thereby, to win over to his party the Shelley interest in the western part of the county of Sussex, and the Rape of Bramber, not to mention Horsham, on which he had, at this period, electioneering designs.

"I remember Sir Bysshe well, in a very advanced age, a remarkably handsome man, fully six feet in height, and with a noble and aristocratic bearing. *Nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi.* His manner of life was most eccentric, for he used to frequent daily the tap-room of one of the low inns at Horsham, and there drank with some of the lowest citizens, a habit he had probably acquired in the new world. Though he had built a castle (Goring Castle), that cost him upwards of £80,000, he passed the last twenty or thirty years of his existence in a small cottage, looking on the river Arum, at Horsham, in which all was mean and beggarly—the existence, indeed, of a miser—enriching his legatees at the expense of one of his sons, by buying up his post obits.

"In order to dispose of him, I will add, that his *affectionate* son Timothy, received every morning a bulletin of his health, till he became one of the oldest heir-apparents in England, and began to think his father immortal. God takes those to him, who are worth taking, early, and drains to the last sands in the glass, the hours of the worthless and immoral, in order that they may reform their ways. But his were unredeemed by one good action. Two of his daughters, by the second marriage, led so miserable a life under his roof, that they eloped from him; a consummation he devoutly wished, as he, thereby, found an excuse for giving them no dowries; and though they were married to two respectable men, and one had a numerous family, he made no mention of either of them in his will.

"Shelley seems to have had him in his mind when he says:—

'He died—
He was bowed and bent with fears:
Pale with the quenchless thirst of gold,
Which, like fierce fever, left him weak,
And his straight lip and bloated cheek
Were wrapt in spasms by hollow sneers;
And selfish cares, with barren plough,
Not age, had lined his narrow brow;
And foul and cruel thoughts, which feed
Upon the withered life within,
Like vipers upon some poisonous weed.'

Rosalind and Helen, p. 209.

Digitized by Google

"Yes, he died at last, and in his room was found bank notes to the amount of £10,000, some in the leaves of the few books he possessed, others in the folds of his sofa, or sewn into the lining of his dressing gown. But '*Ohe! jam satis.*'

"Timothy Shelley, his eldest son, and heir to the Shelley and Michell estates, whose early education was much neglected, and who had originally been designed to be sent to Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, which the great Sir Philip Sidney founded—and to which his de cendant, and Timothy's half-brother, Sir John, nominates the Master, President, or whatever the head of the College may be called, entered himself at University College, Oxford, and after the usual routine of academical studies, by which he little profited, made *The Grand Tour.* He was one of those travellers, who, with so much waste time, travel for the sake of saying they have travelled; and, after making the circuit of Europe, return home, knowing no more of the countries they have visited than the trunks attached to their carriages. All, indeed, that he did bring back with him was a smattering of French, and a bad picture of an Eruption of Vesuvius, if we except a certain *air*, miscalled that of the old school, which he could put off and on, as occasion served.

"He was a disciple of Chesterfield and La Rochefoucauld, reducing all politeness to forms, and moral virtue to expediency; as an instance of which, he once told his son, Percy Bysshe, in my presence, that he would provide for as many natural children as he chose to get, but that he never would forgive his making a *mesalliance;* a sentiment which excited in Shelley anything but respect for his sire.

"This anecdote proves that the moral sense in Sir Timothy was obtuse; indeed, his religious opinions were also very lax, although he occasionally went to the parish church, and made his servants regularly attend divine service, he possessed no true devotion himself, and inculcated none to his son and heir, so that much of Percy Bysshe's scepticism may be traced to early example, if not to precept. But I anticipate. Before Sir Timothy, then Mr. Shelley, set out on his European tour, he had engaged himself to Miss Pilfold (daughter of Charles Pilfold, Esq., of Effingham Place), who had been brought up by her aunt, Lady Ferdinand Pool, the wife of the well-known father of the turf, and owner of 'Potoooooooo,' and the equally celebrated 'Waxy' and 'Mealy.'"

It is rather curious that the legendary fiction of the Wandering Jew should have such attraction for infidel writers. The recent blasphemous romance in France brought the subject to a climax. Shelley had his turn at the favorite theme :—

"Shelley having abandoned prose for poetry, now formed a *grand* design, a metrical romance on the subject of the Wandering Jew, of which the first three cantos were, with a few additions and alterations, almost entirely mine. It was a sort of thing such as boys usually write, a cento from different favourite authors; the vision in the third canto, taken from Lewis's Monk, of which, in common with Byron, he was a great admirer; and the Crucifixion scene, altogether a plagiarism from a volume of Cambridge Prize Poems. The part which I supplied is still in my possession. After seven or eight cantos were *perpetrated*, Shelley sent them to Campbell for his opinion on their merits, with a view to publication. The author of the Pleasures of Hope returned the MS. with the remark, that there were only two good lines in it:

'It seemed as if an angel's sigh
Had breathed the plaintive symphony.'

Lines, by the way, savouring strongly of Walter Scott. This criticism of Campbell's gave a death-blow to our hopes of immortality, and so little regard did Shelley entertain for the production, that he left it at his lodgings in Edinburgh, where it was disinterred by some correspondent of Fraser's, and in whose Magazine, in 1831, four of the cantos appeared. The others he very wisely did not think worth publishing."

Digitized by Google

Shelley is thus personally described—

"We now come to another epoch in the life of the poet—Shelley, at Oxford:—

"He was matriculated, and went to the University College at the commencement of Michaelmas term, at the end of October 1810. The choice of this college (though a respectable one, by no means of high repute) was made by his father for two reasons—first, that he had himself, as already mentioned, been a member of it,—and secondly, because it numbered among its benefactors some of his ancestors, one of whom had founded an Exhibition. I had left the University before he entered it, and only saw him once in passing through the city. His rooms were in the corner, next to the hall of the principal quadrangle, on the first floor, and on the right of the entrance, by reason of the turn in the stairs, when you reach them, they will be on the right hand. It is a spot, which, I might venture to predict, many of our posterity will hereafter reverently visit, and reflect an honour on that college, which has nothing so great to distinguish it.' The portrait of him, drawn by his friend, from whom I have borrowed largely, corresponded with my recollection of him at this interview. 'His figure was slight and fragile, and yet his bones and joint were large and strong. He was tall, but he stooped so much, that he seemed of low stature.' De Quincey says, that he remembers seeing in London, a little Indian ink sketch of him, in his academical costume of Oxford. The sketch tallying pretty well with a verbal description which he had heard of him in some company, viz., that he looked like an elegant and slender flower, whose head drooped from being surcharged with rain.' Where is this sketch? How valuable would it be! 'His clothes,' Mr. H. adds, 'were expensive, and, according to the most approved mode of the day, they were tumbled, rumpled, unbrushed. His gestures were abrupt, sometimes violent, occasionally even awkward, yet more frequently gentle and graceful. His complexion was delicate, and almost feminine, of the purest red and white, yet he was tanned and freckled by exposure to the sun, having passed the autumn, as he said, in shooting;' and he said rightly, for he had, during September, often carried a gun in his father's preserves; Sir Timothy being a keen sportsman, and Shelley himself an excellent shot, for I well remember one day in the winter of 1809, when we were out together, his killing at three successive shots, three snipes, to my great astonishment and envy, at the tail of the pond in front of Field Place. 'His features, his whole face, and his head were particularly small, yet the last appeared of a remarkable bulk, for his hair was long and bushy, and in fits of absence, and in the agonies (if I may use the word), of anxious thought, he often rubbed it fiercely with his hands, passed his fingers swiftly through his locks, unconsciously, so that it was singularly rough and wild—a peculiarity which he had at school. His features were not symmetrical, the mouth perhaps excepted, yet was the effect of the whole extremely powerful. They breathed an animation,—a fire—an enthusiasm—a vivid and preternatural intelligence, that I never met with in any other countenance. Nor was the moral expression less beautiful than the intellectual, for there was a softness and delicacy, a gentleness, and especially (though this will surprise many) an air of profound veneration, that characterises the best works, and chiefly the frescoes (and into these they infused their whole souls) of the great masters of Rome and Florence.'

"'I observed, too, the same contradiction in his rooms, which I had often remarked in his person and dress. The carpet, curtain, and furniture were quite new, and had not passed through several generations of students on the payment of the thirds, that is, the third price last given. This general air of freshness was greatly obscured by the indescribable confusion in which the various objects were mixed. Scarcely a single article was in its right place—books, boots, papers, shoes, philosophical instruments, clothes, pistols, linen, crockery, ammunition, and phials innumerable, with money, stockings, prints, crucibles, bags, and boxes, were scattered on the floor in every place, as if the young chemist, in order to analyze the mystery of creation, had endeavoured first to recon-

Digitized by Google

struct the primæval chaos. The tables, and especially the carpet, were already stained with large spots of various hues, which frequently proclaimed the agency of fire. An electrical machine, an air pump, the galvanic trough, a solar microscope, and large glass jars and receivers, were conspicuous amidst the mass of matter. Upon the table, by his side, were some books lying open, a bundle of new pens, and a bottle of japan ink, with many chips, and a handsome razor, that had been used as a knife. There were bottles of soda-water, sugar, pieces of lemon, and the traces of an effervescent beverage.

"'Such, with some variations, was, as they come back on me, the appearance of Shelley and his rooms during this visit to him in the November of 1810.'"

Can Captain Medwin be serious when he classes Shelley with Milton and Pope, or when he makes him form a trio of celebrity with Shakespeare and Schiller, or places him above Collins and Otway? Such comparison is ridiculous. The author of "The Pleasures of Hope," boldly declared that Shelley was no poet at all, and there are undeniably many who go to nearly the length of the opinion. Take from Shelley's writings the daring nature of his language, which has an execrable zest for some; take, also, away his prominent connexion with an unworthy class, and his association with Lord Byron, and we maintain that much of his attraction ceases. In proof, how seldom are even his innoxious verses now-a-days read? Shelley's main feature was his infidelity; he was little remarkable without it. Not so Byron, who was in his very essence great: his anti-religion, when it occurred, came as a foul deformity. It was the only speck upon his sun—the only dimming spot upon the matchless beauty of his verse.

But we digress; let us return to the memoir. The following episode is elegantly written:—

"P—— was *amico di casa* and confessor to a noble family, one of the most distinguished for its antiquity of any at Pisa, where its head then filled a post of great authority. By his first countess he had two grown-up daughters, and in his old age had the boldness, the audacity I might say, to take unto him a wife not much older than either. The lady, whose beauty did not rival that of the Count's children, was naturally jealous of their charms, and deemed them dangerous rivals in the eyes of her Cavaliere; and exerting all her influence over her infatuated husband, persuaded him, though their education was completed, to immure them in two convents (pensions, I should say, or as they are called, *conservatorios*) in his native city. The Professor, who had known them from infancy, and been their instructor in languages and polite literature, made the *Contessinas* frequent subjects of conversation. He told us that the father was not over rich, owing to his young wife's extravagance; that he was avaricious withal, and did not like to disburse their dowries, which, as fixed by law, must be in proportion to the father's fortune, and was waiting till some one would take them off his hands without a *dote*. He spoke most enthusiastically of the beauty and accomplishments of Emilia, the eldest, adding, that she had been confined for two years in the convent of St. A———. 'Poverina,' he said, with a deep sigh, 'she pines like a bird in a cage—ardently longs to escape from her prison-house,—pines with *ennui*, and wanders about the corridors like an unquiet spirit; she sees her young days glide on without an aim or purpose. She was made for love. Yesterday she was watering some flowers in her cell—she has nothing else to love but her flowers—' Yes,' said she, addressing them, 'you are born to vegetate, but we thinking beings were made for action—not to be penned up in a corner, or set at a window to blow and die.' A miserable place is that convent of St. A———,' he added; 'and if you had seen, as I have done, the poor pensionnaires shut up in that narrow, suffocating street, in the summer, (for it does not possess a garden,) and in the winter as now, shivering with cold, being allowed nothing to warm

Digitized by Google

them but a few ashes, which they carry about in an earthen vase,—you would pity them.'

"This little story deeply interested Shelley, and P——— proposed that the poet and myself should pay the captive a visit in the *parloir*.

"The next day, accompanied by the priest, we came in sight of the gloomy, dark convent, whose ruinous and dilapidated condition told too plainly of confiscation and poverty. It was situate in an unfrequented street in the suburbs, not far from the walls. After passing through a gloomy portal, that led to a quadrangle, the area of which was crowded with crosses, memorials of old monastic times, we were soon in the presence of Emilia. The fair recluse reminded me (and with her came the remembrance of Mephisto) of Margaret.

"'Time seemed to her
To crawl with shackled feet, and at her window
She stands, and watches the heavy clouds on clouds,
Passing in multitudes o'er the old town-walls.
And all the day, and half the night she sings,
'Oh, would I were a little bird!' At times
She 's cheerful,—but the fit endures not long,
For she is mostly sad,—then she 'll shed tears,—
And after she has wept her sorrows out,
She is as quiet as a child.'

"Emilia was indeed lovely and interesting. Her profuse black hair, tied in the most simple knot, after the manner of a Greek Muse in the Florence gallery, displayed to its full height, her brow, fair as that of the marble of which I speak.

"She was also of about the same height as the antique. Her features possessed a rare faultlessness, and almost German contour, the nose and forehead making a straight line,—a style of face so rare, that I remember Bartolini's telling Byron that he had scarcely an instance of such in the numerous casts of busts which his studio contained. Her eyes had the sleepy voluptuousness, if not the colour, of Beatrice Cenci's. They had, indeed, no definite colour, changing with the changing feeling, to dark or light, as the soul animated them. Her cheek was pale, too, as marble owing to her confinement and want of air, or perhaps 'to thought.' There was a lark in the *parloir*, that had lately been caught. 'Poor prisoner,' said she, looking at it compassionately, 'you will die of grief! How I pity thee! What must thou suffer, when thou hearest in the clouds, the songs of thy parent birds, or some flocks of thy kind on the wing, in search of other skies—of new fields—of new delights! But like me, thou wilt be forced to remain here always—to wear out thy miserable existence here. Why can I not release thee?

"Might not Shelley have taken from this pathetic lamentation, his—

"'Poor captive bird! who from thy narrow cage,
Pourest such music as might well assuage
The rugged hearts of those who prisoned thee,
Were they not deaf to thy sweet melody?'

and the sequel,—

"'High spirit-winged heart! who dost for ever,
Beat thine unfeeling bars with vain endeavour,
** Till thy panting, wounded breast,
Stains with dear blood its unmaternal nest.'

"Such was the impression of the only visit I paid Emilia; but I saw her some weeks after, at the end of a carnival, when she had obtained leave to visit Mrs. Shelley, accompanied by the abbess. In spite of the contessina's efforts to assume cheerfulness, one might see she was very, very sad; but she made no complaint; she had grown used, to suffering—it had become her element,"

"But Emilia's term of bondage was about to expire; she was affianced to a

Digitized by Google

man whom she had never seen, and who was incapable of appreciating her talents and virtues. She was about to be removed from the scenes of her youth, the place of her birth, her father on whom she doted, and to be buried in the Mahremma. The day of her wedding was fixed, but a short respite took place for a reason mentioned in a letter of Shelley to Mrs. Shelley (from Ravenna), where he says, 'Have you heard anything of my poor Emelia? from whom I got a letter the day of my departure, saying, that her marriage was deferred on account of the illness of her *sposo*' and in another letter he expresses, what in the fragment of Genevra, too well typified the fate of that unfortunate lady, the poor sacrificed Emilia,—his fears as to what she was destined to suffer. The sacrifice was at length completed, and she was soon as much forgotten as if she had never existed—though not by Shelley.

"I am enabled to detail the consequences of this ill-starred union, to finish her biography. Some years after, P———, who had several times during his feverish existence, been reduced to abject poverty and distress, by his reckless extravagance, his rage for travelling, though his journeys never extended beyond Leghorn on the one hand, and Florence on the other, and where he used to indulge in all manner of excesses, and which brought about the same result, the sequestration of his ecclesiastical preferment, and imprisonment by his creditors till his debts were liquidated—made his appearance at the capital of Tuscany, where I then was. He found at Florence a wider field for his operations, and shewed himself a not less active and busy-body *Diavolo incarnato*. He did not forget our old acquaintanceship at Shelley's, and haunted me like an unquiet spirit. One day, when at my house, he said mysteriously,—'I will introduce you to an old friend—come with me.' The coachman was ordered to drive to a part of the city with which I was a stranger, and drew up at a country house in the suburbs. The villa, which at once boasted considerable pretensions, was in great disrepair. The court, leading to it, overgrown with weeds, proved that it had been for some years untenanted. An old woman led us through a number of long passages and rooms, many of the windows in which were broken, and let in the cold blasts from 'the wind-swept Apennine;' and opening at length a door, ushered us into a chamber, where a small bed and a couple of chairs formed the whole furniture. The couch was covered with white gauze curtains, to exclude the gnats; behind them was lying a female form. She immediately recognised me—was, probably, prepared for my visit—and extended her thin hand to me in greeting. So changed that recumbent figure, that I could scarcely recognise a trace of the once beautiful Emilia. Shelley's evil augury had been fulfilled—she had found in her marriage all that he had predicted; for six years she led a life of purgatory, and had at length broken the chain, with the consent of her father; who had lent her this long disused and dilapidated *Campagne*. I might fill many a page by speaking of the tears she shed over the memory of Shelley,—but enough—she did not long enjoy her freedom. Shortly after this interview, she was confined to her bed; the seeds of *malaria*, which had been sown in the Mahremma, combined with that all-irremediable malady—broken-heartedness, brought on rapid consumption.

'And so she pined, and so she died forlorn.'

The old woman who had been her nurse, made me a long narration of her last moments, as she wept bitterly. I wept too, when I thought of Shelley's Psyche, and his Epipsychidion."

With this pretty extract, separate from the main course of the work, we conclude our notice, and, in doing so, we reassert that, despite of its able writing and its interest, we should rather have had this book unpublished. While Shakespeare, and Milton, and Cowper, and other pure, undying lights illuminate the land—while Pope and Byron must, too, shine brilliantly on, because of the good and the greatness that lie amongst their evil, we may surely suffer Shelley, and the unsafe emanations of his brain, to be mercifully forgotten.

Digitized by Google

NEW CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE AND BOOK OF THE MONTHS. BY GEORGE SOANE, B.A. London, E. Churton, 1847.

D'ISRAELI rendered "the Curiosities of Literature" so interesting, that Mr. Soane has done well to avail himself of the attraction the very title affords. Here, however, the resemblance between the two writers ends. Their objects are altogether different, and their plan and style equally dissimilar. For the anecdotal, gossiping pages of the senior illustrator, Mr. Soane offers deep research, great antiquarian knowledge, and a thorough acquaintance with the ceremonies, customs, and manners of the olden time, from which patient investigation and extensive reading have enabled him to elicit facts of the deepest interest to the historical enquirer.

The book comprises twelve divisions, each devoted to a particular month, descriptive of its origin, name, Saints' days, festivals, traditions, and customs; antiquarian and historical illustrations enrich every description, and the whole forms one of the most valuable works that has for a length of time issued from the press.

We can make but one extract, and that shall refer to the coming festival of Christmas :—

"CHRISTMAS EVE; *December* 24th.—In the primitive church Christmas Day was always observed as a Sabbath, and hence, like other Lord's-Days, it was preceded by an Eve or Vigil as an occasion of preparing for the day following. No festival of the church was attended by more popular superstitions and observances, the ceremonies of the Saturnalia from which it was derived being improved upon by Christian and Druidical additions. The day of this Vigil was passed in the ordinary manner, but with the evening the sports began; about seven or eight o'clock hot cakes were drawn from the oven; ale, cyder, and spirits, went freely round; and the carol-singing commenced, which was continued through the greater part of the night.

"The connection of this festival with the Roman Saturnalia has never been disputed by those competent to form a judgment, and in some existing observances in Franconia the traces of it are undeniable. In the nights of the three Thursdays preceding the nativity, the young of either sex go about beating at the doors of the houses singing the near birth of our Saviour, and wishing the inhabitants a happy new year, for which, in return, they are presented with pears, apples, nuts, and money. With what joy in the churches not only the priests, but the people also, receive the birth-day of Christ may be inferred from this,—that the image of a new-born child being placed upon the altar, they dance and chaunt as they circle round it, while the elders sing much as the Corybantes are fabled to have exulted about the crying Jove in the cavern of Mount Ida.

"In addition to what has been here advanced, we have the unquestionable authority of Bede for asserting that it had been observed in this country long before by the heathen Saxons. They called it, he says, the *Mother-Night*, or *Night of Mothers*, and probably on account of the ceremonies used by them during their vigil. But, in fact, though particular portions of this festival may be traced to the Romans or to the ancient Saxons, the root of the whole affair lies much deeper, and is to be sought in far remoter periods. It was clearly in its origin an astronomical observance to celebrate the Winter Solstice and the consequently approaching prolongation of the days, as is demonstrated by the emblematic Christmas candles and Yule-logs, the symbols of increasing light and heat.

"CHRISTMAS DAY.—*December* 25. There is much doubt as to the origin of this festival. The earliest churchman who makes any mention of it is Theo-

Digitized by Google

philus, bishop of Antioch, about the year 170, in his paschal letter, and for the first four centuries it was far from being universally celebrated. It is even a matter of great uncertainty when it should be kept, and Cassian tells us that the Egyptians observed the Epiphany, the Nativity, and Baptism of Christ on the same day; while modern chronologists, at the head of whom is Scaliger, agree that Christ was born at the end of September or the beginning of October, about the time of the Jewish Feast of the Tabernacles.

"In the earlier ages this day was called in the Eastern Church the *Epiphany*, or *Manifestation of the Light*, a name which was subsequently given to *Twelfth Night*. On this occasion it was used allusively to the birth of Christ, and hence also came the custom, which prevailed in the ancient church, of lighting up candles at the reading of the gospels even at mid-day, partly to testify the general joy, and partly to symbolize the new light that was shining on mankind. The fact is incidently mentioned by Jerome while defending the worship of relicks and dead men's bones against the attacks of Vigilantius, who, it seems had loudly protested against any such practice on the heretical plea that the intercession of the saints was useless. But Vigilantius was altogether a doubtful character; he maintained that it was idle to burn wax-tapers by day-light, that alms ought not to be sent to Jerusalem, that clerical celibacy was abominable, and the retirement of monks into the deserts and solitudes was no better. No wonder that the wrath of the mild and gentle Jerome should blaze forth as it did against such doctrines as these; a saint may be provoked, if we can believe the proverb.

"This day was also called *Theopany*, which means much the same thing as Epiphany, but which can hardly be traced beyond the time of St. Basil.

"Christmas would also appear to have been called *Noel* or *Nowel*, though this latter word was used with three or four very different meanings.

"First, it signified the season of Christmas, that is to say the time of the festival commemorative of Christ's nativity; thus in the old French proverb, *on a tant crie Noël qu'enfin il est venu*—literally, *we have cried out Christmas so long that it has come at last*—but meaning to imply we have talked of a thing so long that at last it has happened.

"Secondly, it signifies a *carol*, when that word is restricted in its use to a song, or hymn upon the nativity, but, as we shall presently see, the carol was sung at other seasons also; thus for example, *Les Noëls du Sieur François Colletet sont de plaisans Noëls.*

"Thirdly, it signifies *news* or *tidings*; as for instance,

"'I come from Heaven to tell
The best nowellis that ever befell;
To you this tythings trewe I bring.'

"Fourthly, it was used merely as an exclamation of joy, if, indeed, it would not still seem to be employed as before, News! news! thus,—

"'Nowell! nowell! nowell! nowell!
Who ys ther that syngyt so, nowell! nowell?'

But though this would appear to be one and the same word, only used in different senses, I cannot help suspecting that we have two words sprung from very different roots and corrupted by time into the same mode of writing and pronouncing. Noël, when signifying 'tidings,' is likely enough to have come from the French *nouvelles*, though I would not venture to affirm it; but in the other cases, I have no doubt whatever as to its origin; and in defiance of so many opposite derivations assert that Noël is neither more nor less than a corruption of Yole, Yule, Gule, or Ule, for it was written in all these ways; the addition of N to words beginning with a vowel is so common in our old writers that few can be ignorant of it, and the phrase is just as applicable to Christmas as it was to Midsummer, seeing that at either time it bore a reference to the solstice. From having been used to designate Christmas, we may easily imagine how it came to be applied to the songs of the season, and even from frequent repetition to become a mere cry of joy. I am the more confirmed in

Digitized by Google

my notion by the fact that *yol*, or *yule*, so repeatedly occurs as a simple exclamation, either to express boisterous mirth or as an accompaniment to some superstitious ceremony. As to Todd's derivation of the word from the Hebrew GNOUL, *a child*, it is too absurd for argument.

"Among the Anglo-Saxons this day was the beginning of the year; and in the shows of a later, but still remote, time, Christmas was personified in his pageant by 'an old man hung round with savoury dainties.'

"No sooner had midnight passed, and the Day of the Nativity commenced, than the people hastened to welcome it with carols, and these, as Bourne tells us, were 'generally sung with some others from the nativity to the Twelveth Day, the continuance of Christmas.' In the present day, the place of the carols is supplied amongst the higher and middling classes by tunes played just before midnight by the so-called Waits, whilst the carols themselves are annually published in the humblest form, and with the coarsest wood cuts, for amusement of the people.

"On the Christmas Day these carols used at one time to take the place of psalms in the churches, and more particularly at the afternoon service, the whole congregation joining in them. At the end of the carol the clerk would declare, in a loud voice, his wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy new year to all the parishioners.

"Carol-singing was, and still is, a custom on the continent, as we find mentioned in Lady Morgan's ITALY; and, though now it is confined with us to the humbler classes, yet in former times it amused the highest. 'At the table,' says Leland, 'in the medell of the hall sat the Deane and thoos of the king's chapell, whiche incontynently after the king's furst course singe a *carall*.'

"In conclusion, so far as regards this part of my subject, I am tempted to say a few words upon the etymology of CAROL. Johnson would seem to be unquestionably right in deducing it from the Italian, *carola*, though *carola* does not mean a *song*, but 'a round dance accompanied by song,' being itself derived from the Greek χορὸς or the Latin *chorus*, both of which equally signified mixture of song and dance. It is true that *carol* is restricted in its meaning to song only, but precisely the same limitation of sense has happened with the word chorus, which has been borrowed from the same original, and which yet, with us, excludes all idea of dancing. The only thing that appears to militate against the supposition is, that we have in the middle-age Latinity the word *carola* with four very different meanings. In the barbarous language of the cloisters, it signified:—1st, a balustrade or railing—2ndly, a procession around chapels enclosed within railings—3rdly, a chest to hold writing materials, with a lock and key, such as was forbidden to be kept in the monks' dormitories without especial permission of the Abbot—and lastly, it was used for some smaller specimens of gold or silver work, but of what particular kind it is impossible to say. Now the connexion between this word and our *carol* is by no means evident, and yet, the two being so exactly similar in sound and spelling, one cannot altogether get rid of the idea of their somehow being the same, though to all appearance so completely sundered by difference of meaning.

"The earliest known collection of carols supposed to have been published is only known from the last leaf of a volume, printed by Wynkin de Worde in 1521. It is now in the Bodleian Library, and has two carols upon it; the one 'a caroll of huntynge' reprinted in the last edition of Juliana Berners' 'Boke of St. Albans;' the other, a 'Caroll on bringing up a bore's head to the table on Christmas Day,' which is given by Ritson in the second volume of his Ancient Songs, p. 14. The carol, however, as it is now heard at Queen's College, Oxford, differs much from the old version, and is sung every Christmas Day in the Hall to the common chaunt of the prose version of the psalms in Cathedrals.*

* *The Carol (as given by Ritson.)*

Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino.

Digitized by Google

The bores-heed in hand bring I,
With garlands gay and rosemary;
I pray you all synge merely,
Qui estis in convivio.

The bores-heed, I understande,
Is the chefe servyce in this lande;
Loke wherever it be fonde,
Servite cum cantico.

Be gladde, lordes, both more and lasse,
For this hath ordeyned our stewarde
To chere you all this Christmasse,
The bores-heed with mustarde.

The Carol as sung at Queen's College, Oxford, and given in Dibdin's Ames. Vol. ii. p. 252.

The boar's-head in hand bear I,
Bedeck'd with bays and rosemary;
And I pray you, my masters, be merry,
Quot estis in convivio.
Caput Apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino.

The boar's-head, as I understand,
Is the rarest dish in all this land,
Which thus bedeck'd with a gay garland
Let us servire cantico.
Caput Apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino.

Our steward hath provided this
In honour of the King of Bliss,
Which on this day to be serv'd is
In reginensi atrio.
Caput Apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino.

Digitized by Google

ANNOTATED OBITUARY.

Anderson, Mrs. Mary, of Belle Vue, Coupar Angus, co. Perth, widow of Dr. John Anderson, 2nd Nov.

Ashwell, Mrs. James, of Tonbridge Wells, 15th Nov.

Attwood, W., Esq., of Brompton Row, 1st Nov., aged 65.

Bailey, Thomas, Esq., of Limehouse, Surgeon, 10th Nov., aged 59.

Banks, Lydia, wife of W. H. Banks, Esq., R.N., 29th Oct., at Gosport.

Barlow, Geo. Francis, Esq., of the Manor House, Brompton, 6th Nov., aged 74.

Bassan, Mrs. Ann, widow of Joseph Bassan, Esq., Surgeon, R.N., 4th Nov.

Becket, Charles, only son of C. A. Becket, Esq., of Gravesend, 9th Nov.

Beddington, Mrs. Edward, of Stockton Court, co. Worcester, 4th Nov., aged 74.

Begbie, Mary Hamilton, wife of Major Thomas Stirling Begbie, 29th Oct., aged 56.

Berkeley, Mary, relict of the late Rowland Berkeley, Esq., of Benefield, co. Northampton, 30th Oct., aged 81.

Bettesworth, James Trevannion, Esq., A.D.C. to Major Gen. Bambrigge, C.B., 14th Nov.

Blackett, Powell Charles, Esq, Surgeon, R.N., 6th Nov., aged 60.

Bolland, the Rev. William, 29th May, at New Plymouth, New Zealand, aged 27.

Brabant, Catherine Mary, dau. of W. H. Brabant, Esq., 25th Oct., aged 5.

Brenchley, John, Esq., of Wanlass How, co. Westmoreland, 10th Nov., aged 68.

Brereton, Mrs. Sarah, of Richmond Terrace, Paddington, 23d Oct.

Brooks, Thomas Beedle, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. 15th Nov.

Brown, John, Esq., of Sudbury Hill House, Harrow, 27th Oct., aged 82.

Brown, Thomas, Esq., late Surgeon at Berkhampstead, 5th Now.

Burn, Henry, Esq., of Brixton, 9th Nov., aged 60.

Burton, Lieut.-Col. of the Royal Marines, 26th Oct., aged 63.

Butler, Harriett, widow of Colonel R. W. Butler, Bengal Artillery, 1st Nov.

Butler, Thomas, only son of the late Thos. Butler, Esq., of Trinity Square, 13th Nov.

Byng, Miss, elder sister of the late Geo. Byng, Esq., M.P., 29th Oct.

Chambers, William, Esq., Com. R.N., 27th Oct., aged 45. Captain Chambers was eldest son of the late Sir Samuel Chambers, of Bredgar House, Kent, by Barbara, his wife, dau. of the Hon. Philip Roper, and nephew of Mr. Chambers, the Banker, of Bond-street, whose misfortunes are so well known.

Chisenhale, John Chisenhale, Esq., at Arley Hall, Lancashire, 27th Oct., aged 58. This gentleman, whose patronymic was Johnson, assumed the surname of Chisenhale on succeeding to the estates of his maternal ancestors, one of whom was the famous Colonel Chisenhale, so distinguished as one of the defenders of Lathom House, under the heroic Countess of Derby.

Chisholm, Alexander, Esq., Cor. Mem. F.S.A., Sc., at Rothsay, Isle of Bute.

Clarke, Charlotte, relict of William Stanley Clarke, Esq., 12th Nov., at Letherhead, aged 70.

Cochrane, Maria, relict of James Cochrane, Esq., at Wilton-street, 7th Nov.

Cole, Lady Frances, relict of the late Gen. the Hon. Sir I. Lowry Cole, 1st Nov., aged 64. Her Ladyship was relict of the late eminently distinguished officer, Sir Galbraith Lowry Cole, and second dau. of James, 1st Earl of Malmesbury, the celebrated diplomatist of the reign of George III. Lady Frances was born 22nd of August, 1784, and married 15th June, 1815. She leaves three sons (the eldest, Arthur Lowry Cole, a Captain in the 69th), and four daughters.

Coleman, Mathew Leonard, Esq., of the War office, 23d Oct, aged 67.

Collett, Christopher Theophilus, Esq, of Magdalen Hall, Oxon., fourth son of the late Rev. Robert Collett, M.A., of Westerham, Kent, 19th Oct., aged 22.

Cooper, Major-Gen. George, commanding the Durapore division of the Bengal Army, 27th Aug., aged 67.

Cornwallis, the Countess of, 4th Nov., aged 37. The death of this estimable lady took place at St. Leonard's-on-Sea, after a lengthened illness, at the early age of thirty-seven. Her Ladyship was fourth daughter of Thomas

Digitized by Google

Bacon, Esq., of Redlands, Berkshire, and became, on the 4th of August, 1842, the third wife of the present Earl Cornwallis, by whom she leaves an only child, the Lady Julia Mann Cornwallis, an infant of three years old.

Courthope, the Rev. William, Rector of Westmeston, &c., 29th Oct., aged 79.

Coverdale, Mrs. John, of Bedford Row, 16th Nov.

Crawley, John Richard, only son of Ambrose Crawley, Esq., E.I.C.S., Madras, at Rochlitz, Saxony, 26th Sept., aged 30.

Crompton, Claude Alexander, son of Joshua S. Crompton, Esq., of Sion Hill, co. York, 18th Nov., aged 9.

Cruden, Robert Peirce, Esq., at Milton, next Gravesend, 30th Oct., aged 72.

Deason, Margaret, relict of the late Rev. Thomas Deason, Rector of Whitworth, co. Durham, 5th Nov.

Deffell, John Henry, Esq., of Upper Harley-street, 28th Oct., aged 70.

Dennet, Captain C., E.I.C.S., 16th Nov., aged 45.

Dibdin, the Rev. Thomas Frognall, D.D., Rector of St. Mary's, &c., Bryanstone-square, 18th Nov., aged 72.

Dick, Frederick Lacy, Esq., Magistrate of the Court of Negombo, Ceylon, second surviving son of Samuel Dick, Esq., of Upper Mount Bonchurch, Isle of Wight, 27th Aug., aged 32. He was shot by an unseen hand, while in pursuit of a notorious burglar.

Dickenson, the Rev. Robert, M.A., Rector of Headley, Hants., 1st Nov., aged 78.

Dillon, the Rev. R. C. Dillon, D.D., 8th Nov., aged 52.

Dizi, F., Esq., of Albert-street, Regent's Park, at Paris, 23rd Oct., aged 67.

Dobull, Richard John, Esq., at Plymouth, 13th Nov, aged 60.

Dormé, Edward John, only son of E. Dorme, Esq., of Woodlands, Sussex, and Upper Harley-street, 15th Nov., aged 28.

Dorville, Lieut.-Colonel Philip, C.B., 10th Nov., aged 74.

Drinkwater, Mary Anne, late of Warrington, dau. of the late Peter Drinkwater, Esq., of Latchford, 2nd Nov., aged 75.

Dunn, Robert, Esq., at Howden, 29th Oct.

Dyer, John C. W., Esq., Surgeon, eldest son of Captain G. L. Dyer, formerly of the 65th Regiment, and of Alnwick, 15th Nov., aged 38.

Edwards, Edward, Esq., 14th June.

Egelstone, Elizabeth, eldest dau. of the late James Egelstone, Esq., of Windsor, 17th Nov.

Elliott, Captain H., E.I.C.S., at Wormley, Herts., 9th Nov., aged 73.

Elsgood, Mrs. Martha, of Brook-street, 15th Nov., aged 63.

Enony, Mr. John William Joseph, jun., Student of Medicine, University, London, 25th Oct.

Escombe, William, Esq., Bombay Civil Service, at Marseilles, 23d Oct.

Fagan, Maria, widow of Major-General Christopher Fagan, E. I. C. S., and second dau. of the Rev. Charles Gibbon, of Lonmay, N.B., 5th Nov.

Flood, Valentine, Esq., M.D., formerly of Dublin, 19th Oct.

Fortescue, Hester, Dowager Countess of, 13th Nov., aged 87. The Right Hon. Hester Countess Fortescue, was third daughter of the famous politician, George Grenville, and sister of George, first Marquis of Buckingham. Her Ladyship was born the 30th Nov. 1760; she married the 10th May, 1782, Hugh, third Baron and first Earl Fortescue, by whom she had three sons and six daughters. The present Earl is her eldest son, and among her daughters are Lady King, Lady Newton Fellowes, Lady Ann Wilbraham, Lady Williams, and Lady Courtenay. The Countess Dowager Fortescue died, after a prolonged illness, at Meare Gifford, the family seat, in Devonshire, at the advanced age of nearly 87.

Fourdrinier, Mr. Sealy, one of the patentees of the paper machine, and the chief introducer into this country of the present manufacture of paper, 27th Oct., aged 76.

Freeman, Mrs. Margt,. eldest dau. of the late Arthur Freeman, Esq., of the Island of Antigua, 8th Nov.

Gardner, Isabella, relict of the late Richard Gardner, Esq., of Mecklenburgh-square, and of Stokeshall, Essex, 20th Oct.

Gibb, Lieut. H. W., Bombay Artillery, second son of H. S. Gibb, Esq., of Rugby, 3rd Sept., at Kuralee, Scinde.

Gillmore, Capt. John, Bengal Engineers, 24th August, at Mhow, India.

Glenie, the Venerable Archdeacon, 23rd August, at Ceylon, aged 64.

Grassett, William, Esq., late Capt. 7th Hussars, eldest son of the late William Grassett, Esq., of Ovenden House, Kent, 31st Oct., aged 34.

Grissell, Thomas de la Garde, Esq., late of the East India House, 28th Oct., aged 70.

Grover, Capt. John, F.R.S., &c., 6th Nov., at Brussels.

Haggard, Elizabeth, relict of William Haggard, Esq., of Bradenham Hall,

Digitized by Google

Norfolk, and dau. of the late James Meybhon, of St. Petersburgh, 1st. Nov.

Haines, Parton, Esq., of Devonport, 26th Oct., aged 71.

Hall, Walter, Esq., of James-street, and Ruffside, co. Durham, 14th Nov., aged 81.

Hall, Benjamin, Esq., of Buxted Lodge, near Uckfield, Sussex, 10th Nov., aged 66.

Hall, Robert Willis, Esq., of Ravensbourne Park, Lewisham, 9th Nov., aged 64.

Hamilton, J. J. E., Esq., only son of Admiral Sir Edward Hamilton, Bart., K.C.B., 2nd Nov., aged 39.

Harrison, Mary Beale, second dau. of R. Tarrant Harrison, Esq., of the Middle Temple, 17th Nov., aged 14.

Hay, Mrs. Anne, of Upper Seymour-street, Portman-square, 11th Nov., aged 54.

Hexter, William, Esq., late of Eton College, J. P. and D. L. for Bucks, 8th Nov., at Cheltenham, aged 76.

Hibbert, Lieut.-Col. George, C.B., commanding 40th Regt., 12th Nov., aged 57.

Hick, Mary, relict of William Franklin Hick, Esq., of Lewes, 10th Nov., aged 81.

Hinrich, Sir Henry Bromley, of Court Garden, Marlow, 19th Oct., aged 56. Sir Henry was son of Charles Robert Hinrich, Esq., by his wife, Anne Charlotte Thwaits. The honour of knighthood he received 13th Sept., 1831, at the coronation of William IV., being then Lieutenant of the Band of Gentlemen-at-Arms. He married in 1828, Miss Eliza Susanna Dent, and had issue two sons and five daughters. The worthy Knight resided, chiefly, at Bisham Cottage, near Marlow, Bucks.

Holt, Jane, relict of the late F. L. Holt, Esq., Q.C., Vice-Chancellor of the co. Palatine of Lancaster, 25th Oct.

Hough, the Rev. James, M.A., Minister of Ham, Surrey, 2nd Nov., at Hastings.

Houghton, George Murray, only son of George Houghton, Esq., of Leicester, 15th Nov., aged 27.

Hubbock, Helen, dau. of the late Thomas Hubbock, Esq., of Wellclose-square, 11th Nov.

Hunt, Miss Mary Caroline, of Wadenhoe, co. Northampton, 30th Oct.

Hunter, Mrs. Sarah, relict of Thomas Hunter, Esq., of Jersey, 5th Nov., aged 76.

Jackson, Thomas, Esq., of Upper Park-street, Islington, 9th Nov.

Jackson, Mr. Postle, Proprietor of the Ipswich Journal, 15th Nov., aged 69.

Johnston, Maria, relict of Sir William Johnston, Bart., of Hiltown, co. Aberdeen, 27th Oct.

Kay, Thomas, eldest son of the late Thomas Kay, Esq., Merchant, Antwerp, aged 29, at Alexandria.

Keene, Charles, Esq., of Sussex-place, Regent's Park, 26th Oct.

Kelaart, Fanny Sophia, wife of Dr. Edw. Frederick Kelaart, Medical Staff, dau. of the late Phineas Hussey, Esq., of Wrysley Grove, co. Stafford, aged 31, Oct. 31. Her infant son died two days previously.

Kenderley, George, Esq., at Whitechurch, Oxon., 30th Oct., aged 81.

Lake, Rev. Atwill, Rector of West Walton, Norfolk, 8th Nov., aged 72.

Lake, Clara Montagu, dau. of Capt. A. Lake, Madras Engineers, 2nd Nov., aged 10 months.

Laughton, Ann Agnes, wife of Richard Laughton, Esq., East India Company's Service, 5th Nov., aged 60.

Lewes, Alfred Thomas Sayer, son of the late Samuel Lewes, Esq., of Deptford, 26th Oct., at Penzance, aged 30.

Lewis, Mrs., of Peckham Rye, 6th Nov.

Ley, Mary, dau. of John Henry Lee, Esq., of Richmond Terrace, Whitehall, 4th Nov.

Lindsell, Henrietta Sarah, youngest dau. of W. B. Lindsell, Esq., of Dane John Grove, Canterbury, 26th Oct.

Lloyd, Henry, Esq., of Hastings, formerly of the East India House, 12th Nov., aged 43.

Long, John, youngest son of the late James Long, Esq., of the Royal Exchange, 16th Nov., aged 46.

Lowrey, Camilla, relict of the late Robert Lowrey, Esq., at Farnham, Surrey, 22nd Oct.

Luke, John, eldest son of the late John Luke, Esq., of Camberwell, 7th Nov., aged 26.

M'Cullagh, James, L.L.D. The melancholy death of this learned and distinguished professor, who perished by his own hand, at his rooms, in Dublin College, on the 23rd Oct., has cast a deep gloom over the literary and scientific circles in which he moved. Dr. M'Cullagh, who was only forty years of age at the period of his decease, was formerly Mathematical Professor in the University of Dublin, and succeeded, in 1843, on the elevation of Dr. Lloyd to the Senior Fellowship, to the Chair of Natural Philosophy. It would appear from the evidence at the inquest that his reason had been unsettled by intense application to some intricate problem, unaccompanied by that due

Digitized by Google

regard to the regulating of his health, rendered imperative by his sedentary habits and mental labours.

Mackenzie, Mrs. Alexander, of Woolwich, 28th Oct., aged 42.

Macleod, Margaret Gambier, wife of Roderick Macleod, Esq., M.D., and dau. of the late Rev. Roderick Macleod, D.D., Rector of St. Anne's, Soho, 10th Nov.

Mahon, Major Denis, of Strokestown, co. Roscommon. The barbarous murder of this unfortunate gentleman stands forth in dark relief, even among the atrocities which have of late years thrown so black a shadow over the domestic annals of Ireland. A good landlord, an upright magistrate, and a most active benefactor to the poor, Major Mahon has fallen a victim to the treacherous aim of the concealed assassin. Just two years since he succeeded, at the decease of his first cousin, Maurice, Lord Hartland, to an estate of the value of £12,000 per annum, and fixed his residence at the family mansion of Stroksetown, devoting his time and energies to the benefit of his tenantry, and the improvement of his land. Early in life he had served in the British army, from which he retired with the rank of Major. He was born 12th March, 1787, the second son of the Rev. Thomas Mahon, younger brother of Maurice, first Lord Hartland; he married, 17th September, 1822, Henrietta, daughter of Dr. Bathurst, late Bishop of Norwich, by whom he leaves a son, Thomas, born 30th October, 1831, and a daughter, Grace Catherine. The family of Mahon was established in Ireland, by Nicholas Mahon, Esq., a distinguished personage in the Civil Wars, and, from the period of its settlement, it has ever held a high position among the landed proprietors of the Sister Island, intermarrying with the most eminent houses, and frequently giving members to the Irish Parliament.

Marr, Mr. Charles, many years in the East India Company's Service, 25th Oct., at Lower Edmonton, aged 79.

Markham, Osborne, Esq., late Captain 32nd Regt., 13th Nov., aged 34.

Marriage, Mary, relict of William Marriage, of Bromfield, a Member of the Society of Friends, 12th Novem., at Chelmsford.

Maule, Elizabeth, sister of George Maule, Esq., of Wilton Crescent, 9th Nov.

May, Mrs., relict of William May, Esq., Consul General of the Netherlands, 4th Nov., aged 87.

Metzler, Miss, at Capt. M. Seymour's, R.N., Honduras, 26th Oct.

Mendelssohn. This celebrated composer has shared the fate of Mozart and Bellini; he has died before the prime of life, in the fulness of his glory. This greatest of recent composers, whose death has caused a general lamentation, was born at Hamburgh, on the 3d Feb. 1809. His grandfather was an eminent Hebrew philosopher; his father was a wealthy merchant of Berlin. From his earliest youth, Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy was a musician. Educated pursuant to the anxious care and hope of a mother, by the first professors and masters of Germany, he at eight years of age, played with marvellous execution and facility; in his ninth year, he performed publicly at Berlin. His first published compositions appeared in 1824; and soon after that period he rose up to the eminence which he subsequently enjoyed. Need we enumerate his productions, familiar as they are to the delighted ear of Europe? Need we do more to register his fame than to mention that he was the author of the music of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Fingal," "Melusina," "St. Paul," and "Elijah?" In this country Mendelssohn was a cherished favorite, and the affection was mutual: he loved England as heartily as his home. He had been frequently amongst us from the time of his gifted boyhood. His triumphant reception in London, last spring, now brings a melancholy feeling in its recollection. On the 5th of last October, Mendelssohn was struck with apoplexy; and, although, as younger patients usually do, he struggled against the malady; it gradually overcame him, by frequent repetition, and he expired on the 4th instant, in his 39th year; thus bringing to an untimely termination a life graced by every private virtue, and illustrated by talents that class him among the greatest of his era.

Mensdorff, Count Hugh Ferdinand. The Court has just been placed in mourning by the death, at Gödfeuberg, of Count Hugh Mensdorff, the Queen's cousin. He was a Bohemian Noble, the eldest son of Emanuel Count Von Mensdorff, G.C.B., by the Princess Sophia Frederica Caroline Louisa of Saxe-Coburgh, eldest sister of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent. Count Hugh had only just completed his 41st year. He held military rank under the Emperor of Austria; and, at the period of his decease, was Colonel-Commandant

Digitized by Google

of a regiment of Cuirassiers. He leaves three brothers, Alphonso Frederick, Major in the Austrian service, Alexander Constantine Albert, and Arthur Augustus, both Captains of Hussars in the same army.

Middleton, Mrs. Alfred, of Finsbury place, 27th Oct.

Miles, Lewis Charles, Esq., of Lewisham, Kent, 11th Nov., aged 52.

Miller, Joseph, Esq., of Bootle, 30th Oct., at Madeira, aged 55.

Milles, Elizabeth, wife of Major Milles, at Chudleigh, 21st Nov.

Naylor, Sarah Jane, youngest dau. of Elisha Naylor, Esq., of Mornington place, 16th Nov.

Neale, Bridget, wife of the Rev. Thomas Neale, Rector of Sibson, 8th Nov., aged 69.

Neale, John Preston, Esq., author of "Westminster Abbey," "Gentlemen's Seats," &c., 14th Nov., aged 68.

Nelme, Samuel, Esq., of Grove place, Hackney, 27th Oct., aged 74.

Nelson, William, Esq., at Clive House, Alnwick, 8th Nov.

Newbery, Lieut.-Gen. Francis, Colonel of the 3d Dragoon Guards, 9th Nov., aged 70. This distinguished officer entered the British service in 1794, and rose through the various grades to that of a Lieutenant-General in 1830. In 1842, he also received the Colonelcy of the 3d Dragoon Guards. General Newberry acted in Ireland during the rebellion of Ireland in 1798, and was present at the engagement with the rebels, and the French at Ballinamuck. In 1816, he commanded the first cavalry brigade at the siege and capture of Huttrus. Again, in 1817 and 1818, he superintended the proceedings of the cavalry of the left division of the Marquis of Hastings' gallant army, which was the first engaged with the Pindarees, and he took the whole of their baggage and camp. He was subsequently removed to the command of the cavalry, with a light division, under Major-Gen. Sir Thomas Brown, and captured at one fort nine pieces of artillery, and took prisoner the Artillery General; he was afterwards present at several severe and successful attacks on the enemy's troops. The whole period of General Newberry's service comprised 53 years.

Normann, Harriett Jane, wife of H. Burford Normann, Esq., of Duchess street, and dau. of the Rev. Samuel Alford, of Heale House, co. Somerset, 13th Nov.

O'Brien, Donough Acheson, Esq., fourth son of the late Right Hon. Sir Lucius O'Brian, Bart., aged 67, 22d Oct.

O'Brian, Miss, only dau. of the late Admiral Edward O'Brian, R.N., 9th Nov.

Ogier, Peter, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-law, 18th Nov., aged 97.

O'Malley, St. Clair, Esq., second son of the late Charles O'Malley, Esq., of Lodge, co. Mayo, 11th Nov.

Palmer, George, Esq., of Upper Woburn place, 15th Nov. aged 80.

Parr, Thomas, Esq., of Lythwood Hall, co. Salop, aged 78, Nov. 12th. This gentleman was fourth son of John Parr, Esq., of Elm House, co. Lancaster, who descended from the ancient Lancashire family of Parr, of Parr (see vol. iii., p. 106). Mr. Parr was, early in life, a merchant of great eminence in Liverpool, and resided in Colquitt street, in the house, of his own erection, now occupied as the Royal Institution in that town. In 1804 he retired from business; and having purchased the mansion and cot. of Lythwood, he resided there during the last forty-three years of his life. He married, in 1803, Katherine, dau. and co-heir of Capt. Robert Walter, R.N., by whom he has left four sons and one daughter. The eldest son is the Rev. Thomas Parr, Rector of Westbury, Salop, J.P.

Paterson, Cordelia, relict of the Rev. Charles John Paterson, Vicar of West Hoathly, Sussex, and dau. of the late Edward Cranston, Esq., of East Court, Sussex, 13th Nov.

Pauncefote, Robert, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, eldest son of the late Robert Pauncefote, Esq., of Preston Court, co. Gloucester, 14th Nov., aged 28.

Peacocke, Sir Nathaniel L., Bart., 1st Nov. This Baronet was eldest son and heir of the late Sir Joseph Peacocke, of Barntree, co. Clare, on whom the title was conferred in 1802. At the period of his decease, he had just completed his 78th year. By Henrietta, his wife, eldest dau. of Sir John Morris, Bart., of Claremont, whom he married 20th June, 1803, he leaves a son, the present Sir Joseph Francis Peacocke, Bart., and one dau. Elizabeth. Through his mother, the deceased Baronet descended from the ancient family of Cuffe, of Grange, co. Kilkenny; and through his great grandmother, from the Ponsonbys, of Crotto.

Peane, Charles Thomas, Esq., Chairman of the Committee of the Stock Exchange, 6th Nov.

Pickering, William, third son of the late William Pickering, Esq., of Deanham, co. Northumberland, 24th Oct.

Digitized by Google

Pollen, the Rev. G. P., Rector of Little Bookham, Surrey, 7th Nov., aged 49.

Radley, Mrs. John, 31st Oct., at Herne Hill, aged 54.

Redwood, Mary Anne, daughter of the late Thomas Redwood, Esq., of Llandough, co. Glamorgan, 17th Nov.

Richardson, Robert, Esq., M.D., of Gordon-street., 5th Nov., aged 68.

Riddell, the Right Rev. William, D.D., Catholic Bishop of the Northern District, 2d Nov. Dr. Riddell is one more addition to the ever-glorious list of pious and devoted priests whose lives have been sacrificed in the performance of the sacred duty of attending and solacing the poor in the hour of suffering and sickness. His Lordship died on the 2d inst., of typhus fever, which he had caught in his parochial visitations among the poor of his community. Dr. Riddell was third son of the late Ralph Riddell, Esq., of Felton and Horsley, in Northumberland, by Elizabeth, his wife, eldest daughter of Joseph Blount, Esq., and grandson of Thomas Riddell, Esq., of Swinburne Castle, who was engaged with his father in the rising of 1745, and was carried up to London; where, being arraigned for high treason, he pleaded guilty, and experienced the Royal mercy. The family of Riddell is one of high standing and large estate in Northumberland—is of Norman origin, and the name of its patriarch appears on the Roll of Battle Abbey.

Roberts, Jemima, widow of Joseph Roberts, Esq., of Queen Square, 4th Nov.

Rutter, Mary, wife of Henry Rutter, eldest daughter of the late Charles Sanders, Esq., of Stokeferry, Notts, 5th Nov.

Sandeman, Anne, youngest child of Major R. J. Sandeman, 33rd Regiment, Bengal N.I., 18th Sept.

Sannoman, Anne, widow of Henry Christian Sannoman, Esq., 10th Hussars, 6th Nov.

Savage, Mrs., late of Bath, 6th Nov., at Montague Place.

Scarlett, Laurence Peter Campbell, infant son of the Hon. Peter Campbell Scarlett, 16th Oct., aged 21 months.

Shaw, Jane Anne, wife of Mr. T. C. Shaw, New street-square, 3rd Nov.

Sherwood, Mrs. John, daughter of R. Morton, Esq., of Bayswater, 15th Nov.

Shultz, Anne Josephine, eldest daughter of Captain Shultz, R.N., 12th Nov.

Simpson, William Wooley, Esq., of Montague-place, Russell-square, 19th Nov., aged 64.

Skottowe, Mrs. E. C., relict of George Augustus Skottowe, Esq., R.N., and daughter of the late Admiral Robinson, 8th Nov., at Notting-hill.

Sloane, William, Esq., late of Torhoot, East Indies, 9th Nov.

Smith, Mrs., of Jordan-hill, co. Renfrew, 26th Oct.

Smythe Robert, Esq., of Methven Castle, co. Perth. Recent accounts from Scotland bring the intelligence of the death of this respected gentleman, a great landed proprietor in the county of Perth, and one of its Magistrates and Deputy-Lieutenants. He was son of the late David Smythe, titulary Lord Methven, by Elizabeth, his first wife, only daughter of Sir Robert Murray, Bart., of Hill Head, and represented the ancient family of Smythe of Braco, which was founded by Thomas Smith, a distinguished Physician of his day, and Apothecary to King James III. of Scotland. Traditionally, the Smythes of Methven trace their origin to the famous Clan Chattan, being descended, it is asserted, from Neil Cromb, third son of Murdoch, of that Clan, who flourished in the time of William the Lion. Mr. Robert Smythe, whose death we record, was born 10th Feb., 1778, and married twice. His first wife was Mary, daughter of James Townsend Oswald, Esq., of Dunnekier, co. Fife, and his second, Susan Renton, eldest daughter of Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie, Bart., but by neither had he any issue. His estates devolve, consequently on his half-brother, William Smythe, Esq., now of Methven Castle.

Smithell, Mrs. Elizabeth, late of Hawley-square, Margate, 6th Nov.

Solomon, Dr. Henry, eldest son of the late Samuel Solomon, Esq., 18th Sept., at St. Helena.

Soulby, Eleanor, second daugher of the late Anthony Soulby, Esq., of Crouch-end, 8th Nov.

Spicer, Mrs. Rebecca, of Somerford Grange, Hants, 8th Nov., aged 69.

St. Clair, Major-General Thomas Staunton, C.B. and K.H., 23rd Oct., aged 60. This distinguished officer was youngest brother of Captain David Latimer St. Clair, R.N., of Staverton Court, county Gloucester, being son of the late Colonel William St. Clair, a descendant of the ancient Scottish family of St. Clair.

Steele, Mrs. Henry Perin, daughter and co-heir of the late John Bangor Russell, Esq., of Beaminster, aged 53.

Suckling, Catharine Webb, second daughter of the Rev. Alfred Suckling, o Barsham Rectory, Suffolk, 7th Nov.

Digitized by Google

Surr, Mrs. Susan, of Stockwell, 8th Nov., aged 68.

Swire, Mrs. Samuel, third daughter of James Kendle, Esq., of Weasenham, Norfolk, 11th Nov., aged 27.

Symes, Mrs. William, of Tavistock-square, 3rd Nov.

Thompson, Thomas, eldest son of Thomas Thompson, Esq., of Poundsford Park, 4th September, at Singapore, aged 29.

Thornton, Marian, wife of T. L. Thornton, Esq., and youngest daughter of Captain R. M'Kirlie, 12th Nov.

Timmerman, Sophia, wife of Captain Timmerman, of the French Cavalry, and daughter of the late William Brodie, Esq., 20th Oct., near Boulogne.

Torkington, Anne, wife of the Rev. Charles Torkington, 8th November, at Abbotsbury, co. Dorset.

Toulmin, Joseph, Esq., of Hackney, 15th Nov., aged 76.

Turton, Mrs. William, at Weymouth, 7th Nov., aged 62.

Walker, Rev. S. F., M.A., Chaplain to the Trinity House, 9th Nov., aged 68.

Warrington, Colonel Hanmer, 18th Oct. This gentleman, late her Majesty's Agent and Consul General at Tripoli, died at Patras. His distinguished career in the service of his country extended over the period of full fifty years. In 1795 he received a Cornet's commission in the 1st Dragoon Guards, and accompanied the regiment to Flanders. He afterwards purchased a troop in the 2nd Dragoon Guards, and was thence promoted to the Majority of the 4th Dragoon Guards. Subsequently he obtained the appointment of Inspecting Field Officer to the Carnarvonshire District; and was sent, not long after, by the Duke of York, to assist in organizing the Spanish cavalry under General Balasteros, and in generally aiding the Spanish troops opposed to the French. About the year 1812, Colonel Warrington was selected to represent his sovereign at Tripoli, as Agent and Consul General; and this important post he continued to occupy for thirty-four years, during which long period no Consul in any part of the world ever carried the name and influence of Great Britain higher than the lamented gentleman whose death we now record. He was honoured with the Guelphic Order, by the King of Hanover, and with that of St. Giuseppe by the Grand Duke of Tuscany. Col. Warrington was born in 1776, the third son of the Rev. Geo. Warrington, rector of Pleasley, co. Derby, by Mary, his wife, dau. and heiress of Henry Strudwyck, Esq. He married, in 1798, Jane Elizabeth, only dau. of Charles Price, Esq., and has left a large family. His eldest brother, George Henry Warrington, Esq., of Pentrapant, married Mary, eldest dau. and heiress of John Carew, Esq., of Carew Castle, county Pembroke, and Crowcombe, county Somerset, and assumed, in consequence, the name of the ancient family of Carew.

Watson, Musgrave Lewthwaite, Esq., Sculptor, 28th Aug.

Wells, Frederick Octavius, Esq., East India Company's Service, son of the late Vice-Admiral Thomas Wells, 17th Aug., at Calcutta.

Wells, John, Esq., of Upper Phillimore-place, Kensington, 17th Nov., aged 65.

Whitehurst, Mary, widow of the late Thomas Whitehurst, Esq., 28th Oct., at Battersea.

Wilcot, Mrs Elizabeth, dau. of the late James Hume, Esq., of Wandsworth, 13th Nov.

Willes, Rev. Edward, M.A., son of the late Archdeacon Willes, 30th Oct., at Bath, aged 76.

Williams, Miss Rebecca, at Stanmore, 15th Nov., aged 83.

Willis, Mrs. Elizabeth, of Canterbury Villas, Brixton, 16th Nov.

Willshire, Fanny, second dau. of Raymond Willshire, Esq., of Brixton Place, Surrey, 15th Nov.

Wilson, Mary Anne, eldest dau. of the late Henry Wilson, Esq., at Harrington-square, 1st Nov.

Wise, Mrs Edward, at Ryde, 7th Nov.

Witham, Elizabeth, relict of Hen. Witham, Esq., of Lartington Hall, co. York, and niece and heiress of William Witham, Esq., of Cliffe Hall.

Wood, Mrs. Mary of Shere, Surrey, 25th Oct., aged 63.

Woods, Mrs., J. D., 5th Nov., at Jersey.

Woodward, Isaac, Esq., of Edwardes-square, Kennington, 12th Nov., aged 63.

Woolley, George, youngest son of the late Joseph Woolley, Esq., of the Bengal Medical Service, 30th Oct., at Oxford Terrace.

York, The Archbishop of, The Most Reverend Father in God, Edward (Venables Vernon) Harcourt, Lord Archbishop of York, Primate of England, was born on the 10th October, 1757. His Grace was the second son of George, first Lord Vernon, by his third wife, Martha, third dau. of the Hon. Simon Harcourt, and sister of Simon, first Earl of Harcourt. At the age of thirteen, he was sent to Westminster School, whence he removed to

Digitized by Google

Christ Church, Oxford. Soon after taking orders, he was placed in the family Rectory of Sudbury. He was next appointed a Prebendary of Gloucester, and afterwards Canon of Christ Church, which appointments he retained for many years. In 1791, he became Bishop of Carlisle, and held that Bishopric up to 1807, when, on the death of the Most Rev. Dr. Markham, he was translated to the Archbishopric of York. In the following year, his Grace was made a Privy Councillor; he was also Lord High Almoner to the Queen, a Governor of the Charter House, and of King's College, London; Visitor of Queen's College, Oxford; a Commissioner for Building Churches, and a D.C.L.: he was also, for more than thirty years, one of the Directors of the Ancient Concerts. This venerable Prelate was highly respected by all sects and parties. As a religious teacher, his precepts were clear and forcible; and they were fully supported by the practice of his life. His Grace married, the 5th February, 1784, Anne, third daughter of Granville, first Marquis of Stafford, by whom (who died the 16th Nov. 1832) he had issue ten sons and four daughters, all of whom, except one daughter, survive him. Of these sons, three are dignitaries of the church; two are barristers and members of Parliament; two are colonels in the army; and two are captains in the navy. One daughter is married to Sir John V. B. Johnstone, Bart., M.P., and another is married to Colonel Malcolm. His Grace assumed the name of Harcourt in 1831, on inheriting the estates of the Harcourt family, on the death of Field-Marshal the Earl of Harcourt. The Venerable Archbishop died, on the 5th Nov., at the Palace, Bishopsthorpe, after a short illness, in his ninety-first year.

Young, Edmund, Esq., Ensign 76th Regiment, youngest son of Henry Young, Esq., of Lower Berkeley-street, 16th Oct., aged 19.

END OF VOLUME IV.

CLAYTON & Co., Printers, 16, Hart-street, Covent Garden.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Princeton University Library
32101 076468816

Digitized by Google